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NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

Behold the moonlight and the snow  
Lies dead my latest year;  
The winter winds are wafting low  
The dunes in my ear.

I grieve not with the morning wind,  
As if a loss befell;  
Before me, even as behind,  
God is, and all is well.

His light shines on me from above,  
His low voice speaks within—  
The pallor of immortal love  
Outwearing mortal sin.

Not midships of the growing years  
Of care and loss and pain,  
My eyes are wet with thankful tears  
For blessings which remain.

Be near me in mine hours of need,  
To soothe, to cheer, or warn,  
And down these slopes of sunset feed  
As up the hills of morn.

—J. G. Whitmer.

Philosophy of Providence—No. 3.

BY REV. J. A. PARKER.

In this view of the subject something more is involved than a name—a meaningless somewhat. A mere principle, in, or quality of matter, can not antedate the matter itself, since these are attributes of the matter, and are necessary to its existence as such. Capability of body is a principle or quality adhering to matter. And this is true of the monad as well as the sun. To say, therefore, that there is a principle in matter for the transformation of matter does not contradict this proposition, for a transformation must follow a formation, that quality of the seed by which it transformed into a plant, or of the egg by which it is transformed into an animal, or of sand into glass, etc., are qualities which certainly exist in such matter. But that these transforming qualities could have originated the matter into which they enter is inconceivable. There must be in all things a starting point, and the size of the matter has nothing to do with its origin. The atoms of the scientist—the original matter out of which all else has evolved—must have had an origin. The fact that such origin is not known as a scientific deduction, and such existences are, is very poor evidence that the great skill and force seen in creation are imbedded in these atoms. Animation may be traced in all ages of development from man to atom; but this does not establish the fact that one has evolved from the other. Imperfect species have been discovered in the great ocean, and not entered into any differentia, have been recognized as in a state of evolution. But, since this has never been known to pass into any other class, we can not see how such a discovery can eliminate Omnipotence from the work.

But the origin of matter is not in the scope of our present investigation. For this it is sufficient that we find matter, and the manifestation of Power through it. The only direct question with which we have to do is, is there power in matter to formulate and regulate itself? In order to understand the full force of this question we should place ourselves at a point anterior to the formulation period, or, if you please, at the first verse of Genesis. In the midst of chaos—chaos above, below, all around, everywhere—we look forward for an organizing hand. Some theorists could paraphrase the record thus: "In the beginning protoplasm formed the heaven and the earth." Now, as a matter of science, why not this "power to formulate" extraneous to matter? But this formulating power not only formulated matter, but imparted laws to it for its future government. This include, lurking in chaos for millions of years, finally struggles up, and by its plastic touch makes order

tion should say, "From God, and in God," science would object to such assertions; but if science should assert, "It always existed in matter," Christianity must humbly submit or be accounted against science. Here is the beginning of the conflict, and when we say here, we mean in this liberal dogmatism. No one, so far as we have seen, claims the honor of demonstrating such a fact. Science has not yet told us what forces were at work during this period of formulation to differentiate the stars from the moon, nor the moon from the sun. Moreover, it would seem that this formulating power in matter was thoroughly wasted during this formation period; for, during six thousand years (and if they say six millions, it is only worse), no new works of this power have come to light. If this principle be in matter as a quality of it, it must still manifest itself; since all the qualities of matter, apart from this, must still show themselves. But through all these historic ages no new species of the genus *homo* have been developed, none among horses, birds nor donkeys. If it has not existed during the historic age, and its prior existence is not conclusively shown as a scientific deduction, we can not believe it had an existence at all.

We have no controversy with scientific deductions. We accept them just as we do mathematical demonstrations; but they must be deductions—not mere appendages, nor emanations from theories. The assertions of the enemies of Revelation are at par with those of its friends. It does not matter how much time, according to the present system of reckoning, was embraced in the Mosiac (six) periods of creation. We have no idea how much time was embraced in those periods, since three of them were before the creation of the sun. Daniel speaks of days, each of which, it is thought, embraced a great number of years. Our controversy is not, as before stated in substance, when or how, but by whom this vast work was done and set in order. We must accept the eternity of something. Shall it be a Force or an atom?

In our former articles we showed that law could not enact itself, nor, when enacted, enforce itself. Now, since we find matter subjected to laws which are operated according to our highest conceptions of wisdom and skill, this wisdom, we have seen, is by none supposed to be in matter, yet the wisdom and skill of nature's provisions are everywhere and by all admitted; and, since we find no wisdom nor skill in matter, we must accept the eternity of Intelligent Force. Whether this Eternal One be expressed to our minds as *Elohim*, *Theos*, *Deus*, or God, etc., it is enough so we have the nature of the Being expressed in the title. We would not object to protoplasm, or bioplasm, or the theorists employing these terms did not interfere with ideas which eliminate the nature of God from the somewhat thus expressed. A power to shape or form is not necessarily a power to govern. An artist can form or shape a man, but can not govern him—can not make him see and walk and speak. To the wax, or clay, or plaster, or what else on which he works, the artist is a forming power—a protoplasm; but with the forming his power is gone. Not so with God—Creator, Ruler, Preserver and All. He makes and he directs. The centrifugal and centripetal forces of the earth are not incidents, but are intelligent laws for the harmony of the earth's motion and its continuance. To this has been added the superior attraction of the sun, so that when the earth reaches the extreme point of the ellipse (December 22) it is brought back again, and the seasons thus regularly recur.

We can conceive of but one illustration of the part God performs in the universe. He is to it what the mind of man is to his physical organism—directs every act. Not so directly, perhaps; but as truly. Man has his muscles, joints, etc., but walks only as he wills to walk. So God has his means by which to work, which operate as he directs. To change the figure (it imparts a faint idea) he is the main spring of the universe. While he draws, the vast machinery moves. From detached from any wheel, it ceases to move. Iron is heavier than water, and by the laws of specific gravity, will sink into it. On one occasion (at least one) it floated. Human flesh and clothes are combustible, and by the laws of conflagration, would be consumed by fire. In at least three cases fire had no effect upon them. Lions are carnivorous, and devour whatever animals are thrown to them for food. They did no harm to Daniel. Thus we might go on with uncontradicted facts, showing that the laws of nature, as well as animal instincts, have been super-influenced for cause—not as edicts, but for reasons given. These are theological deductions, and must be overthrown before they cease to be worth something. A sneer at the Bible will not do. That which has been an often and so vigorously attempted by so many, giants in that line of thought must be done—the Bible must be overthrown before we surrender these facts. Mysteries do not overthrow facts; these are everywhere.

Reminiscences.

BY REV. H. J. PARKER.

PEARLINGTON CIRCUIT, MISSISSIPPI CONFERENCE.

I have your tacit consent, Mr. Editor, and a kindly mention by one of your correspondents, justifying the continuance of my "Reminiscences," and, as I proposed in my last, I devote one more chapter to old Pearlington Circuit. It preceded long chapters, have awakened special interest elsewhere. I am gratified to see from Bro. Sander's letters that the blessed gospel has wrought wonders about Pearlington since my day there, and his exhibit of the present status of the church, contrasted with the former, is calculated to encourage and rejoice the hearts of those who "sowed in tears," the seed of righteousness and trust long years ago. Thanks be unto God!

From various private sources I have received expressions of desire that I should write of other fields in which I have labored in the bounds of the Mississippi Conference. It will afford me pleasure to do so, under editorial limitations, and as other duties may allow. This is my way of parenthetical.

In the Pearlington circuit, and part of it known as the Black Creek country, there was a noted character. An old man named Bearman, who professed to have power over familiar spirits. He was known as the "witch killer." He was a local preacher in the Methodist Church. His influence was wonderful. So confident were the people of this section that he had power over ancient spirits, that they visited him from far and near, and consulted him. When they thought of supposed witchcraft, he was too feeble to go to him, he was sent for, and went to the homes of the afflicted. He would astonish your readers if I were to give the names of men and women of that day who were firm believers in witchcraft and patronized this old man. Many persons about that time made their living by hunting. Venison, hams, were a staple article of commerce. The custom was to "still hunt," as they called it, for several days, kill several deer, dress the hams, and take them in small carts to Biloxi, Bay St. Louis, or Mississippi City, and exchange them for flour, mess pork, tobacco and whisky. It frequently happened that these hunters were unsuccessful; wasting much ammunition and getting but little venison. They concluded at once that there was a "spell" upon their guns, and they posted straightway to old man Bearman to remove the "spell." I have known persons to go from fifty to seventy-five, or one hundred miles to consult the "witch killer." I was fully convinced that this old man could exert no good influence as a preacher; indeed, he never had an opportunity to preach, and determined to rid the church of such a burden. To this end I made him a special visit. He lived in a smoke cabin in the midst of dense pine forest, far from any neighbor. As I approached the cabin I saw it was encircled with a perfect network of "cotton yarn," as our grandmothers used to call it, the texture of an old-fashioned candlewick, encircling an area of perhaps an acre around the cabin. This was to entangle the evil spirits if they dared to approach his sanctum. I confess I felt a strange sensation creeping over me as I approached. Still I ventured by a small path, and was welcomed to the chimney-sitting circle of the "witch killer." I was compelled to spend the night there. It was dark, dreary, a bitter cold night; the snow drifted in upon me. Oh! such a night as I spent there! It was my first and last pastoral visit there. I talked, advised, remonstrated with the old man, but all to no purpose. I told him finally that he must cease to ply his trade of destroying evil spirits after the manner he did it, or surrender his authority to preach. He would not decide; but the Quarterly Conference decided for him, and he failed to obtain a renewal of his license to preach.

In the month of August, '41, we found a camp meeting in the Evans' neighborhood, about eight or nine miles back from Mississippi City. Strange to say, one of the most active, liberal supporters of this meeting was a gentleman said to be skeptical on the subject of religion. He was nevertheless the embodiment of public spirit, always forward to support a good enterprise, and, if any souls are in heaven as the fruit of that meeting, I hesitate not to say that, so far as human agency is concerned, much credit is due the name and memory of Col. John A. McLaughan. He was the friend of my boyhood and orphanage before I became a preacher. I honor his memory, and am sorry that he was not a Christian. At this time there was in the neighborhood a young man of more than ordinary brightness—one "Charlie" McGrath. He had come into the neighborhood a stranger, not related in any way by consanguinity to any person in the neighborhood. I think he hailed from New York or some one of the Northern States. He was a sort of wolf, but he had ingratiated himself with the best families in the community, and behaved himself with becoming propriety.

posed to be the subject of Divine awakening and made profession of religion. All were rejoiced to witness this. After I left the circuit, and, perhaps, during the next year, he was licensed to preach. The next I heard of him, some five or six years, perhaps longer, afterward, his name was published in the list of notorious highwaymen, known as the "Cadsman Clan," that infested the counties of Perry and Marion, in Mississippi, and were guilty of many and gross outrages. Charlie McGrath was the murderer of old man "Bob" Lot, who kept a ferry on Black Creek, in Marion county. He imposed himself upon old man Lot as a Baptist preacher, shared his hospitality for several days, formed out his treasure, then cruelly murdered and robbed him. Poor McGrath expiated his crime as he deserved. What a warning to "lay hands suddenly on no man."

Prolixity is a fault of old men I am aware. I try to guard against this, but may have failed. Very many things crowd my mind that I want to say, but must forbear. If spared, I think now that I will write of other fields.

Neither Too Long Nor Too Late.

Mr. Editor: I attended the protracted meeting as I anticipated. Our pastor had invited a good supply of preachers to assist him, and among them a minister of more than twenty years' experience, celebrated for his classical education and high theological attainments. When it was known that he was going to preach, we had a crowd of people. He went through his preliminary services with a drawing style, but so effectively, and to be heard two-thirds of the way across the congregation. I presume most of the audience heard the text, as he announced it twice. The sermon was nearly an hour and a half long. The first thirty minutes he was heard distinctly, and his orthodoxy, as to doctrinal, experimental and practical Christianity, was admired and enjoyed. The next thirty minutes he worked himself up in a bolshoius fury accompanied with agonizing contortions of the face and violent gestures with head and arms. The echo in our newly-erected church is so great that the auditorium became filled with a heterogeneous volume of indistinct sounds all rushed up together so that more than two-thirds of his words were no longer distinguishable. The audience looked and listened attentively, but all in vain. That part of the sermon, was some where mixed up in the pocket, but they could not catch it by the ear. The hearers began to look disappointed. Where they expected an intellectual and spiritual feast there was nothing but a jargon of unintelligible phrases. But the last thirty minutes spared the climax of our disappointment. The preacher had worked himself up into a complete fury. He squaled and howled and screamed. This excitement was great to judge from his unmoderated squalling and the violence of his gestures. With clenched fists he would strike out toward the shoulder with one arm, and the other, as though he was fighting something just before him. With his fingers interlocked he would throw both on one shoulder, then bring them down with a violent sweep over the back-board, and to throw them on the other shoulder and return them by a similar sweep in front of the pulpit. The perspiration flowed from his face, while his whole body from head to foot seemed to writhe in agony. The audience which filled the house was disappointed. They sympathized with the suffering preacher, but heard but little understandingly of the last half of the sermon. The spiritual state of the church seemed to evaporate for the time being. The meeting was not as successful as had been anticipated. One old layman of long experience said, "If he had quit a half hour sooner it would have been better for all concerned." The preacher was so exhausted he was unfit for service for some time.

Now, Mr. Editor, do not understand me as opposed to loud preaching with appropriate gestures. I wish to hear a preacher speak loud enough and distinct enough for all in his audience to hear understandingly what he says, for "fidelity to the word" is one thing, and "loudness of voice" is another. I am only opposing that sort of fuss and tury in the pulpit which defeats the legitimate object of preaching.

Are There Any Such Fathers Now?

In Chicago, not long ago, two of her well known and respected businessmen sat one evening chatting in front of one of the many beautiful hotels of that famous city. Suddenly one of them, after looking at his watch, remarked: "I am expecting my father-in-law on the six o'clock train to-night from the East, and have just half an hour to step round to the depot."

"Well," said the other gentleman, with evident feeling, "I wish I had a father I would care to meet at the depot; what pleasure it would be for me! The name of father (come bring me pleasant recollections of a happy home, no anticipation of heavy

affliction. On the contrary, it suggests the firm-set visage of a middle-aged man who never smiled, especially at home; whose words were generally commands, and those most peremptory. I see a family of children, boys and girls, who shrink from meeting their father's gaze; who glide about noiselessly in his presence for fear of calling forth a stern rebuke—glad to escape his presence unnoticed. I see the face of a woman whose every movement betokens refinement, whose gaze in meditation was upward, her face shining with a holy brightness as though heaven itself was reflected therein. I hear a gentle voice, it is pleading in tone, it is pleading for the against the wrathe of an angry father. I see that face in its last sleep, death itself having failed to rob it of that ever-peaceful smile not born of earth. I ran away, when a boy, from such a home as that, and have never returned. I found in the so-called unsympathetic world pure friendship, more peace, than could be had at home. I have never seen my father since; nor do I care to ever see him; to meet your father! I never had a father!"

But this was not all. The gentleman to whom these words were addressed, afterward told the writer they turned to his very heart's core, for the reason that with but few exceptions the words of his friend described his own case precisely. That he too ran away from home in his youth on account of an unhappy home, caused by an unfeeling, unloving father, and while time had, in a measure, healed the wounds of his boyish heart, memory never entirely forgot the unhappiness caused through the want of fatherly consideration and love. He did not spoil his friend's imaginary picture of a happy greeting for two reasons: first, for fear of spoiling the picture, and, second, on account of his own personal pride.

That many boys have been saved from ruin through the tender memories of a loving mother is well known to all. That many, also, owe their life to the want of a father's affection is equally true. Without love at home, sad, indeed, is the lot of any household; but how much worse does it become when it is remembered that the beautiful influence will embitter the whole future lives of its young inmates. S. C. E., in Christian Union.

Pastors and Hours of Study.

We have frequently heard pastors in charge of village, or country churches, deplore their lack of opportunity for study. Not much of their time must be devoted to pastoral work, and is otherwise consumed, say in traveling from point to point, that they can not give that attention to books which they regard almost indispensable. Now, we have been in precisely that condition of affairs. We need to announce from our village pulpit on the Sabbath that during the week the pastor and Elder A. would visit in such a district, being particular to state with which "household" we expected to dine. This saved said family considerable expense, and secured a good dinner, which the visiting party thought it not wrong to enjoy. Note: Two and a half years of such work built up the congregation and gave us a dyspepsia from which we have never fully recovered. But, alas, for our books! Well, we have learned something since which a pastor may not extenuate his work as to find time for study. Let him consider the forenoon of at least four days in the week sacred to books. Let him allow nothing but sickness and death, or, at least, nothing but the most extraordinary emergency, to break in upon this arrangement. Let him advise his people of the necessity of the constant replenishing of his stores; they will soon appreciate the situation and think the more of their studious pastor. Nor will it be long until they will be able to determine from the pulpit performance whether the study hours have been observed or not.

Of course each one can determine for himself what direction to give to his studies. This one thing we would venture to suggest with all earnestness. Let him devote the first hour to a portion of the Scriptures in the original. If he knows Hebrew, a few verses daily of that; and no matter how irksome it may be to him at first, he will be surprised at two things: first, that it will rapidly become easier; and, secondly, that even a few verses daily will soon amount to a number of chapters. St. Louis Evangelist.

Charge It.

A simple little sentence is this, to be sure, and yet it may be considered as one of the most insidious enemies with which people have to deal. It is very pleasant to have all the little commodities offered for sale in the market, and it is sometimes hard to deny one's self the same, when they can be obtained by saying, "Charge it." But this habit of getting articles, however small the expense may be, without paying for them, keeps one's hands in a low state most of the time. I have not the money to-day, but should like the article very much.

says a young man, who happens into a store, and sees something which strikes his fancy.

"Never mind," says the gentlemanly clerk, "you are good for it."

"Well, I will take it, and you may charge it."

And so it is that little account is opened, at one place or another, until the young man is surprised at his liabilities, which, though small in detail, are sufficiently large in the aggregate to reduce his cash materially when settling day comes. In many instances, if the cash were required, the purchase would not be made, even had the person the money by him. But to some, getting an article charged does not seem like parting with an equivalent. Still when payday comes, as it always does, this illusion vanishes, and a feeling is experienced of parting with money and receiving nothing in return.

"We must have a time set for settlement," says a young couple about to be united in marriage, "but we have not the means. However, we will get it, and have it charged."

And so they start in life with a debt hanging over them for which there is no occasion. The habit once formed is difficult to break away from, and whenever anything is wished for, it is purchased without considering that circumstances may arise which will render the payment of the debts incurred impossible. Were there a certainty of health and a supply of labor it would place rather a different construction upon the matter. But considering the fluctuating character of business, making it possible that a mechanic may be thrown out of employment at any time, it is certainly better to be prepared for such emergencies by keeping clear of debt.

Sickness may also overtake one at any time, and the thought that numerous charges are standing against us aggravates the disease and renders the infirmity harder to bear. Taking this view of the matter, is it not better to forego the pleasure of possessing articles which our taste may prompt us to purchase until the means are at hand? It is very easy to say, "Charge it," but not always so easy to pay it. And this is always the ultimatum. If payment is deferred too long, the very one who politely tells the purchaser that it will make no difference about the money, will say he had no business to buy fine things if he had no prospect of paying. And the merchant does not speak half so smoothly when denning a man for payment of an old debt, as he does when he is trying to sell him on credit goods which he does not need.

One evil result of pursuing such a course as this is, a person is never independent; a host of little debts are ever ready to perplex and worry him when that for which they were incurred has been used. Hence it may be said that the custom of "charging it" is unjust to both purchaser and seller, as the one loses his piece of mind and the other often loses his money. Getting into debt is easy, but getting out is just the reverse; and for that reason it would be well for people to ask, when about to make a purchase in the manner alluded to, but not lost for me to wait until I have the money, and then not to leave to order the seller to "charge it." "Owe no man anything."

Good Words.

A new year is well begun, and with its beginning how many have made resolutions of living amended lives. We should not wait for any particular season to do this. There is no special virtue in the first day or first week of the year over any other day or week. Our minds should be upon amendment at all times; our prayers should ascend to God for help and strength daily and hourly. "We need thee every hour" should be the sentiment constantly in our hearts.

Life rarely goes into words or it may go into deeds. The power of steam may expend itself through the cylinder or through the whistle. Steady living, under the sweet pressure of genuine love for God, is vastly more eloquent than the most rhetorically sweet sounding declarations by the human voice. There may be a religion without words; there can be none without deeds.—Methodist Recorder.

Never rest satisfied till you can say, "My Lord my God." "He loved me, and gave himself for me." "My beloved is mine, and I am his." He hath made with me an everlasting covenant; ordered in all things and sure." "Cold, worthless religion, if I cannot use such language."

One of the sweetest passages in the Bible is this: "Underneath the everlasting arms." What a vivid idea it gives of the divine support. God knows our feebleness. He remembers that we are dust.

The damps of Autumn sink into the leaves and prepare them for the necessity of their fall; and thus inevitably are we, as years close round us, detached from our tenacity of life by the gentle pressure of recorded sorrow.—Landon.











## Christian Advocate.

A New Volume.

ORIGIN OF THE LUTHERAN, METHODIST AND  
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CHAS. B. GALLDWAY, D. D., Editor.

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REV. W. L. C. HUNNICUTT.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 4, 1883.

Meeting of the Publishing Committee.

The regular annual meeting of the Publishing Committee of the NEW ORLEANS CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE will be held at the office of the Advocate, 112 Camp street, Wednesday, February 7, 1883, at eleven o'clock A. M.

The following missionary item we give prominent place. Let the doubting read it, and doubt no more. The gospel will not be stilled or hid. Its transforming, saving power is the same in India as in America. Sometimes we hear objections to foreign missions, because of their lack of success. Read this, and answer what home church is enjoying such a manifestation of the Spirit's presence and power.

A body of natives have applied for baptism at a Wesleyan station in the Madras presidency. The work among the Telugus in India is advancing rapidly. Since the beginning of the year the Rev. J. S. Clough, of Ongole, has baptized no fewer than 1,500 converts.

In Dr. Bethune's Bible, after his death, was found this prayer, taken, he said, from one of the ancient fathers: "Lord, pardon what I have been, sanctify what I am, and order what I shall be, that thine may be the glory, and mine the eternal salvation." There is thought, heart and faith in that prayer, and proper to be offered by every believing sinner. Much the praying we hear is either furnishing the Lord information or discussing matters, social and religious, in his presence. Men are said to be "gifted in prayer," but just what that signifies they would hardly admit. We are not heard for which speaking or for speaking, but for the spirit and faith of our petitions. A strained effort to round periods in prayer, and exhibit great variety, may please the ears of men, but will avail little before a throne of grace.

The newly elected judge of the Criminal Court, Baltimore, Judge Phelps—is enforcing the law to some purpose. We have long considered the usual administration of our courts as a play at justice. Judges are largely responsible for lawlessness and crime. It is said that Judge Phelps punished a saloon-keeper so severely for selling liquor on Sunday that the saloonists held a meeting, and agreed unanimously to close hereafter on Sunday. That is the way to do it. Ordinarily the Sunday law is brought into ridicule by its lax administration. The court sympathizes with the offender, and encourages him to repeat his offense. The minimum fine is invariably imposed, and the culprit is dismissed with gentle words. But the prosecuting attorney never fails to get his perquisite. If every judge in the land was like this Baltimorean, crime would decrease, the laws would be enthroned and respected, and a new hope would revive among us. We want not so much more legislation, as a rigid, impartial, conscientious enforcement of the laws we now have.

The following, from the Northwestern Christian Advocate, is in the characteristic style of Bro. Arthur Edwards. Some political paper down South, objected to "Endeavour's Cabin" and "Ostrion" being played at the theaters before Southern audiences, whereupon Bro. Edwards put on his war paint, and threatens to revive every sickening scene of the "impudentness" unless this building of monuments to Confederate heroes shall cease. The partisan nerves of some people are very near the surface.

That Richmond Lee monument ought never to be unveiled. If it is finished, let the veil hide it forever. When the stranger asks what the curtain covers, let answer be made that Lee was the logical result of the slave trade and the mad traffic in human blood; he had brain and heart worthy a better cause, but he was misled into treason against liberty, and that the whole American people are trying to forget the sad episode. We are pained by our obligation to say these true things, but as long as men persist in building monuments to those who rebelled, the real facts involved must be spoken. A monument to a Union general is consistent since he fought to protect the Union, to put a knife in the throat of the rebel, and he therefore deserves oblivion. Pensions to disabled Union soldiers are right since they fought for liberty. Pensions to lame rebel soldiers ought never to be, yet the proposition is really less an outrage than a monument to Lee, Davis, or any other traitor.

With a new year this ADVOCATE begins a new volume. It passes another milestone on the march of its history. Another chapter is commenced, and we hope the record will be one of increasing prosperity and usefulness. Its career has been checked, but honorable and eternal. This ADVOCATE has now attained its majority, and no longer apologizes for its existence. Its ministry and history have demonstrated its claim to be recognized as one of the foremost and truest evangelizing agencies in the South. Located here in the great metropolis of the Southwest, and edited for years by the ablest pens in the church, it has wielded an influence for Methodism and Christianity beyond all possible calculation. It is now one of the acknowledged and necessary factors in our connectional work. How many blessings it has borne to the hearts and homes of its readers only eternity can reveal. On its silent ministry of light and love it has gone forth each week, for many years, followed by prayers and benedictions. What it has wrought for the Master—in extending his kingdom, in the pulling down of Satan's strongholds, and the edification of believers—will appear in "that day."

But the claims of to-day and tomorrow are too momentous and imperative to dwell much on the past. We must look to the opening and inviting future. There is work before us that commands every energy and needs the earnest co-operation of every true friend. This is an active, stirring, restless age. The blood is warmer and the pulse beats faster than years ago. Men rush along the street with an eager eye and nervous step. The old slow modes of travel have given way to the speed of steam. Distances are no longer measured by miles and leagues, but by minutes and hours. A man lives twenty minutes from his office. Jackson is seven hours from New Orleans, and not nearly two hundred miles. Thus everything is moving, speeding forward with daily increasing momentum. In the midst of these activities the church must be active. Every toiler must be in the field, every sentinel at his post, every soldier at the front and every watchman on the wall. Be assured our enemy never sleeps. He is subtle, watchful, aggressive. So we must be earnest and vigilant. The agencies that to-day confront and menace the peace and prosperity of the church are not tyrannies and bloody as in the days when martyrs died in flood and flame, but are more the less dangerous and dreadful. To resist the evil and walk by our Lord's rule is as difficult to-day as ever. As helpful in this struggle—in contending for the faith and pushing the battle to the gates this ADVOCATE will be true to its history and holy mission.

But on this day of review and retrospection, when we recall history and promise improvement, we shall speak more specifically. It is the purpose of this new administration to preserve the high spiritual standard of the old ADVOCATE. To furnish "food, convenient" for soul nurture will be the constant, earnest prayer. For this the church subsidizes and employs the printing press, and whenever a paper fails to be a spiritual help and comfort its existence is no longer desired. Many kind and cheering words have been spoken to the new editor for which hearty thanks are now returned.

In our short experience in conducting these columns we have not met the wants and expectations of all. Doubtless some correspondents have been a little sensitive that space was not granted them. But we have considered the wants of our readers and acted according to our best judgment. To discriminate and select is delicate and difficult, but must be done. An editor should have broad shoulders and a thick epidermis.

Much is due to our contributors and corresponding editors for the interest, variety and popularity of the ADVOCATE. Their pens will continue to enrich our columns for the coming year. Personal controversy will be excluded. Principles should be discussed without personalities. It is evidence of weakness in debate to forsake the issue and attack the individual. We have been not a little amazed at things to note how great spiritual doctrines are discussed by religious writers in an acrimonious and aggressive spirit. Let us seek to discover and present the truth to the edifying of the church, and not simply to win a victory in debate.

With this volume the North Mississippi Conference will be associated with the Mississippi and Louisiana as publishers, thus adding strength and influence to the paper. We are very desirous that the pastors in North Mississippi will push vigorously the canvass in the early part of the year that we may be brought into speedy and intimate relations with all our new territory. "Green-

lugs" from the preachers, which have come in so numerously and cordially, we trust will be followed by long lists of subscribers. In our old Conferences we shall look for an increased circulation. Let every subscriber renew.

Wishing all our readers and friends a happy New Year, we enter upon the labors of another volume under the blessing and guidance of our common Lord.

## Death of Gambetta.

The death of Leon Gambetta on the early morning of the New Year, in the city of Paris, removes from earth the most brilliant and influential man in French politics. He passed away at the early age of forty-two years, but had achieved a fame and favor second to none in the galaxy of European statesmen. From an obscure family in the south of France, he rose to his lofty political dictatorship by dint of his own splendor and peerless genius. A republican by instinct and culture, he commenced his career by an attack on the empire, and, with its fall, organized the movement that reconstructed the French Republic. For years past he has been the daring and brilliant leader of his party. He accepted the premiership but soon resigned it with the defeat of his policy. But his overthrow seemed not one moment to arrest his popularity or dim the splendor of his parliamentary influence. As an administrator he was a failure. He had lost the calm, judicial and executive gifts and solid equipoise of character that constitute the ideal ruler. He was a masterly debater, an eloquent, powerful, magnetic orator. His throne was the forum, not the premiership or president's chair. He was a tribune of the people, and not a wise, far-seeing, prudent ruler. Such men are invaluable to republican governments. Their mission is clearly indicated by their peculiar gifts. And a mistake is always made when they are removed from the halls of legislation to the presidential chair. The brilliant leader and legislator may fail in the executive office.

The lessons of Gambetta's life are many—some of encouragement, others of warning. *Reserve the success of persistent purpose.* He never for a moment faltered in his opposition to imperialism and in his championing of the larger liberties of his people. Formed in early boyhood, the conviction grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength, that the French people had to govern themselves. His devotion to this one idea, joined to a marvellous energy and indomitable tact, made his history almost a continued triumph.

*Personal purity.* Though personally ambitious, his own aspirations were bound to the higher honor and glory of his country. He rayed leadership, but not at the expense of true republican principles and success. He loved France, she rejoiced in the heroism of her sons, the devotion of her daughters, the splendor of her history and the glory of her vine-covered hills. Such a patriotism will make heroes and leaders.

Of his faults we will not now speak, while the grave is yet opened to receive its honored dead.

## Some Secrets of the Cabinet.

Cabinet consultations, both of princes and prelates, are generally understood to be secret. It would be neither prudent nor edifying to divulge the things said concerning men and measures in the confidential conversations and discussions of these private meetings. The cabinet council of a Methodist Bishop furnishes no exception to the common rule as to the secrecy of what takes place therein.

Many laudate inquiries must be made, concerning men and their families, and concerning pastoral charges and their constituent elements which serve their purpose best by being confined to the cabinet. Yet a few things, which can be learned nowhere else so well as in the private deliberations of the Bishop and the presiding elders, may be innocently and, perhaps, profitably told.

Secret number one: Every pastoral charge, as a rule, wants a better preacher. A few stations and circuits are thoroughly satisfied with their pastors; a small number acquiesce in the yearly appointments without complaint, but the large majority desire better preachers. What they mean by better preachers must be left for the present; to the unaided imaginations of the preachers themselves. The readiness with which large salaries are proposed by the people for preachers just suited to their minds is at once interesting and embarrassing to presiding elders and Bishops, but is, nevertheless, a hopeful indication. The call is for better preaching. Let preachers heed. Our things require

higher culture, deeper piety and a more thorough acquaintance with all the proprieties and duties of the minister's office. "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." Herein the requirement of God and the demand of the church are in harmony. Are we going on unto perfection in preaching, and in all else that pertains to Christian duty and character?

Secret number two: All the preachers want better appointments. The exceptions are found where the people are not asking for better preachers. The people's cry for betterment in preachers and the preachers' cry for betterment in charges come usually from the same places. The annual attempt to satisfy these conflicting demands constitutes a large part of the labors of the cabinet. The people complain that their wants are not considered; the preachers that they are not appreciated and supported. That hard circuit, that is shunned by every preacher, calls loudly for a better preacher. If the people were better they would get better preachers; if the preachers were better they would get better appointments. Which shall begin the improvement? Both at once. When husbands and wives fall out it is usually the fault of each in part. Each by being better could make the other better. So with preachers and their charges. The assertion may be safely ventured that if the people will improve in the discharge of their duties toward the preachers their preachers will be better, personally and in succession. On the other hand, if preachers will more faithfully do the work assigned them by our excellent book of Discipline their charges will improve, each and in succession. What minister of the gospel could hear the vows administered to the candidates for deacons and elder's orders at our late Conference without having his zeal for God and duty kindled afresh?

Several minor secrets might be whispered. Prominent among them is the fact that a minister who uses tobacco in any form is not on that account preferred as a pastor. Other things being equal, a non-user of tobacco will be desired in the best charges. The latest refinement in the use of the weed, exhibited by a clerical personage of high dignity, is that the cigar may be tipped, but not lighted in company. This is regarded as a capital advance in true politeness. When chewers shall have learned to moisten their quid without spitting, the offense of tobacco will be almost taken away. When ministers shall make themselves models of all fineness and propriety, the people will improve in dutifulness and liberality. So may preachers and people make hard places soft during the year of grace, 1883.

## The Connectional Principle.

The London Watchman has a thoughtful and suggestive editorial on this subject which has application to our Methodism on this side the sea. It is the great Connectional Principle that has made our history almost a perpetual miracle. We have divisions of territory by Conference lines for the better administration of our church work, but this principle gives unity, sympathy and efficiency to the whole. This is the distinguishing and shining characteristic of our economy. It is to be preserved and revered. When its ties are loosened, and its authority ceases to be recognized and felt, our flexibility and power as an ecclesiastical organization will begin to decline. We are connectional and not independent. Let every student of Methodism keep that thought ever prominent.

Speaking of Methodism practically it may accurately be called a "deduction from the needs and facts of its own experience; and this is singularly true of the Connectional Principle. When Mr. Wesley began, he went from place to place, and after he had been once he had to go again. So he went to and fro like the weaver's shuttle binding the separate warps and woofs together. Then he found he could not go often enough to each place; so he set other shuttles to work. They went to new places; others followed them from place to place. The circuits of the preachers were established. That was the first element of the Connectional Principle. They were obliged to make rules for their people to walk by, and, as they could not make rules for each separate place, they had to make rules that would apply to all the places; that was the second strand of the Connectional Principle. Soon they found that these rules had to be defended and enforced; so the power of the Conference was put into action upon the unruly and the disobedient; this was the third element. Altogether and in this way the Connectional Principle grew up out of the manifested needs of the work. Here is the origin of our Connectional Principle—our threefold cord. May it never be broken!

The benefits which the Connectional Principle has conferred are incalculable. So far as merely human and prudential means are concerned,

it is the one sacred deposit which God has committed to our care, and by means of which Methodism has done so much good spiritual work for the Christ Head of the Church which is Christ. It has preserved our doctrines, our means of grace, and our polity for more than a hundred years. No other Church in the world can show so much unity in all its essentials, and the unity is not the nullity of death but of life. We are not united by being all frozen together; we are united by the energetic activities of living and everlasting love. The Connectional Principle has gone through towns and villages uniting them together for the work of common salvation; it has gone to the irregular and disorderly and told them to submit to the general harmony or go elsewhere. It has gone to the Conference and so aided the preachers and laymen by its usefulness that it has charmed away their eccentricities, and they have said: We cannot, we dare not, and we will not tamper with that Connectional Principle which has conferred such great and everlasting advantages upon us for more than a hundred years. The Connectional Principle knows no geography, it in no way depends on forms of government. It can breathe in any climate, it can live under any sky, and speak in any language. From the Poles to the Equator, from the continents to the islands, by sea and land it has done a work of which no God-fearing Church need be ashamed, and for which all catholic lovers of mankind may well give devout thanks to God. His power has been felt by the largest Methodist assemblies that ever were gathered together, and it has been obeyed by more than equal alacrity and delight by the solitary missionary in the lonely island of the sea, where there was literally nothing but his own conscience to keep him to his duty.

What are the environments of the living principle of Connectionalism to-day? Are they stilling? This is a question to be asked in any danger. What can we do to extend its usefulness? These are questions of the utmost moment, and if they are here suggested rather than discussed it is for want of space, and not for want of heart. The Connectional Principle has often been assailed. It has been assailed by the eccentric, the unruly, the self-willed, and the disaffected. Men have mistaken their own egotisms for originality, their whims for variety, and their own importance for the general good. If the friends of the Connectional Principle had not maintained it with a firm hand it would have been destroyed long ago. It has never been destroyed suddenly. It can only be killed by degrees. By little and little, here a little and there a little, by one irregularity here and another deviation there, by neglect and ignorance on the part of administrators, and by local importance, the Connectional Principle may be so gradually interfered with until the Connectional wakes up some morning and finds it is gone for ever.

By all means let us have individuality, freshness, and variety, but let us have none of these to the detriment of the Connectional Principle. This must live though all local varieties should die, for of what use will it be to breed local varieties to such an extent that the stock itself must die? Of what use will all branches be, and where is the future fruitfulness to come from, if the roots are destroyed for the sake of a little variety in a few of the branches?

Methodism has a great future before it. Let it gather wisdom from the past. The projection of itself into the future is the only hope of its enduring usefulness. The same doctrines, the same means of grace, and the same discipline will be needed until time shall be no more.

## Organic Union in Canada.

We have read in some of the late papers a full account of the meeting of the Joint Union Committee of the several Methodist bodies in Canada, and the results of their labors. The prospect now is clearly hopeful for a reunited Methodism in the Dominion. The Methodist Church of Canada, by far the largest body in that territory, met with great liberality the propositions of the smaller divisions, and in large measure disarmed all opposition to organic union. The Canada Christian Advocate, organ of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Canada, has a thoughtful and catholic-spirited editorial on the subject, from which we make a liberal extract:

"The results of the labor of the Joint Union Committee, whose meeting closed last week in Toronto will produce a feeling of gratifying surprise in many minds, and in others, doubtless, more or less sorrow. The spirit, however, in which the committee presented their work, the harmony of the entire assembly, and the generally satisfactory conclusions to which they came may be fairly regarded as strong evidence of honesty of purpose, purity of motive, and the possession of liberal and large-hearted Christian love. It was our decided but honest conviction that our people could not be decided to enter a Union based upon the policy indicated in the resolution of Rev. Mr. Shaw, as passed by the late General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada, and we further believed that the Committee of that Church would stand by this resolution, and therefore we had but slight hopes of a Union being consummated. Instead of this, however, the brethren of the Methodist Church of Canada manifested the most unambiguous and generous spirit in dealing with the question, and were ready to meet the brethren representing the other Churches in the most liberal manner. They fully demonstrated their desire for union by a perfect willingness to meet their brethren halfway on all the questions which arose during the discussions.

Indeed, very early in the work of the Committee, they intimated that they did not regard the resolution of their General Conference as the ultimatum, and were perfectly willing to make every reasonable concession to meet the necessities and wishes of the other

brethren. We hesitate not to affirm that the success of the General Committee is largely due to the generous and Christian spirit of these brethren. They had, perhaps, the least to gain by the unification of Canadian Methodism, and yet they showed, during the deliberations, a magnanimity which fully proved the sincerity of their desire for union. This generosity, on their part, removed the chief difficulty out of the way of the Methodist Episcopal brethren, and made the way of union comparatively easy. Our own over-repeated declaration, that we were ready for organic union, when other Churches were willing to agree, a reasonable and honorable basis, has been, in our opinion, fully met, and therefore, if we were sincere in our assertions, we must now give to the Christian world practical proof of the honesty of our intentions, by at least considering, in the same generous spirit, the basis of union prepared and so submitted.

If we desire union at all, we are not met with more liberal terms than, perhaps, will ever be again offered to us. Our Committee, throughout the entire proceedings exhibited the warmest attachment to the policy of our Church, and upswerving fidelity to all her institutions. They did not preserve, of course. This would have been a reasonable even to ask. They were sent to assist in forming a basis of union, and were instructed to present their work in the spirit of "reasonable concessions." This they did with the utmost care and fidelity to the important trusts committed to them; they gathered with the liberality of the brethren of the other Churches negotiating, enables us to carry into the proposed union, all that is really essential as valid in our episcopacy.

The rights and privileges of our already ordained local preachers are to be respected and preserved in the union, by the fact that local preachers are to be ordained in the future. The discipline is only given up in part, for provision is made for ordaining for special purposes when needed. District superintendents are retained, but not called. Presiding Elders, the functions, however, remain much the same, though they are to be stationed, unless the Annual Conference should order otherwise. Our itinerant General Superintendency is simply provided for and its episcopacy is retained in a good measure by the fact that the General Synod is to conduct the ordination, and to sign the ordination parchment. The action of our late General Conference will be remembered, reduced to episcopacy to almost this way. It may be said we have lost but little, that point, save and except, the life tenure, which has given place to an election term. Again, the position of claims of all our superintendents, and the fact, simply provided for.

We have not space to outline further the proposed basis, we are willing, wait the action of the General Conference which will shortly convene at Niagara. We think, however, there is nothing in it that can reasonably be objected to by anyone who really desires to see a united Methodist Church in this Dominion.

## Crystal Springs and the Mississippi Conference.

After the resolution of thanks to the citizens of this place, for the hospitality in entertaining the Conference it may not be out of place to them to be heard, for the thanks, and all belong on one side; they feel that they have something to be thankful for, too.

I never knew a community more pleased with anything than we Crystal Springs with the Conference. Everywhere I go now I am greeted with expressions of satisfaction and gratitude. The only thing to a country is regret that Conference did not last longer. They say they must have it again, and that soon.

But the best of all are the true My people, derived spiritual benefit from the proceedings of Conference, the speeches, the sermons, and the influence of the members of Conference in their families. For this feel grateful.

These pleasant and profitable impressions are, to some extent, owing to the spirit of the people. I had difficulty in providing for Conference. The people were willing themselves. They threw open the doors, not only to the members of Conference, but also to their wives I provided for every minister's wife whose coming I was notified, could have accommodated as many more, and without having to persuade anybody to take a lady, want to say to the honor of the angels of Crystal Springs that they like their sister "angels," and are not reluctant to entertain the May God bless them, and let all preachers say amen.

Two nights in succession, at the midnight trains, but not alone Eight or ten of the brethren with me, with lanterns in hand, assist in receiving and distributing our guests. And one brother from three miles in the country was with his back. He is a good Methodist if his name is Dancer.

But though our people were prepared beforehand to be pleased and benefited by the Conference, they feel that they had something to be pleased with. By this I am reminded of a conversation I once heard between Bishop Keener and Dr. Hester, of Jackson, Miss. The Bishop had preached a sermon, on the subject of "The New Birth," at which the doctor was greatly pleased. "A grand deal depends on the hearer," said the Bishop. The doctor replied the doctor, "but there is something to be heard."

W. B. LEWIS.

CRYSTAL SPRINGS, MISS., Dec. 29, 1882.







To DESTROY ANTS.—Wrap a piece of gunny camphor in cloth or paper, keep it from dissolving, and place in or about your cupboard or store, and it will drive away these pests.

RELIEVE ASTHMA. Soak blotting tissue paper in strong sulphuric acid. Dry and burn at night in the bedroom.

ARSENIC may be discovered by smell; when placed near the fire emits a flavor like garlic.

—According to Prof. Young, the total quantity of light emitted by the sun is equal to 8,300,000,000,000,000,000,000 candles. Such an array of figures, however, seems meaningless, so far as human conception of the number is concerned.

Curtain Damasks, Lace Curt  
WINDOW SHADES, ETC.

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will be mailed FREE to our special  
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 1500 varieties of Vegetable and Flower  
 Plants, Fruit Trees, etc. Invaluable to all  
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**D. M. FERRY & CO. DETROIT**







## PRICES CURRENT.

ARRIVED AND CORRECTED WEEKLY.

ADVOCATE OFFICE.  
New Orleans, Saturday, Dec. 30, 1882.

Our readers should bear in mind that our quotations represent prices for round lots, and that in all small orders higher prices must be paid.

## SOUTHERN STAPLES.

	Friday	Saturday
Cotton, P. D.		
Low ordinary	8 1/2	8 1/2
Good ordinary	9 1/2	9 1/2
Low middling	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good middling	11 1/2	11 1/2
Middling fair	12 1/2	12 1/2
High middling	13 1/2	13 1/2
Extra	14 1/2	14 1/2
Super	15 1/2	15 1/2
Choice	16 1/2	16 1/2
Prime	17 1/2	17 1/2
Best	18 1/2	18 1/2
Superior	19 1/2	19 1/2
Choice	20 1/2	20 1/2
Prime	21 1/2	21 1/2
Best	22 1/2	22 1/2
Superior	23 1/2	23 1/2
Choice	24 1/2	24 1/2
Prime	25 1/2	25 1/2
Best	26 1/2	26 1/2
Superior	27 1/2	27 1/2
Choice	28 1/2	28 1/2
Prime	29 1/2	29 1/2
Best	30 1/2	30 1/2
Superior	31 1/2	31 1/2
Choice	32 1/2	32 1/2
Prime	33 1/2	33 1/2
Best	34 1/2	34 1/2
Superior	35 1/2	35 1/2
Choice	36 1/2	36 1/2
Prime	37 1/2	37 1/2
Best	38 1/2	38 1/2
Superior	39 1/2	39 1/2
Choice	40 1/2	40 1/2
Prime	41 1/2	41 1/2
Best	42 1/2	42 1/2
Superior	43 1/2	43 1/2
Choice	44 1/2	44 1/2
Prime	45 1/2	45 1/2
Best	46 1/2	46 1/2
Superior	47 1/2	47 1/2
Choice	48 1/2	48 1/2
Prime	49 1/2	49 1/2
Best	50 1/2	50 1/2
Superior	51 1/2	51 1/2
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Superior	71 1/2	71 1/2
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Superior	75 1/2	75 1/2
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Superior	111 1/2	111 1/2
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Superior	139 1/2	139 1/2
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Superior	147 1/2	147 1/2
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Superior	171 1/2	171 1/2
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poetical sentiment which underlies such statements. A lighthouse keeper, one morning after a violent gale, often picks up hundreds of birds who, attracted by the lamp, have broken their necks against the glass of his light. A few years ago a man who looked as if he were a saint, and who was a very pious soul—a syncretist of the purest kind—a wanderer who, whirled about in a tempest, have lost their lives in that they hoped that heaven's rest had been reached. It is a very rare case when any of the birds blown out set can be kept alive. We know that they often come on shipboard in exhausted condition, but only to alight on the deck to die. In the last trip made by Capt. Mortimer to the ship "Maudslayi," fifty, or seventy, hundreds of birds were blown out.



## Christian Advocate.

ORIGIN OF THE LOUISIANA, MISSISSIPPI AND NORTH MISSISSIPPI CONFERENCES OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

CHAS. B. GALLOWAY, D. D., Editor.

Corresponding Editors:  
REV. C. W. CARTER, D. D., Rev. J. T. HANLEY,  
REV. W. L. C. HORTON, D. D.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 11, 1883.

Meeting of the Publishing Committee.

The regular annual meeting of the Publishing Committee of the New Orleans Christian Advocate will be held at the office of the Advocate, 112 Camp street, Wednesday, February 7, 1883, at eleven o'clock A. M.

## Our New Publishers.

Since the first of May, 1882, this ADVOCATE has been published by the Publishing Committee of the Conference with T. J. Carver as business manager. An arrangement was made, however, going into effect the first of January, by which T. J. Carver and H. Jamieson became the publishers under the firm name of Carver & Jamieson. These are successful business men, active and enterprising, and Methodists of the finest type. They love the church, and will give their time and energy to the ADVOCATE, not alone as a business engagement, but as an opportunity for advancing our Master's cause. We consider this a most favorable arrangement, which ensures the enlarged prosperity of the paper. These brethren we heartily commend as worthy of all confidence. In their hands the old ADVOCATE will move speedily forward.

At the session of the Holston Conference a question was submitted to Bishop Wilson for his episcopal decision. As it is a matter of general and important interest we reproduce it. The question submitted was: "At what age does an orphan child of a deceased preacher cease to be a claimant on the Conference collection?" To which the Bishop rendered the following decision:

My decision is that the claim of an orphan child ceases upon arrival at maturity—that is, twenty-one years—unless in cases of providential visitation, prolonging the condition of infancy beyond the age of maturity.

One feature of the Civil Service Bill which has just passed both houses of Congress is to be specially commended, and Senator W. W. Blair, of New Hampshire, is entitled to the credit of securing its adoption. It prohibits the employment in the United States Civil Service of persons addicted to the use of intoxicating liquor as a beverage. Now, we hope it will not be a dead letter. Possibly competition for place will secure its rigid enforcement. But if drinkers and drunkards are not wanted in the national service they should not be tolerated in State offices or any place of public trust.

The Rev. D. W. Carter, who left this port recently for the City of Mexico, as a missionary from the Holston Conference, wrote the Holston Methodist an interesting letter from New Orleans. We make the following short extract:

There are about 1,200 Methodists in the city, and they are a good type. Carondelet, the leading church has large and well-organized class meetings and a very zealous membership. This church originated the Mexican mission and one of its honored members, R. M. Walmsley, gave it its first thousand dollars. So at their Wednesday night prayer meeting, the large audience heard this new recruit for that field with kindest attention and expressed many good wishes for him and his work.

There is no calculating the influence of consistent, pious, praying parents. Though religion is a matter of personal experience, and comes not by inheritance, godly parents may implant principles and impressions that will flower out in a true conversion and consecration. Much depends upon the religious home-life of parents. They are carefully and constantly watched by eager little eyes. This thought was suggested afresh by reading Smith's Life of Bishop Andrew. A letter of the Bishop's is published, in which he thus speaks of his father:

"My father was a very religious man. Family worship was never neglected by him, and about once a week, at the hour for family worship, he gave his children a short but appropriate and solemn appeal on the subject of their religious interests. I remember well how these seasons used to impress me. In addition to this, he used often to take me with him at evensong to his place of secret prayer in the woods, and leaving me some twenty yards behind him, kneel and wrestle earnestly with God. I often heard his groanings, and knew that much of that agony was on my account. Ah! I shall never forget those evening prayer scenes."

## Preachers as Educators.

The flippant criticism of certain secular papers upon ministers as teachers is certainly significant. If this readiness to charge them first, with dullness in the pulpit, and second, with incompetency in the school-room, reflects in any appreciable measure popular sentiment, we may well be alarmed. Without considering the special case that occasioned the discussion in a neighboring State, the general subject needs review. So far as we have followed the line of argument in support of their statement, the propositions are two: First: Teaching is a secular calling, and incompatible with the ministerial office. Second: The training of ministers unfits them for the largest efficiency in the school-room or professor's chair. That covers the entire field of controversy on the subject. These propositions we shall consider in their order.

1. There is no inconsistency or incompatibility between the two professions. They may inhere in the same person with perfect harmony. To announce the contrary is to impeach the consciences of multiplied thousands of the truest, purest, noblest men in all the ages of the world's history. It is no violation of any man's Divine call to the ministry that he engages in the work of education. Providence indicates the exclusive labors of the pastorate to some, and for it they have peculiar fitness. Other called and commissioned preachers may consecrate their lives to education and as truly meet the apostolic requirement, "not to know anything among you but Jesus Christ and him crucified." It is a settled conviction among all Christian thinkers and philosophers, that religious culture can not be neglected in a child's education without infinite detriment. Mental discipline, without moral training, is an injury, and not a benefit to the individual and to society. That is admitted by the extreme advocates of State education divorced from church control. Denominational interference in the conduct of public schools is offensive to the constitution and genius of our Republican government. But the great principles of the Christian religion have always been recognized and revered in our national councils, courts and institutions. So, then, on the broadest platform there is no incompatibility in a teacher of religion being also an instructor in secular education. The theory of incompatibility is born either of narrow political partisanship or of stupid ignorance. He has studied the history of education and political science to little profit who has the temerity to advocate such a doctrine.

But to the practical Christian this question has a more sacred significance. It is an assault on the very citadel of his hopes. When education is so secularized that religious training and influence are entirely neglected, we have lost one generation for Christ. So clear is this conviction, and so near to the Christian conscience, that the church feels it to be her sacred duty to educate. Schools and colleges all over the land, endowed and sustained by the several denominations, attest the strength and profound sanctity of this theory. Surely, then, if this duty is lodged with the church—if the world is to be conquered for our Redeemer the more speedily by sanctifying secular education with his teachings and influence—his chosen representatives are not out of place when in charge of such schools. They ought the rather to feel his blessing and guidance when training the young mind at once to solve mathematical problems and discover the mystery of godliness.

And this leads to the further remark that as Methodists we should see to it that our colleges are positively religious. In that respect the spirit, though not the methods, of the old Kingswood school, projected by Mr. Wesley, might well be emulated. Itinerant preachers appointed to the charge of these institutions ought to feel they are as much doing the Lord's work under the tuition of the Spirit as any consecrated pastor on circuit or station. If not, he ought to resign and return to the pastorate. He is not appointed to a mere secular office, to teach the classics and mathematics, and for it receive large compensation. There is to be soul culture in his school along with the best mental discipline. If the former be lacking, however much the latter may be stressed and applauded, the institution is a misnomer, and the pastor-teacher has failed in the work to which he was appointed. What are our colleges doing religiously? This question ought to be asked at every Conference session. Its answer indicates their work and worth as church institutions. Costly buildings, of the most tasteful modern architecture, with all improved equipments and appliances, richly endowed and

ably officered, amount to nothing without earnest and efficient spiritual training. Why should a church school command our patronage if its teachers and teachings are not Christian and Methodist? We want these institutions to send forth Christians as well as scholars. Our theories on the subject of Christian education are all correct and commendable, but their practical illustration in school and college is desired and needed. By their fruits ye shall know them.

2. The second proposition, that the training of ministers unfits them for being teachers, is answered by the million-voiced testimony of history. The leading educators in every generation and country have been clergymen. There is an absurdity in the very statement. Why can not a minister's brain master the problems of science and history as well as any other? Does a knowledge of divinity incapacitate him for geography and arithmetic? But it is argued that he lacks special, technical training. The number of professional educators in our country, who fitted themselves for the work, and have been devoted to it exclusively, is very few. Young men generally teach for a year or two after leaving college as a stepping-stone to some other profession. In the ranks of the ministry will be found the best trained and most scholarly educators, as a rule. And until the profession of teaching finds larger remuneration this will continue to be history. There is, therefore, nothing in the theory of necessary unfitness but narrow prejudice. It has not the merit of plausible conceit or pardonable ignorance. And if educators are to be excluded from institutions on account of this sentiment, because they happen to be ministers, Christian parents have no alternative but to withhold their patronage.

## Teaching Colored Schools.

Special efforts are now being made in the South and by Southern people for the education of the colored masses among us. Much has already been done by the States in the equipment and maintenance of public schools for them, but independent, philanthropic measures are now proposed. There is no appreciable antagonism to colored education in the South. Fears were entertained in the North, and honestly, that when the State governments again passed into the control of the intelligent, property-owning whites, after the period of reconstruction, the negro's educational advantages would be curtailed. Many thought the school-houses would be closed and the teachers driven forth as a dangerous and disturbing element. But, instead, the system of public education has been perfected, the schools increased in efficiency, and advantages offered to all children alike, white and colored, to the full capacity of the treasury. So then the sentimental stories about martyrdom to colored education, repeated over the North, for partisan and mercenary ends, exist more in fancy than fact. That more has not been done we much regret. But for it there is some apology, though we may not be entirely free of all blame. 1. The South was left broken and bankrupt by the war. We had neither funds nor friends. 2. Our local governmental affairs were entirely in the hands of strangers, aptly called by Horace Greeley "mountain rascals." We were charged with indifference and antagonism when other hands held the reins of government and the key to the treasury. 3. The wild passions and prejudices of civil war had not sufficiently cooled and calmed themselves to consider soberly and philosophically the best interests of ourselves or others. That the issues were so readily accepted, and matters, social and civil, have so rapidly adjusted themselves as without a parallel in history. Now the smoke of conflict has passed away, and in the clear, white light of peace and brotherhood we can study questions and duties without passion or partisan prejudice.

With the recuperation of our people there is a renewed disposition to engage more largely and actively in this work. Our General Conference at Nashville took formal and decided action, which has already resulted in the inauguration of Payne Institute and the election as its president of the scholarly and gifted Dr. Morgan Callaway. We wish that enterprise the large success its importance demands. Trained ministers to preach the gospel to their race is a great and increasing necessity. With their own progress in education the congregations demand a more intelligent and learned ministry.

But the day schools are of chief importance. There the principal work for the masses is to be done for many years to come. And these schools must have teachers of higher qualifications. To this work we are profoundly convinced our people ought

to address themselves with the earnestness of missionary zeal, and from the highest Christian motives. The same consecration that prompts a missionary to go to Africa and teach the savage native urges us to teach him here, with his more favorable social and religious surroundings. Some of the teaching now done in these schools would be ludicrous were it not so painfully deficient and erroneous. That our own people who best understand the negro, and have for him a true sympathy without sentiment or romance, should take the lead in this school-room work, we have been convinced for some years. There are those, doubtless, who may esteem it a social humiliation or degradation to teach a negro school, but such are not Christian thinkers of very high degree. The people generally will approve and applaud it. They appreciate its growing necessity. In the last issue of the Alabama Advocate we find some wise words on the subject. The following items are in point: "The Rev. John D. Fisher, for a long time a favorite in the Alabama Conference, and never at a discount with his brethren, by the advice of his presiding elder, and other wiser preachers and laymen, taught such a school in the town of Dayton, in the very heart of the 'black belt.' This was in 1865 or 1866.

The Rev. H. B. Cottrell, brother of Dr. J. B. Cottrell, and otherwise honored with influential family relationships, is teaching such a school in Spring Hill, Marengo county. He not only teaches their day school, but superintends their Sunday school. This he has done for several years without suffering the slightest ostracism from his neighbors or the church." These examples we republish to commend and pray they may be emulated in every school district in the Southern States. When colored teachers shall have been trained for their work it can be given into their hands. But now the duty seems plain to us that our own citizens should preside in the colored school-room.

## The Morning Star and Father Ryan.

There is a little "speck of war" between the Morning Star and its old editor, Father Ryan. It seems the "poet priest" delivered a lecture recently in Boston on "The Decay of Catholic Nations," to which the Star took strong exception. That elicited a reply from Father Ryan, published in the Times-Democrat, of this city. As to the matters personal between them the public is not concerned, but in the historical question at issue all are interested. Father Ryan made some candid admissions, which are the more significant from the fact that he consulted, as he says, only Romish authors in the preparation of his lecture. He says: "Protestant nations are in the ascendancy. They lead the world." That is, historic truth, but the Star utters a positive and prompt denial. It says:

Take the Catholic populations of Europe as a whole; contrast them with those claimed as Protestant, and he would be a bold erid who would say that the balance of intelligence, of science, of comfort among the poor, of elegance among the rich, of actual material and political strength was against the Catholics.

We are not very "bold," but we make just that statement. He has read history to little purpose and with prejudiced eyes who has not made the same discovery. The sad difficulty with our papal friends is that they read nothing outside their own priestly scrutinized and revised publications. It is a fact that few intelligent Catholics will doubt that in all material, social, industrial and educational progress the Protestant nations of Europe are far in the advance.

The Star also strangely denies that the general progress of a nation has any necessary connection with the "religious element" of the population. Why, then, have Popes ascended Caesar's throne and wielded a scepter of civil power? They have dominated and directed in all departments of national and social life. If there is no "connection," why this union of Church and State? Why should the Lord's spiritual aspire to civil rulership? The "Star" of the morning might shed a little light on this question.

## "Angels-Unawares."

Our grandest deeds are generally the product of unconscious effort.

and have supposed that the sublime lay outside of nature's appointed sphere. Reflection brings back the fact that such is not the case. Human life was projected in the sublimest sphere possible, and its essential both of contemplation and fact, embrace the grandest of all creation's wonders. Religiously men have been disposed to seek the divine grace and glory in the midst of imaginary scenes and at moments of abstraction from life's routine. The duties most taxing us in life have been stigmatized as drudgery that kept the soul from soaring aloft into the empyrean. Thousands upon thousands of noble but impatient spirits have chafed and worn themselves out, repining over that miling of Providence which denied them the opportunity of showing to the world what they could dare or do; when if they would only look around them they could see that God every day thrusts them in contact with those things which transmute the drudge into the heir apparent to the empire of posterity.

It is in the discharge of these common duties, feeling that they are only common, that the "angel-unawares" appears. As in the legend of the peasant who stopped to roll the stone out of the road, and found under the stone a bag of gold; so in all the ways of life may be found examples of the truth that he who helps the world most best helps himself. The governor of one of our greatest States once befriended at school a little orphan girl. He of the time was a gallant young man of twenty; she a child of twelve. The little girl's eyes shone with such gratitude that he was at once smitten with her beauty and won by her gratitude. Six years later he, then a rising young lawyer, was laughed at by some and sneered at by others for wending his way to the humble cot of a widow to pay his suit to the now beautiful but penniless young woman. They were married, and, as he was leading away his bride from the cottage to a noble mansion which he had rented, the bride's grandmother took out of an old trunk a musty paper. It was a little deed showing that the mansion he had rented was the property of the wife which he was going to protect.

Among the beautiful forms of compensation in Providence with peculiar beauty shines that of the wants or emergencies of his angels or agents of ministry to our life. These lend a touch of sympathy in a direction where before we felt the infinite emptiness of our poverty. The wants of angels had not occupied our thoughts. If we had thought they were really in need we might have felt more keenly their situation. But we supposed they were a disguise merely to surprise us. Behind the scenes we thought they smiled at our childish simplicity in taking them for real examples of suffering humanity. But not so. They really needed the entertainment. Angels can not enjoy man's hospitality unless they need it. The angels in Sodom wanted Lot's sympathy. They enjoyed, therefore, his hospitality. Only once the Saviour trod the earth seeking the sympathies of man. We can not entertain him. But everywhere, in every age, are wandering angels, who, until the redemption of the sons of God be fully come, will walk the ways of men in beggars' dress. From the close companionship of the Heir of all things they have gone out, not merely to shed the aesthetic tear and play in mimicry the fearful tragedies that are played on earth, but touched themselves with a sense of infinite longings and burdened with cares all too real, they bring a ministry of better things than if they rose superior to all mortal wants.

"Angels-unawares" make life worth living. Earth is not a Botany Bay. Or should there ever be a place upon its surface whither, as if in punishment, God sends his ministers; there soon the convict finds the richest mines of gold, and soon the wastes team with the sheep of his pasture. Sometimes, in our fits of despondency or spleen, we long to quit this world and go "where the angels are." A moment of reflection brings the thought that all the angels are not in heaven. Man's best angels yet are on the earth. Some flew with Lazarus to heaven, but others lingered where Jesus lay buried. Some sweep with pestilential breath where the hosts of unbelievers blaspheme the living God, but others, on lowlier but sweeter missions, stoop by children's cradles or gather by the dying bed. Some soar where rainbows arch the sky or stars break over fields where Nature does her finest work, but more are found where Daniel's prayer arises or Jesus struggles in Gethsemane, or the fainting pilgrim falls by the desert wayside. No. If you would be where the angels are there is no need to go to heaven. The chances are that more are here than there.

"Angels-unawares" so content us with our own lot that we are never

willing completely to exchange our identity for that of another. No one's guests are so welcome as our own. No one's enjoyment of the angelic presence is like our own enjoyment. "You could not feel so happy as I for the visit and the message were for me." So in our innermost thoughts, though yet the angel has not come, we feel that time will bring him, and he will bear with him those greetings which the all-Father thought worth the time and toll and tears of the winged seraph, fanning till weary the sickly atmosphere of a world of death, or trading till faint the deserts where not a drop of sympathy or a spray of cheer is known.

"Angels-unawares" teach us that the sorrows of God's grace will never cease. Though old as consciousness, every recollection of the past goodness is fresh; though recurring with each successive moment, they rise with brighter sparkle as the golden sands at the bottom of some crystal fountain in the morning sunlight. As one sailing upon the ocean looks out and seems to see him when the horizon stoops to embrace the sporting ripples, so either in the memories of the past or the hopes of the future the angel footsteps mark the billowy eminences of a limitless stretch of surprises as old as we himself, but fresh and bright as the first ray of sunlight on the morning dew-drop.

From Gilderoy.

Mr. Editor: You say "Don't allow the travel and distraction of district work to dry your pen." Well, I suppose I can still find time to ink it, now and then, at your readers. I don't know what would do at times if I could write. I write to rest myself, and get in a good humor and to get rid of the blues. Do you ever have blues? If not you ought to be thankful. I have a spell of them every week or two, when I eat too much and when my digestion gets out of order. The people about me get contrary. I can hardly live with them. I am all right myself, but other people get wrong. The church invariably needs scolding when it is to the pulpit with a fit of blues. I would not try to preach when I am blue. If I could help it, I might as well stay at home and eat my bread and butter and the flour come and the congregation is waiting, and I have to try. It is often only a trial, for a thread of my discourse gets tangle and knots and knots at a fearful rate. Then I yell and bawl and stomp and foam and rave furiously. It is a most uncomfortable feeling in a world. It is; this feeling, that I must pump and pump at a clock that is as dry as dirt. I can't get clear of the idea that there is a tinge of moral dishonesty in a thing of standing before a congregation and talking on and on when I feel and know that the root of the matter is not in you. Fortunately, unfortunately, I don't know what the people do not know what awful agony the preacher is in. He goes on they think it is all right but if there is a preacher of a certain present he knows. He is a fellow feeling in his bosom for brother in distress. A few times my life I have had the manliest moral honesty to say: "Well, my ren, I can't preach to-day, and I am no use trying." I always felt after that confession. I learned in the last few years to staid from supper Saturday night and to take only a blanch and a of tea or coffee for breakfast, and I am generally in good trim, preaching on Sunday at eleven M. The blues with me come of lung too much, and I have seen preachers fail to get a sermon on their heads or hearts, because their stomachs were too full of rich and greasy food. Indeed, my brother, I do not believe any who is intemperate in eating, preach with unction and power. Advice to young preachers is "a little, pray much and study." I don't know how it may be for other men, but my voice is never its best when my stomach is full. I am writing to you now to get rid of the blues, brought on by a away from home today and a brother preacher on a visit to parents in this town. This is my first blue letter. I may have but you will endure it in order. I may have a chance to reflect. It is true I am on a large tract, with sixteen circuits, and I am under my care, but I am to find time to read good books, make new sermons and write to my friends. As I said before, I write to rest, and I will have to fill up, and I'll have to make sermons to keep from wearying. Save me, if you please, from preachers who preach old sermons over and over until they are as slick as an old twelve and cents piece. A young minister is only a boy yet—who don't



45 MAGAZINE STREET,  
New Orleans.



## Household.

**GRAVY SAUCE.** Take six pounds of shin-bone, cut off half a pound of lean pork and put what is left into a saucepan, add four or five quarts of water, and a large pinch of salt when the skin comes off, and put in two onions, one turnip, three large potatoes, and six cloves, a few peppercorns, and mix. Boil for two hours, strain off the fat, strain it through a cloth into a basin, leave it to cool; cut the lean meat very small, put it and work into it two whole eggs, a little salt and any trimmings of cooked meat or bone, a few trimmings of smoked meat, onion and celery, put in the stock, stir it over a quick fire until it boils, leave it to cool from ten to fifteen minutes, strain through a napkin into a clean stewpan, let it come to the boil and serve.

**TEA CAKES.** Three parts of sifted flour, with half a teaspoon of butter rubbed into it, three eggs, a little salt, one pint of good milk, scalded, a large tablespoonful of good lard, scalded, sponge three hours, then mix with a little hard butter, let it rise again, then take it out with a spoon and drop into a good sprinkle of flour on the moulding-board; very lightly knead a little, make out into round, flat cakes, three-quarters of an inch thick, perhaps a little less, then rise again, and then bake carefully. When they are done, split the cakes open, butter, pile a few on a plate and send them to the table.

**MAISONNE SAUCE.** Take the yolk of one hard-boiled egg and the yolks of two fresh eggs, mix thoroughly with a wooden spoon, add a little by little a teaspoonful of salt, a quarter of a teaspoonful of ground white pepper, and a tablespoonful of vinegar, and the oil last, drop by drop, a mayonnaise should be smooth and thick enough not to drop from the spoon; at the conclusion add a half teaspoonful of chopped parsley. To summer mayonnaise sauce will not thicken at times. This may arise from the vinegar or salt being put in too large quantity at once, in this case make the mayonnaise in a tin dish surrounded with ice, and there is no failure.

**MISCELLED MIXTURE.** Take some meat from a joint of roast, broiled or braised mutton; remove the skin and outside parts; mince it very fine; put a small piece of butter into a stewpan, when melted add half a cup of milk, stir it for two or three minutes over the fire, add a gill of well-flavored stock; when boiling put in the mince and salt, pepper, a little grated nutmeg, chopped parsley, a few leaves of thyme, also finely minced, and the yolk of one egg; stir all on the fire for some minutes; then serve with bread, apples or croquettes of potatoes. If put aside until cold, this mince can be used in various ways.

**BLAN MANGE.** An acceptable addition to the supper table, and easily made. Take a handful of Irish moss, wash thoroughly in several waters; add a few pieces of stick cinnamon, and tie up loosely in a piece of muslin nothing. Boil about fifteen minutes in one quart of milk; turn the milk into a mould or bowl previously wet with cold water, let it stand until cold. When ready for use, turn it out upon a dish. If boiled enough, it will keep its form. Fat with sugar and cream. The moss is very cheap and it properly washed is free from all unpleasant taste. — *Agriculturist*.

**FRIED CABBAGE.** Cut the cabbage very fine on a slow cutter, if possible; salt and pepper, stir well, and let stand five minutes. Have an iron kettle smoking hot, drop one tablespoonful of lard into it, then the cabbage, stirring briskly until quite tender; send to table immediately. An agreeable change is to put one-half a cup of sweet cream, and three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, the vinegar added after the cream has been well stirred into the cabbage and after taken from the stove. When properly done, an invalid can eat it without injury, and there is no offensive odor from cooking.

**VANILLA CREAM WITH FRUIT SAUCE.** Make a nice custard with a pint of cream and the yolks of five eggs, a scant cup of sugar and vanilla, taste. When this custard is thickened take it off the fire, and add white still hot, half a box of gelatine previously dissolved in cold water. Wet a mould, pour in the cream, and set it on ice. When set, turn it out on a deep dish, arrange a bunch of fine candied cherries on top and pour around it a sauce made of red cherries stewed, sweetened, strained, and slightly thickened with corn-starch.

**LIMA BEANS.** These can be had either canned or dried, the latter being quite as good, and much cheaper. If dried are used, soak them over night in soft water. Pour it off and add boiling water salted to the proportion of one teaspoonful to a quart. Boil slowly for half an hour, perhaps an hour or more; drain off the water, add a cup of milk, a little butter, pepper and salt according to taste. A pint of dried beans will be sufficient for a family of six.

**CABBAGE SALAD.** Take a cabbage head about the size of your own, and slice it very fine. Mix a sauce of three eggs well beaten, three tablespoonfuls of cream, one teaspoonful of mustard, butter the size of an egg, six tablespoonfuls of vinegar, salt, and a little red pepper. Put on the stove and stir it slowly until it thickens. Pour over the chopped cabbage while hot. Serve it cold.

**CHICKEN CHEESE.** Two chickens boiled tender, chopped not too fine, and seasoned with salt and pepper. Roll hard three or four eggs, and slice, with which line moulds and pour in the chickens; adding the liquor in which they were boiled. When perfectly cold slice for luncheon or Sunday tea or for sandwiches.

**LEMON JELLY.** Soak half a box of gelatine in a cup and a half of warm water; when the gelatine is dissolved, add a cup of sugar, the juice of three lemons and a cup and a half of boiling water; add the white of an egg, beaten light, let it come to a boil, strain into a mould and set away to cool.

**POTATO RISOLLES.** Mash potatoes, salt and pepper to taste. Roll the potatoes into small balls, cover them with an egg and bread crumbs, and fry in hot lard for about ten minutes. Serve with tongue or ham.

**PICKLED MEAT.** To keep meat in warm weather it should be pickled over with vinegar, every grain being filled with vinegar. Meat that is left out for three or four days will be much better than meat that is pickled with vinegar.

## Hygiene.

**TO HAVE WATER.** As soon as water under pressure is introduced to houses, the use of the pump is necessary. The consumption of water for domestic purposes, water-closets, bathrooms, etc., is found to increase at least fivefold. Indeed, unless more perfect fixtures than the average of those now sold are demanded and installed, the ordinary domestic fixtures will soon bring the consumption up to ten or twenty times what it was when supplied by hand pumping. The quantity of water discharged from the houses may not be increased, except as dependent upon an increase of population, but the volume of the house drainage which is thus sent into the cesspool is soon found to be beyond its powers of absorption. Many cases have come to my notice within a few years where this trouble has become apparent to the householder, and many landlords, yes, thousands of others must exist where the evil is going on in the hidden accumulation of filth beneath the surface; and though not apparent to the senses, it may exert an influence no less baneful to the health. Sometimes the cesspool overflows upon the surface, making a nasty, muddy place in the grass overgrown with rank herbage. Sometimes it oozes through the ground, following along the outside of the house, drain that brings it, and soon makes its appearance under or through the cellar wall. I remember one case where it seeped in under a pile of coal, out of which the half-filtered and foul liquid slowly worked its way about the cellar floor. It frequently covers the mouth of the inlet in the cesspool, by which the usual escape of air through the house is stopped, and the air is drawn out through the cracks in the basement story. The undue pressure finds new leaks in the drain and works an untold amount of mischief in the dark, where least thought of and never seen. But even where the workmanship is perfect, a rare case, so that the fluid cannot climb back or seep out within the house walls, the result is far from a desirable one. New cesspools and additional drains are made, one after another, till every available place is exhausted and the pollution reaches the boundary line of the owner's lot, and still no relief is found. The absorbent powers of the soil being soon exhausted, the accumulation goes on, pressing into every available crack till the whole of the immediate vicinity of the house is a mass of corruption. The more water used in the house, the worse is the nuisance. Repeated calls are made upon the apparatus provided for removing cesspools and vaults by the public authorities, but as the soil becomes more and more saturated these operations become so frequent that their cost is quite enormous, besides being a nuisance in themselves. Moreover, the soil about the house is becoming poisonous. Emanations are going on constantly during the summer, which are at least depressing to the vigor of the inmates of the house, if not actually poisonous. What is the rational remedy for this state of things? I know of none but the removal, complete and thorough, of all house-sewage at once, constantly and rapidly, from the immediate vicinity of the houses, and the abandonment of all vaults and cesspools, or similar places where filth can be retained to putrify within the limits of small house lots. — *American Architect*.

**SALT FOR DOMESTIC USE.** Salt as it comes from solid deposits in the earth, or as produced by solar or artificial evaporation of brine, contains numerous impurities, such as the chlorides of potassium, lime and magnesium, the sulphates of the same metals, and iron in combinations with various substances. These impurities do not detract from the value of salt when used as a fertilizer, and are not injurious to any animal or vegetable used for domestic purposes. They greatly impair the flavor of salt, however, and impart a somewhat disagreeable taste to the substances that are preserved with it. Several of them attract moisture, and on this account, if for no other, are objectionable. Iron is not objectionable, except that it imparts an undesirable color to the substances with which it comes in contact. For use on the table, for preserving butter and cheese, only a pure article of salt should be employed. Ashton's factory filled with most of the dairy salt purified in this country is sufficiently free from impurities for all practical purposes. It has a pure, delicious flavor, snowy white appearance, and does not absorb any considerable amount of moisture from the atmosphere. Its cost is higher than the common impure salt, but there is decided economy in paying the difference. It is finely ground, so that it can be served on the table, employed in cooking or used in dairy products without preparation. A smaller amount is required to season and preserve food than of the ordinary commercial article. Many farmers are obliged to dispose of their butter and cheese at prices below the market quotations, not because the quality is inferior, but because impure salt is mixed with them. The flavor of the butter or cheese may be good, but the flavor of the substance "wherein it was salted" is bad. Persons curing meat for the use of their own families would do well to use nothing but pure salt. It produces a clear lard, and one entirely destitute of disagreeable flavor. — *Chicago Times*.

**SOME BAD EFFECTS OF OVERWORK.** What I have seen and heard during my stay among men has forced on me the belief that this slow change from habitual inactivity to persistent activity has reached an extreme from which there must begin a counter-change—a reaction. Everywhere I have been struck with the number of faces which told in strong lines of the burdens that had to be borne. I have been struck, too, with the large proportion of gray-haired men; and inquiries have brought out the fact that with very few exceptions, men begin to turn gray ten years earlier than with us. Moreover, in every circle I have met men who had themselves suffered from nervous collapse due to stress of business, or named friends who had either killed themselves by overwork, or had been permanently incapacitated, or had wasted long periods in endeavors to recover health. I do not echo the opinion of all that this change from inactivity to activity is a high-pressure life—the subtle thinker and poet who have lately had to mourn Emerson, says in his essay on the gentleman, that the first requisite is that he shall be a good animal. The pleasure in general one extends to the life of the animal, and the citizen who has to make his way in the world is not a good animal.

the phrase to transgress the laws of health. But Nature quietly suppresses those who transgress thus disastrously one of her highest products, and leaves the world to be peopled by the descendants of those who are not so foolish. — Herbert Spencer, in Popular Science Monthly.

## Scientific.

**PROFESSOR HENRY DRAPER.** Henry Draper was born in Prince Edward County, Virginia, March 17, 1837, and two years later his father, Dr. John William Draper, removed to this city to take the chair of Chemistry in the New York University. Henry, at first, went through the course at the public school, but at the age of fifteen he entered the Academic Department of the university, though he did not graduate there. At the end of his sophomore year he entered the Medical Department of the university, which his father had been prominent in establishing, and from which he took his medical degree in 1858. He took his medical degree in medicine, at first through the dispensing medicine, and received an appointment upon the medical staff of Bellevue Hospital, which he held for sixteen months, and then decided to abandon practice, and give himself to teaching. He was elected Professor of Physiology in the Academic Department of the university in 1860, and in 1866 became professor of the same branch in the University Medical School. He resigned this post in 1873, and afterward taught advanced practical chemistry in the Academic Department of the institution. After the death of his father he was appointed to fill his chair, but previous to the opening of the last fall term he severed entirely his connection with the institution.

Professor Henry Draper is one of the men who is not to be interpreted in his individuality alone. With his stars in his hands, he represents one of the noblest of the firmament of scientific celebrities of our time. Among the illustrious pioneers of mathematical physics, there are the Bernoullis, father and son; in chemistry, the Gmelins and the Berzelius; in botany, the DeCandolles and the Hookers; and, in astronomy, the Cassinis and the Herschells; and to these must be added the Drapers, father and son. Many more examples, though less well known, might be given in which sons have distinguished themselves by pursuing up with success the branches of research opened by their fathers, and to trace the influence that is exerted, and the effects that are produced in these cases would be an interesting biographical study. In the present instance the son was the inheritor both of his father's genius and of his subjects of research, while his early education was shared with a view to the pursuit to which his life was devoted. — *Popular Science Monthly*.

**MOON IN THE MOON.** At last, night after night, gratefully it comes after the sun has gathered up his smiling rays and gone down to his rest. At last once we are plunged into comparative obscurity, for again there is no twilight to stay the steps of departing day. At one stroke comes the dark, still, looking up into the sky, we behold a vast orb, which pours down a milder and more beneficent splendor than the great lord of the system. It is such a moon as we terrestrials cannot boast; for it is not less than thirteen times as large and luminous as our own. There it hangs in the firmament without apparent change of place, as if it were a fixed star.

For this great globe is a painted panorama, and turning round, objectively or taxially, presents its oceans and continents in grand succession. As Europe and Africa, lacking the Mediterranean in their embrace, roll away to the right, the stormy Atlantic offers its waters to view, then the two Americas, with their huge forests and vast prairies, pass under inspection. Then the grand expanse of the Pacific, lit up into the sky, we behold a vast orb, which pours down a milder and more beneficent splendor than the great lord of the system. It is such a moon as we terrestrials cannot boast; for it is not less than thirteen times as large and luminous as our own. There it hangs in the firmament without apparent change of place, as if it were a fixed star.

Discoveries of the cuneiform inscriptions at Nineveh reveal the fact that the ancient Assyrians were acquainted with the existence of spots on the sun, which they could only have known by the aid of telescopes. These it is supposed they possessed. Mr. Hayward found a crystalline lens in the ruins of Nineveh. The Assyrian cuneiform, imprinted on bricks, was an exhaustive work. The inscription on these bricks, on being deciphered, disclosed that houses and land were sold, leased, and mortgaged; that money was loaned at interest, and that the market gardeners, to use an American phrase, "worked on shares"; that the farmer, when plowing with his oxen, beguiled his labor with short and homely songs, two of which have been found, and to connect this very remote civilization of 2000 B. C. with the usages of to-day, the Chief Justice, in conclusion, referred to one of the bricks of this library in the form of a notice, which was to the effect that visitors were requested to give to the librarian the number of the book they wished to consult, and that it would be brought to them; at the perusal of which, his Honor said, one was disposed to fall back upon the exclamation of Solomon that "there was nothing new under the sun." — *Evangelist*.

**THE EXCAVATIONS AT OLIMPIA.** The Cologne Gazette says: "Contrary to all expectation, the round foundations of the great burnt-offering altar have come to light, and we can now, since the burial-place of Ptolemy, with its vaulted grave, has also been found, re-establish the whole ground-plan of Olympia with mechanical certainty. But a new revelation in the excavations, accordingly, was discovered, and an important contribution to the ethnology and philology was found. On the basis that the supplementary credit for Olympia has again been withdrawn, already half of the workmen have been dismissed, and this German work, instead of being carried out, has been abandoned during the last few days. The excavations at Olympia are now in a state of stagnation." — *Evangelist*.

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Bells 28 with Clapper, \$570.00 to \$580.00  
Bells 28 1/2 with Clapper, \$580.00 to \$590.00  
Bells 29 with Clapper, \$590.00 to \$600.00  
Bells 29 1/2 with Clapper, \$600.00 to \$610.00  
Bells 30 with Clapper, \$610.00 to \$620.00  
Bells 30 1/2 with Clapper, \$620.00 to \$630.00  
Bells 31 with Clapper, \$630.00 to \$640.00  
Bells 31 1/2 with Clapper, \$640.00 to \$650.00  
Bells 32 with Clapper, \$650.00 to \$660.00  
Bells 32 1/2 with Clapper, \$660.00 to \$670.00  
Bells 33 with Clapper, \$670.00 to \$680.00  
Bells 33 1/2 with Clapper, \$680.00 to \$690.00  
Bells 34 with Clapper, \$690.00 to \$700.00  
Bells 34 1/2 with Clapper, \$700.00 to \$710.00  
Bells 35 with Clapper, \$710.00 to \$720.00  
Bells 35 1/2 with Clapper, \$720.00 to \$730.00  
Bells 36 with Clapper, \$730.00 to \$740.00  
Bells 36 1/2 with Clapper, \$740.00 to \$750.00  
Bells 37 with Clapper, \$750.00 to \$760.00  
Bells 37 1/2 with Clapper, \$760.00 to \$770.00  
Bells 38 with Clapper, \$770.00 to \$780.00  
Bells 38 1/2 with Clapper, \$780.00 to \$790.00  
Bells 39 with Clapper, \$790.00 to \$800.00  
Bells 39 1/2 with Clapper, \$800.00 to \$810.00  
Bells 40 with Clapper, \$810.00 to \$820.00  
Bells 40 1/2 with Clapper, \$820.00 to \$830.00  
Bells 41 with Clapper, \$830.00 to \$840.00  
Bells 41 1/2 with Clapper, \$840.00 to \$850.00  
Bells 42 with Clapper, \$850.00 to \$860.00  
Bells 42 1/2 with Clapper, \$860.00 to \$870.00  
Bells 43 with Clapper, \$870.00 to \$880.00  
Bells 43 1/2 with Clapper, \$880.00 to \$890.00  
Bells 44 with Clapper, \$890.00 to \$900.00  
Bells 44 1/2 with Clapper, \$900.00 to \$910.00  
Bells 45 with Clapper, \$910.00 to \$920.00  
Bells 45 1/2 with Clapper, \$920.00 to \$930.00  
Bells 46 with Clapper, \$930.00 to \$940.00  
Bells 46 1/2 with Clapper, \$940.00 to \$950.00  
Bells 47 with Clapper, \$950.00 to \$960.00  
Bells 47 1/2 with Clapper, \$960.00 to \$970.00  
Bells 48 with Clapper, \$970.00 to \$980.00  
Bells 48 1/2 with Clapper, \$980.00 to \$990.00  
Bells 49 with Clapper, \$990.00 to \$1000.00  
Bells 49 1/2 with Clapper, \$1000.00 to \$1010.00  
Bells 50 with Clapper, \$1010.00 to \$1020.00  
Bells 50 1/2 with Clapper, \$1020.00 to \$1030.00  
Bells 51 with Clapper, \$1030.00 to \$1040.00  
Bells 51 1/2 with Clapper, \$1040.00 to \$1050.00  
Bells 52 with Clapper, \$1050.00 to \$1060.00  
Bells 52 1/2 with Clapper, \$1060.00 to \$1070.00  
Bells 53 with Clapper, \$1070.00 to \$1080.00  
Bells 53 1/2 with Clapper, \$1080.00 to \$1090.00  
Bells 54 with Clapper, \$1090.00 to \$1100.00  
Bells 54 1/2 with Clapper, \$1100.00 to \$1110.00  
Bells 55 with Clapper, \$1110.00 to \$1120.00  
Bells 55 1/2 with Clapper, \$1120.00 to \$1130.00  
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Bells 57 with Clapper, \$1150.00 to \$1160.00  
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Bells 58 with Clapper, \$1170.00 to \$1180.00  
Bells 58 1/2 with Clapper, \$1180.00 to \$1190.00  
Bells 59 with Clapper, \$1190.00 to \$1200.00  
Bells 59 1/2 with Clapper, \$1200.00 to \$1210.00  
Bells 60 with Clapper, \$1210.00 to \$1220.00  
Bells 60 1/2 with Clapper, \$1220.00 to \$1230.00  
Bells 61 with Clapper, \$1230.00 to \$1240.00  
Bells 61 1/2 with Clapper, \$1240.00 to \$1250.00  
Bells 62 with Clapper, \$1250.00 to \$1260.00  
Bells 62 1/2 with Clapper, \$1260.00 to \$1270.00  
Bells 63 with Clapper, \$1270.00 to \$1280.00  
Bells 63 1/2 with Clapper, \$1280.00 to \$1290.00  
Bells 64 with Clapper, \$1290.00 to \$1300.00  
Bells 64 1/2 with Clapper, \$1300.00 to \$1310.00  
Bells 65 with Clapper, \$1310.00 to \$1320.00  
Bells 65 1/2 with Clapper, \$1320.00 to \$1330.00  
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Bells 66 1/2 with Clapper, \$1340.00 to \$1350.00  
Bells 67 with Clapper, \$1350.00 to \$1360.00  
Bells 67 1/2 with Clapper, \$1360.00 to \$1370.00  
Bells 68 with Clapper, \$1370.00 to \$1380.00  
Bells 68 1/2 with Clapper, \$1380.00 to \$1390.00  
Bells 69 with Clapper, \$1390.00 to \$1400.00  
Bells 69 1/2 with Clapper, \$1400.00 to \$141



month." The total number of immigrants arrived in this country during the month of September, as given by the Bureau of Statistics, was 49,935, as against 58,454 for September, 1881. The total number arrived during the three months ended September 30, 1882, was 166,021, against 171,805 for the corresponding period of 1881, a decrease of 13,784. Of the total number of immigrants arrived in September last, there arrived from England and Wales, 8,363; Ireland, 4,046; Scotland, 1,300 total from the United Kingdom, 13,709; Austria, 639; Belgium, 220; Bohemia, 350; Denmark, 686; France, 564; Germany, 18,080; Hungary, 508; Italy, 1,094; Nationalities, 13,994; Norway, 1,931; Russia, 875; Poland, 78; Sweden, 3,040; Switzerland, 863; Dominion of Canada, 6,482; and from all other countries, 357. The decrease from Great Britain as compared with September, 1881, was 2,022. The decrease from Germany alone for three months ended September 30, 1882, as compared with the corresponding months of 1881, was 8,602.—Western Agriculturist.

—A recent bulletin from the census bureau gives useful and interesting statistics of the manufacture of lumber, from which it is learned that the total value of this industry in 1880 was \$233,366,720; that the number employed was \$181,180,132; that the number of establishments manufacturing various kinds of sawed lumber was 25,708, giving employment to 147,566 persons, to whom \$31,045,974 was paid in wages. This does include industries into which lumber enters as a prominent factor, or for which it furnishes the raw material.

A RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER.—Give up many things before you give up your religious newspaper. If anyone that ought to take such a paper does not I hope some one will whom the circumstance is known will volunteer the loan of this to him, directing his attention particularly to this article.

Who is he? A professor of religion, and not taking a religious newspaper? A member of the visible church, and voluntarily without the means of information as to what is going on in the church. A follower of Christ, praying daily, as taught by his Master, "Thy kingdom come," and yet knowing, nor caring to know, what progress that kingdom is making.

But I must not fail to ask if this person takes a secular newspaper. Oh, certainly he does. He must know what is going on in the world, and how else is he to know it? It is pretty clear then that he takes a newspaper interest in the world, than he does in the church; and, this being the case, it is not difficult to say where his heart is. How can a professor of religion answer for discrimination in favor of the world? Or how defend himself against the charges it invites? He cannot do it, and he better not try, but go on write immediately for some good religious newspapers, and be certain his paying for it will find play in advance. There is a satisfaction when one is reading an interesting paper to reflect that it is paid for. But perhaps you take a paper and are in arrears for it. Now suppose you were the publisher, and the publisher was one of your subscribers, and was in arrears to you, what would you think he ought to do in that case? I must ask the question, I don't care about the answer.—Dr. Nevins.

ADVERTISEMENT

AS ALLOWED BY THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA.  
Semi-Annual Statement  
**New Orleans National Bank.**

CAPITAL PAID UP IN FULL \$1,000,000  
RESERVE FUND \$250,000  
UNPAID CAPITAL \$250,000  
TOTAL ASSETS \$1,500,000  
LIABILITIES \$1,500,000  
DIVIDENDS PAID \$100,000  
INTEREST ON DEPOSITS \$50,000  
PROFIT AND LOSS \$100,000  
NEW YORK OFFICE: JAMES W. BROWN, President; J. H. BROWN, Vice-President; J. H. BROWN, Cashier; J. H. BROWN, Secretary.

WM. JALFREY, General Agent,  
MONMOUTH, N.J.  
JNO. H. RANNA,  
FRANK T. HOWARD,  
New York Office.

LIVERPOOL  
AND LONDON  
AND GLOBE  
INSURANCE COMPANY.  
Office, Cor. Carondelet and Gravier Streets.  
J. F. SCHROEDER, Chairman;  
NEWTON ECKNER, PRESIDENT SUGENT,  
DETER ANDERSON,  
The company was established in 1851, and has since that time been one of the most successful in the world. The following is a list of the principal branches:  
New York, London, Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Cardiff, Bristol, Birmingham, Leeds, Sheffield, Nottingham, Hull, Newcastle, Southampton, London, New Orleans, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Chicago, San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, Tacoma, Vancouver, Victoria, Melbourne, Sydney, Perth, Adelaide, Hobart, Auckland, Wellington, Dunedin, Christchurch, Lyttelton, Napier, Palmerston North, Invercargill, Otago, Bluff, Port Blair, Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Singapore, Hong Kong, Canton, Shanghai, Peking, Hankow, Tientsin, Harbin, Manchuria, Korea, Japan, Formosa, Philippines, Java, Sumatra, Celebes, Moluccas, East Indies, West Indies, Central America, South America, Africa, Europe, Asia, Australia, Oceania, etc., etc.

How To Make it  
Good Coffee Half Cost  
Coffee Beans \$5.00 per bag, at wholesale;  
Coffees - SHIPBOARD COFFEE, CINCINNATI, OHIO;

**SUGAR, MOLASSES AND RICE.**  
 18 Springs to 100 Pounds of Trade.  
**THOS. J. CARVER,**  
 60 Carondelet Street.  
 NEW ORLEANS, LA.

[illegible][illegible]

AGENCY ACCIDENTS

**MUTUAL ACCIDENT**

OF NEW ORLEANS, LA.

**ASSOCIATION**

OFFICE 131 GRAY ST.

**OFFICERS:**

President  
Vice President  
Secretary and Treasurer  
Assistant Secretary  
Auditor

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

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## PRICES CURRENT.

ADVISED AND CORRECTED WEEKLY.

ADVOCATE OFFICE.  
New Orleans, Monday, Jan. 8, 1883.  
Our readers should bear in mind that our quotations represent prices for round lots, and that in all small orders higher prices must be paid.

## SOUTHERN STAPLES.

Cotton, U. S.	Per bale
Low ordinary	10 1/2
Good ordinary	11 1/2
Low middling	12 1/2
Middling	13 1/2
Good middling	14 1/2
High middling	15 1/2
Extra	16 1/2
Super	17 1/2
Receipts since our last	4,300 bales
Receipts previously	100,000 bales

Wool, Louisiana, U. S.	Per bale
Common	30
Prime	35
Choice	40

Wool, Louisiana, U. S.	Per bale
Common	30
Prime	35
Choice	40

Wool, Louisiana, U. S.	Per bale
Common	30
Prime	35
Choice	40

Wool, Louisiana, U. S.	Per bale
Common	30
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Prime	35
Choice	40

Wool, Louisiana, U. S.	Per bale
Common	30
Prime	35
Choice	40

Wool, Louisiana, U. S.	Per bale
Common	30
Prime	35
Choice	40

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

## DOMESTIC.

DALLAS, Jan. 3.—In Northern Texas there was a steady rain yesterday, last night and to-day. All the streams are rising rapidly and will be out of the banks by the morning. No disaster is reported from any quarter yet, though many are expected to-morrow.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 4.—The reserve in the treasury is much lower than it has ever been before; so low, in fact, that the chances are that there will be no more bonds called this fiscal year. The amount in the treasury now is a little over one hundred and eleven millions. The public bonds redeemed amount to a little more than \$13,000,000. If the revenue receipts do not much more than meet the expenses of the government in the next few months, the reserve in the treasury will fall below one hundred millions.

Congressman Thomas H. Herndon, of Mobile, Ala., is dangerously ill at the Metropolitan Hotel. His friends are seriously alarmed about his recovery.

The Pitt John Porter case went over until next Thursday, when a vote is to be taken. The friends of Porter have no doubt that his bill will pass the Senate.

KNOXVILLE, Ill., Jan. 4.—St. Mary's Episcopal school, for young ladies, was burned early this morning, losing \$100,000. The inmates escaped in their night clothes. Several accidents occurred, but no lives were lost.

QUARANTINE, Jan. 4.—About midnight last night, while the French steamer Planchet, of the Trans-Atlantic Line, Capt. Prado commanding, was proceeding to sea, and when 11 miles below Quarantine Station, it became necessary to anchor the steamer on account of a dense fog prevailing at the time. Mr. P. F. Arroyo, the pilot, gave orders to get ready to anchor, and the wheel put her to port, when suddenly the lever of the anchor windlass became loose, the chain began to run out at fearful rapidity before it became necessary to let the chain go. The first officer, Mr. Savory, rushed forward to the main brake. He slipped, and had his arm caught in the cog-wheels of the windlass on the starboard side, horribly mutilating his left arm, and before the windlass could be checked the port anchor parted at about the 20-foot mark, causing a loss of both chain and anchor. The steamer then returned to the Quarantine Station, where the services of Dr. Finny were called into requisition, and he, with the assistance of Dr. Thibault, the surgeon of the steamer, amputated the arm of Mr. Savory. The steamer left at noon to-day for sea, leaving the unfortunate officer in charge of Dr. Finny, of the Quarantine Station. He is now doing well.

MARSHALL, Feb. 2, Jan. 5.—The granite store, situated five miles from Marshall, was burned last night, losing \$300,000 insured for \$100,000. Cause, incendiary.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 5.—The ways and means committee to-day agreed to restore the duty on quinine and junk to the same that it was before it was put on the free list a year or so ago.

NASHVILLE, Jan. 5.—The joint committee, appointed by the Legislature to-day reported March H. Polk, treasurer, a defaulter in the sum of \$400,000. Polk was elected as a Democrat six years ago, and served one term without renewing his bond, which only \$100,000. During the time he has at various times, had large sums of money in his possession, but no wrong was suspected.

Two years ago the Legislature levied a tax to pay the interest on certain funded bonds, and the tax collected amounted to \$600,000. Before he could pay this amount over to the creditors, parties opposed to the settlement filed an injunction, and the Supreme Court declared the tax an unconstitutional tax.

Since then this money has been in the Treasurer's hands, and to day the investigating committee discovered that \$400,000 or more of it is missing.

Mr. Polk's clerk refuses to explain with his chief is present, but admits there is a deficit of at least \$400,000. Polk's friends say he lost the money on Wall street.

March H. Polk is a nephew of ex-President James K. Polk, and consequently a member of one of the first families in Tennessee. His disgrace falls very heavily upon his family, who have always moved in the best society, particularly his aunt, the venerable widow of James K. Polk, who resides here. Polk has 10 sons, and they will be held for \$100,000, the amount of his bond.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Jan. 5.—Polk, the defaulter, Treasurer of Tennessee, who skipped a few days ago, is in jail, with \$100,000 of the State's money, captured in this city to-day by a detective.

SAN ANTONIO, Jan. 5.—The one-legged man arrested by John T. Price, of the Detective Agency, on suspicion of being March H. Polk, the defaulter, State Treasurer of Tennessee, was released last night. The scoundrel claimed that his name was not Polk, but Tate. Tate claimed to be a man of wealth on his way to Mexico to seek after some mines. Detective Price sent out a number of telegrams to the State authorities of Tennessee, asking for a full description and instructions, but could not receive any reply, and consequently was compelled to release his prisoner. After the party was turned loose and he and his company had left, a telegram was received from the Governor of Tennessee, telling Price to hold his men and baggage, that the necessary papers would be forwarded.

NASHVILLE, Jan. 8.—A letter from Shiloh, Callaway county, Ky., states that a fearful and fatal epidemic of small-pox is raging at that place and vicinity.

Dr. Stephens, who formerly lived at this town, says it is an out of the way place and hardly any one was ever vaccinated, and he believes this is the cause of the fatal nature of the disease there now.

SHREVEPORT, La., Jan. 8.—The corner stone of the new Methodist Episcopal Church South, the erection of which has just begun in this city, was laid to-day with the appropriate ceremonies of the church by Bishop J. W. Wilson. A large number of the members of the church and of our citizens generally were present to witness the interesting ceremonies. Bishop Wilson delivered a fervid and happy address on the occasion. The new church will cost \$45,000 and will be the finest in the city.

LONDON, Jan. 3.—Several huge gypsies have appeared in the walls of the central tower of the Peterborough cathedral. The tower will be forthwith demolished. The cathedral is one of the finest in England.

## FOREIGN.

VIENNA, Jan. 3.—The Danube is still rising. The race course here is flooded as far as the exhibition building. At Frankenthal, Bavaria, 8000 persons have abandoned their homes on account of the floods.

FRANKFORT, Jan. 3.—A boat conveying passengers from Appan to Ludwigshafen was dashed against a tree and 35 persons were drowned.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 3.—The northeastern portion of Brabant is submerged. Hundred are homeless.

MAYENCE, Jan. 3.—The Rhine has reached a height of 670 metres. With great efforts the tramway has been laid to bring earth for the construction of a dam.

RAHSTADT, Jan. 3.—This town, with the exception of the church and the houses of clergy, is deeply submerged; the water in many houses nearly reaches the roofs. In Triesenheim, on the Rhine, the scene beggars description.

BRILLIN, Jan. 3.—Seventy houses have fallen at Bodenheim in consequence of the floods. At Rezhelm Morsch and Appan 80 houses have fallen in each place from the same cause. At Vienna the danger is serious, and preparations are making to sound the alarm bells directly the dikes show signs of yielding.

LONDON, Jan. 4.—A Berlin dispatch to the Times says: The inundations are taking the form of a great public catastrophe. The distress is increasing hourly. Military and civil authorities make the greatest exertions to mitigate the misery of the disaster. There is no sign yet that the crisis of the calamity is reached. High temperature and rains continue. At Ludwigshafen, opposite Mannheim, where the great Rhine dam gave way last night, the lives of hundreds of people are imperiled. A steamer reached many hundreds, including the sick. The deepest distress prevails.

VIENNA, Jan. 4.—The Danube has risen to the height of 470 centimetres. One thousand persons, residing in the lower parts of the city, have been compelled to quit their homes. Traffic on the railway connecting Vienna with Moravia is suspended. The large railway bridge over the Danube has been demolished, and the Vienna terminal of the road flooded. The bridge of boats at Ottenheim was washed away to-day, with several persons on board. The boats floated down, and in 21 hours reached Linz, where those on board managed to run them ashore.

PARIS, Jan. 4.—Rivers Saone and Doubs have inundated several villages. Thirty-two houses have fallen at Longjumeau, in the Department of Saone-et-Loire.

LONDON, Jan. 6.—The waters in the Rhine, Neckar, Main, Lahn, and other rivers in Germany and Austria are falling. The Vienna is rising at Warshaw.

## Quarterly Conferences.

## MISSISSIPPI CONFERENCE.

Vicksburg Dist.—FIRST ROUND.	Dec. 30, 31
Vicksburg	10 1/2
Port Gibson	10 1/2
St. Louis	10 1/2
St. Charles	10 1/2
St. John	10 1/2
St. Peter	10 1/2
St. Paul	10 1/2
St. James	10 1/2
St. Mary	10 1/2
St. Michael	10 1/2
St. Raphael	10 1/2
St. Vincent	10 1/2
St. Elizabeth	10 1/2
St. Ann	10 1/2
St. Clare	10 1/2
St. Francis	10 1/2
St. George	10 1/2
St. Henry	10 1/2
St. Ignace	10 1/2
St. Joseph	10 1/2
St. Luke	10 1/2
St. Mark	10 1/2
St. Matthew	10 1/2
St. Nicholas	10 1/2
St. Patrick	10 1/2
St. Rose	10 1/2
St. Theresa	10 1/2
St. Ursula	10 1/2
St. Veronica	10 1/2
St. Wenceslaus	10 1/2
St. Zdislava	10 1/2

WOODVILLE DIST.—FIRST ROUND.	Dec. 30, 31
Woodville	10 1/2
Port Hudson	10 1/2
St. Louis	10 1/2
St. Charles	10 1/2
St. John	10 1/2
St. Peter	10 1/2
St. Paul	10 1/2
St. James	10 1/2
St. Mary	10 1/2
St. Michael	10 1/2
St. Raphael	10 1/2
St. Vincent	10 1/2
St. Elizabeth	10 1/2
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St. Rose	10 1/2
St. Theresa	10 1/2
St. Ursula	10 1/2
St. Veronica	10 1/2
St. Wenceslaus	10 1/2
St. Zdislava	10 1/2

BRANSON DIST.—FIRST ROUND.	Dec. 30, 31
Branson	10 1/2
Port Hudson	10 1/2
St. Louis	10 1/2
St. Charles	10 1/2
St. John	10 1/2
St. Peter	10 1/2
St. Paul	10 1/2
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Branson	10 1/2
Port Hudson	10 1/2
St. Louis	10 1/2
St. Charles	10 1/



pression of the body, etc., when occasion arrives.

Our city is improving and enlarging, both in the number of its inhabitants and financial strength. The railroads center here and render possible a strong commercial center. Our college (East Mississippi Pen College) is doing finely, and is largely to its disadvantage as a place of residence.

R. D. NORTSWORTHY

Good Words.

I thank thee, Lord, that thou hast kept  
The best in store;  
We have enough, yet not too much.  
To long for more.  
As searching for a deeper peace,  
A perfect rest,  
Not known before.

I thank thee, Lord, that here our souls,  
Though unguilty blest,  
Can never rest, though they seek  
To find a place;  
Nor ever shall, until they hear  
Thy Jesus' breast.

Alise Proulx

I have tried the gospel, I have put it to the proof. I know, what it is and what it can do. Tell me, what food does not strengthen the weary? tell me that water does not refresh the weary; tell me that light does not cheer the disconsolate, and then you may tell me that the gospel does not help when all other help fails, and then you may tell me that the gospel is not the thing above all other things with which men can afford to part. Men might better give up the sun than preach that light which was brought from heaven; that light which cheers the home, dispels the darkness of the soul. Bishop Stanley.

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. The simple sentence denies atheism, for assumes the being of a God; it denies polytheism, for it confesses the "Eternal Creator"; it denies materialism, for it asserts the creation of matter; it denies pantheism, for it stuns the exultance of God before things and apart from them; it denies fatalism, for it involves the freedom of the "Eternal Being." Murphy.

How pure the joys of Christ's friendship! Interested in the same themes, sympathizing in the same trials, comforted with the same hopes and animated by the same pleasures, the highest of which—the human mind is capable—the pleasures of "holy devotion!" It is heart-mingled with heart and combining together with heaven, it is heaven on earth begun.

God feeds the wild flowers on lonely mountain side without the help of man, and they are as fragrant and lovely as those that are watched over in our gardens. God can feel his own planted on without the help of man, by his sweetly falling dew of his Spirit.

Later he says well: If you would believe, you must crucify that opinion. Why? That would not turn us so full of wherefores. And if you would believe, you must go forth, folded into God's command. Altham subscribes to think when the Lord call him out of his own country. Bridge.

It is they who glory who shall enjoy him; they who deny themselves who shall not be denied; they who labor on earth who shall rest in heaven; they who bear the cross who shall wear the crown; they whose to bless others, who shall be blessed. Dr. Guthrie.

In the Christian warfare to maintain the conflict is to gain the victory. The promise is made to him that endures to the end. The object of a spiritual adversity is to prove this. Every day which we are preserved from going back they sustain a defeat.

It was necessary for the Son to disappear as an outward authority, order that he might reappear as an inward principle of life. Our salvation is no longer God manifested as a Christ without us, but as a Christ within us, the hope of glory. W. Robertson.

Intemperance reproves nothing that is bad. It only ridicules and contemns all that is good. It tears down, it never constructs; it destroys it never imparts life. It attacks, it humiliates, but offers no adequate substitution. —Rev. J. R. Paxton.

No man can force the harp of his own individuality into the people's heart; but every man may play upon the chords of the people's heart, who draws his inspiration from the people's instinct. —Kossuth.

The advantage of living does not consist in length of days, but in the right improvement of them. About days as we pass without doing some good are so many days entirely lost. —Montaigne.

A cannon ball passing through a four-foot bore receives its direction for the whole range. So the soul, in childhood, receives its direction for eternity.

Never does a man portray his own character so vividly as in his manner of portraying another's. —Richter.

Old truths are always new to us if they come with the smell of heaven upon them.

The highest position in life is nearest God. He is the aristocrat.



Christian Advocate.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 18, 1883.

WORK ON

Work while the day is thine,  
Work for the night is near,  
Work when the light may shine,  
Work in that lovely sphere.  
A gentle voice is calling thee,  
My brother, sister, work for me.

Work in the morning hours,  
Work in the simple way,  
Work with thy loving powers,  
Work in the early day.  
A gentle voice is calling thee,  
My brother, sister, work for me.

Work in the dim of life,  
Work when the duty call,  
Work in the battle's strife,  
Work when the soldier falls.  
A gentle voice is calling thee,  
My brother, sister, work for me.

Work when the hope is dead,  
Work in the life of woe,  
Work when the eyes are red,  
Work when the heart is low.  
A gentle voice is calling thee,  
My brother, sister, work for me.

Work when the heart is white,  
Work with a purified heart,  
Work with a cheerful mind,  
Work with a cheerful heart.  
A gentle voice is calling thee,  
My brother, sister, work for me.

Work till the hands are slow,  
Work by thy Master's side,  
Work in the spiritual world,  
Work in the promised rest.  
A gentle voice is calling thee,  
My brother, sister, work for me.

Philosophy of Providence—No. 4.

BY REV. J. A. PARKER.

Another phase of Providence, and that in which it is most essential, is the mysterious connection with it, and the connection therewith of individual conduct. It is said that any view of Providence, which subjects the operations of law to an immediate interposition, throws the blame, or praise, of all the results upon the interposer. Before accepting this notion it must be understood that there is a sense for all interposition. When results are evil, it is not possible to know how much greater the evil would have been without the interposition, producing such results. Seventy years of bondage is certainly a great evil upon any nation, but the master evil of a perpetual barbarism is averted by it. Hence time reveals the apparent evil of to-day as a great blessing in the future. In our first paper we saw that certain laws were subjected to the volition of man, in which he exercised a relative sovereignty, while others were subjected to God, over which he exercised an absolute sovereignty. It is therefore, follows that all the workings are the result of Divine interposition, &c. If a man, exercising his volition over the power of his muscles, commits a murder it cannot be said to be a providential, since it transpires in accordance with the physical and intellectual laws of man, but that some power should be exercised over the ill-effects of his doing good—or rather less evil—by no means at variance with what we know of Divine benevolence or human passion.

This whole question is complicated and rendered tedious by want of proper discrimination between God and the agent. There does not seem to be any Providence in the life of a viper, no interposition over it to make it bite, and if death ensues, it is all the same. Yet the wind, which otherwise would cause death, may not do so under a Divine interposition. So of all intelligences, I depend every one to his distinct characteristics, to control which, or to overcome the effects of which, requires an interposition of a moral, mental or physical nature. Many centuries ago it was said of the omnipotent One: "He maketh the wrath of man to praise him, and he restraineth the remainder of wrath." From this it seems that we usually look at the wrong end of his happy workings for this helpful interposition. "He maketh wars to cease."

Man has his passions and propensities, for the control in which light and law have been given. But the effect of these passions and propensities are not permitted to roll on like unbridled waves till all earth and air and sea have been deluged into ruin. To interpose before the evil would be to take control of laws delegated to the executive administration of other beings or other things. A man would not be a man if he were not other than human characteristics, and the same sense of all creatures. An interposition which in effect does nothing is a new creation, or a new transformation. It makes it something else. To rid the human character of passions and propensities would be to transform it from a human to an angelic one. Man's evil propensities may lead him to the performance of evil deeds, but the Divine benevolence leads him to "restrain the passions" of it for the good of others. "The law of nature" seem to be a beautiful illustration in the same way. Air currents are essential to the purity of the air, and when the ordinary circulation is not sufficient to break down all stagnation, storms seem to be caused for that purpose.

There may be a flood by the clouds, and a drought by the sun, and a few of the lower dwellings of men may be destroyed by storms, and some poor creatures may be killed, but when looked at as the means by the agency of possible, in which whole communities might perish, such an event as a "flood" suggests, "a blessing in disguise."

The death of infants and small chil-

dren often stir up much doubt and trouble on the subject of Providence. It must be remembered that the wisdom of God takes in all of life, from cradle to grave, from infancy to old age; sees all the "evil to come," and all our opinions must be predicated of the benevolence and equity of him. "Too wise to err, and too good to be unkind," we can look upon him only as "doing all things well." It is such and things occur by the interposition of God, there is a reason for it, and we would see it best in the wounds, scars and decrepitude from which such are saved.

But here again we are led to look for Providence at the wrong end of the act. Whether death be penal or natural, in the nature of things it is merely a question of time (without a providential protraction) to be determined by the forces at work in the body and the power there of resistance. We are brought here again to consider natural laws—the laws of life and death. Life depends upon certain laws which operate in the body—namely the action of the heart, lungs and stomach—and if these, or others, meet with serious functional or organic derangement, without interposition, life must cease.

In the laws of procreation, which are also involved, much of this may be said to have been fixed in generations passed, and may result from the crimes, excesses, errors or imprudences of a remote ancestry. Not necessarily as a penalty, but as a natural result. These are natural laws which seem, in the mean, to be subject to the volition of man, and we could not reasonably expect a Divine interference with them. If we were to formulate a dictum on this subject it would be about this: God works anterior to the effect of all laws which are subject to him alone, but subsequent to the effect of all which are subject to another being. The law of gravitation is subject to him only, and his interposition must go before the floating of an ax upon the water. But the laws of life are, partly at least, subject to the will of man, and he may die without any such interposition, at his own hands, or at the hands of another.

Another source of confusion is the confounding of miracles and Providence. We take it that a miracle is an indirect produced over and above law, as raising the dead, etc., while Providence is the exercise of Divine power over some law, as reversing the shadow on the dial of Ahaz, the preservation of Daniel among the lions, etc.

"The day of miracles" is not passed. Every conversion is a miracle. There is no law in nature by which it can be accomplished. It is a very prejudiced trifling which reflects such an array of testimony as is furnished the world by the Christian public in the establishment of the doings of a miracle working God. But if a being can work when there is no law, and operate upon the spiritual nature, it certainly requires no stretch of faith to believe he can and does work wonders through law. There is not, as some seem to think, any contradiction in the fact that night succeeds day, or the summer follows winter. But when we speak of laws and acts which come strictly within the control of man we become contradictory, if we refer them to God. Because he has left man to carve out his own destiny, and given him power to observe the rules necessary to his well, and has so shaped these rules as that all departures from them remove his ruin, he can not interpose for man's help, beyond the exercise of his volition, without coming in contact with his own performed works.

God is sovereign in his work, but man, in his work, is a sovereign "co-worker with God."

The Mosaic System Was Meant to be Local.

The Advocate of December 25 contains some excellent suggestions touching the Sabbath day, by my old and highly respected friend, the Rev. Dr. J. T. Walker, in the course of which we find this remark, incidentally inserted: "The Mosaic system was meant to be local."

Similar expressions are by no means very rare in theological writings, the precise meaning of which I am not fully able to understand. Two questions seem to arise. What is meant by the Mosaic system? Second, in what respect is it local?

Moses was one of the most noted Christian ministers of whom we read; his labors and usefulness were very great. He was pre eminent in his day. In the Antecessarian period of the church there must have been prop. At least we can not conceive how the true Christianity could be introduced successfully. Moses was a prophet. "System" is a word of very broad significance. Here I suppose it means religious system, or a system of religion. Does "the Mosaic system" comprehend the period in which Moses lived, or the entire period from Abel to John the Baptist? The latter, I presume, is meant, though I fail to see a good biblical reason for it. But why leave the "system" of revealed religion to the name of any one of its ministers, however eminent in his day?

Secondly, in what respect was it local? Does it mean local as to geographical, as to periodically extent, or as to the persons of its votaries? Local

means confined to certain space or geographical limits. But possibly a more extended meaning might be intended. As a matter of fact, revealed religion, before the incarnation, was local, though it was never meant or intended to remain or continue local. It was local in the same sense as it is now local, and for the same reason. It has ever been and is now geographically confined. That the church in Old Testament times was unlimited missionary in its character is not to be questioned, and that, one way or another, by these means or by those, revealed religion was carried to and propagated in almost every country in the then known world is a historic fact equally well attested.

That religion in Old Testament times was, either in fact or by law, local or limited as to the persons of the church is an error that has had very wide and very damaging range among many writers and preachers. We have been taught that prior to about eighteen hundred years ago, or thereabouts, revealed religion was not for or applicable to mankind generally, but was for certain exclusive persons or race or families falling within certain genealogical lines; that it was temporary; that is, not intended to continue always. That neither reason, nor revelation gives the least sanction to such a theory is very apparent to my understanding. The Old Testament abounds with expressions of unlimited religious range, and unlimited offer of salvation by the atonement of Christ, and with no expression implying limitation in any of the respects above suggested.

We are often taught, and many persons believe, that the people we commonly call Jews, in the period from Abraham to John the Baptist, were an exclusive genealogical race lineally descended and held together by exclusive intermarriages. Sometimes we are told that they were restricted by law from marrying outside these genealogical lines, when it ought to be known that both the law and the practice were the very reverse.

To suppose that the church, at the time of the birth of Christ, was descended from Abraham would be about as correct as to suppose the people of the United States to be the genealogical descendants of the passengers who came over in the Mayflower. Neither is wholly untrue.

I think it has been formerly shown that such is the naturally rapid divergence from any genealogical track-line, that, at the time of Christ, there could not have been a person living of blood kin to Abraham in the degree of one part in a million.

And if the history of Greece be examined, from the time of Cyrus downward, and paying less attention than we generally do to more kings, nobles and poets, and more to the common people, we will see that a considerable portion of Greeks numerically were Jews. They were Jews in religion, and in genealogical descent nearly as much so as those of lower India, and more so than those of Samaria. Hence the great and powerful Hellenistic Church, the church of Babylon, great numbers of Jews emigrated to various parts of Greece. These migrations, civil and military, continued for many years. Alexander carried great numbers thither, as did also the Ptolemies, especially that great and wise statesman, Philadelphus. For hundreds of years great efforts were made by Grecian kings and generals, sometimes by force and sometimes by conciliation and kind treatment, to settle Hebrews in various countries. They were Hebrews, and I know of no reason why they might not be said to have continued, generation after generation, to be Hebrews, though by mixture and admixture the unadulterated blood became diluted to the degree of ten thousand to one, but their being Hebrews did by no means prevent their being Greeks in the fullest sense. A Virginian is also an Irishman, or of Irish descent.

To tell it the other way? Many Greeks—no inconsiderable portion—Greeks by nationality, by language, by ancestry, by country—were Hebrews, or, more properly, Jews, Grecian Jews. It is supposed that at the time of Christ they outnumbered all other Jews combined.

"Local" migrating, spreading Christianity all over the known world, I can all revealed religion by that sacred name. In what sense was their religion local? The Hellenistic Church was highly missionary. "The Jews of lower India and Samaria were less so. That is about the way it looks to me. I am aware that it is loaded in many large well-bound books, stamped B. D., that there was a Jewish religion and Jewish Church, both of which were local, temporary, not for mankind, but for a family or race, that this religion and church were very local, and so Christ destroyed both and made new ones, but we are, none of us, fully aware of the damage the propagation of this false idea has done to the cause of Christ. It must be exploded.

W. A. BAKER.

Good Out of Evil.

How excellently does Mr. Butler, in his immortal work, compare the world to a large preparatory department, in which industry, discipline and improved in virtue and piety, which are necessary qualifications for the world in which it is intended that he shall live hereafter. We see, for instance, that every creature is designed for a certain way of life. To fill this sphere the capacities, temper and all other pecu-

liarities of the creature are just as necessary as the circumstances which surround it in the sphere in which it moves. Change the appetites, temper and desires of man, change him in such a manner as it is conceivable that he may be changed, and he will be as altogether unfit to enjoy life as if he were placed in a world altogether different from this, where there would be nothing to answer his appetites, passions and affections. The nature of man and the world in which he lives correspond. These two working together is what makes man capable of happiness and comfort. Now, it is plain to every thinking mind that the natural state of man and the habitation of Heaven are as far from corresponding as any two capacities, certain desires and other qualifications are necessary, without which it is altogether impossible for man to engage in the employment of angels, and join in the praises of the blood-washed sons of light. The business of human beings on earth is to pass through a course of discipline which shall fit them for future life. God, in exercising this discipline, is teaching the blessedness of virtue, causes us to feel that

"Sometimes the shadows are deep,  
And long seems the path to the goal,  
And sometimes the storms how they sweep,  
Like tempests down over the soul."

Every one is not willing to accept this reasoning, and they come with the objection: "If it is necessary for us to pass through so many difficulties in life to become fit creatures for future bliss how do you account for those who are converted in death—those who have not had discipline in virtue and piety? The Scriptures teach us that they are saved, and heaven must be their dwelling place."

To certain extent, they are prepared to enjoy eternal bliss, but they are not able to drink in the amount of joy as the man who has for many years been enlarging the capacities of his soul by passing through conflicts and fiery trials. The man that dies after conversion, and the man that dies after many chastisements and evils which have beset his soul both reach heaven. The one has just placed his foot on the ladder and the other has reached the top, and stepped into vaster plains of God's eternal love. This is one reason why God sometimes causes his people to walk amid scenes of adversity and perplexity, at times for greater happiness there.

Now, let us consider another reason. Men begin educating their children early in life; they correct any of the evil habits likely to be contracted, and in every way possible prepare them for future life. We see a boy leaving home to attend school. The father is anxious that his son shall become an honor and a joy to him. The boy examines the curriculum of studies he is to prosecute, and he sees that many duties are required of him, that he thinks will not be of any use to him in his calling or profession. Yet he is compelled to study them. Then he is deprived of pleasures which he thinks can not possibly be harmful, but his instructor knows that they will divert the boy's mind from his books, and he can not understand why he is chastised for certain things; why it is that he must undergo so many troublesome and laborious duties, then turned from the course which he thinks is the most advisable to follow. But in a few years he finds himself fully equipped in the armor of manhood, ready to meet the responsibilities of life. He then realizes that the duties which seemed to be altogether unnecessary proved to be the strongest material used in laying the foundation. And so it is with those of us who are God's children. He is anxious that we shall become an honor to the name of Jesus. While he is fitting us more fully as monuments of his grace and glory, we are in many respects like the boy preparing for future life. We must undergo many things in which we can not see the why and wherefore, yet God, in his wisdom, is working for us, and that which seems inconsistent with his goodness proves to be the main pillar in the temple of our religion.

The act of bringing good out of evil is one of God's ways of working with men. The most glorious piece of work that passed through the hands of the Almighty was done by this process. We refer to the redemption. Christ laid aside his princely robes and became an earthly pauper, it is not necessary to dwell on the evils that attended him on his mission. What was the compensation of it all? Out of it grew the rose of Sharon, the lily of the valley.

He who is "the fairest among ten thousand," and the one altogether lovely, the spiritual darkness which veiled the earth was scattered by the "light of the world."

The death of President Garfield was considered one of the greatest evils that had ever visited our land, that it so. Nevertheless, it had a good result. While President Garfield was expiring the Sun of Righteousness was rising with healing in his wings. The war rays fell on the hearts of the people of the North and South. They sympathized with each other, and to-day the two people have a stronger feeling of brotherly love and Christian fellowship toward each other than they have had since the rebellion. God deals wonderfully with his people. Mysterious ways are his ways, and we know not the end of them.

For now we see through a glass, darkly, but then face to face; now I know in part, but then shall I know even as also I am known. Were I within the power of the human intellect to draw aside the gates of life, and

to look into the workshop of the Almighty, what a revelation there would be! The sight would convince us that God's system of ruling the universe is a correct one. The wheels of the massive machinery move surely and steadily, and the mechanism is such that failure in bringing about the prosperity of man is impossible. Could we behold, then, the fears, the doubts, the griefs of men would, in the twinkling of an eye, be transformed? The furs into courage, a strong arm in the Christian's life; the doubts into belief, the firm foundation on which the righteous build; the griefs would become rivers of joy flowing in channels of usefulness.

"Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby."

J. W. BLEKEN.

WESLEY HALL, JERES, MISS.

From Three Rivers, Miss.

Mr. Editor: Our first quarterly conference for American circuit was held at Caswell Springs, January 3.

Considering the inclemency of the weather, and the short notice given, there was a good attendance of official members, and the stewards entered into the work of making the assessments for the support of the preacher in charge with zeal, and made quite a liberal assessment. This circuit generally meets its assessments in full. Bro. Irvin Roberts, our pastor, is very popular with this people, has preached for us in years gone by, and as an instrument in the hands of God, has accomplished much good. You may expect a good report from this work this year. The new presiding elder, Rev. B. S. Givner, was with us, and, though a stranger to most of us, the verdict is we have a good presiding elder. In him the Christians of this circuit have an able helper, and you will doubtless receive a long list of converts from the Seashore district this year. May prosperity ever attend you, and the dear old A. M. E. Church.

JANUARY 18, 1883.

Arrangements.

PALMER SIMMONS. At the residence of the bride's father, December 18, 1882, by Rev. A. G. Miller, Mr. Luther L. Palmer to Miss Maggie E. Simmons, all of East Feliciana parish, La.

REYNOLDS HARRIS. At the residence of Mr. Adamson, December 2, 1882, by Rev. A. G. Miller, Mr. J. L. Reynolds to Miss Ada Harris, all of East Feliciana parish, La.

LEWIS HARRIS. At the residence of the bride's father, December 18, 1882, by Rev. A. G. Miller, Mr. J. L. Harris to Miss Ada Harris, all of East Feliciana parish, La.

MEANS, EATON. December 18, 1882, by Rev. J. L. Harris, Mr. J. L. Means to Miss E. Eaton, all of East Feliciana parish, La.

ROTTENBACH, EATON. December 18, 1882, by Rev. J. L. Harris, Mr. J. L. Rottenbach to Miss E. Eaton, all of East Feliciana parish, La.

WAGNER, SPELL. December 18, 1882, by Rev. J. L. Harris, Mr. J. L. Wagner to Miss E. Spell, all of East Feliciana parish, La.

STACY, HARRIS. December 18, 1882, by Rev. J. L. Harris, Mr. J. L. Stacy to Miss E. Harris, all of East Feliciana parish, La.

ANDERSON, HARRIS. December 18, 1882, by Rev. J. L. Harris, Mr. J. L. Anderson to Miss E. Harris, all of East Feliciana parish, La.

NEWMAN, LEWIS. At the residence of the bride's father, December 18, 1882, by Rev. A. G. Miller, Mr. J. L. Newman to Miss E. Harris, all of East Feliciana parish, La.

REAN, LEWIS. At the residence of the bride's father, December 18, 1882, by Rev. A. G. Miller, Mr. J. L. Rean to Miss E. Harris, all of East Feliciana parish, La.

DEWITT, HARRIS. At the residence of the bride's father, December 18, 1882, by Rev. A. G. Miller, Mr. J. L. Dewitt to Miss E. Harris, all of East Feliciana parish, La.

LEWIS, HARRIS. At the residence of the bride's father, December 18, 1882, by Rev. A. G. Miller, Mr. J. L. Lewis to Miss E. Harris, all of East Feliciana parish, La.

LEWIS, HARRIS. At the residence of the bride's father, December 18, 1882, by Rev. A. G. Miller, Mr. J. L. Lewis to Miss E. Harris, all of East Feliciana parish, La.

Obituaries.

WALKER. Dr. WILLIAM EDWARD WALKER, son of John M. Walker and Lucy Carroll, was born in Brimley, Calhoun Co., N. C., March 10, 1821. He was of delicate constitution, but had a high intellect, and was very ambitious. He was a student at Lawrensville Academy, and then entered William and Mary College, Virginia, where he graduated at the age of eighteen, having won the second honor of all who knew him by his unusual and refined manners.

Dr. Walker graduated in medicine at the University of Virginia in 1845. Soon thereafter he settled in Louisiana and purchased a plantation on the beautiful Bayou Teche. It was here he married to Lucy E. Hubbard, a lovely and talented woman, with whom he lived happily for seven years. She died on the seventh anniversary of their marriage, leaving an only child—a lovely, but delicate boy. Henceforth "Little Willie" was the earthly end and devotion of his life. Dr. Walker, having acquired modest means, practiced his profession more for the good of others than for his own enrichment. However, in his later life, he made him more dependent on his profession; yet even then, and to the very close of his life, he perhaps, made no money for himself, but responded to the call of suffering humanity, often visiting the sick when he himself needed to be ministered to.

The last act of his life was an effort to reach a small village with a high fever on him. He had to be carried from his home to the center of the suffering. Kind friends carried him there to his own room, and to the bed from which he never rose. His professional brotherhood filled in turn to succor him, but it was said that he never recovered, that the hand which had been his shining mark. This faithful physician, who had several times relieved him in similar attacks, struggled bravely, but in vain. The time had come when, as "Willie" said, "I had wanted him," and on the third of

November, 1882, he died of congestion of the stomach and bowels.

Dr. Walker professed religion at the age of fourteen. His conversion was clear and bright and genuine, as his faithful and useful life amply attested. It was not till some years after his conversion that he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, from which time he served the church as steward, superintendent of the Sunday school, and in various other ways, showing himself the faithful servant of God, the devoted friend of the preacher, and the kind and generous helper of the poor and needy. Besides his darling boy and many other relatives and friends who mourn his loss, he leaves a widow sister whose heart and life were wrapped up in him that she feels utterly bereaved—Mrs. Mary W. Hubbard, known and loved by many of the Louisiana preachers, as well as preachers and people of other States. God bless her and give her grace for the trial.

It was my privilege to know and love Bro. Walker, and to be associated with him for years in church work as his presiding elder and as his pastor, and I can truly say I have not known a more faithful, true and pure man.

A. E. GOODWYN.

MELLEN. Died, in the city of Tuscaloosa, Ala., at twelve o'clock, on the night of the twenty-seventh of December, 1882, CHARLES M. MELLEN, aged twenty years. The deceased was a son of Prof. S. S. Mellen, one of the principals of Tuscaloosa Female College.

He was converted and joined the church in his thirteenth year. His minor backslid. Amid the peculiar and severe temptations that beset the pathway of college life he remained steadfast for three years at the University of Alabama. It is not, therefore, a matter of surprise that his end was pure. Physically, he was almost the perfection of manhood. Humble, full of life, and with every movement distinct with energy, his body was a fine pedestal for a splendid intellect and moral shall. His mind was highly endowed with natural capacity, and during his entire collegiate course he ranked with the first students, graduating with the highest distinction of the university. He was regarded by the whole faculty as one of the most promising young men that had gone forth into the world to reflect credit upon his Alma Mater. He had chosen teaching as his vocation, and, when he died, was the principal of a flourishing school in Sumter, Ala. With the professors and students, and with all who knew him, he was regarded as a young man of brilliant promise, and as possessing, in a remarkable degree, force of character.

While teaching in Sumter, four or five weeks before his death, he was taken ill with malarial fever. A week before he died, though quite feeble, he took the cars and came to his father's residence in Tuscaloosa. Although the disease showed little sign of yielding to medical treatment, he was not considered dangerously ill until about midnight of the night on which he died. He was unexpectedly taken with hemorrhage of the bowels. After this his physicians pronounced his case hopeless. When informed that he could no longer recover, he expressed another sentiment, not regret, for one thing only he said: He would be pleased to live longer that he might be a comfort and blessing to his parents in their declining years; but, apart from this, death was his gain. He had not the slightest dread of death or apprehension of the future. As calmly as if he expected to be gone for a few days only, he bade adieu to his parents, his brother and his friends who stood beside his bed. One of his brothers being absent, he told his mother: "Kiss Fred for me when he comes, and tell him to meet me in heaven." As I watched the light of his earthly life gradually fade from his eyes I felt sad that so young a spirit, so noble, so promising, so fitted to live, should be taken out of the world. God's meaning in it I could not understand; but in all my experience as a pastor, I never witnessed a death more triumphant. Every one present felt that the dying man's victory over death was perfect and complete through Christ.

Reading a beautiful poem in memory of a deceased young man, George B. Proutie said: "The mightiest wisdom to me is to know that so beautiful a triumph as this would be written to his memory." So, as I saw this young man die, I felt in my inmost heart that the sting of death had been extracted, and that to the death of the righteous was the grandly supreme victory. One in the life of our Christian era.

An entire community, sympathizing with the bereaved parents and brothers, and communing them in prayer to God for full consolation.

E. J. N.

LOUIS. Our dear friends, Drs. Lewis and Mrs. Mary A. Jones, of Phoenix, Arizona, have been bereaved by the death of their dear son, Robert, who was born December 24, 1864, and came to his sad and untimely end on the evening of December 27, in the following manner: He, with some of his young friends, had been enjoying the sports of the Christmas holidays at duck hunting. Returning by the train of A. A. Holloman & Co. to their usual destination, little Robert, a young fellow, accompanied by his father, was attempting to take up his gun from the fence where it stood, he fired, emptying its contents to the mouth, passing through and out of the top of his head. This tragic moment of time one of our bravest and bravest boys lay in a breathless, paralyzed and horrid scene.

Little Robert was a bright and good boy; a devoted and obedient son, kind and loving brother. Though he was a nominal member of the church, he was greatly for in a range of many virtues. He read his Bible and prayed, and the Sabbath school, and the church, was always glad to meet a preacher, and to hear any service of his power. The writer feels that he has lost a true friend in death. One other thing I must add for the sake of example: In buying his Christmas outfit he was circled to lay aside luxuries for the mission cause. While still carrying the sad tidings of great joy to many, he died, while he lay in the bed, and in the sweet by-and-by, and may we follow on.

E. HOWARD, P. M.

SMITH. SMITH, E. J. SMITH, wife of Bro. J. M. Smith, of Livingston, La., died October 11, 1882. She passed away as a burning taper, without a struggle. In her death a great loss is sustained to her family, to her church, to the poor and to the community. She had the grace that go to make up a full and Christian character. Sister Smith, I commend her soul to God, and may she rest in peace. Her loss, but thy eternal gain.

J. A. LOVETT.

PLEMING. JAMES BRYAN, only son of A. J. and L. B. Fleming, departed this life, September 5, 1882, aged seventeen months.







## Christian Advocate.

ORGAN OF THE LOUISIANA, MISSISSIPPI AND NORTH MISSISSIPPI CONFERENCES OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

CHAS. E. GALLOWAY, D. D., Editor.

Corresponding Editors:

REV. C. W. CARTER, D. D., REV. J. T. SAWYER, REV. W. L. C. HENRICHT.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 18, 1883.

Meeting of the Publishing Committee.

The regular annual meeting of the Publishing Committee of the NEW ORLEANS CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE will be held at the office of the ADVOCATE, 112 Camp street, Wednesday, February 7, 1883, at eleven o'clock A. M.

On our third page this week will be found an able and excellent article from Rev. Dr. C. K. Marshall on the education of the colored people. Its interest attaches to the date it was written. Immediately after the war, when passion and blood were yet wild and hot, those sober sentiments were written and that earnest appeal was made in behalf of the ex-slave. Those who are so uncharitable and partisan as to call our increased interest in the negro's education a new conversion may read that article to profit. Had not the bitter years of reconstruction followed—years of domination and speculation on one hand and humiliation and poverty on the other—we verily believe the great problem would be nearer solution and much more would have been achieved for the colored man's elevation. But forgetting the things that are behind, we must address ourselves to the work before with purse, heart and brain.

## Itinerant Experiences.

Dr. J. E. Edwards, of Virginia, is writing most readable letters to the Southern Christian Advocate. The following extract will find appreciative readers at the "parlousages and third houses" where the preachers dwell.

Many of the preachers have gone from all of our Conference sessions, with heavy hearts. One confidently expected to go to Sumner station, and he was sent to "Nightside circuit." Another expected to go to Diamonding district, and he was sent to Huckleberry mission. One expected the comfortable carriage, with four appointments and a well furnished parsonage, and he was sent to the largest and least desirable circuit in Conference, with a wife and six children, where there was neither parsonage, comfortable boarding house, nor anything else but privation, discomfort, hard work and poor pay. It is not wonderful that some preachers look grave and dignified. There are some of these grave and dignified looking preachers in the Virginia Conference. One was at my house this morning. He had been to his circuit. His story was a sad and touching one. For several years past he had been pleasantly situated on good appointments. This year, sent two hundred miles away from the prosperous section of the country in which his lot had been cast hitherto. He found nine appointments, miserably dilapidated houses of worship, bad roads, far away from the railroad, an old barn of a parsonage, his wife was sick and left behind; he was going to see her. He looked exceedingly grave and serious. Somebody had sent for him on the circuit, to marry him. He wrote word he would be there. The letter miscarried; another preacher was engaged for the ceremony. This, however, he did not find out until he had ridden, through the cold and mud, a distance of eighteen miles, and got there just in time to see the other minister marry the couple. No fee was given. Well, I did feel sorry for him. It was surprising that he looked grave and very dignified. I told him to cheer up. It was winter. Everything looked at its worst. Soon the spring tide would come. The birds would tell their sweet cadences in the wild woods. Birds and blossoms would load the vernal air with their delicious perfumes. The sun would shine. Congregations would improve. He would find friends. God would bless his labors. To this he replied, with an expression of positive gloomy written all over his quivering face, "All that is true, doctor; but there is such a miserable state of impenitency among the people." To this I could make no reply. Life is not all sunshine, and it is not surprising that some preachers never laugh at anything. Happily, in this case, there was not a word of complaint against the presiding Bishop. But the presiding elder came in for a small benefit. So it goes.

Another view. Some preachers—not in the South Carolina Conference—never get along anywhere. They go from circuit to circuit, year after year, completing all the time. The people get tired of them, and are glad when the year ends. The preacher complains of poor pay, hard fare, and an ungrateful charge. It never seems to occur to him that he cannot preach; that he is a poor pastor; that the work goes down in his hands; that he is always grumbling, and making himself disagreeable. He blames everybody but himself. The fact is, he ought never to have been admitted into the Conference. The best thing in the world for him to do would be to retaliate on the Bishop, presiding elders, and an ungrateful people, by locating, and going to something he can do better than trying to do the work of an itinerant Methodist preacher. The wonder is, that he should so persistently hang on to a Conference that treats him so badly, and never gives him a chance.

## Louisiana Conference.

In company with Dr. C. W. Carter and Bros. Ivy and Galvin we left this city on Tuesday, the ninth, at ten A. M., by the Texas & Pacific, for Mansfield. Without let or hindrance, except a two hours' detention, we arrived in Mansfield the next morning at half-past eight o'clock. After a few years of grueling, ballasting, track-straightening, bridge-building and roadbed-raising, the Texas & Pacific will be a model road. But just now it is a marvel that so much business is done, and the connections so often made without accident to life or limb. The swamps it traverses are so difficult to leave that time will be necessary to strengthen the line against floods and overflows. For a new road it has succeeded beyond all expectation. For miles we were passing through the finest sugar plantations in Louisiana. These magnificent estates are in perfect repair, successfully managed, and are a source of immense wealth. It is worth a jolting to look upon those beautiful and fruitful fields.

The Louisiana Conference met in thirty-seventh session in the Methodist Church at Mansfield on the morning of January 10. Bishop Alpheus W. Wilson presiding. Rev. Dr. C. F. Evans was elected secretary. This was quite a compliment to Dr. Evans' secretarial efficiency, as his transfer had to be announced by the Bishop before the election could be had. When a member of the Louisiana Conference, previous to his transfer to the Little Rock, he occupied this position with marked acceptability. Now, immediately on his return, he is recalled to the secretary's table. This is the last Conference in Bishop Wilson's district. From here he went directly to his home in Baltimore after a continued absence of nearly three months. We record with great pleasure the eminent service the Bishop has rendered our church in the Southwest. He has spent more than a month in the States of Mississippi and Louisiana, preaching frequently and examining carefully into our work, its organization, methods and needs. He will ever find a warm welcome among us, not simply for the sake of his high office, but for his personal worth and works.

This was our first visit to the Louisiana Conference, and it gave us much pleasure. As the new editor of their old organ, the brethren extended a cordial greeting, and pronounced hearty co-operation. In a very little while the Mississippian was made to feel quite at home in Louisiana.

Reports from the preachers were generally meager. This resulted from the disastrous overflow of last spring. One district, the Delhi, presided over by the tall and stately B. F. Alexander, suffered most. Eleven of the twelve appointments were almost entirely under water for weeks, and the twelfth made an island. The presiding elder traveled the district much of the time in a canoe, and on the railroad, in a hand-car, at twenty cents a mile.

The minute business of the Conference was dispatched readily, but without hurry. At the close of the second morning session nearly all the questions had been called, and the general work of the Conference carefully inquired into. A large class of young men were admitted on trial, as follows: A. C. Cooley, from the Hainesville circuit; Daniel C. Barr, from the Springville circuit; James Henry Porter, from the Many circuit; Henry J. Boltz, from the Sabine circuit; Benjamin F. Jenkins, from the Mansfield station; Jules Victor Penn, from the Little River circuit; Stephen J. Davies and John Murphy Davies, from the Vermillionville circuit. We welcome these young brethren into the itinerant ranks, and pray the Divine blessing upon their years of trial. May they prove themselves eminently worthy of the higher responsibilities of our ministry. The work in many parts of Louisiana requires much of courage and self-denial. A clear, satisfactory, successful probation and such labors and experiences evidences the divinity of a call to the gospel ministry. Those remaining on trial are: Hekson Capers, John W. Davis, Samuel H. Whatley, Reuben S. Collier, Jeptha Landrum and Edmond B. Galloway. The last name is continued in the class of the first year.

The denizens of one year are: Charles F. Stivers, Charles T. Munbolland, Robert M. Blocker and Albert T. Galloway.

The following were elected and ordained elders in the traveling connection: James M. Beard and Samuel S. Keener.

The anniversary of the Church Extension Society, on Thursday night, brought out a large house, and the occasion was full of enthusiasm. Addresses were made by Bishop Wilson, Dr. Walker and Dr. Morton, the efficient and through-bred secretary of the general board. Bro. Morton has been most abundant in labors, traveling thousands of miles, preaching and speaking often, and attending to the increasing duties of his office. He has attended twenty Conferences, and awakened a general and intelligent interest in church extension. This has all been done without any loss of avocations or roundly. In appearance he quite resembles Bishop Kavanaugh, and is as fond of a good anecdote. The collection amounted to \$416.40, and this amount was raised without strain or laughter-provoking anecdote. A Conference Board was organized with Rev. J. T. Sawyer as president, Rev. T. J. Hough, secretary, and J. J. Stockwell, treasurer.

The report of the Committee on Church Publications was read by Dr. J. B. Walker. It made some good points, and we will take pleasure in giving it place in our columns.

Rev. John Pipes, the veteran apostle of temperance in Louisiana, read the report on that subject. It had a clear, strong ring, and we hope will serve to intensify intelligent conviction as to the necessity for immediate reform.

Bro. L. D. Palmer, the Business Manager of the Publishing House, represented the great interests under his efficient control. He is quite a fine Conference speaker, and never fails to command entire confidence in the wisdom of his plans and the grand success of the House.

Dr. Young did eminent service for the Board of Missions. The anniversary on Saturday night was a grand occasion, the collection aggregating the handsome sum of one thousand dollars. When we consider the disastrous overflow, and much poverty through which this body of brave men have prosecuted their work, it is doubted if any other Conference in the connection has done so well. Great is Louisiana for collections. During the session about sixteen hundred dollars were raised for various interests. The preachers give almost to the last mite, freely and gladly.

Mansfield is a charming town of about two thousand inhabitants, and its hospitality was most abundant. We had a delightful home with the family of Mr. Ricks, a prosperous and enterprising merchant of this place. Mansfield is giving signs of new life. Business has so increased that other merchants are needed to meet the demands of growing trade. The little tap-railroad, two miles in length, which connects the town with the main line of the Texas and Pacific, though in operation only one year, has nearly paid its cost of construction.

Here Mansfield Female College is located, beautiful for situation and the pride of Louisiana. This institution has an honored history. It was founded by the distinguished and lamented Dr. H. C. Thwait, who gave to it the best energy and scholarship of his riper years. It was fitting that his body should sleep in those beautiful grounds made classic and sacred by his genius and consecration. During the Conference there was a spontaneous, generous contribution of about seventy-five dollars to make up the sum necessary to erect a monument over his grave. Another memorial to his name is the "Thwait Library" in the college, numbering already one thousand volumes. The institution was never more prosperous than at present. The large, commodious building is taxed quite to its utmost capacity. Rev. J. L. Lane Borden has developed marked ability in his high position, and deservedly commands the cordial support of the Conference. Other buildings are needed, and he is planning to secure them.

The Conference adjourned and the appointments were read on Saturday night after the missionary anniversary. This is exceptional; but all the business was carefully and satisfactorily transacted, and all agreed that a more delightful session had never been held. An order was given to the secretary, by vote of the Conference, to record the ordinations of Sunday, thus making the proceedings regular and complete.

Some general statistics are as follows: White members, 14,430; colored members, 29; local preachers, 88; adult baptisms, 337; infant baptisms, 750. Collected for missions, \$4,744.43, not including anniversary contribution; for Bishops, \$863.80; Conference claimants, \$2,260.60; ministerial support, \$39,312.00; for the poor, \$1,029.25; for the Bible cause, \$138.15; for education, \$335.65. Number of Sunday-schools, 157; officers and teachers, 1,033; scholars, 6,917; collected for Sunday-school purposes, \$2,711.80; number of Sunday-school scholars received into the church, 352.

SEPARATED.—W. D. Stayton, J. S. Davis, E. W. Yancey, W. E. Doty, P. H. Dieffenwerth, Joel Saunders, R. M. Crowson.

SUPERINTENDENTS.—A. G. Miller, George Jackson, J. W. Henry.

RECEIVED BY TRANSFER.—C. F. Evans, from the Little Rock Conference; Beverly Carradine, from the Mississippi Conference.

## APPOINTMENTS.

NEW ORLEANS DISTRICT.—J. B. Walker, P. E. Carondelet Street, F. R. Hill, Felicite Street, C. W. Carter, St. Charles Avenue, B. Carradine, Moreau Street, J. J. Billingsley, Louisiana Avenue, A. C. Cooley, Algiers and Gretna, J. L. Wright, J. P. Porter, Lafourche circuit, P. Galvin, Baton Rouge, H. O. White, A. G. Miller, sup.; Plaquemine and Gross Teie, F. G. Hocutt, Agent Southwest Bible Society, J. A. Ivy.

SHREVEPORT DISTRICT.—B. F. Alexander, P. E. Shreveport, C. F. Evans; Mooringsport, H. Capers; Caddo, John Pipes, B. F. Jenkins; Logansport mission, J. Fulton; Mansfield, S. S. Keener; Pleasant Hill, R. Parvin; Natchitoches, C. F. Stivers; Anacoco, to be supplied; Red River, R. M. Blocker; Coushatta, G. M. Liverman, J. W. Hearn, sup.; South Bossier, J. B. Foust; North Bossier, John B. Cassidy; Many, R. A. Davis; Sabine, William Wimberly; President Mansfield Female College, J. Lane Borden.

OPELOUSAS DISTRICT.—C. Keener, P. E. Opelousas, T. J. Hough; Washington, J. M. Brown; Vermillionville, T. S. Randle; Plaquemine, B. R. Clegg; Abbeville, J. F. Scurlock; New Iberia, T. J. Upton; Franklin, T. K. Faut; Ilettoy, Atakapas mission, to be supplied; Pattersonville and Morgan City, R. S. Trippett; Lake Charles, M. C. Manly; Sugar Town, H. J. Boltz; Calcasieu mission, W. R. Whatley; Grand Cheniere, S. J. Davies.

HOMER DISTRICT.—A. J. Cornett, P. E. Homer, J. W. Medlock; Tulip, W. Hart; Haynesville, John A. Miller; Minden, J. A. Parker; Sparta and Sabine, C. T. Manholand; Arcadia, R. T. Parish; Vernon, J. H. Stone; Indian Village, R. S. Collier; Rochester mission, C. W. Hodge; Downsview, J. F. Patterson; Farmerville, J. M. Johnston; Sumnerfield, to be supplied; Webster circuit, J. L. P. Sheppard.

ALEXANDRIA DISTRICT.—S. N. Cornett, P. E. Alexandria and Pineville, J. M. Beard; Alexandria circuit, B. B. Galloway; Winfield, A. M. Wailles; Lena, D. C. Barr; Columbia, J. D. Harper; Evergreen and Big Canoe, A. P. Galloway; Geo. Jackson, sup.; Spring Creek, to be supplied; Simpson, F. White; Black River, to be supplied; Vidalia and Troy, J. V. Penn; Avoyelles, French mission, to be supplied; Bayou Boeuf, S. H. Cooper; Colfax and Montgometry, Samuel H. Whatley.

DELI DISTRICT.—R. Riddle, P. E. Monroe, B. F. White; Delhi and Floyd, R. S. Isbell; Treuton, J. T. Sawyer; Bastrop, J. E. Bradley; Lind Grove, J. M. McKee; Oak Ridge, John F. Wynn; Rayville, J. Laudrum; Wlumborg, C. R. Godfrey; Harrisonburg and Shelly Island, T. H. McClellan; Waterproof and St. Joseph, A. E. Clay; Texas, J. White; Davis; Lake Providence and Pecan Grove, J. M. Davies; Oak Grove and Macona, to be supplied (by T. B. Renaud; Madison mission, to be supplied).

## Making an Opportunity.

In one of his trans-Atlantic letters to this ADVOCATE, when abroad to attend the Ecumenical Conference, our friend, Dr. G. G. Andrews, wrote as follows about a Sabbath at sea:

"A clergyman of the Episcopal Church had services at eleven A. M. on Sabbath, with a few of the first cabin passengers. Seeing so many who did not attend, I obtained permission from the captain to preach on deck. A song brought around me the most of the first and second cabin passengers, and many of those of the steerage and of the crew, and with my back to the wind and ocean roaring around, I felt it to be a privilege to preach the glorious gospel."

That passage reads like the journals of our early Methodist fathers. Everywhere they found and made opportunities to preach. If doors were not opened for them they went out in the fields, and there called sinners to repentance. Those who know our beloved friend can appreciate the above. It was not to be heard simply, but, under the constraining love of the Master, his zeal would not be silent while so many souls were being neglected. We have reproduced this passage to enforce a lesson or two.

Methodism achieved its great success by its irregularities. Everywhere dissenters and churchmen invigorated against their work as an innovation and improperly. They plead for all things to be done "decently and in order." Field preaching was opposed as undignified and unnecessary. But our fathers, noting the prevailing deadness, how few attended the stated services, how indifferent were the masses, and how perfunctory the performances of clergyman, went abroad and preached wherever congregations could be gathered. They did not wait for calls, but sought out the places where the word might be proclaimed to the saving of souls. That spirit we need revived to-day. We are growing too content with the stated appointments. In the towns we preach twice on Sunday, and hold a week-day prayer meeting, and therewith feel content. In the country our appointments are met on successive

Sabbaths, and our labor is done. Thus we are becoming stereotyped. Our work is liable to be mechanical, and our spirit of service to be as regular as a clock and as lifeless. We must watch this process of crystallization. If the people neglect our stated services it will not suffice to say, the opportunity to hear is offered, and, if not appreciated, our responsibility ceases. Such a spirit could never have given birth to Methodism, or any other great reformation or revival. It came of a zeal that carried the gospel to those who neglected it and were indifferent to its claims and benefits. Yea, rather, it preached to those who stoned its preachers and counted them worthy of death.

That ship's company fully typed the word about us to-day. While the gospel is being preached, at set times and places, only a few of the "first cabin passengers" are our hearers. And unless we are willing to go at irregular times and in an irregular way, it may be, to preach the word, the "steerage and crew" will be neglected. Our churches are not being filled. The street corners on Sabbath morning are more attractive than the house of God. Now, what are we to do? Be content with our stated work, and allow precious souls to go without warning? The fact is, our churches in the towns and cities are lacking in the elements of aggressive revival work.

But the passage quoted has a personal application. Our desire to preach should be measured by the worth of souls and the constraining love of Christ. This desire will seek and find opportunities when none are offered. The interest of that afternoon service on deck to us is that our friend asked "permission" to preach. If we always carried with us the spirit that prompted our entrance into the ministry we would not need urging, but our hearts would crave opportunities to speak for our Lord. How often excuses are made when invited to preach. Alas! for the selfishness of a pulpit reputation. It affects the preaching conscience and dulls the spirit of a true apostle. A minister is tempted to lose sight of his great calling, and the needs of the soul, in a fear of failure and loss of reputation. There must be watching and praying at this point. We are not public lecturers to entertain the curious with our periods and attitudes, but chosen vessels burdened with the message of God to dying men. We are to win souls, not dazzle the multitude and revel in their applause. A preacher, jealous of his reputation and anxious to know how he acquitted himself, is in a way to backslide, if retrospection has not already begun. We make no apology for a dull pulpit that does not glow and burn with beaten oil. But our plea is for a pure and proper motive—a consuming zeal for the glory of God and the good of men. This zeal will find a place and opportunity to declare the Lord's message.

## The Mexican-Pacific Coast.

A few days since I was at Guadalajara, where we have a good congregation. There are three other congregations in that city, and of good numbers. At the sacramental service in our church Sunday night I was assisted by Bros. Crawford and Howland, of the Congregational mission, Bro. Watkins, of an independent work, together with Bro. Aquilar, who has for some time been in charge there, and Bro. Blanco, whom I had brought with me to take his place. There were sixty-eight who partook of the Lord's Supper and six adults were baptized. The congregation numbered four hundred. The spirit of the people was excellent. Many of them, as well as their leaders, have been tried in the fire of persecution and not found wanting. I trust our meetings had the effect of bringing the workers into more perfect harmony, sympathy and co-operation. The journey from Guadalajara to Colima, although not very long, I think was one of the severest I ever made. Bro. Aquilar went with me to take charge of the work for a time in the latter place, which is about one thousand miles from our most eastern point of occupation. Our diligence was so full that we had to take seats on the top, and were off at five o'clock in the morning, with an escort of soldiers. The passengers were remodeling each other of the dangers of the road, and as daylight came on various places were pointed out as where robberies and murders had been committed. Recently five robbers and two soldiers had been brought in dead from this road, killed in an attack on the diligence. On the road leading into Guadalajara from Ingiro I had, a few days before, counted forty crosses put up on the stone fence of one hacienda or farm, each indicating a murder, but it was agreed that the Colima road is the worst of all. However, through a kind Providence no special evil be-

fell us. On the first day we passed over thirty-two leagues of very rough road, reaching Sayula at seven P. M., where we have recently commenced gospel work. Any one who saw us on the way, bounding and swinging in the air, and doubling into four right angles almost at the same instant as the great diligences went rushing and plunging over the huge rocks in the road, would not have asked us if we were tired or had any pains and aches at the close of the day. I think we changed mules eight times during the day, and there being eight mules to the diligence, there were sixty-four mules concerned in getting us over the thirty-two leagues. The second day's journey was twelve leagues by diligence and twelve more on horse back.

At one of the diligence posts, while the *cochera* was changing his mules, I went out into the town to get something to eat. In a small shop I found cooked sweet potatoes for sale, and also milk. I asked the keeper if the milk was perfectly clean. "Yes, certainly, sir," she replied as she put her forefinger into it up to the second joint to lift out a dead fly. As I began to eat, standing by the counter, I heard a stroke of the church bell of the town. This meant that the priest was about to consecrate a wafer, or pretend to change it into the body of Christ. All the people of the town fell at once upon their knees, whether in the house, on the pavement or in the street, continuing, however, the conversation in which they were engaged. An old woman near me, in a very sharp voice, cried out to me: "Why don't you off with your hat?" But how could I take off my hat when I had large, soft sweet potato in one hand and a cup of milk in the other? However, I finished quickly, and returned to the diligence to resume my journey. Bro. Aquilar, when I heard the tap of the bell, was sitting by a priest, who was travelling with us. The keeper of the shop near them, seeing that Bro. Aquilar did not fall upon his knees as did the priest and the people, hallooed at the top of his voice: "Up to heaven those who bow, and down to those who do not." The diligence was soon ready, and we were glad to be on our way, for we knew it would require but a few minutes in the town to get up a skirmish.

At Lapothan, a place noted for fanaticism, we secured horses and guides, and pressed on westward down the *barancas*, over the mountains and across the plains, reaching our lodging-place some time late at night, at the bottom of one of the deepest *barancas*. Next morning without breakfast, we started at the o'clock, and after a long, hot ride, reached Colima. But *barancas* we crossed! great offset hollows in the earth, from six to ten hundred feet deep. They say they are fifteen hundred or two thousand feet deep, with nearly perpendicular sides. The narrow road was cut in the bank in zig-zag form so as to go winding back and forth, but so steep that it was difficult for a horse, or the mules or donkeys that do all the carrying in Colima, to ascend or descend. It was even difficult for the rider to remain on his horse. At any moment one of the horse's foot might send him and rider down the bank so far that they would not know where they reached the bottom. Thus would our way down and up there are many "ups and downs" in this journey. The extreme climate also added to our discomfort. But not all was unpleasant. The wood growth was green and refreshing to the eye. From the crevices the natural stone wall, beside narrow road, hung beautiful ferns, many forms and flowers of various hues, many of which I gathered to carry back to dear ones at home. From rock and bush, from above and below, came the sound of birds, some of the largest, it is quite loud and harsh to us in notes, but among the others were delightful strains of the mocking-bird and the richer, sweeter notes of the Mexican clarinet. Blended these were the roar and splash of waters, rushing furiously down *barancas* from the near mountains that proudly raised their heads above us. Emerging from these chasms in the earth, we were at once with the imposing line of the gray, ash-covered, extinct volcano of Colima, and by its mountain pikes. How grand a view! I gazed and gazed at the whose crater was constantly sending up dim smoke, and as I gazed came from the crater a sudden outburst of steam—an immense column perfectly white steam—which forth as if some fountain of fire had opened into the subterranean and sought this outlet. This column rose higher and higher and great rolls of steam spread



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with a tiny trumpet, to which he became greatly attached. One night, when he was about to be put in his little bed and was ready to say his prayers, he handed his trumpet to his grandmother, saying: "Here, grandmother, blow while I pray."

**GET YOUR PIANO AT WEIRIN'S.**—A handsome instrument for the holidays would be a fine Chickering, Weber, Mathushek, Hale, Hightman or Weirfin Piano. The names of these celebrated makers suggest instruments which are ornamental and durable, and pure and grand in tone, and reliable for splendid execution. They are for sale in tuneless new supply at Weirfin's standard music house, 335 Canal street and 19 Thurston, where also may be found choice parlor organs, street music, piano covers, and made and mended. In the morning all fresh stock at very low prices. Art. Weirfin takes old pianos as part payment for new ones. Call and see his magnificent assortment. The vast store and warerooms make up together an establishment second to none in America or the world.

"Hop" or "Hops" were used in a way to induce people to believe they were the same as Hop Bitters. All such pretended remedies or cures, no matter what their style or name is, and especially those with the word "Hop" or "Hops" in their name or in any way connected with them or their name, are imitations or counterfeits. Beware of them. Touch none of them. Use nothing but genuine Hop Bitters, with a bunch or cluster of green Hops on the white label. Trust nothing else. Druggists and doctors are warned against dealing in imitations or counterfeits.

**W. F. Mellen,**  
**Attorney at Law,**  
12 OAKENBELL ST.,  
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Surplus fund 100  
Creditor's outstanding 100  
Dividends received for 2  
Dividends payable Jan. 1, 1881 2  
Undivided profits 14,400  
Due banks and banks 1,400  
12,000

I certify the above to be a true statement.

WM. PALFREY, Cashier.

Correct Attest:  
SARAH NORTON,  
JNO. H. HANNA,  
FRANK T. HOWARD,  
JURAT.

**AGENTS WANTED** EVERYWHERE for the new **FAIRBANKS** Sewing Machine ever invented. Will sell at a handsome profit. Agents for the **FAIRBANKS** Sewing Machine, and **TOE** Complete Sewing Machine, it will also put a great variety of work for which there is always a ready market. For circulars and terms, call on **THE FAIRBANKS** Sewing Machine Co., 163 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.











## PRICES CURRENT.

REVISED AND CORRECTED WEEKLY.

ADVOCATE OFFICE,  
New Orleans, Monday, Jan. 15, 1883.

Our readers should bear in mind that our quotations represent prices for round lots, and that in selling small orders higher prices must be paid.

## SOUTHERN STAPLES.

Cotton, 70 lb.	To-day.
Low ordinary	10 1/2
Ordinary	11 1/2
Good ordinary	12 1/2
Medium	13 1/2
Good medium	14 1/2
High	15 1/2
Extra high	16 1/2
Receipts since our last	28,844 bales.
Receipts previously	1,015,557 bales.

## GRAIN.

Wheat, 70 lb.	To-day.
Low	85
Medium	86
High	87
Choice	88
White	89
Yellow	90
Red	91
Black	92
Green	93
Blue	94
Brown	95
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## GRAIN AND FEED.

Wheat, 70 lb.	To-day.
Low	85
Medium	86
High	87
Choice	88
White	89
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# Christian Advocate.

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WHOLE NO. 1382

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### SPEAK TO HIM

"Run, speak to this young man."—Zerubbabel, II. 4.  
Run, speak to this young man!  
Out to the wide world straying,  
A noble youth of gentle blood,  
For whom a mother's prayer,  
Oh, tell him of that mother's tears,  
His father's changed hopes and fears,  
His father's love of early years.  
Run, speak to this young man!  
Run, speak to this young man!  
His footsteps are untidy;  
The dark shadows of the night  
Are gathering round already,  
Temptation is both fierce and strong,  
Led by the drink, the dance, the song,  
What wonder if he do the wrong?  
Run, speak to this young man!  
Run, speak to this young man!  
For selfish thoughts are rising,  
And scornful in mock debate,  
His sacred soul's despairing,  
They hail the course and ritual too,  
At every turn a snare is set,  
And nothing left on which to rest.  
Run, speak to this young man!  
Run, speak to this young man!  
Unnumbered foes assail him,  
Lost in the rushing tide of vice,  
The strength and courage fall him,  
And faith upon him, bid him think  
Of the last long look, the drink  
Of the sea on the shining brink.  
Run, speak to this young man!  
Run, speak to this young man!  
Good angels watch above him,  
And faith, who reigns to heaven, send  
The prayers of those that love him  
In prayer and love, to duty run,  
That may he see beneath the sun  
A land of power and glory won.  
Run, speak to this young man!

### China and Her People

BY REV. J. W. LAMBERT

### Twenty-second Lecture

My Dear Young Friends: I will continue my account of what the Chinese eat. The first's nest soup, of which you have often heard, is made from the nest of the swallow. It is like jelly when boiled. The nests are brought from the Indian archipelago, and are a luxury too expensive for the common people. Sea shells, shark's fins, and other delicacies are brought from the same islands. We do not relish Chinese food because it is dressed with oil, which is often rancid. Eggs, too, they keep until they have a flavor which would make us think them unfit for food. The Chinese do not like beef, butter or cheese, nor do they take milk, though the Manchus use it. Rich people have a great many dishes at each meal. Sweetmeats come first. Rice and meats come last, except it be sometimes when soup is served. They take tea very weak without sugar or milk. The tea they use is never boiled, except some kinds flavored with hogs' blood. They have many tea shops, and the hum of voices day and night is something terrible. They go there to gossip, as well as to refresh themselves. The majority of their disputes are settled in these tea shops. To go to the Chinese officer, or magistrate, they would have to see the office runners, the doorkeepers, the secretary, and the magistrate's body-guard, and very often they have to see the magistrate, so they choose the less expensive. There are many wine shops, too, but you very seldom see a drunken Chinaman on the street. The Chinese are great smokers of tobacco. They often see foreigners chewing it, and remark: "Foreigners are a strange people, for they can eat opium just as they do rice, and it does not kill them." They think it a filthy habit, and I think they are quite right.

Opium is the great scourge of this country. It is destroying its millions every year. They go to the opium dens and smoke it while reclining. They soon become very pale and thin, having but little desire for food, and thus soon lose their strength to work and are reduced to poverty, and thousands die in the streets every

year. They become such slaves to the habit that they will part with everything to obtain it. In these opium dens there are sometimes as many as ten persons reclining, while in other large dens I have seen as many as five hundred, and in others at least a thousand smoking at one time. On each side of the platform on which they recline are scrolls with these words:

Forgetting upon the cloud enveloped pagoda,  
Our joys surpass the blessings of Buddha.  
The smoke of the opium, as it curls above us,  
Is changed into many a gem in space.

The dying people know, as they all acknowledge, that opium is a poison; yet they will use it and call it by beautiful names. Before the opium is prepared for use it is called earth, because, they say, the earth produces all things. When the opium is called a gun, because they say it enriches the body. The pipe-smoker is called a gun, because they have been using many years. An old gun will bring forty or fifty dollars. It is called a gun, because the soldier uses the gun for self-protection. The opium smoker keeps his gun in his mouth, and forgets the gun is turned upon his own body and destroys his own life. The bowl of the pipe is called a peck. As the peck is used in measuring rice for daily food, so the bowl provides opium for the body. Some pecks bring two and three dollars, and others but ten and fifteen cents. The bit of wire used to convey the opium to the pipe is called a probe, because rice dealers use the probe to discover if there is any decayed rice in the bottom of the measure. When the opium smoker's fortune is gone he purchases small particles of opium, which he calls gems, and these are put into tea and drunk. Thus we see the opium smoker turns the gun upon his own body and destroys his own life. How sad that God's creatures should turn from the truth and give heed to Satan's devices. The streets of Chinese cities are crowded with beggars who once had enough, but are now ruined. The drug, when used several years, takes such a hold upon the person using it that they are willing to part with everything on earth to obtain it. Their money goes first, then their clothing or furniture, next comes the house and land, and last of all, in many instances, their wives and children are sold to satisfy this dreadful appetite. When the patients both use opium they seem to use it more freely, for there is no check upon them and their death is more speedy. If they have any children they must be fed in their infancy upon the fumes of opium before any appetite for food is created. If this is not done the child dies away and refuses food, becomes listless and dies. Even cats brought up in opium dens do not live without it. If taken into a family where opium is not used, it refuses food and dies in a few days. These are facts well known to those who live in the midst of these heathen people, and yet men who print forced newspapers in Shanghai say: "The restrictions put upon opium by the native officials is productive of evil, in that it increases the delinquency of getting opium, and as the people will have it, they are compelled to pay higher prices for it."

Opium is more destructive in China than war or famine. Who can check this evil? It has been calculated that, if the use of opium in China continues for the past twenty years, it will require but a little over six hundred years to depopulate China. Already in some large cities eight-tenths of the people show very plainly the effects of the use of opium. I am acquainted with many Chinese, who have been wealthy, gradually reduced by the use of opium until they have been turned into the streets, become beggars or coolies, and many die every year from starvation. Many of the Chinese are asking what they can do to resist those who were opium smokers to resist it, and they often come to me to ask what they can do to get rid of this dreadful and ruinous habit. I tell them nothing on earth can effectively aid them, and nothing but the grace of God can give them strength to resist and live. I have seen many who professed to be cured go back again to the use of the drug and become tenfold more the slaves of it than before. But I have seen those who professed faith in Christ break off from this habit of smoking opium and become sincere and earnest workers for the Lord in spreading abroad among their own people the glad news of salvation through Christ.

I will write again soon.  
SHANGHAI, CHINA, Nov. 30, 1882.

### Bishop Robert Paine.

REMARKS BY BISHOP KREMER.

At the conclusion of the memorial service at the North Carolina Conference Bishop Kremer spoke to the resolution in reference to Bishop Paine. Although we have published much on this subject, the address of the Bishop is so terse and fresh, our readers will be grateful for its reproduction. We have read nothing on the character and career of our lamented chief pastor more dis-

naive and beautiful. One fact is herein stated that, doubtless, will be news to many—that Bishop Paine was the author of our church name.

There is a fitness at this time and place in the offering of these resolutions in memory of our beloved Bishop. He was born in Person county, of this State. The church has heard with holy grief of the departure of him who brought to her service a life of noble gifts and qualities, and of rare harmony in its expression.

He was born at a fortunate period in the history of our country for the development of great character—just after the Revolutionary war. Our fathers were fresh from a grand Christian country, leaving behind them the vices of a crowded population. Their success, as patriots, gave them great self-reliance, and the overflowing abundance of the soil and climate gave them the moral and political and social advantages of wealth.

Added to this there came to them the refining influence and power of the highest style of Protestantism—the doctrine of Mr. Wesley, the learned divine, and the apostolic friend of America, of John Fletcher, and of the poet, whose sacred lyrics have embodied personal experience as the riches of the glory of the life of Christ. These moulded the Methodist of the colonies.

Bishop Paine was of good family and well-to-do in property. His conversion, his association with Douglass and McKendree, McMahon, Bascom, and above all, the itinerancy, that grandest of all schools, were the training ground upon which the providence of God prepared him for the responsible positions which he was to occupy.

His mind and person was admirably fitted for his work; quick and delicate in his apprehension, slow and patient in his analysis, cautious, yet true and well defined in his conclusions, he was constituted for a law officer. His views on the constitutional elements of our church history are well set forth in his life of Bishop McKendree, which must ever be one of the sources from which the knowledge of our church government is to be learned.

The beauty of his manhood was as marked as that of Dr. Bascom; of commanding height and well-moulded form, his features were regular, his countenance had much nobility of expression, and even his hand was intellectual. His voice, for compass and sweetness, was rarely surpassed; in its upper register it could only be compared to the chirrup note of the swan. This, when engaged in the last sentences of a discourse, or in the closing paragraphs of prayer, elevated the hearer so that he felt the approach of God, as by successive steps of ascent; with every advance the voice was thrown upon a higher key until the effect upon an audience was in the highest degree entrancing and overwhelming.

He took an important part in the great struggle which had already begun between the social elements of the North and those of the South. For years the General Conference was the battle-ground of a fierce conflict which ended in civil war, and which, twenty years before, indeed the General Conference of 1844, to divide itself into the two Methodisms of the North and South.

He was the author of our name—the standard under which we have rallied our hosts, and which becomes more precious and significant with every advance in our strength, every thousand of our increase, and under which we have grown from 300,000 to 500,000 members.

He stood at the head of our educational movement in the South and West, as Dr. Fisk did at the North and East, as the president of La Grange College. He lived long enough to see the wonderful growth of the Divine influence by which the Vanderbilt spring full-orbed into being.

His movement out early in the adulatory movement upon California and upon the Chinese empire, and lived long enough to see the openings of the greatest triumph that ever dawned upon a church since the visit of the Magi.

His thoughtfulness, his firmness, his courage, his tenderness, not only opened his way for every heart, but cultivated it. He could do a hard thing with a tender hand. He smoothed the way to many a hard appointment, so that the preacher and his wife felt the good Bishop ever after to be one of the family. He knew how to sympathize, for he had been that way.

He came down to death through sharp pains. His pale face and agonized frame became familiar to us all. With calm, intelligent Christian patience and rapturous expectation he approached the fords of Jordan in the sight of his brethren, and with leisure enough to select those Scriptures upon which he could plant his feet in his passage.

played in the forehead of the redeemed.

How grateful, well rounded and complete were the growth, the strength, and the exit of this Prince of our Israel!

Paine Institute, Augusta, Ga.

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at its late session, resolved upon taking steps for the education of teachers and preachers of the colored people for the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church in America, and directed the appointment of a commissioner of education to raise and receive funds for that purpose; they also provided to organize a Board of Trustees, a majority of whom should be whites, to use said funds for the end intended. Under this authority, Rev. J. E. Evans, D. D., of the North Georgia Conference, was appointed said commissioner, and the following Board of Trustees were appointed and organized according to law, viz: Rev. J. E. Evans, president of the board, Rev. W. H. LaPrade, treasurer, Bishop G. F. Pierce, Rev. Morgan Calloway, Rev. J. W. Hinton, Rev. W. A. Candler and Mr. C. G. Goodrich, of Georgia; Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar, and Rev. R. G. Porter, Mississippi; Hon. Fleming Law, Alabama; Hon. R. H. Pollard, Virginia; Rev. W. W. Duncan, South Carolina; Col. Robert Vance, North Carolina; Rev. J. B. McFerrin, Tennessee; Rev. D. Morton, Kentucky; Rev. E. R. Hendrix, Missouri; Rev. S. H. Babcock, Arkansas; Rev. J. G. John, Texas, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

Of the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church in America: Bishop L. H. Holsey, R. A. Muxey, J. S. Harper, secretary of the board, and Rev. G. W. Usher, of Georgia; Rev. W. T. Thomas, Washington City; Rev. J. R. Daniel, Tennessee; Rev. J. H. Anderson, Mississippi; and Rev. J. F. Jamison, Texas.

The board has selected Augusta, Ga., as the location of our parent institute, to be called the "Paine Institute." In honor of our late senior Bishop, and his interest in the Christian education of the colored people. Rev. Morgan Calloway, D. D., vice-president of Emory College, has been elected to, and has accepted, the presidency of the institute. Other first-class teachers, male and female, are ready to enter upon duty at the earliest possible date.

What shall we do with the negro? is the overwhelming problem of the day, to be solved by the American people.

The suggestion to colonize them in Africa, or some other territory of the United States, is wholly impracticable and unwise. We assume that they are here to stay. They are invested with the ballot, and are an integral part of the body politic. It is a truism that the well-being and stability of all civil government depend upon the virtue and intelligence of the subjects. This is emphatically true of republics. There was a large element of ignorance and corruption in the body politic before the negro was introduced as a factor; but now it is increased by the million-fold.

Our material interests are also involved. Before emancipation the negro was under the law of the master, and was a valuable producer, and was utilized as such from the youngest to the oldest. But since that time young and old have been a law unto themselves, under the fallacious idea that freedom means to live without work. The slavery parental control did not exist; the word of the master was law alike to parent and child. Parents had all of heavily government to learn. No marvel, therefore, that the young negroes up to twenty-five and thirty years of age should have but little disposition or knowledge of how to work. This state of things has been ignorantly attributed to the education of the young negro. But it is the want of proper family discipline, making them learn to work, as well as to study books. Alas, too many whites are in this condition! Let us ascribe the uselessness of the young negro to the true cause, and not to his education, but to the want of it, in an importance sense.

Their religious condition is deplorable, both as to instruction and church discipline. Before their freedom they were under the ministry and church government of white pastors. In most cases the same that served the whites. But now their pastors come from among themselves, and most of them from the field hands, without education or experience in church discipline—hence a low state of morals.

This condition of things appeals to every lover of his country, to every man who buys or sells, or uses the produce of the land; to every Christian, to every lover of his wife and children (in view of the faithful labor of the negro, and his fidelity in that trying hour when they were alone at home, and husbands, brothers and parents were in the battlefield) to come to our help in this effort to elevate the race in education and in Christianity.

The United States, who set them free, and those States who rattled that freedom, are bound for the country's sake to give them a common school education. But the Christian church should furnish Christian

teachers for their schools and educated ministers for their pulpits.

The Congregationalists, the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Northern Baptists have done much in this direction, to their praise be it said. But there remains much land to possess, which this organization seeks now to cultivate.

We have the refusal of a most desirable and every way suitable piece of property in Augusta, at a very reasonable price, till the first of April next. We would be glad to perpetuate the name of some benefactor who shall make us a donation of this property for our institute, but we hear from you, in Macon, Ga., in any amount, great or small, which you can contribute to this enterprise. God loves the cheerful giver.

J. E. EVANS,  
Comm. Education Colored People.

### Pleasant Surprises

Our excellent friend and correspondent, Dr. J. B. Cottrell, contributes a nice letter to the Wesleyan Christian Advocate on the above subject. We make room for the following extracts which will be of special interest to our Mississippi readers:

I sat just up from the parlor, on this bright morning of November 23, having answered a call from an elegant lady, who lives but a square below, on this street. "I don't reckon you know me, do you? You married me in Eufaula, Ala., in 1861." The name had been given me by the servant, Mrs. Badger, and I knew I had, somewhere and when, been familiar with it in other associations than that of the political, wherein Senator Badger, of North Carolina, was only secondary to Calhoun, Clay and Webster.

Now it all comes up. *Naidee Leavitt*—the daughter of Dr. Leavitt, once distinguished as a Methodist preacher, in Mississippi, and who died of yellow fever, in Vicksburg, in 1849, whose funeral sermon was preached by C. K. Marshall, in three principal cities—with her two young brothers, came through from Jackson, Miss., as a refugee, after the surrender of Pemberton. She was just about grown. While dinner was hot upon the table, she orders the carriage and the wagons to be put in readiness, and she tells the negroes that all who purpose to stand by her to make ready. Headed by a sturdy fellow, named Singleton, a number of them follow her, as she makes the yearning trip through Mississippi and Alabama to Eufaula—just across from Georgia—on the Chattahoochee river. Well, Miss Matilda slept nights in her carriage, and along the way, the noble man, whose fidelity to his young mistress and his young masters (orphans) inspired many others of the slaves to their allegiance, directed their movements, halting here and there, and firing the hands to parties to gather in the crops and do other work, making money to pay expenses. The appearance of this company in Eufaula, and their halting there to stay until the troubles were past, made an additional element of interest, and the bright, beautiful, self-reliant young lady, and her two young brothers, came immediately into favor. That they had such a following of faithful servants, headed by the noble Singleton, bringing a goodly portion of their stock from their Mississippi plantation, was one of many such incidents that illustrated the genius of our sorely stricken southland.

Among them came a Col. Badger. He was a Confederate colonel from Florida. He soon struck his level. It was a love link. The quietly girl was Badger's—into matrimony! Col. Badger, in a very quiet way, invited the Eufaula "preacher in charge" to come around to Miss Leavitt's "this evening" and officiate. The Federals refused to call them Yanks, got over to Eufaula. Mrs. Badger is again a refugee, and, on leaving, commits to Singleton her carriage and else, that he may secrete them from the confederates. A lady (my cousin) sends over a request that Singleton come to her aid in hiding her effects. "I can't possibly do it, ma'am. It is all I can do to save mistakes things. I'll come, if I can, afterwards." He was the same friend to the last. But destiny decreed his freedom.

Was it any wonder that such a man, under the new order of things, should be the Hon. Singleton Coleman, a representative in the Florida State Legislature? And that when he sneezed and died, that some of the foremost Confederate sons of the South were prompt, in most pathetic terms, to pronounce eulogiums on his name, and to follow, in the throng, at his burial.

Mrs. Badger has, in her scrap book the account of all this, and, as she told me of it, and spoke of Singleton, her tears welled up, and she, and other pair of eyes, and, through memories of my own old "Uncle Dan" and "Aunt Anareby" and many others of their race, whom I found, in boyhood and through manhood, to be true and faithful as any whites I know.

—Be charitable according to your means.

### Good Words.

Hand to hand with angels,  
Through the world we go  
Higher eyes are on us  
Than we blind ones know  
Tenderness voices cheer us  
That we deaf will own  
Not, walking heavenward  
Can we walk alone

Lang Lang

WOMEN. From this complaint so many of us die, that it might without risk be written on most tombstones in these fast days. Worries of business, of pleasure, of domestic life, the worm which eats into many a true-hearted life, until at last the spirit utterly breaks down under its pressure of disappointment, strife and care. But if the troubles of God mean anything, they use us not only of the rest that remaineth for the weary people of God, but of a rest of faith in his wisdom and love, which will be a cure for all our worries. We may suffer, but we shall not repine; disappointment will not poison our life with discontent, and in the midst of a sea of troubles we shall have an inward calm which only the child of God can know. Christian at Work.

The church must grope her way into the alleys and courts and parlors of the city, and up the broken staircase, and into the bare room, and beside the toothsome sufferer, she must go down into the pit with the miner, into the forecastle with the sailor, into the tent with the soldier, into the shop with the mechanic, into the factory with the operative, into the field with the farmer, into the counting room with the merchant. Like the air, the church must press equally on all the surfaces of society: like the sea, flow into every nook of the shore-line of humanity; and, like the sun, shine on things, foul and low as well as fair and high, for she was organized, commissioned and equipped for the moral renovation of the world. Shipson.

The world sees all other guides and helpers pass away, and every man's work is caught up by other hands and carried on where he drops it, and the short memories and shorter graces of men turn to the rising sun, and one work remains unapproached and unapproachable, and one man remains whose office none other can hold, whose bow none but he can bend, whose mantle none can wear. Christ has ascended up on high, and left a finished work, for all men to trust, for no man to continue. Murchen.

Mr. Spurgeon is said thus to address every person seeking admission to the membership in his church: "Well, if you are received, what individual work are you going to take up and carry on for the Lord?" As a result, he has now enrolled in his parish register 5,500 communicants who represent just over a million willing workers under his leadership. He saves his own strength by doing nothing that his parishioners can do equally well.

This is not wisdom, it is not piety, it is not reverence for your ruler, often it is mere indifference, sometimes it is a kind of selfishness, which holds a preacher still in ancient rules of formalism, through fear of ministering to material exigencies. We had better do something wrong than do nothing. Austin Phelps.

There is nothing but by meekly yielding. Abraham yields his right of choice; Lot takes it. And, behold, Lot is crossed in that which he chooses. Abraham blesses it in that which is left him. As heaven is taken by violence, so is earth by meekness. God loves no tenants more than the meek.—Trapp.

"Well, ma'am," said John Newton to one who was complaining of the imperfections of others, "If there were a perfect church on earth, it would cease being so, the moment you and I entered it." And that remark still has a pertinent application for those who, through fear, would apply it.

It is that which interposes itself between the soul and the light of God's countenance. But whether it be a slender mist or a thick cloud, an infirmity or a rebellion, an outcast or a communion, the Sun of righteousness, as eyed by faith, can and will dispense it, so as to make it valuable.—A. A. Smith.

We need to learn the lesson that this life is given us only that we may attain to eternal life. For lack of remembering this, we fix our affections on the things of this fleeting world, and when the time comes that we must quit it, we are all agitated and terrified.—Butler.

We recently heard it remarked that "the gospel should be run on business principles." How would it do to reverse it and say that business should be transacted on gospel principles.—Southern Christian Advocate.

No way has been found for making heroic easy for the scholar. Labor, iron duty, is for him. The world was created as an endeavor f. him; the atoms of which it is made are opportunities.—Emerson.

The heart that is fullest of good works has in it the least room for temptations of the enemy.











## Christian Advocate.

ORIGIN OF THE LOMAX, MISSISSIPPI AND  
NORTH MISSISSIPPI CONFERENCE OF  
THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL  
CHURCH, SOUTH.

CHAS. B. GALL, WAY, D. D., Editor.

Corresponding Editors:  
REV. J. W. CARTER, D. D., REV. J. T. SAWYER,  
REV. W. J. HUNNICUTT.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 25, 1883.

Meeting of the Publishing Committee.

The regular annual meeting of the Publishing Committee of the NEW ORLEANS CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE will be held at the office of the ADVOCATE, 112 Camp street, Wednesday, February 7, 1883, at eleven o'clock A. M.

The New Orleans Christian Advocate generally holds sound principles and opinions, and expresses them with great plainness of speech. The following is to the point:

We do not hesitate to say that a man who will not take a Methodist paper, and who tries to get in outside lesson helps, is not fit to be the superintendent of a Methodist school.

A note from Rev. J. W. Lowrance, Kansas City, Mo., brings intelligence of the turning of his church Lydia Avenue—on the night of the nineteenth. Only \$2.00 insurance. Bro. Lowrance lost his entire library. He takes the loss heroically and says: "After this one can accuse me of preaching old sermons."

Many thanks to Bishop McPyeire—this ADVOCATE's first editor—for cheering words. The timely article he forwarded—"Joshua Soles as Presiding Elder"—will be reserved for our anniversary number, February 8. The specimen copy of the NEW ORLEANS CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE was issued July 10, 1850—the first regular number February 8, 1851. We hope to make our anniversary issue specially attractive.

It is very generally admitted that all the inaugural addresses recently delivered by new Governors on their induction into office (Gen. Butler of Massachusetts, carries the palm. In strength of statement, practical suggestion and broad statesmanship, his was a masterpiece. We note also a more respectful tone of the press when his excellency is spoken of. It is no longer the "Old Beast," but Gov. Butler. He is a signal instance of success, won by persistent purpose and great ability.

In many of the Methodist congregations North the plain of responsive Scripture readings at the Sunday morning service has been introduced. We noticed this some years ago in a Philadelphia church, and were rather pleased with it. Some may consider it an innovation and a tendency to ritualism, but not so. If reading the Scriptures makes rituals, it is a ritualism to be coveted. The people need to take part in the church service, both in singing hymns and reading God's word.

Methodism in London enjoyed much prosperity last year. Some of the churches show large gains. Old City Road, the cradle of Methodism, has 859 members. Great Queen Street Church has 1,222, while Lambeth aggregates 1,561. They are too large, and ought to colonize. While we do not favor churches in city or country, very large pastorates can, not be thoroughly organized and efficiently administered. Frequent colonizations in our cities evidence the spiritual life and confectional loyalty of Methodism.

President Bush attended the Louisiana Conference in the interest of Centenary College. His address before the Conference was well received, impressing all with his eminent fitness for the high place he occupies, and kindling a new enthusiasm for old Centenary. The report on this institution was read by Prof. W. H. N. Magruder, a veteran and distinguished educator, and himself connected with the college from its birth either as professor or trustee. Though presiding over an institution of his own at Baton Rouge, his devotion to Centenary has never flagged, and on all Conference and public occasions he has been her faithful and foremost advocate. Four of the young men received on trial into the Conference at Mansfield had been students at Centenary. Thus the college is doing a good work for the church, and should be more liberally sustained. The religious atmosphere of the place is exceptionally wholesome. Boys are not apt to backslide there. Rather will the unconverted become the Lord's anointed, and professed Christians more consecrated and Christ-like.

## Ordinary Means and Methods.

To depreciate the common, ordinary blessings of life, is an infirmity of the flesh. What is frequent is lightly esteemed, while the rare has an exaggerated value. Air and sunshine suffer in comparison with gems and metals that are secured only after diligent search or costly purchase. But God's providence teaches exactly the reverse. In all his dealings and teachings he stresses the efficiency and necessity of ordinary agencies. He never employs extraordinary means when the ordinary will accomplish the result. In Israel's wandering, wilderness life, with no fields from which to gather and no flocks to yield their fattings, his hand directly sustained and led them. Every day was a miracle of power and blessing. But when the river was crossed and the land of promise entered, with its fields ready for harvest, the manna ceased. Henceforth they were to sow and reap, and live by their own toil and skill. The same fact is illustrated in all Bible history. It is a prominent and guiding principle, in the Divine administration.

This is true of our temporal affairs. God gives us brain and unsele, fields and seasons, and bids us sow and reap and gather into barns. If these are neglected we may expect poverty and suffering. God is not indifferent to our temporal concerns. And it is right and needful for us to seek his favor and guidance. But our prayers are answered in blessing the industry and frugality of our own hands. God will never work a miracle as a tribute to indolence.

This is also illustrated in every religious experience. We have the Word, with its fulness of truth, the church, with its ordinances and associations, and all the ordinary means of grace ordained of God for spiritual instruction and nurture. If these are neglected we can not expect growth and health. It is idle to mourn over our deadness and darkness, when prayer is intermitted or omitted, the church pew unoccupied, the prayer meeting unfrequented and the Bible unread. These are the channels through which come grace and knowledge. The miracle of the manna was only wrought in the wilderness. If we are so circumstanced that church privileges are impossible, our Lord will supply all lack in special blessings and revelations. But with the church door near as unvisited, and the closed Bible on our tables never opened, no extraordinary gift is possible. It is presumption to think of such favors when the blessings we have are neglected or lightly esteemed. Christian character is not developed by miracles. The Israelites turned from eating manna to worshipping idols. They drank the miraculous draught from the smitten rock, and sledged for the mud-hovels and flesh-pots of Egypt. Growth and culture of spirit reach highest perfection amid the ordinary experiences and agencies of life.

This is true also in our ecclesiastical enterprises. Prosperity depends upon our activity. The church grows and triumphs not by miracles, but by toil and prayer and faith. We will sigh in vain over heathen blindness and superstition if we give nothing to send missionaries and Bibles to enlighten and lead them. Money and men—"filthy lucre" and "earthen vessels"—are necessary to the conquest of the world and the fulfillment of prophecy. We pray idly and blindly for the heathen to be given our Lord for an inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for a possession, unless we give means and send men. Add in our local congregations we can not have revivals and ingatherings, unless we stress the agencies and methods already at hand. It is now becoming too common for pastors to rely upon extraordinary occasions and individuals to have seasons of refreshing. Let each member be an active worker, and every church in the land will enjoy a perpetual pentecost. We do not depreciate special revival occasions and methods, when all our forces are marshalled for aggressive movement, but the temptation is to rely upon these for normal church development. Every preaching service and prayer meeting ought to be a time of spiritual power and blessing.

## A Hopeful Sign for the South.

When the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, virtually cast off its colored membership most of them joined the African Methodist Episcopal Church, or the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church; but a number of conservatives adhered to their unnatural mother. A letter from one of these, in this number, indicates that the mother is beginning to recognize the huge blunder which she made in the interest of slavery, and to try to repair it in a measure. The improvement in its attitude toward the colored people, which is described in this letter, is exceedingly encouraging, and it is to be hoped that enlightenment will go

on till it reach its only Scriptural and true end, namely, that Simon Niger will be as freely welcomed to all Christian churches as Hebrew James or Greek Luke or Roman Cornelias. In Christ there is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female, and assuredly we may add, there is neither Caucasian nor African.—New York Witness.

The ignorance of the above would be refreshing were it not humiliating. For a great metropolitan journal to be so uninformed about questions it undertakes to illumine might be a matter of surprise. The idea of our "cast-off colored membership" forming "the African Methodist Episcopal Church and the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church!" Look at the facts of history. The African Methodist Episcopal Church was organized in Philadelphia, in 1816, under the leadership of Richard Allen. He was elected to the office of Bishop, and was ordained by four elders of their church, assisted by a colored presbyter of the Protestant Episcopal denomination. The African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church was formed by another secession of colored members, in the city of New York, in 1819. According to our reading the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, as a separate ecclesiastical organization, began in 1845. The Witness, therefore, rather confuses dates and facts.

Then, again, our colored membership were never "cast off" by the "unnatural mother." When the war came on we numbered nearly a half million colored members. But after Appomattox, through subdug agencies and influences, a large majority were induced to affiliate with other bodies, principally the Methodist Episcopal Church. Those that remained, about seventy thousand, at their instance were formally set off in a separate organization called the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church in America. We gave them the property purchased for their use, and have continued to render them counsel and aid, just where and when the "huge blunder" was made we are unable to see. Such writing as the above can accomplish no possible good. It may affect great interest in the colored people and a comprehension of the Southern problem, but, in fact, is innocent of either. But our work will be pursued, earnestly and intelligently, without sentiment or romance, despite the little partisans who view the scene from a long distance and with a critic's eye.

The organization of Paine Institute, and its ample equipment, seems to meet with favor throughout our borders. We wish it and its accomplished president, Dr. Morgan Callaway, most abundant success.

## An Important Matter.

The editors of the Advocate of Missions call attention to a matter of great and grave importance. Our attention has been called to it before, and we are glad the mission office has spoken in behalf of the law. Article XV of the constitution of the Board of Missions says: "Any person or Sunday-school or church or Conference may assume, in whole or in part, the support of a mission or a mission school established by the General Board, and send their contributions directly to such mission or school, of which the general treasurer shall be immediately notified, provided that the Conference in whose territory such monies may be given shall have credit for the same in settling the apportionment of the General Board."

This is a wise provision, and, unless carefully guarded, will disorganize all our missionary operations. It is well to encourage specific contributions, by individuals, churches and Conferences, but the object must be approved by the General Board. Appeals by our missionaries in the field must be confined to the interests and objects passed upon by the Board in annual session. Indiscriminate contributions will soon embarrass our missionary administration. Only the contributions made under this article can be credited in a pastor's Conference report. Under Bishop Wilson's secretaryship a pastor appropriated his entire collection to a cause not on the list of missions approved by the Board, and wanted his church to have due credit. But the secretary, as he was in duty bound, refused to grant it. There must be harmony to secure efficiency of administration and the largest results. We give the following from the Advocate of Missions:

The general reader may not know that each superintendent of a mission, or, where there is no superintendent, each presiding elder, having missionary work in his district, is requested to send, for the use of the board at its annual meeting in May, an itemized estimate of the needs of the work under his care. These are carefully gone over. Many are cut off as not approved by the board; others are approved, but no appropriation is made for want of funds, or a contingent appropriation is made. To such objects as those of

the latter class specific contributions may be properly sent, or to those embraced in our appropriations. But to avoid confusion and great damage to the general work, you will find the following printed among the financial regulations of the board: "All missionaries in the employment of the board, having special objects for which they desire to make application for contributions directly to the church, are expected, before making publication of the same, to submit their proposal to the board through the secretary." To this regulation of the board the attention of editors of church papers generally is asked. The reasons for it are too apparent to need discussion.

## Well Fed but Badly Fought.

Some very excellent articles have been contributed to the New York Independent recently by Dr. William M. Taylor and Rev. George F. Pentecost on revival work in the churches. The statement is positively made that the secret of saving souls in our city churches is almost a lost art. While much is done in dispensing charity and in cultivating the spiritual amenities of church life, but little aggressive work is undertaken, and results are alarmingly meager. We have costly and tasteful temples of worship, handsomely furnished and garnished, but often the net gain in a whole year of truly converted members is on the debit side of the account. Surely the matter is food for reflection. Unless conversions are the fruit of our ministry we can not claim to have successfully met its sacred obligations. And unless children are being born into the kingdom from our churches we can not have much spiritual vitality. While enjoying favorable surroundings and the prosperity of our organizations we must be ever pushing the battle to the gates. Mr. Pentecost aptly states the case in the following brief extract:

Dr. Taylor compares the church to the army of the Duke of Wellington, in the Spanish campaign, and says that it was his "hardest work to feed his army." It may be so, but if the Duke had not fought his army well, his feeding of them would not have won his campaign. That is my point exactly. Our churches may be well fed, but they are badly fought. We are like strongly garrisoned forts, taking our rations regularly, and here and there receiving the surrender of one of the enemy, when we ought to be moving on the enemy's works, capturing her strongholds and counting the slain of the Lord by the hundreds and thousands instead of by the scores. Churches, like armies in the fort, but not in the field, will not win the day for Christ, however able the pastors and how ever good the food.

## Educating the Negro.

Your editorial on "Teaching Colored Schools" is certainly on the right line. Our Southern white people have an opportunity of doing a great work for God and humanity, such as was never presented to any other people in the history of our world. It is a work that lies next to us, right under our eyes and at our doors. We can do this work better, more easily and at less expense than any other people living on the face of the earth. If the disciples of our Lord were required to begin the evangelization of the world at Jerusalem, at home, among their own people, certainly it would not be strange if we are required to begin in this Southland of ours. Indeed, as a rule, it would seem right to begin where we are, and work out from that point toward the circumference. The Christian and educational centers are so numerous now and so well distributed over the globe that with proper zeal the several working corps may meet before the middle of the next century. No people living understand the negro as we do. We know him thoroughly—his language, modes of thought, order of mind, ethical development, and we know his wants and needs as no other people can know them. We can not neglect this work without committing sin. We may not be able at present to do some great thing, but we ought to do all we can. God requires no more than this. We have done something, but not as much as we could have done or as much as we ought to have done. The need for help in the way of preaching and teaching is the true measure of our obligation. While the necessity exists the call of God is upon us. No specious plea will justify us in neglecting our duty. It may be and it is the duty of all the people of this land to help in this work, to help with men and money, but the duty of a people does not and will not relieve individuals of their duty. The only safe and certain way is for each one to do what he can toward the education and Christianization of this great mass among us. Whatever the benefits may be we will be the first to reap them if we do our part of the work, otherwise some one else will get our blessing—a blessing we might have enjoyed if we had done our duty. No sane man will deny the fact that the negro can learn anything and everything that white

men learn. That he can learn is proof positive that he ought to have a chance to learn. The progress made by many of the negroes is truly wonderful when we consider the opportunities he has enjoyed and the kind of teachers he has had. The negro teachers are more competent than many of us are willing to allow. Facts are hard things to deal with. We may not be able to account for them, may not understand them, and may not be willing to admit them, but they stare us in the face, and we are bound to look at them or to shut our eyes against them. A teacher, a graduate of one of our best colleges, a Southern man, and of a slave-holding family, told me a few days ago that he had been employed by the superintendent of education in one of the best counties in the State of Mississippi to examine the teachers for the public schools, and, said he, "To my astonishment the negro teachers, as a class, stood as good examinations as the whites. The negroes did not understand analysis as well as the whites." This was a surprise to me as well as to my friend. This man knew what he was talking about, and he has no negro mania; indeed, I know his prejudices were strug by this fact. It would be a great honor to any white man to continue in a neighborhood of poor, ignorant white people, and build up a fine school and elevate the whole community and surrounding country, or to do the same thing among the Indians, Chinese, Japanese, Hindus, Turks, Esquimaux or Africans, and why not among the negroes? There are facts enough to show that God has not been as partial as many of us suppose in the bestowment of mental capacity. God has poured the Holy Ghost upon some negroes just as copiously as upon some white men, and we ought to perceive if we would that God is no respecter of persons, but that in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of him. Peter's prejudices were greatly in his way; but the baptism of the Holy Ghost sent upon Cornelius and those with him convinced Peter that they ought to be baptized with water, since the Spirit baptism, symbolized by water baptism, had been administered by God himself. No work is common work or unclean work, that has the approval of God upon it. We should not fight against God, nor condemn what God approves.

—M. BUTTORY.

## Enoch's Faith.

Among the examples of faith cited by Paul in his epistle to the Hebrews there are three antediluvians—Abel, Enoch, Noah. They are representative types. Abel's faith led to the offering of a sacrifice, typing the self-forgetful and heroic devotion of him who feels that man's first duty is devotion. Noah's faith had a onward regard, prudential, provident, benevolent. He "prepared an ark to the saving of his house." Self-forgetful as Abel in one respect, his thoughts were not so much what could he do to appease an offended God as what could he do to rescue man from destruction. His faith was not naturally confined to his house, but the world's unfaith forced him to that narrow limit. Enoch's faith is different from both. "He walked with God." The Divine association for its own sake was his object. With a nature of exceedingly refined organization, he was on the search for the lovely, the pure, the sublime. Nature presented many models of each, though none perfectly sustaining the ideal. He saw the wondrous glory of the stars, yet his eye looked beyond all worlds. The conception of a universe was sublime beyond expression, but the conception of the mind could frame and project it with all its complex machinery upon so simple a plan was, humanly speaking, inconceivable. But it was here that Enoch, with a faith overstepping the heights to which poets or philosophic genius had tolled, sought companionship, not with the material and phenomenal, but with the spiritual and invisible.

Enoch's faith may have been of this character somewhat by the force of the circumstance that human association was lacking. The social feature is so strongly marked in the majority of mankind that society in religion is almost a necessity. Few men are religious solely on their own account, but whenever we encounter such we find them of that exalted type of which Enoch is the example. Human association would have had the tendency to lower the character, and the model would not now be furnished us of a perfect faith developed outside not only of all ecclesiastical organization, but apart from all religious indulgence, both of precept and example. In other words that faith is possible beyond the range of ordinances or means of grace. But of this further after awhile.

Enoch's faith furnishes a marked

example of sustained integrity over perhaps the longest and darkest reign of atheism which has ever cursed the world. The like constancy is nowhere recorded. And what is the more noteworthy, it was willing and unconstrained. The choice was on the part of Enoch. No Divine behest. No supernatural call. No display of miraculous power on the part of God. No force even of urgent persuasion, but the fullest and freest choice on the part of Enoch.

Another noticeable feature in his faith is that no special act is mentioned as descriptive of his consecration. "He walked with God" may be interpreted to suit us all. We all have our special features which we want the world to canonize. Some of us sing, some pray, some shout, some love the preacher; some help the preacher by telling him whom to visit or whom to pray for, and so on and so on. But Enoch's faith and consecration, like a lamp in a ground glass globe, shows no particular luminous spot, but is white all over, with the light.

Again, he had the testimony before his translation that he pleased God. How he attained it is not stated, but the fact is clear he had it. This is of vast importance to us. Our consciences need never be of a dubious character. We have the right—it is our duty—to know that we are in a state of favor with God. There are too many who are continually doing their first works over because they have neglected to obtain this testimony. All knowledge is the province and property of faith, and especially the first knowledge of conscious renewal of heart and pardon. We know not the mode or medium, but we know the procuring agency of this testimony—faith. All the degrees of dignity in God's school are *hæc pro causa*. Theology at last is not metaphysics or the accumulation of the rubbish of the schools. That is the best school in which to win the doctorate where faith climbs and plucks God's loftiest promises, or studies the most hidden sources of his love.

Faith abides through changed dispensations. Faith is more than creed. It has saving power independent of creed or even dispensation; but neither creed nor dispensation can save without faith. Creed may be a steamer perfect in her appointments, dispensation may be the brightest of skies and smoothest of seas, but faith is the guiding and moving force; without which the vessel would never make the voyage. Faith also may represent the organ of sight. Without it man is blind. But if he has eyes the better the telescope he uses the better he can see the stars. So with faith under a good dispensation. Our good brother in Texas reasoned illogically from a good premise. Let him reconstruct his syllogism. In heaven we shall doubtless find Jews, Mohammedans, heathen, not because their systems are equal or comparable to Christianity, but because they made the best use of their faith in connection with their systems. But as he would be reckoned a more than fool who would destroy Ross' telescope, so he is certainly more than a fool to say that one system of religion is upon a par with any other.

Enoch's faith had no reference to his translation. That was so much added to the real object of his faith. The Divine association was sought as the end; translation came as a concomitant. It may well be doubted if any secondary blessing can be sought as the end of faith which is valueless unless it purifies the nature. Temporal blessing may certainly be asked with a religious faith actuating us, but unless with those temporal blessings some spiritual gift also be sought there is ground lost rather than gained. It may further be doubted if material blessings are calculated to purify our nature. Physical miracles, as a rule, leave the mind unsubdued to God and uncleaned of its groveling tendencies. Men may eat manna every day for forty years and die sinners. Association develops character. Spirituality and materiality are not interactive. Efforts to refine the mind or heart by material helps have always been abortive, or rather productive of the reverse. So were it possible for one by prayer and faith to obtain the privilege of being translated as the end of faith, translation to that individual would prove neither an honor nor a blessing, but an humiliating shame and misfortune.

But under Christianity faith abolishes death in removing the fear of it. Man no longer is a fugitive from the king of terrors. He no longer has to flee the valley richest in its frullage as once men fled the Nile because of the crocodile. But as the child that went fearlessly into the crocodile's mouth, which the father's lance had braced apart, so the most timid child of God now walks unscathed into the very jaws of death, whom Jesus has robbed of his sting.

T. A. S. A.



1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 26



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## THE TAPESTRY WEAVERS.

Let us lead a New Year lesson—no traveler lesson can be—

From the ways of the tapestry weavers on the other side of the sea.

Above their heads the pattern hangs, they study it with care.

And, as to and fro the shuttle leaps, their eyes are fastened there.

They tell us curious things beside, of the patient plodding weaver.

He works on the wrong side, verily, but works for the right side ever.

It is only when the weaving stops, and the web is loosed and turned.

That he sees his real handiwork; that his marvels are all in the loom.

Ah! the sight of his delicate beauty, it pays for all his cost.

Not a thread of his work is ever done by himself.

Then the master brings him golden hire, and gives him praise as well.

And how happy the heart of the weaver is, no tongue but his own can tell.

The years of man are the looms of God, let down from the place of the sun.

Wherein we are ever weaving, till the mystic web is done.

Weaving blindly, but weaving surely, each for himself—selfish!

We may not see how the right side looks, we can only weave and wait.

But, looking above for the pattern, no weaver hath ever done so.

Only he, that looketh clear into heaven—the Perfect Father—is there.

If he keep the face of the Saviour forever and always in sight.

His loom will be sweeter than honey, and his weaving sure to be right.

And when his task is ended, and the web is turned and shown.

He shall hear the voice of the Master; it shall say to him, "Well done!"

And the white-winged angels of heaven, to bear him thence shall come down.

And thou shalt give him for his hire, not golden gold, but a crown.

## Louisiana Conference.

## REPORT OF B. B. CAUSE.

Your committee, to whom was referred the Bible cause, beg leave to report that the work goes on in spite of all the opposing obstacles. The indifference of many Christian denominations, the continued forces of unbelief in all these lands are powerful in their endeavor to check the spread of God's word. The providence of God is supplying the varied faces of humanity with his word only equalled by his providence in protecting and preserving that word amid the overthrow of kingdoms, the destruction of empires, the death and birth of millions.

To-day it stands out in its ancient capacity as the champion against all shades of unbelief equal to all ten centuries, whether they be with and without, militant, indolent, or staidly skeptical. Frequent discourses are good, fervent discussions often better; but generally all these fall in meeting unbelief, and we are thrown back upon the simple word. It first and last, is equal to all such efforts. In hundreds of tongues it is uttering its glad words of peace and grace to millions of wanderers. There is no diminution in its power; its tones clear, its truth mighty in all tongues. Its light is shining in the van, laying the foundation for the civilization of earth's millions. The rays of its light, penetrating into the recesses of the human mind, is bringing out in darker shades the attributes of man.

While the enemies of the blessed word are earnest, energetic workers, scattering far and near the baneful influence of their opposition, many of its friends are negligent, careless, forgetful of their debt of gratitude to it. Let us arouse from our slumber, and go forward in distributing this unapproachable blessed treasure of knowledge.

The American Bible Society is still vigorous, glowing in its enterprises, and, with unabated zeal, it is marching on from conquest to conquest. One grand achievement seems to have brought her for a more glorious

and grander enterprise, till her influence is felt from continent to continent, from ocean to ocean. There is no pause for vainglorious boasting, no halt for a triumphal march to parade her banners galvanized in unnumbered victories.

But the American Bible Society has a daughter in our midst who has not inherited her mother's robust constitution, nor has she achieved many victories; and, though she has passed from maidenhood into mature womanhood, yet she has not gained strength and vigor, but is delicate, pony, sickly; and every passer, looking into her sallow countenance, sunken eyes, wan cheeks, drops but a word of commiseration and passes on. She has come to this by a chronic state of starvation. Her mother has aided her continually, but this has merely kept body and soul together. Her eyes are fixed upon us, they have a hungering expression about them; her voice, burdened with the piteous condition of her body, is calling upon us. Her present condition is due to our negligence, to our indifference; we have been hypocrites to her calls. She, for her delicate health and the tender pinnacles we have given her, has done marvelously well. During the past year she has donated and sold about ten thousand Bibles, and employed on an average of six or eight hundred per month. Donations, \$800.

It is useless to endeavor to establish the various arguments which point to this great work as one of pre-eminent importance. We must, from the very positions we occupy, have long since admitted this great work as our imperative duty, one of paramount importance, and one which should be constantly kept in mind; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, as a Conference, will aid and assist in every mode the American and Southwestern Bible Societies.

T. K. FAUSTLEIGH,

R. M. CHOWSON,

Committees.

S. A. KEENER, Chairman.

Presiding Eldering.

BY REV. C. C. ANDREWS, D. D.

MR. EDITOR: It was a real luxury to go to Conference once more and be in perfect uncertainty as regards the field of labor for the coming year. For eleven years past the appointments have been fixed by circumstances; but this year I could say, "Behold, I go home in the Spirit and to Crystal Springs, not knowing the things that shall befall me there. The canvassing of the probabilities, the dwelling upon this and that hint let fall by a presiding elder, the bantering of brethren, half in jest, half in earnest, brought vividly back again the experience of other years when the lips of the Bishop would give the first intimation of a move from the two extremes—North to South. Additional zest and interest had been given to the uncertainty in that, though I had crossed over with a staff, now the band was multiplied into eight, and the demands of each had to be considered—the one part entering into adult life, and the several schoolings as well. It was to be hoped that the ushering in again to the red inferno would be gradual, and that a station, or, at least, a circuit, with a comfortable parsonage-home would have been my lot. This hope was considerably strengthened by an interview with the Bishop. We had dined together at Bro. Lewis', and, as we walked away under the genial influence of the good dinner and the pleasant company, he said:

"Well, I suppose you are coming back again into the regular pastoral work?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

"No; just do the best you can."

"Well, I thought there might be some circumstances in your case."

"No circumstances," I replied.

"After a little I added:

"However, since you will say I have no home in the world, and if you could have an eye to fixing me at a place where a home for my family was provided, I would be glad."

"On" he replied, "we will try to see after that," and with such a matter of course air that I construed it into a big promise.

I went to my room, swelling with the feeling. What a fortunate thing it is to be in favor with the appointing power! Visions of syndicated time, mornings devoted to study, and evenings to pastoral duties; and a new sermon every week, and a glowing prayer meeting talk, each diligently thought out in a study, with books in easy reach, and periodicals fresh from the mail every morning; then an occasional stirring article for you, Mr. Editor—all these little things in rapid succession before my mind. How complacent I felt!

After all, the so-called hardships of the itinerancy are only hardships. But, alas! what for? Unsubstantial pangs, not real; and for those who bring upon themselves a favor. When the appointment came it was a—

down the official list he permitted to stop, and a backward glance he directed to the Bishop, inquiring, "Is there not some mistake about this?"

No, no, I must put on a bold front, and, when Himmelfest and Jones, and the other veteran presiding elders, were calling out to see the preachers of their districts in this corner, I called out, also, with official emphasis, "The preachers of the Vicksburg district will please meet me in this corner." When the brazen came with, "Did you want to see me?" it turned out that I had nothing to say, and had only called out like the rest—"Me too, me too!" Now came the adjusting process, somewhat like picking oneself up from a sudden fall from a too-aspiring height. Instead of the well-filled larder and the smoking dinner lying in the parsonage home, a "hired house" must be looked after. Regular study hours must be substituted by occasional seasons of retirement snatched from travel and company. The regular round of pastoral visits, systematically mapped out in the memorandum book, must be widened out into the care of all the churches.

Methodism's great system must not be leveled against; the direct superintendence of the Great Head of the church must not be questioned; the peculiar harness must be fitted on and welded, in which the fathers "out of weakness were made strong; waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens." Oh! for the old life. Oh! for the blessed privilege of shouting the inspiring war cry from charge to charge, until discouraged pastor and yielding people may take heart again and oppose a closed column and undaunted front to the hosts of the enemy.

It seemed to be a favorable omen that my new role of labor should commence in the Hill City, whence, twenty-four years ago, I preached with my first appointment. How vividly came back the memories of those other years! The memories, yet prevailing fears; the assured, yet sinking spirit; the encouraged, yet failing hopes. How well remembered the first realization of the glad surprise that it was not merely a stern, cold duty, but a glorious privilege to be permitted to "preach the unsearchable riches of Christ, and to make all men see what is the fellowship of the mystery, which from the beginning of the world hath been hid in God, who created all things by Jesus Christ."

The sacrament with Bro. Woodward's people, on the last day of the old year, was a comforting season, and the watch-night proved an occasion of quickened impulses and new resolutions to more than myself. The interest never flagged from the very first exercise to the solemn silence in which we prayed on the old year and prayed in the new, and still on bended knee renewed the covenant by singing the hymn of consecration—Charles Wesley's stirring slogan for New Year's day, "Come let us anew our journey pursue," and the apostolic benediction closed the service.

Paine Institute, Augusta, Ga.

This is the school for the colored people to which the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, is conventionally pledged. It is projected in pursuance of action taken with great unanimity by our last General Conference. It is named in honor of our late senior Bishop, Robert Paine, who was chairman of the committee that drew "The plan of separation," a major of the General Conference of 1851 in the case of Bishop James O. Andrew, charged with being a slaveholder.

The president-elect of the institute is Rev. Morgan Galloway, D. D., late professor of English literature and vice president of Tufts College. He is a graduate of the University of Georgia. A native talent, large attainments, and diligent work, he has made to himself a name for success in educational work. Indeed, the habits of his life have been to succeed in all his undertakings: from commanding an artillery company in the Confederate army to preaching the gospel of the Lord Jesus. He will succeed this time.

This school is not the product of a spirit of enthusiasm. It is the outcome of a deep-seated conviction of a majority of the church (in which are found its wisest heads) that it is our duty to do something in the matter of education of the colored people. This conviction is not new to us. Facts and events, not of our making, or wishing, have stood heretofore between us in this work. These obstacles are now measurably removed; the door is wide enough open for us to enter. We enter it, and as we go through, we will shove it wider. Southern Methodism has experience in working with the colored people. When her hand was unshaken in this field her harvests were large and rich. Her skill, so conspicuous in former days in the work of evangelization, will not be less notable in the work of education among the people. She does not enter upon this work in obedience to any imagined or real political pressure of our times. Least of all is she being driven to it by the declamatory of any discoverers of new light or would-be reformers. Before this was, she was. Addressing herself to the opportunities brought

by Providence she has not, at any time, turned aside to listen to the convulsive cries "lo! here," or "lo! there," of visionaries. She is not following them in this work. The Providence that opened the cabin door of the slave to the sermons and songs and prayers of her missionaries in former days, is opening her way in this enterprise. With an eye to opportunity, as watchful as the eye of a servant looking to the hand of his master for the beckoning of his will, she preached the gospel to the slave, and, with equal willingness, she embraces the present chance to help in the education of the freedman. If any should chide her with delay, it is because they are ignorant of the circumstances which have beset her, or find it easy to blame where they are unable to understand. If any should charge her with pendency in this work, it is because, intoxicated with prejudices, and confused by the nightmares through which they have passed, they fancy to-day is yesterday. With either of these parties she has no time nor temper to argue. They are in a good attitude to reply to each other, and the debate may proceed at once. Meanwhile she must be going to her work. She will receive the sympathy and deserve the help of all good people in our country everywhere. Rev. James E. Evans, D. D., the educational commissioner, with headquarters at Macon, Ga., is abroad seeking money to fully equip the school. Let every one respond to his appeal except those who have got an excuse which will stand the test of the judgment.

From Mexico.

MR. EDITOR: In going from Mexico City to the city of Cuernavaca on a Mexican diligence one gets a very good idea of that mode of travel. It is a distance of about sixty miles southeast of the City of Mexico. Eighteen miles of this distance is across the beautiful valley of Mexico. Then begins the ascent of the range of mountains that completely fence in the valley of Mexico. This ascent is continued until a point is reached more than two hundred and fifty thousand feet higher than the City of Mexico. At this elevated point is a little Indian village called La Guadalupe, which Humboldt says is the highest inhabited point in the world. From this point the descent begins, which is often rapid and rough to the traveler. The valley, beyond the mountain range comes in view soon after the descent is begun, and is beautiful beyond degree. The fields stand dressed in living green. Literally, large plantations of sugar cane are spread out over the valley, but so far away they look like mere garden spots.

One has an unobstructed view of an immense region of country. Over to his left stand the two grand old volcanoes, Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl, covered with perpetual snow. He looks down upon mountains that appear to be no more than mere hills, looking nothing about the base of the long range, and away across the valley until the wavy outline of the distant mountain range looks like clouds piled up against the southern horizon.

The city of Cuernavaca is situated at the foot of this descent. It is a city of 12,000 inhabitants, and is the capital of the State of Morelos. It has a soft, balmy atmosphere, and the gushing streams from the mountainside gurgles beneath all the streets, furnishing the city with the greatest abundance of limpid water. Cuernavaca is a place of some historical importance. Here it was that Cortez had his headquarters. His old palace still stands, though it has been converted into a prison. The old church built by Cortez still stands, and is perhaps one of the oldest on the continent. Maximilian also made this a place of resort, and built a chateau near to that of Cortez. What is known as Carlotta's Garden is perhaps the most interesting place about the city. Its walls, fountains, walks, etc., were built by one Carlotta, who was a discoverer of silver and a man of immense wealth, but it was improved and beautified by Carlotta. It is now under the control of the government, and furnishes a great variety of fruits and flowers of the rarest kinds. It is the Paradise of Mexico. From its summer houses, which serve as observatories, one has a most splendid view of the surrounding country. Near the city is the cascade of San Antonio Anasco. A beautiful stream of crystal water pours over a precipice of one hundred and twenty-five feet, and glides off like a stream of limpid silver.

The Catholic Churches and temples of Cuernavaca look old and dilapidated, and many of them seem wholly neglected and are falling into ruin. The city is situated in the midst of a most fertile region of country. Several large sugar haciendas are near to it, and one is surprised to find them furnished with the most modern improved machinery from Europe. In a short time Cuernavaca will be connected by railroads with the great national metropolis, and promises to be a place of considerable importance.

One more feature, and I am done. The Southern Methodist mission owns one of the most beautiful lots in the most desirable parts of the

city. Already we have there an organization and a church of good proportions in process of construction. The work, however, has been suspended for lack of funds to carry it on to completion. It is a point the church can not afford to surrender.

R. N. FREEMAN.

CITY OF MEXICO, JAN. 6, 1883.

## Praying for the Sick.

There is one feature of this subject that I do not remember to have seen alluded to in any of the articles published in our papers of late. I refer to the doctrine taught in Romans viii, 26, 27:

"Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities: for we know not what we should pray for as we ought: but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which can not be uttered. And he that searcheth the hearts knoweth what is the mind of the Spirit, because he maketh intercession for the saints according to the will of God."

This is the dispensation of the Holy Spirit. He is a Divine Personality. He abides in the hearts of all who are truly born of God. It is their privilege and duty to be filled with the Spirit. God is more willing to give the Holy Spirit to them than an earthly parent is to give food to his children. For what purposes does the Holy Spirit abide in our hearts? Three of these are mentioned in this, the eighth chapter of Romans: "To quicken our mortal bodies," (Verse 11.) "To bear witness with our spirit that we are the children of God," (Verse 16.) "To make intercession for us according to the will of God," (Verse 26, 27.)

The question arises: How does the Spirit make intercession for us? Not in the same sense in which Christ intercedes for us in heaven; but he directs us to our prayers to ask for the right things and in the right way. He frames our petitions "according to the will of God." Let us look now at the subject of praying for the sick in the light of this precious Scripture. "Likewise the Spirit helpeth our infirmities: for we know not what we should pray for as we ought." This accords with the experience of all who have this "unction of the Father." They sometimes essay to pray for what they fancy would be for their good, or for the good of others, and can not. That is, they feel that they have no access to God to pray. It becomes clear to them that it is not "according to the will of God." I was once called on to visit a dying man who had led a wicked life. I sympathized with him and his weeping family. I tried to pray for his recovery and for his salvation, but I felt that the prayer was all in vain. The poor man presently died. His last utterance was, "I am lost." All the praying in the world could not have saved him. But sometimes God's children are drawn out in prayer. The Spirit gives them utterance and faith. Aye, he frames their petitions. He makes the intercession for them. They are inspired to the full assurance of faith. It may be they are praying for a temporal blessing, perchance for the recovery of a sick person. No matter; they come back from the throne of grace perfectly confident that their petition will be granted.

This may sound like fanaticism to those who know nothing of the mysteries of the Kingdom of God. But "the secret of the Lord is with them that fear him," and the Spirit that reveals the unseen, and the unnumbered angels and the unnumbered throngs of God to his children, searcheth all things, yea, even the deep thoughts of God.

W. B. LEWIS.

## Cabinet Secrets.

MR. EDITOR: Some time since a very readable article appeared in the Advocate on the subject of "Cabinet Secrets." As the subject has been opened, I propose to look into the matter a little more deeply.

We will suppose the cabinet in session and the work of making appointments in progress. The districts are called in order, and the presiding elders, each, take one name. There seems little or no trouble in putting down first-rate men. After awhile the work begins to take in some of the harder cases. The name of A. is called, and his presiding elder represents him. Bishop, this is a right good case in many points. He has pretty fair prayer. He attends Sunday school promptly. He enforces the Discipline after his idea of that book. He is cautious and prudent, and can not take any work except a station. He is a young, single man, and not likely to marry soon. After some talk the cabinet he is appointed to a station with \$3000.00 salary, money to be appropriated. Work proceeds. The name of B. is called. His presiding elder represents him. Mr. President, this brother has been for many years on very hard work and is well nigh run down in domestic. If you could give him a station that lies near enough for him to serve and live at home I would be very much pleased. But then, Bishop, the Missionary Board must make a liberal appropriation, or he can not get along at all, for he has a very extravagant family. This ap-

pointment is made. The name of C. is called. His presiding elder represents him. Mr. Bishop, Bro. C. is one of our best men. He is very quiet and modest. He never sells for half his worth. He reads a great deal and thinks a great deal. He is not at all ambitious and aspiring, and will be thankful for any work you may give him. I have no work in my district that he will suit. Give him work anywhere in the Conference, and I pledge you he will go to it, and go gladly. So he is appointed to a little circuit nearly across the State from where he lives. The name of D. is called, and his presiding elder represents him. Bishop, I am at a loss how to properly represent this brother. He is more than you are likely to give him. He is a man of some parts, pretty, extensive reading, some pretty good scholarship. He knows some Greek and Latin, and the people say he is a good preacher. I have heard him a few times. He visits a great deal, and enforces the Discipline. He attends Sunday school, and brings up every dollar of the collections. He is a good case. He is an old-fashioned circuit rider. He would not suit a station. He has been too long on circuits. His circuit habits are formed. In fact, Bishop, I don't think under the circumstances, he expects anything better than a circuit. He can live anywhere. His wife is such good help. Why, she does outworks any white woman I ever saw. So he is sent to a circuit of some distance, and involving considerable expense. The name of E. is called. His presiding elder represents him. Bishop, Bro. E. is one of our best men. He is well descended. He is good stock. He is a good preacher—the old style. He is very prudent and safe, and there is no better Sunday school worker. He has a home of his own. He has a nice family. I regret that he has not more. You must give him work within reach of his home. So he is appointed. The name of F. is called. His presiding elder represents him. Bishop, this brother has preaching claims. He has a large family, and but little money. He is a good preacher, but a poor financier. He is a strong preacher and good disciplinarian. He is not adapted to any of our best stations, and I know of no circuit that would or could support him. But I tell you what I think would be best for him, and I am concerned. The time of M. is about by. I think that Bro. F. would do for that work. After a good deal of debate, for and against the nomination, by the other presiding elders, the Bishop exercised the power and authority, with which the law of the church clothes him, and the brother was appointed to the said district. This closed the work of the cabinet. The appointments were finished and ready to be announced. The night following the Conference assembled at eight P. M. The Bishop made a short, strong talk before reading out the appointments. The reading was finished. The usual stir and flutter followed, and all settled.

VERNON.

## Good Words.

For the absent will still yearn,  
An F. friend the good as near,  
If you can, though you leave I,  
Thou shalt surely find I care.

Keep a list of your friends, and let it be first on the list, however long it may be.

Keep a list of all the gifts you get, and let Christ, who is the dispenser of all, be first.

Keep a list of your mercies, and let Jacob and the Lord be first.

Keep a list of your joys, and let joy unspeakable and full of glory be first.

Christ-thy friend, first of all, on a road faith. Whatever else it has or lacks, the soul, to be saved, must have an inward purpose. It must believe with the affectionate heart. With the heart man believeth into salvation before confession is made with the mouth.

When in sorrow I pray for comfort, for in weakness, for strength of soul, and find them both poured into my heart. I am as sure of the spiritual aid and sequence as when, in longer lay for my daily bread and win my wages.

He that is natch in prayer shall grow rich in grace. He shall thrive and increase most that is busiest in this, which is our very trade, with heavy and riches the most precious commodities of grace. — Leighton.

The things that belong to men must be understood, in order that they may be loved. The things that belong to God must be loved in order that they may be understood. — Pascal.

One who is content with what he has done will never become famous for what he will do. He has laid down to die. — Bayly.

Four things: Indulgence, very high spirits, temper, and a careful, worthy staff.

An evil speaker differs from an evil deed only in the want of opportunity. — Quinlan.

It is not calling your neighbors names that settles a question. — D. Russell.



MR. EDITOR: Is there danger that pastoral visiting will fall into disrepute in our church and among our ministers? This question is forced upon our minds by the phraseology used by one of the best writers for your paper, Gilderoy, when speaking on this subject. One of the phrases to which I allude is this: "Trampling around from house to house." Tramps, as a class, are a despicable set, and if our young teachers come to think they are classed with tramps, as they engage in their pastoral work, and that by such false teachers and writers as Gilderoy, that is to become of this department

Six hundred millions of dollars invested to create nine-tenths of the crimes committed in all these States, to manufacture paupers and imbeciles, to create the main burden of a needless, ruinful taxation, to be employed directly and indirectly in corrupting the franchise, spreading its blighting influences over the body politic, and, as they tell us, as even some Christian men have told us, "this is matter for the pulpit and moral suasion; this is not a question for the voters or the legislators."

William circuit at that time had within its bounds many pious, liberal-hearted members; altogether it was a pleasant work. Dr. William Winans, as my presiding elder; a kinder-hearted man I have never known. He with many other cherished friends have fallen asleep in Jesus, and passed to regions far beyond earth's cloudy skies. At no distant day we hope to see them again.

DANIEL MOUSE.

her faith was as a noiseless, deep stream, going steadily and sure. She was particularly fond of good society, and detested the low and vulgar. She uttered a great deal from her husband, and with all was patient. She believed the master die soon, yet she was unmoved. When the summons came at her death stroke. Apparently cheerful and happy at supper, in less than an hour she ceased to talk, and ceased to breathe in about forty hours. She said no faring word, but, better still, a Christian faith and life. All of a

LIDDE—Miss. LOUISE R. LIDE, nee  
Greening, was born Hu Bellville, Ala.  
Feb. 13, 1841. She professed Episcopalian  
and joined the Methodist Episcopal  
Church, South, at Mrs. Tavh's school,  
Shelbyville, Ky. In 1857: was married  
to James E. Lide, Feb. 25, 1857. He died  
Aug. 10, 1882, in Camden, Ark. She  
left a devoted husband and five small  
children. The youngest child followed  
him about one month after the death of  
his mother, and is now with her in  
glory. The subject of the above sketch  
was truly, without an exception

**SAVEL.**—**BRO. WILLEY SAVEL** was born in 1801, and died, in 1881 after a short and severe illness. He had made preparation for the change and was ready when the summons came. The writer was with him but a few days before his death, and he was happy in

ly be said, his  
went to his  
M. J. MILLER.



intelligence and religious life arose which has revolutionized the West. Its church is medieval—full of medieval ideas, medieval pictures, medieval soil, medieval and medieval priests, medieval superstitions. The very tone of its chanting is gloomily medieval. No primitive joy exalts it; no modern instrumental music mingles with it; it has nothing congregational about it. Monotonous to a degree, it contains some of the best, dirge-like intonations of hoarded, long-haired priests, dressed in the ecclesiastical costume of a thousand years ago. The people listen to the dirge-like chanting, but take no part in it. They stand silent in the churches, bowing their heads, and themselves like dumb animals in a mediaeval menagerie, crossing themselves, and bending and bowing over and over all the time. Though there is much that is painfully superstitious in all this bowing and



## Christian Advocate.

ORIGIN OF THE LOPSIANA, MISSISSIPPI AND  
NORTH MISSISSIPPI CONFERENCE OF  
THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL  
CHURCH, SOUTH.

CHAS. E. GALLOWAY, D. D., Editor.

Corresponding Editors:

REV. W. C. CARTER, D. D., REV. J. J. SAWYER,  
REV. W. L. C. HICKS.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1883.

Meeting of the Publishing Committee.

The regular annual meeting of the Publishing Committee of the New Orleans Christian Advocate will be held at the office of the Advocate, 112 Camp street, Wednesday, February 7, 1883, at eleven o'clock A. M.

We publish this week on our third page an excellent sermon from the Rev. W. B. Murray, of the North Mississippi Conference, on "Christ, Our Example." We shall occasionally favor our readers in a similar way.

We have received a copy of the printed minutes of the Mississippi Conference. Though unusual care was taken in reading proof, a number of unfortunate errors mar the accuracy and beauty of the pamphlet. This arose from the printer, having near him a copy of the minutes of the previous year, after which he modeled this.

Bishop McQuaid, of the Roman Catholic Church, writes an article to the North American Review on "The Decay of Protestantism." He makes a plausible plea for his side of the question, but those who wait for information on the subject should read Dr. Dorechester's "Problems of Religious Progress." That is a remarkable book of facts and figures. The comparative growth of Protestantism and Romanism is therein set forth from most reliable and accurate data.

We are indebted to our friend and neighbor, Dr. J. B. A. Ahrens, for a copy of our book of Discipline in the German language. Though unable to read it fluently and to collation, we are none the less thankful for it. And here we take occasion to commend the work Dr. Ahrens is doing. In addition to the care of a large pastorate, he edits all our German publications and translations. He is a scholar and Christian gentleman, full of work and zeal—a man of affairs and prayer.

Dr. Haygood will please accept thanks for a pamphlet copy of Dr. Morgan Galloway's sermon entitled "Our Man of Macedonia: His Needs and Our Duties," preached before the students of Emory College and the citizens of Oxford, Ga., January 22, 1883, on the occasion of his taking leave of them. It contains the utterances of a full heart, and indicates the depth and intelligence of his consecration to the work assigned him by the voice of the church. We shall use it.

The following, from an article in the February Century Magazine, is enough to arouse the sleeping energies and convictions of every patriotic citizen:

## BEER AND RAILWAY BUILDING.

The consumption of beer in the camps of the railway builders is enormous. At Bismarck I saw an entire freight train of thirty cars laden with bottled beer, from a Chicago brewery, bound for the town nearest the end of the track. The chief engineer of the construction force said that an average of one bottle for every five laid was consumed, and that the tie and the beer cost the same—fifty cents. Thus the workmen pay as much for their drink as the company for one of the important elements of railway construction.

Bishop Pierce writes earnestly in the Wesleyan Christian Advocate for a general revival in our Southern Methodism. The Rev. Charles Garrett, president of the Wesleyan Conference in England, announced as their watchword for this year "a revival in every element." And so our senior Bishop makes a similar plea. May our Lord give us another needed Pentecost, and with it large prosperity. We must be a spiritual people or the Lord has no place or work for us. The following extract shows our Bishop is full of hope and good cheer:

I have been holding Conferences for well-nigh thirty years, all over our territory, from ocean to ocean. Never have I been more conscious of Divine support and guidance. Never better satisfied with the general arrangement of the work and the distribution of the men. More important still—never have I seen the preachers more loyal to our economy, more devoted in spirit, more loving, consecrated and ready for the work of the Master's vineyard. Verily, they are a royal generation. I love them with "a pure heart, fervently." God bless them evermore.

## The Unity of City Methodism.

We see it stated that the Methodists in Indianapolis have formed an alliance for the purpose of unifying their church interests and influence in that city. The end sought to be accomplished in every way and everywhere commendable. While for better organization and more efficient administration there should be separate congregations in our cities, these several bodies should be controlled and inspired by the connectional principle. There ought to be no waste of rivalry or jealousy among city churches. Our aggregated strength and influence should be felt in the advancement of our common Methodism. Loyalty to the general church—its doctrines, polity and union—is higher and more sacred than attachment to any local congregation, however endearing its associations. When the harmonized and combined influence of Methodism in a city is employed in the establishment and maintenance of mission Sunday-schools and congregations the truest development and largest growth are secured. It is far better for the several churches to unite in mission work than for each congregation to enterprise such movements singly and separately. We thereby strengthen the denominational tie, encourage intelligent loyalty to principle, and avoid the friction of petty jealousies and rivalries. A bond of sympathy should unite strongly and tenderly each Methodist congregation in a city to every other of the same faith and order. We may have cordial and fraternal relations with all other evangelized churches, but a special tie unites us together. This sometimes, however, is not as positive and prominent in expression as is desirable. It has occurred that one congregation found no more consideration and co-operation from the other Methodist churches in the place than was accorded by Presbyterians and Baptists.

The causes for this are various, but two will be stated:

1. Separate congregations, in some instances, result from a *split* instead of a *union*—a feud instead of a peaceful colonization. Discordant and recalcitrant elements find harmony in separation. But the roots of rancor remain, and the memories of discord perpetually recur. This begets an unhealthy rivalry between the congregations, to the injury, if not destruction, of the connectional principle. There is not so much the sacred emulation that provokes one another to love and good works as a race to outwit and outshine in all the material elements of success. In such a spirit obtains and finds expression, a healthy denominational growth is arrested.

2. Pastors are tempted to subordinate connectionalism to personal success. To report a good list of accessions and increased collections is a wholesome emulation, but may become mischievous as a motive. As a fact it is encouraging, but when paraded it may be a stone of stumbling. While laboring with might and main in the pastorate under his special care, all should be subordinate to the growth and success of connectional Methodism. The prosperity attending the labors of his brother, around on another street, ought to be his own rejoicing.

As helpful to the unity of city Methodism and the furtherance of connectional prosperity, we respectfully offer some practical suggestions. We have no reason to be an alarmist or magnify the importance of the subject under consideration, but we are pleading for yet greater results. Where we are doing well, we may and ought to do better.

1. Pastors should encourage Methodists in the immediate neighborhood of a church to hold membership there. In many of our cities members pass by the door of one church and ride miles to worship at another. There may be exceptional cases when old and peculiar associations and necessities justify such a course, but ordinarily, the nearest church should be attended. For greater convenience—meeting the demands of neighborhoods—churches are built in different localities and at reasonable distances. Their success will be retarded, however, if not fostered and sustained by those for whom they were erected. Friendly or family attachments, or the greater popularity of a pastor in another pulpit, is no reason for a transfer of membership.

2. Pastors should occasionally exchange pulpits, that each may become better acquainted with the entire Methodism of a city. This would secure, in a measure, the benefits of the city circuit plan yet employed in England, while retaining the larger results of separate stations. A closer sympathy will then bind pastors together, and increase the interest of each in general city work.

3. A general Sunday-school organization might be effected, similar to the one in this city, which will bring together at intervals, for counsel and

kinship, the workers and pupils of the several churches. That has been tried with good results in New Orleans, and is commended to city Methodism everywhere. Our proportionate growth in the cities does not keep pace with the country. If these reflections, therefore, have practical value in the interests of our common cause they are worthy of trial, if not approval.

## Church Burnings.

Within the past few weeks we have noted the burning of several churches in the South. The instances are becoming so frequent as to cause alarm and inquiry. Just now, while the matter of church extension is prominent, church preservation might be considered. Liberality and zeal in building churches must be accompanied by carefulness in protecting them. Recently the Methodist Church at Amite City, La., the First Presbyterian Church at Memphis, the Lyella Avenue Methodist Church at Kansas City and the Presbyterian Church at Meridian, Miss., have been burned. These are great losses, for churches are hard to build, and harder to rebuild. But why were they destroyed? Is there a practical question that may be considered to the profit of all? In each instance noted above, with possibly one exception, a defective tube was the cause. And in two cases there was a limited insurance. Who has not trembled with fear at the old rust-eaten, badly-jointed stove pipes and insecure flues in our churches? Occasionally a fire alarm is given, but if extinguished without damage, it fails to secure attention and repair. The expenditure of a few dollars in time will often save the outlay of thousands. Our English friends are proverbially conservative and cautious. We see they are encouraging the building of iron churches as cheap and proof from fire. As the matter is important, and demands plainness of speech, we shall offer a little special counsel. At the risk of being trivial we shall be particular.

1. Our churches should be built with as much care for safety as taste and beauty. A few buildings we have known to be lost, after a large expenditure of time and money, about the first time a fire was made in furnace or stove. Our brethren at McKendree, Nashville, have had a bitter and memorable experience that will confirm that statement. Great caution is necessary that no combustible material be exposed to heat.

2. Stoves and flues should be often examined and cleaned. In some churches the stoves and pipe are never taken down, summer or winter. They stand until rain and rust compel them to fall, and sometimes great is their fall.

3. Our churches should be insured. A small amount only is required to insure a church. The per cent. is very low, and the money is well expended. Congregations can hardly afford to neglect it, especially in towns and cities, where the burning of a neighboring house imperils the church. If there be some weak consciences that do not approve of such prudence, let the strong in faith secure a policy in a good company, or else all organize a scheme of protection. Those who have enjoyed the experience of raising money to build churches will be appreciative readers of these cautionary lines.

## The Weather.

This ready helper of every one who lacks a theme for conversation is not a forbidden topic for the pen. Often have strangers been most agreeably introduced by some common-place remark about the weather, who might otherwise have passed hours of oppressive silence together. Like most of nature's phases the weather is susceptible of the shallowest or the profoundest consideration, and, so far as introducing a conversation is concerned, it matters little whether one makes a remark about the condition of the air or the conjunction of the planets. It is a subject which more or less interests all people at all times. Our health and our fortunes depend very much upon the weather. How very expressive the common saying: "I am a little under the weather." How many of our aches and pains are due to atmospheric influence! Colds, coughs, neuralgias, pneumonias and fevers are often attributable more to the effect of the weather on our bodies than to any other cause. The effect of cold upon the human system can not be calculated. A large part of the miseries of the poor arise from exposure to cold. Well may the Psalmist ask: "Who can stand before his cold?" How the feeble body shudders before the icy north wind! Aching bones, disease and death sometimes follow its chilling touch.

So dependent are we upon the weather for the productions of the earth that good crops or bad ones,

plenty or want, depend upon the wind. Hence many inquire with insatiable curiosity into the future of the weather. Such people study the predictions of a weather prophet with more interest than they do the prophecies of the Bible. Though the prognostications of these star-gazers fall from year to year, their confidence in them is unshaken. Strange to tell, thousands of persons fail to distinguish between the warnings of the Signal Service Bureau of the United States and the forecastings of the almanac maker, or of those who would fill the popular mind with fables founded upon certain planetary conjunctions, or other relations of the heavenly bodies. The officers of the Signal Service stand upon the outposts of civilization and telegraph what they actually see of a coming storm, its origin, its extent, the course and rapidity of the winds and clouds, and with great accuracy foretell twenty-four hours or more beforehand the time when the storm will reach a certain locality, to the great benefit of planters, seamen and others.

As for those other fancy feeders and curiously stuffers, what do they know about the state of the weather a week or a month or a year hence? Nothing at all. Perhaps an upheaval of burning gases and other matter near the surface of the sun has sent forth earthward an unusual quantity of solar heat, which, falling perpendicularly upon some part of our globe, has set our atmospheric ocean to boiling in that locality. While the heated currents rise the air rushes from every lateral direction toward the place of diminished pressure, and, by the meetings of the opposing currents and the rotation of the earth, produces one of those grand cyclonic storms which not infrequently whirl across our continent, bringing wind and rain or cold or all together. At times these storms move with destructive violence, at others they give us gentle winds, gyrating in the direction of the hands of a watch, from north to east and south and west, and seldom or never in the opposite direction. My credulity has never been sufficient to induce me to put any confidence in any man's ability to predict one of these storms or any other great change in the weather. Of course if a man guesses at the weather for the whole world, for a year, he must needs be a skillful misser not to hit it some time somewhere. I reckon that God controls the weather through the agency of the sun and other celestial and terrestrial forces in a manner inscrutable to our philosophy.

The word weather is derived from the Sanskrit *va*, to blow, hence, the saying: "Never mind the weather, so the wind doesn't blow." Wind is ever the emphatic element in the most striking weather.

The weather of life has been depicted against the work of pre-destined elders. The Saturdays have brought rain almost in floods, precluding service and Quarterly Conferences, the Sundays have been freezing cold, reducing congregations to a minimum and driving them from unwarmed country churches to night-boring parlors, and on Mondays we have had melting times under foot. I am not much of a weather prophet, but usually venture to predict good weather whenever we are in the midst of one of those dark, dismal spells which make many people gloomy in spite of their efforts to be cheerful. God is so sure to make good weather follow what we call bad that I have never failed when prophesying on this principle. As it was pouring down rain the other day, the clouds being very heavy and the roads very muddy, I told a young brother, who had left his wife and babes more than a hundred miles away while he came and explored his circuit before bringing them to it, that he would have good weather that week to bring his family to their new home, and sure enough he did. The early part of January having been very unfavorable for out-door operations, I expect the latter part to be good for farmers and itinerants and all workers in the open air. The weather always keeps abreast of the times, and will be sure to furnish us suitable seasons for all wise purposes. I like all sorts of weather.

W. L. C. H.

## The Mosaic System.

MR. EDITOR: My old venerated and honored friend, Dr. Abbey, in a most courteous and respectful way, takes exception to an incidental remark in a recent article on the Sabbath. I did not in that article nor in this purpose a discussion on the question of either the church's identity or antiquity. I was discussing the change of the weekly rest from the last to the first day of the week. My point, which was meant to be a reply to the Jewish objection to the change of the "day," was this, that from the fact that the development of revealed religion, commencing

be observed by the Jews, and usually called the "Mosaic system," was in several particulars meant to be of local application and temporary duration; there was nothing improbable or improper in the change of the day of rest and worship from the seventh to the first day of the week. Under the system of which Moses was its most conspicuous human figure, the seventh day had added to its original commemorative purpose the additional fact that they, the Jews, were delivered from bondage to Pharaoh. So, under the period of development of revealed religion, known as the gospel or "new covenant" system, the first day of the week had, by the authority of the highest example, been made the day of rest and worship to commemorate the resurrection of Christ. So much for my purpose in that article; but now a few words on the local and temporary character of a number of features of the period of the church commonly designated the Mosaic.

The rite of circumcision had been enjoined on Abraham and his children, but during the last century of the bondage in Egypt, owing to its cruel and oppressive character, the rite had fallen into desuetude, but was re-enacted and re-instituted by command of God through the ministry of Moses; but that that was a temporary and local command is clear from the fact that inspiration tells us that "circumcision availeth nothing," that it is "of the heart" and spiritual. In view of its inefficiency to save it is called a "weak and beggarly element," and that "if we are circumcised, Christ shall profit us nothing." Christ is the "only name," "the way" and "the door."

The command to offer animal sacrifices at the door of the tabernacle, in the wilderness, at Shilo in Canaan, and then at Jerusalem, was local and temporary, for the Master tells the "woman," and all that, "Not in the mountain of Samaria, nor in Jerusalem, shall men worship the Father," as the only appointed places, but "in spirit and in truth."

The law requiring the male population of Canaan to appear before the Lord in Jerusalem three times a year, was necessarily local and temporary; all the males of all the race could not do this. The feast of the passover could only be properly celebrated by the Jews, and so also of the feast of tabernacles, commemorative of their tent life in the wilderness. The Sabbath year, in which the fields were to remain untilled, was local and temporary, no intention being made of it by Christ or the apostles, and so also the year of jubilee, and so the command to fringe their garments—Numbers xx, 33, Dieneronomy xx, 32—to distinguish them, and as a reminder of the commandments. The same is true of the six cities of refuge; they were peculiar to the system called the Mosaic. So, too, the Aaronic priesthood, it was hereditary in the tribe of Levi, and was appointed to offer sacrifices; these were typical of Christ, but when he offered himself, and perfected forever the work of sacrifice, the priestly order and office passed away, and now ministers are "ambassadors for Christ," to beseech men to be reconciled to God. These examples, which might be multiplied, are enough in my apprehension to justify the remark that that development of revealed religion, made in the time and through the ministry of Moses, and therefore known as the "Mosaic," was local and temporary. In many of its features and requirements. Indeed, the fifth, seventh, eighth, ninth and part of the tenth chapters of the Epistle to the Hebrews are devoted to the discussion and proof of the proposition that the system and order of things religious, known as the Mosaic or the "old covenant," was temporary, and that the gospel system, known as the "new covenant," was to supersede it, and endure forever. Says, Inspiration "he" (Christ) is the Mediator of a better covenant, which was established upon better promises, for if that first covenant had been faultless then should no place have been found for the second. For finding fault with them. He saith: "Behold! the days come, saith the Lord, when I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel, and with the house of Judah, not according to the covenant I made with their fathers in the day when I took them by the hand to lead them out of the land of Egypt; because they continued not in my covenant, and I regarded them not, saith the Lord. For this is the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel after those days, saith the Lord. I will put my laws into their minds, and write them in their hearts, and I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people. And they shall not teach every one his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying, Know ye the Lord; for all shall know me, from the least unto the greatest."

The principles of right and duty, found in the decalogue, are eternal and unchangeable, the plan of salvation of the world, through Christ, is as old as the promise in Eden. But there were incidents peculiar to the Patriarchal and Mosaic periods of the church meant to be local and temporary. In that he saith, a new covenant, he hath made the first old. Now that which decayeth and waxeth old is ready to vanish away.

J. B. WALKER.

## A Methodist Iconoclast.

In the good city of Baltimore there is an Independent Methodist, the Rev. Henry E. Johnson by name, who contemplates with great complacency some very radical, if not revolutionary, changes in our Episcopal Methodism. In all of which the wish is father to the thought. He speaks of "the decapitation of the itinerancy," the removal of the pastoral term, and burying the presiding eldership "in the tomb of the Capulets," as though the process was easy and he stood ready to officiate as chaplain at the burial. It seems to us we have heard of Bro. Johnson before. Like many other Independents, the old traces and breeding doubtless chafed him rather much while a strong hand pressed the bit to restrain the fiery steed. Modifications in our system may take place gradually to meet the changed demands of the ages, but its essential features will remain, and become more and more endeared to our people. No other works so smoothly or has accomplished so much. Our most self-sacrificing men, on missions and circuits, are most devoted to our polity, and are least tolerant of change. Bro. Johnson spoke as follows to his congregation in an evening sermon:

The economy of Methodism has been that of a great military camp in which the chief officers have wielded a power scarcely less absolute than that of a commanding general in time of war. As the habits and character of the population have changed, the system has seemed to lose its great efficiency. The sentiment of the nineteenth century is too full of the spirit of self-government to look with favor on a system in which the many are so completely ruled by the few. When the chief business of the preacher was to excite the sluggish mind of hardened men, no doubt frequent changes in the pastorate were wise; but in our day the work of the church has undergone a change, and now our chief business is with the young; and these are much more easily influenced by an old friend than by a stranger. It is quite evident that Mr. Wesley never considered his itinerant preachers as men from place to place to deliver the message, leaving it to the class leaders to furnish pastoral oversight. The practical death of the class meeting will necessitate the decapitation of the itinerancy. Independent Methodism may not very rapidly increase the number of its congregations, but its influence is already felt within the larger bodies, and this will gradually modify the present system until the limit is removed from the pastoral term and the office of presiding elders is buried in the tomb of the Capulets. Then Methodism will again lead the sacramental host to victory.

Zion's Herald discusses in a very practical way the subject of "Pleading Sermons." No doubt the warlike is well-timed. It is gratifying and flattering to know that we have pleased the people, but it is far more satisfying to feel that we are doing them spiritual good. A plain, earnest, faithful gospel is the need of our times—to-day as ever and only "the power of God unto salvation." We quote the following from the Herald with hearty approval:

The struggle of the pulpit to please the pews ought to stop at certain well-defined limits. Its proper use is to help the preacher to the ears of the people; it should be arrested when his rhetorical purpose is accomplished. There are pews that want to be pleased—just pleased, straight through to the end of the sermon, and there are preachers whose highest ambition is to please, with every sentence and every thought. The taste of such pews is unhealthy, and the pleasing qualities of such preachers are out of place.

MR. EDITOR: I have but a few moments to write in, as the mail leaves this evening. Our annual meeting has just closed, and the preachers have all returned to their different fields of labor. We have had a most harmonious session, and I trust a most profitable one to all of us. We have all felt that the blessing of God rested upon all our deliberations, and we feel greatly encouraged. We had ten foreign missionaries and fifteen native preachers and exhorters. There are eleven foreign ladies in connection with our mission in China. Our earnest prayers have been and are that God may greatly bless this work the coming year. We are all well, except colds. I can not write you fully by this mail, but will write more next week. Thank God for what has been done in this part of China to spread the name of Jesus. Pray for us all.

I am yours in the bonds of Christ and love,  
J. W. LAMBERT.

SHANGHAI, CHINA, Dec. 19, 1882.











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PRICES CURRENT.

ADVISED AND CORRECTED WEEKLY.

ADVOCATE OFFICE.  
No. 10 Canal Street, New Orleans, La.  
Our readers should bear in mind that our quotations represent prices for round lots, and that in small orders higher prices must be paid.

SOUTHERN STAPLES.

Cotton, P. D.	70-day	Set.
Low ordinary	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good ordinary	11 1/2	11 1/2
Low middling	12 1/2	12 1/2
Good middling	13 1/2	13 1/2
Middling fair	14 1/2	14 1/2
High to day	15 1/2	15 1/2
High to day last	16 1/2	16 1/2
High to day previously	17 1/2	17 1/2

WHEAT, P. D.

Full	10 1/2
Full fair	10 1/2
Choice	11 1/2
Yellow clarified	12 1/2
White clarified	13 1/2
Cracked	14 1/2

MAKES, IN BBL. 48 GALLONS.

Common	34
Common	35
Choice	36
Choice	37

WHEAT, LOUISIANA, P. D.

Full	10 1/2
Full fair	10 1/2
Choice	11 1/2
Yellow clarified	12 1/2
White clarified	13 1/2
Cracked	14 1/2

GROCERIES.

Butter, P. D.	12 1/2
Butter, N. Y.	13 1/2
Cheese, P. D.	14 1/2
Cheese, N. Y.	15 1/2
Ham, P. D.	16 1/2
Ham, N. Y.	17 1/2

WHEAT, P. D.

Full	10 1/2
Full fair	10 1/2
Choice	11 1/2
Yellow clarified	12 1/2
White clarified	13 1/2
Cracked	14 1/2

WHEAT, P. D.

Full	10 1/2
Full fair	10 1/2
Choice	11 1/2
Yellow clarified	12 1/2
White clarified	13 1/2
Cracked	14 1/2

GRAIN AND FEED.

Corn, in sacks, 4 bushels	10 1/2
White	11 1/2
Mixed	12 1/2
Wheat, P. D.	13 1/2
Wheat, N. Y.	14 1/2
Choice	15 1/2

PROVISIONS.

Butter, P. D.	12 1/2
Butter, N. Y.	13 1/2
Cheese, P. D.	14 1/2
Cheese, N. Y.	15 1/2
Ham, P. D.	16 1/2
Ham, N. Y.	17 1/2

BAKING STUFFS.

Flour, P. D.	10 1/2
Flour, N. Y.	11 1/2
Choice	12 1/2
Wheat, P. D.	13 1/2
Wheat, N. Y.	14 1/2
Choice	15 1/2

ESSENTIALS.

Peas, P. D.	10 1/2
Peas, N. Y.	11 1/2
Choice	12 1/2
Wheat, P. D.	13 1/2
Wheat, N. Y.	14 1/2
Choice	15 1/2

BAKING STUFFS.

Flour, P. D.	10 1/2
Flour, N. Y.	11 1/2
Choice	12 1/2
Wheat, P. D.	13 1/2
Wheat, N. Y.	14 1/2
Choice	15 1/2

ESSENTIALS.

Peas, P. D.	10 1/2
Peas, N. Y.	11 1/2
Choice	12 1/2
Wheat, P. D.	13 1/2
Wheat, N. Y.	14 1/2
Choice	15 1/2

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Flour, P. D.	10 1/2
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Choice	12 1/2
Wheat, P. D.	13 1/2
Wheat, N. Y.	14 1/2
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Choice	15 1/2

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Wheat, P. D.	13 1/2
Wheat, N. Y.	14 1/2
Choice	15 1/2

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Wheat, P. D.	13 1/2
Wheat, N. Y.	14 1/2
Choice	15 1/2

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Flour, P. D.	10 1/2
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Choice	12 1/2
Wheat, P. D.	13 1/2
Wheat, N. Y.	14 1/2
Choice	15 1/2

ESSENTIALS.

Peas, P. D.	10 1/2
Peas, N. Y.	11 1/2
Choice	12 1/2
Wheat, P. D.	13 1/2
Wheat, N. Y.	14 1/2
Choice	15 1/2

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 23.—Reports from the North and Northwest of the weather last night are filled with incredible figures. At Fargo, Dakota, the thermometer was 38 below zero; at Bismarck, 68 below; at Grand Forks, 40 below; and at Minneapolis, 60 below zero. All the trains on the Iowa and Minnesota railroads were abandoned.

The thermometer reached 20 below zero in Chicago this morning. The western edge of the extreme cold is about Missouri river. Its northern limit is beyond lines of communication. It was very cold in New York last night. A farmer on Long Island, who had delivered a load of produce, was found frozen to death, with his hands grasping the reins, when his horses and wagon reached home.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Jan. 24.—About forty acres of territory in the second ward of this city, nearly covered with buildings, have sunk from six inches to two feet, and many houses have been abandoned. The Delaware and Hudson Company's coal mines underlie this territory, and the sinking is variously ascribed to rotting of timber supports and to taking away the pillow of coal usually left to support the roof of mines.

MOBILE, Jan. 25.—The flags of the steamers and vessels in port were at half-mast to-day for the death of Capt. Wm. Olin, a steamboatman for 40 years.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 26.—Dickson, the foreman of the first star route jury, "hollered" before he was out of the woods. The grand jury found an indictment against him to-day for unlawfully influencing jurors in the first star route trial.

VICKSBURG, Miss., Jan. 26.—The majority of the bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church have consented to the consecration of Rev. Hugh Miller Thompson, D. D., as assistant bishop of Mississippi. Dr. Thompson will, in all probability, accept, and his consecration will take place as soon as the preliminaries can be arranged.

NEW YORK, Jan. 26.—A delegation, composed of the Mayor and Aldermen of New York, visited the Mississippi Valley road to-day to run its line to Natchez. The company is anxious to do so, but claim that it adds so much length to the main line, that it will have to connect Natchez by a branch. The same objection will cause a branch to Clinton, La.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 29.—The Supreme Court to-day sustained the State law of Alabama against intermarriage. The case was that of Alabama vs. Tonya Pace, a colored man. He was convicted under the State law of living in sexual relations with a white woman. The court held that the State law prohibiting intermarriage was not in conflict with the fourteenth constitutional amendment, because it made no discrimination as to color.

FOREIGN.

VIENNA, Jan. 20.—A placard was posted a few days ago in a public garden at St. Peter's, enjoining the people to avoid places frequented by the Court, lest they should be hurt by anything that might happen.

PARIS, Jan. 23.—Gustave Dore, the well-known painter and designer, is dead.

NEW YORK, Jan. 23.—A Paris special gives the following details of the arrival of the ex-Empress Eugenie in that city. Eugenie announces that she ignores the republic, and comes to display her sympathy with Prince Jerome in his incarceration. Her adherents claim that her presence means a demonstration in behalf of the name and family of Napoleon. She has not appeared in public, but she is known to be surrounded by a white woman, and pronounced Bonapartists; some of whom regard her visit just now as most important.

LONDON, Jan. 24.—A Paris dispatch this evening says: A crowd assembled at the Hotel du Rhine to witness the departure of the ex-Empress Eugenie, and greeted her with marks of sympathy. A private message had been conveyed to the ex-Empress by the Grand Duke Constantine, from President Grevy, to the effect that her presence in Paris was not desirable.

LONDON, Jan. 25.—The Daily Telegraph's Paris correspondent says: Imperialists declare that the ex-Empress Eugenie was not requested to quit France, but left only because she feared that the marks of sympathy which she received might develop in a political demonstration and thereby compromise her friends. Among her visitors during her stay in Paris were Marshal MacMahon and Carnot.

The ex-Empress Eugenie was refused permission to visit Prince Jerome in prison. Nobody ever supposed that she really wanted to see him. Her mission, whatever it was, failed of its object.

BERLIN, Jan. 27.—The late Prince Charles, by his will, leaves 27,000,000 marks, apportioned as follows: 12,000,000 marks to his son Prince Frederick Charles, 8,000,000 to each of his two daughters, 1,000,000 to the Order of St. John, of Jerusalem, of which Order the late Prince was grand master, to be employed in founding a home for convalescents; 1,000,000 to other charities, and the 1,000,000 marks remaining to be at the disposal of Emperor William.

PARIS, Jan. 23.—The Ministers met at the Elysee this morning and tendered their resignations, which President Grevy has accepted. President Grevy has summoned M. Fallieres and Jules Ferry for the purpose of conferring with them in regard to the formation of a new ministry.

LONDON, Jan. 23.—The steamer reported yesterday wrecked near Swansea was the Agnes Jack, bound from Cardiff with lead. Witnesses of the disaster, who were unable to render any assistance, saw the crew, numbering 12 men, swept one by one from the mast. The steamer was out of reach of rockets and unapproachable by boats. All hands perished, including the captain, who, it is believed, stripped for the purpose of swimming ashore.

PARIS, Jan. 29.—A telegram from Lyons reports the town in a state of excitement. It is rumored that the Anarchists intend to storm the prison of St. Paul, where Prince Krapotkin is confined. Troops and police have been posted in the neighborhood of the prison and other precautions taken to prevent the Anarchists from carrying out such design.

PARIS, Jan. 29.—M. Jules Ferry declined to undertake the formation of the Cabinet. It is decided, therefore, to revert to a combination ministry, under the presidency of M. Fallieres, all the late Ministers, except Dufaure, Grevy, Billot and Adolphe Jaures, having declined their portfolios. M. Ferry will be Minister of Foreign Affairs; M. De-Mahy, Minister of Marine and Interior; M. Thebaudin, Minister of War.

That was a pat word said the other day at the Worcester Congregational Club. The speaker thought while so much is heard about ministers that "draw," it was time to hear something about churches that do as much to make full congregations as ministers. They can do it in a dozen ways, and nothing is more unpressurable than to leave all the "drawing" to the men who stand in the pulpit. "The 'How do you do?' the 'Glad to see you,' the 'Come do?' and the 'Hallelujah' people turn of mind on the part of the people who sit in the pews has magical power in filling up a congregation. Just try it.

TELL IT.—Many a physician has gained his practice by one telling neighbor that you have been to the hospital of Jesus and been restored, though you hated all manner of meat, and had drawn near to the gates of death, and may be a poor soul just in the same condition as yourself will say: "This is a message from God to me." Above all, publish the praise of the Lord's goodness, for Jesus will receive His blessing, and you will receive the blessing of Him who is God. Will you lepers, kiss Him who is God? Will you be healed by the touching of the hem of His garment, and then would have slipped away? If so, I pray that the Master may say: "Somebody hath touched me," and may you be so compelled to tell the truth and say: "I was sick in soul, but I touched the hem of my blessed Lord, and I am saved, and to the praise of the glory of my grace I will tell it, though devils should bear it, I will tell it, and make the world ring with it according to my ability, to the praise of thy saving grace."—Spurgeon.

Not a drink, not sold in bar-rooms, but a reliable non-alcoholic tonic medicine, useful at all times, and in all seasons, is Brown's Iron Bitters.

APPORTIONMENT BY THE DISTRICT STEWARDS, SEASHORE DIST., 1883.

DISTRICT	CONFERENCE	CLERGY	CONGREGATION	WORTH	PERCENTAGE
Seashore	100	100	100	100	100
Seashore	100	100	100	100	100
Seashore	100	100	100	100	100

Quarterly Conferences.

LOUISIANA CONFERENCE.

NEW ORLEANS DIST.—FIRST ROUND.

Seashore	100
Seashore	100
Seashore	100
Seashore	100

The district stewards of the New Orleans district will meet in the pastor's office, Oporens street Church, on Tuesday, January 30, 7:30 P. M.

PELOUSAS DIST.—FIRST ROUND.

Seashore	100
Seashore	100
Seashore	100
Seashore	100

A full attendance of stewards is requested, and the business of the ensuing year may be laid out and ascertained.

SHREVEPORT DIST.—FIRST ROUND.

Seashore	100
Seashore	100
Seashore	100
Seashore	100

The district stewards will meet in the pastor's office, on Saturday, February 3, 1883.

MISSISSIPPI CONFERENCE.

VICKSBURG DIST.—FIRST ROUND.

Seashore	100
Seashore	100
Seashore	100
Seashore	100

The district stewards will meet in the pastor's office, on Saturday, February 3, 1883.

BRANDON DIST.—FIRST ROUND.

Seashore	100
Seashore	100
Seashore	100
Seashore	100

The district stewards will meet in the pastor's office, on Saturday, February 3, 1883.

BROOKHAVEN DIST.—FIRST ROUND.

Seashore	100
Seashore	100
Seashore	100
Seashore	100

The district stewards will meet in the pastor's office, on Saturday, February 3, 1883.

JACKSON DIST.—FIRST ROUND.

Seashore	100
Seashore	100
Seashore	100
Seashore	100

The district stewards will meet in the pastor's office, on Saturday, February 3, 1883.

WOODVILLE DIST.—FIRST ROUND.

Seashore	100
Seashore	100
Seashore	100
Seashore	100

The district stewards of Woodville district will meet in the Methodist Church in Clinton, La., on Wednesday, the thirty-first day of January, 1883, at 11 o'clock A. M.

MERIDIAN DIST.—FIRST ROUND.

Seashore	100
Seashore	100
Seashore	100
Seashore	100

The district stewards will meet in the pastor's office, on Saturday, February 3, 1883.

SEASHORE DIST.—FIRST ROUND.

Seashore	100
Seashore	100
Seashore	100
Seashore	100

The district stewards will meet in the pastor's office, on Saturday, February 3, 1883.

ALABAMA CONFERENCE.

MORILE DIST.—FIRST ROUND.

Seashore	100
Seashore	100
Seashore	100
Seashore	100

The district stewards will meet in the pastor's office, on Saturday, February 3, 1883.

GREENSBORO DIST.—FIRST ROUND.

Seashore	100
Seashore	100
Seashore	100
Seashore	100

The district stewards will meet in the pastor's office, on Saturday, February 3, 1883.

EUPAULIA DIST.—FIRST ROUND.

Seashore	100
Seashore	100
Seashore	100
Seashore	100

The district stewards will meet in the pastor's office, on Saturday, February 3, 1883.

PENSACOLA DIST.—FIRST ROUND.

Seashore	100
Seashore	100
Seashore	100
Seashore	100

The district stewards will meet in the pastor's office, on Saturday, February 3, 1883.

NORTH MISSISSIPPI CONFERENCE.

GREENVILLE DIST.—FIRST ROUND.

Seashore	100
Seashore	100
Seashore	100
Seashore	100

The district stewards will meet in the pastor's office, on Saturday, February 3, 1883.

GRENADE DIST.—FIRST ROUND.

Seashore	100
Seashore	100
Seashore	100
Seashore	100

The district stewards will meet in the pastor's office, on Saturday, February 3, 1883.

WINONA DIST.—FIRST ROUND.

Seashore	100
Seashore	100
Seashore	100
Seashore	100

The district stewards will meet in the pastor's office, on Saturday, February 3, 1883.

CORINTH DIST.—FIRST ROUND.

Seashore	100
Seashore	100
Seashore	100
Seashore	100

The district stewards will meet in the pastor's office, on Saturday, February 3, 1883.



WHOLE NO. 1351

100

It is difficult, I want to spend little time, impossibility in accepting energy to bring the truth of life. It is not impossible, if I do, it is worth it to be happy forever. Nothing drawn along with economy as the Lord's day. Never it failed without some wisdom of mine, some way and calculation. Adversity is the trial of power. Without it, a man is lost.



## Christian Advocate.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1883.

SIX PAGES.

BY GEORGE H. HARRIS.

My day most calm, most bright  
The fruit of the next world's light  
The endowment of sublime delight  
With a friend, and with his blood,  
The couch of time, care's balm and lay  
The week were dark but for the light  
The sun's light show the way.

The other days and thou  
Make up one man, whose face thou art  
Knocking at heaven with thy brow  
The work of years are the back part  
The burden of the week lies there  
Making the whole to stoop and low  
Till thy release appear.

Sunday the pillars are  
On which heaven's palace arches lies  
The other days fill up the space  
And follow round with vanities  
They are the fruitful beds and borders  
In God's rich garden; that is bare  
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sunday of man's life  
Thro' the gates of time's shrine  
Make bracelets to adorn the wife  
Of the eternal, glorious King  
On Sunday heaven's gate stands open  
Phosors are plentiful and rife  
More plentiful than hope.

Then art a day of mirth  
And where the week days trail on ground  
Thy light is higher as thy birth  
Oh, let me take thee to the bound  
Leaping with thee from earth to heaven  
Till that we both, being's end from earth  
Fly hand in hand to heaven.

## Reminiscences.

BY REV. H. J. HARRIS.

RANKIN CIRCUIT, MISSISSIPPI CONFERENCE.

There are names and incidents of more than ordinary historic interest to me, especially in recalling the scenes and associations of the year I spent on this circuit. And I do not think that to some others who were actors in those scenes, or were deeply interested in some of the incidents, it may be of interest to recall them. True, that as it is with almost all our recollections, there are things we would consign to oblivion, while they haunt us still; so I have no doubt it would be a relief, indeed, if some of the scenes enacted within the bounds of my pastorate that year—1842—could be forgotten. But, after all, there is so much of real pleasure in serving God in any capacity, under any circumstances, that the ills we have to suffer are not worthy of note.

I was appointed to Rankin circuit from the Conference at New Orleans, held by Bishop Wagh, in the winter of 1841. I was received into full connection and ordained deacon at that Conference. My appointment was a surprise. It subjected me to a long move, and placed me amid new and different surroundings—not a little embarrassing. I was transferred from the seashore to near the central part of the State; taken from Brush College, as my last circuit was called, and placed right under the shadow of a sure enough college. It brought me suddenly in contact with men of culture and experience, both as ministers and laymen, far beyond all I could presume upon. Dear old Centenary College was at the time located about in the center of my circuit. The faculty and students of the college were to be my auditors. The cross was heavy, indeed, but I knew nothing in those days but to obey. I went with wife and child. These constituted my worldly fortune then. Our household goods? No, we had none. We carried our limited stock of wearing apparel, each in a pair of saddle-bags, and traveled on horseback in those days.

Robert D. Smith, the loved and lamented, was my colleague, and, to my great surprise, junior preacher on the circuit. He was among the most prominent men in the Conference; had been presiding elder, and supplied the best appointments in the Conference. Unexplained, this feature of the case added to my embarrassment. For up to that time I had not known that there was the least flexibility in our itinerant system as regarded the pastoral work, but took it literally that an itinerant preacher must be "a man of one work." I found out that Bro. Smith was steward, and to bear charge of the boarding department of the college, and that his appointment in connection with the circuit was merely nominal; that he was not expected to divide the labors with me, and that what he did on the circuit was to be a gratuity—he was to receive no compensation. I will not speak for myself, but I am persuaded that to the circuit it was not at all offensive that they could have even partial service from so pure and good a man and able minister "without money and without price." Rankin circuit then embraced the whole of Rankin county, with parts of Shippon, Scott and Leake counties, extending from Good Hope Camp Ground, on the north, to what was known as the Byrd settlement, on Big creek, in Simpson county, on the south, including Brandon, Hillsborough and Centenary College. The original core of Methodism in that country, old Shiloh Camp Ground, was also embraced in the "plan." I think there were eleven, perhaps twelve, preaching places. I made the round once in four weeks. Bro. Smith alternated with me at Brandon and Centenary College, so as to afford these two places semi-monthly service by the preachers on the circuit, while President Thornton and the faculty filled the intervening Sabbaths at the college, so that they had service there every Sabbath.

There was no parsonage on the circuit, no home provided for the preacher,

neither could anything like comfortable quarters be procured, except either at Brandon or at the college. House rent was high at the former; the college faculty were anxious to concentrate every moral and religious influence at the latter. So it was concluded, if possible, to procure a cottage there, and furnish it. A steward's meeting was called. Three stewards responded to the call, and met at the college, fortunately for me. The old plan was still adhered to in making allowance for the preacher. One hundred dollars quarterage for the preacher, one hundred for his wife, fourteen for every child under seven years old, twenty-four for each child over seven and under fourteen, and "traveling expenses." Stewards in those days were very careful to guard against excess in the way of allowance, and were not disposed by any means to encourage extravagance on the part of the preacher. They were for helping him to realize, by experience, that he got his "daily bread" from the Lord, and they did not want to "lead him into temptation." The aggregate wealth of these three stewards was not less, I am sure, than \$50,000. After patient deliberation (and possibly they prayed over it), they concluded to allow me, in addition to my quarterage, the sum of \$75, with which to procure a house to live in and furnish it, to buy provisions and clothing for my family and provender for my horse, and pay all traveling expenses. Fortunately for me, that noble-souled old man, Thomas C. Thornton, whom I shall always love and honor, was present when the stewards announced their assessment. He not only expressed surprise, but indignation; denounced the whole affair as an outrage, and succeeded in getting them to increase the allowance to \$150, and pledged himself, with the faculty and students of the college, to me, that I should be provided with a home at the college free of expense, and that my family should not want for the necessities of life. This pledge was kept faithfully. Such men as W. H. N. Maguder, Prof. J. B. Dodd, T. C. and J. B. C. Thornton were not the sort to degrade the ministerial office by placing the preacher in the attitude of a mendicant. There were also in the college at that time some of Mississippi's and Louisiana's noblest and best young men. They treated me always with the utmost courtesy, and contributed cheerfully, generously to my support. But for these helps I would have fared badly.

The city of Jackson was our market place, the then terminus of the Vicksburg and Meridian railroad. Supplies were brought to us in wagons, over miserably bad roads, especially during the winter and spring. During the summer transportation was scarce and uncertain. Very often those who were dependent upon a foreign market were "pretty hard run." At one time I remember the college campers, including many families residing there, were reduced to very short allowance, especially of the article of meat. Knowing the situation, I ventured upon a foraging expedition among my parishioners in the country. I had no meat in my house. There were many well-to-do farmers in the neighborhood, members of my charge, who were accustomed to raising everything possible for home consumption. I went to the house of a brother, well known to be one of the most provident, and stated my case. He hesitated for some time, then replied that he "didn't well see how he could spare me any meat, that he hardly ever put up meat to sell; only about enough to feed his family and his negroes." I told him I was without meat, without money, and that there was no chance to get supplies from the regular market place. "You must, if possible, brother, let me have some meat." "Well, but how about my negroes?" said he. "They must have meat or they can't work." I pressed my claim, notwithstanding, until I found the chord that reached his heart, and he invited me to his smoke-house, which I found to be bountifully supplied. There was, I am sure, not less than twelve hundred pounds of well-cured bacon. "I reckon you a little," said the good brother, "I can spare you a little." He passed me a small ham, weighing about thirteen pounds, for which he charged me the full market price, and asked that the amount be placed to his credit as so much "quarterage," which, being deducted from his usual contribution of about three dollars, left very little margin. I took the ham and returned home comforted with the thought that I would have meat in my house at least for a few days.

Old Shiloh Camp Ground was then, and still is, the place of tuberculosis, whither the "tribes of the Lord go up" to their annual feast. As I have said before, it was the original "hive" of Methodism in that region. We had the largest membership there of any other place on the circuit. It was the most thoroughly Methodist community in all the country. It was located in the most densely populated portion of Rankin county. I can not recall a single name connected with any other place than the Methodist Church at that time in all the region round about. Rhodes, Cook, Myers, Collier, Huffman, Brown and Kersh are names associated with the early history of Methodism in that country. These were the names of the original heads of families in the Shiloh neighborhood. Their posterity was legion. They were so intermarried that it was difficult, even forty years ago, to determine the relationships existing. It would be still more difficult now, I presume. Some poor loving

fellow facetiously remarked to me once that in my pastoral association with the people of that neighborhood I had a "crooked niry Myrtle." (These to travel.) It was a South Carolina colony, and most of the original stock were of Tontonic extraction. They were a frugal, industrious people, and among them many examples of integrity. "Uncle Dickey Huffman," as he was known, was the class leader for many years. He was the Carver of his time. He was a man wonderfully gifted in prayer, in song, and filled with the Holy Ghost. In the great harvest of eternity, no doubt, this good man will bring many sheaves with him. Two incidents impress me in my recollections of old Shiloh. The first Methodist love-feast I ever witnessed was at that place; some years before I became a preacher or were a member of the church. I was a wild, wicked young man. In company with a friend I was traveling across the country, going eastward, in the summer of 1838. We were traveling on foot. We stopped at a house in the neighborhood on Saturday for dinner, and it was not difficult for the host to persuade us to stop over Sunday, share his generous hospitality and attend church Sunday. We were in church in time for love-feast. Isaac Taylor, a very gruff man in his manners, but a true man, was the circuit preacher, and opened the exercises. He read the law in the case, and then, as I thought, made rather too personal application. In his own peculiar style he said: "Now, I want all who have on earrings, fingerings or breastpins to retire from this love-feast." I saw no one but my friend and myself in the house to whom this modest hint would apply. It was our misfortune, each of us, to be wearing a breastpin. It was the fashion in those days for young men as well as ladies to wear these ornaments. I felt myself insulted, and left the house. I did not pronounce any blessings on the preacher; but rather denounced the whole affair. Thank God I learned better things afterward, and have often thought since that the church would do well to adhere to the old landmark. But a truce now.

Pittsburg, Texas.

## Conference at Mansfield, La.

Mr. Editor: An Annual Conference is no small affair in a country town like Mansfield, unaccustomed to seeing and hearing the church dignitaries. For weeks beforehand the people here were gathering up turkeys, chickens, butter and eggs for Conference.

On the first day and at the opening session the most of the members of the Conference were present, and a goodly number of spectators, so that the house was well filled from the beginning. Bishop Wilson, in the chair, pushed the business of the Conference with greater speed than any Bishop we have ever had before. His method was his own. Every question was sifted to the bottom, but when one question had gone through the sieve it was not removed till another and another was thrown in and sifted through, and by Saturday night all the questions had been run through and out, and the preachers had their appointments. The preachers were well centered. We shall not be surprised, before some of the preachers got to the end of their long moves in this mid-winter, that Bishop Wilson would not be their special favorite among the bishops; nor would we be surprised, if the vote was taken from this standpoint on the time of holding the Conference, that there would be a majority vote in favor of meeting before the roads got so intolerable and the cold so insufferable. We had with us three of the great ones from headquarters to gather up the fragments to sustain the respective interests, the Publishing House, church extension and missions. They all had a good showing. The collections summed up fifteen or sixteen hundred dollars. We give it as our opinion that Methodist preachers, as a class, are the best mediums to circulate money that the sun ever shone on. The committee on church relations had its third term in our Conference, and did good service; doubtless some decisions were different from what they would have been in open Conference. This is an improvement in the right direction; but the Wesleyan guided system is the only thing which promises an equitable distribution of the Conference funds. Dr. Walker says it only looks that way to men who have gray heads like us. Well, so far as we are individually concerned, the chances are if we are ever entitled to a Conference relation the time will be so short that it will be a matter of indifference with us. We had a delightful reunion in our Conference guest, the Rev. Joel Saunders, a superannuated preacher of the Louisiana Conference, with whom we were pleasantly associated in the days of our youth. He has matured in the right direction, full of faith and the Holy Ghost. When he left we felt the prophet's blessing remained with us.

The Conference created a new epoch for Mansfield. Men, women and children remember it is a pleasant and rare, social and religious confluence. We met an old darkey, the day after Conference adjourned, who had been waiting on the preachers. He said: "Well, sar, we had a glorious time at our home with dem preachers." The tap engine that brought the preachers in from the main depot blew up a day or two after Conference, blowing everything connected with it to atoms, with a sad loss of life. Providentially it did not occur when filled with preachers.

J. P.

From Oswego, N. Y.

Mr. Editor: Everybody has gone to church, snow a foot deep, the ground smooth as glass, and the wind blowing furiously. The sun buried under the icy surface of Ontario for aught I know, is it any wonder that I sit in my warm room and read some old numbers of the Advocate, and imagine I smell sweet violets? Do you think strange that the silence of a snow-bound city oppresses and a feeling of home-sickness comes over me?

Many of your readers are friends of mine, and the first question will be how do you like Oswego, and what sort of a place is it? The city has about 30,000 inhabitants, very much scattered. The houses are large, handsome, of wood, brick and stone; no wide galleries and halls; no street cars. Oswego river runs through the town, over which is a long, handsome bridge. Lake Ontario is in sight, now frozen as far as I can see. I am very comfortably situated. Have in my down stairs room a large new stove which will never grow cold till June breezes fan it. We use hard coal in small lumps.

I walk about half maybe three-quarters a mile to school in the morning. I am so bundled up that only my nose gets cold. Mr. Chaffee's school is in the Temperance Building, on the third floor. The room is very large and long. Two immense stoves, almost red hot, give us a summer atmosphere, contrasting widely with the snow outside. He has perhaps 70 or 80 pupils, young ladies and gentlemen; and a few boys, who seem to get along better with photography than the older ones. In the school room is a large number of calligraphs on which we practice free of charge. We have 12 classes, and each class has a reader for each hour of the day. Some of us for one help pay expense in that way. I find teaching more instructive than simply studying.

The pupils are all polite and studious. As a child, I had queer ideas of Santa Claus. Mr. Chaffee is my ideal, realized, especially as he drove up on a bright moonlight night last week with his fine black horse and sleigh and buffalo robes, with his sweet wife, to take me out sleighing. I sat in front with him, and my room-mate with Mrs. Chaffee, and it kept Mrs. Chaffee busy keeping me wrapped up. We went all over town, saw all the great trees and two very fine houses. He pointed out all the churches and public buildings, giving each a name that no one but he would have thought of. We met parties out sleighing from all directions, it was grand—the snow was. I like it, but familiarity breeds contempt; "distance lends enchantment." I prefer being in a sleigh to walking.

If there was an insurance company to insure your feet staying where you put them I would certainly patronize it. On my first day I fell four times, once since then, but did not get hurt. Indeed, all my Oswego downhill do not equal the summer fall on the rocks at Niagara in 1881. I stand in mortal fear of a broken bone.

I attended the new Methodist Church and Sunday-school last Sunday, also class and prayer meeting Wednesday, Thursday and Friday nights. One night 45 spoke. They have the same old religion, tell the same old story in the same words. "One Lord, one faith, one baptism." Some one has said that Southern people wear their beads pinned to their sleeves. Northerners do not, lucky thing, for I am sure they would be frozen off in a little while. I don't think I was ever the recipient of more thoughtful kindness. Instead of suffering with cold, I fear I will have to write for a while. These rooms appear warm.

I saw a strange funeral procession last Sabbath. There were, I think, twenty carriages and a long procession of men with badges; the carriages were all in funerals. Over the coffin was a United States flag. No crosses, no flowers, though the men was a Catholic. I have seen only one set of wheels since I came here. I met a temperance leader, who says the pledge once signed one must never revoke, working for the cause. I told him I could not and would not touch temperance in Oswego; it interfered with photography. Thus far I have not succeeded in selling any books, Children of the Bible, thought I sent one to the Sunday-school secretary; hope to hear from him today. Several ladies and one or two gentlemen have called to see me. Every one thinks it my duty to freeze. I believe this is the cheapest place to live that I ever saw. Last week a lady brought a bunch of flowers, which she was taking to the church. They were real, and smelled so home-like, and looked, oh! well, they looked like they belonged to some other clime. I smiled, "netted and talked to them. Like me, they were out of their element. There are some grand trees here, elms, I believe, very tall and high; overhead their branches meet in an arch, which must be beautiful when summer covers them with green. I want some one to tie a few green ribbons to the trees and let me play they are leaves.

I do not know how long I will be here, nor what I will do. I mean to improve every moment. Mr. Chaffee gets positions for his pupils; thinks he will have no trouble in securing me one as soon as I am qualified. I would be perfectly happy but for debt and the standstill in my book enterprise. I have not yet sold the plates and copy-right. My writing still goes on; have written to the Pleasanton, Wesleyan

Christian Advocate and Alma Mater. If I was paid for writing I could make a good living. But I have never received anything but compliments, except from Dr. Vincent.

A budget of Wesleyan Christian Advantages came full of my effusions just before I left. My righteous indignation arose when I found C. H. Spurgeon, A. A. Spencer, also when the Sunday-School Visitor made me call our little Chautauque Beechers, Buchas. The Advocate had a nice book notice in it. I wish I could be on good terms with the NEW ORLEANS ADVOCATE as I am with the Wesleyan.

The little girls, in crimson and blue hoods, with rosy cheeks and bright eyes, are passing, so church is over and I close. Can't you help me on my book? Respectfully,

JANUARY 22, 1883.

From Baton Rouge, La.

Mr. Editor: It is not often that I write for the public eye; but this is an instance that calls for something from me. We left our home in East Carroll parish (where we had spent four years as pastor of the Lake Providence and Pecan Grove circuits), on the twenty-second instant, on the steamer "Parisot," whose kind and accommodating officers did all they could to make us comfortable, but only as regarded our bodily welfare, but also the welfare of our purse, by making reductions in our fare and freight. I have always been partial to the Parisot; but the kindness of Capt. Beck and Capt. McVey have made of me a decidedly "Parisot" man. Long may she run and prosper in this trade. We arrived at Baton Rouge about five o'clock Wednesday morning, and, to our great joy, we found that these noble Christian hearts and hands had not been unmindful of our welfare. We went immediately from the boat to our own home rented and furnished comfortably for us, with wood, coal, corn and oats, etc. The table was spread with tempting viands. The pantry was stored with a variety of good things. A cheerful fire burned in the grate, and many kind Christian ladies waited to welcome us, Christian cordiality. As soon as our arrival was known several of the stewards called and greeted us with language like this: "If you need anything, let me know." At half-past seven o'clock we met in prayer meeting at the church, and it was truly good to be there, for God was with us.

Realizing, as I do, the sympathy and co-operative feeling that the church has for the pastor, I commence my year's labor with great hope of success in winning souls to Christ. My earnest prayer is that the Lord may bless pastor and people so they will be mutual blessings to each other, and that, when the year closes, many souls shall have been added to the church of God in Baton Rouge.

H. G. WHITE.

JANUARY 22, 1883.

## Another Storm.

Mr. Editor: I see in your very excellent paper of January 4 a short note from my friend and brother, S. R. Evans, of Goodman, Miss., in which he gives an account of a storm that took place at the parsonage in his town. I was not surprised at that, when I saw the name of Bro. M. L. Harman appearing first on the list, for he knows just how to get up such a storm as the one mentioned above. It was the good fortune of the writer to have Bro. J. L. Harman in his charge for three years. He is in every sense a brother to the one at Goodman, Miss., and were it not for him the preacher on the Newport circuit would not fare so well. I am now in the parsonage at French Camp, Winona district. Since moving here the good people of French Camp circuit have furnished the parsonage with everything needed to our comfort. So you see that we have had a slight storm over this way. Asking an interest in your prayers, and wishing you much success, I am as ever,

R. A. BURROUGHS.

## Sabbath vs. Sunday.

Mr. Editor: In the Advocate of June 29, 1882, I expressed conscientious scruples in regard to the observance of the first day of the week as the Sabbath. Instead of the seventh, several articles have since appeared on the Sabbath question, advocating the Christian Sabbath or first day Sabbath, but as I find no authority in the Holy Scriptures for the change, and since the first day is never called the Sabbath in Scripture, I am still in doubt as to the propriety of the change. I wish further to inquire why so much importance is attached to the name of the day? If the first day of the week is the Sabbath why call it Sunday? We read of Sunday laws, Sunday leagues, Sunday schools. Nearly all of our Sabbath literature is headed Sunday. I very much doubt the propriety of teaching our children to reverence the holy Sabbath day under the name Sunday, a name of idolatrous origin. Who will think on these things?

J. W. HESTER.

COLUMBIA, ALA., JAN. 20, 1883.

## Marriages.

MAGEE-FLOWERS.—At the residence of the bride's father, Thursday, January 18, 1883, by Rev. E. E. Edgar, Dr. H. L. Magee to Miss F. E. Flowers, all of Guilford county, Miss.

GILKISON-SANDERS.—At the residence of the bride's brother, Mr. Rube Sanders, Lake, Miss., January 15, 1883, by Rev. J. L. Peelle, Mr. Thomas Gilkison, of Atlanta, Ga., to Miss Sallie Sanders.

THORNTON WORKERS.—At the residence of the bride's father, January 23, 1883, by Rev. J. L. Peelle, Mr. Willard Thornton to Miss Elsie Workman, both of Armstrong, Miss.

## Obituaries.

McDAVID—LAURA E. McDAVID, wife of John E. McDavid, was born June 10, 1849, and died at Stockton, Ala., November 1, 1882.

Another household has been desolated by the hand of Death, and the one at whose shrine it lavished all its love has been laid away in her narrow bed of clay, and all are left to sadly mourn her untimely end. After a life full of suffering her sorrows are ended in the fruition of a better world, she finds a sweet release from the sorrows, a broken family remains behind bowed with grief, crushed, as it were, by the great affliction, the irreparable loss they have entailed. A fond husband no longer hears the voice whose every intonation filled his heart with rapture, unspeakable, and four helpless children are made to realize how shallow are all the joys of earth without a mother's love, to which nothing else is comparable. Amid her manifold sufferings she was a constant member of the church and zealous in every work that tended to the upbuilding of the Master's moral vineyard here. When stricken low by her last illness, and the approach of death was daily more and more perceptible, she signified in many ways her perfect faith in the fulfillment of God's promises, and shortly before the end came she sang in a low and plaintive voice, "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds." Her worth in the community was evinced by the large concourse of friends who followed her to her last resting-place, and the sadness of all hearts was intensified by the slow and mournful monotony of the tolling bells. To those who by her death are left in the darkness of sorrow, with their household altar crashed and broken, we extend our heartfelt sympathies, and would remind them that by a lived devoted to the same cause in which she lived, they may meet her beneath the crystal stream whose limpid waters flow by the throne of God.

CARROLL—DENARIUS CARROLL, was born in South Carolina, 1836, and moved to Chisholme parish, La., at a very early day, where he spent a long and useful life, and died while on a visit to his son living in Lincoln parish, La., October 22, 1882.

No one living can tell what Bro. Carroll was not a Methodist, and as such, he lived up to his rules, he believed his doctrines, and greatly enjoyed his communion. He was one of the leading spirits of the church, and contributed very greatly to the building of churches and the support of the pioneer preachers who were sent to that parish with commission to plant the cross and plant the cross. His home was the preacher's home, and being a easy circumstances, a good home it was. He had studied the Scriptures from youth, and hence he was as intelligent a Christian as could be found in the parish. To the people he was a friend in need. Some years ago he was a leader in politics in the parish in which he lived, holding for years important offices, and discharged the duties of the same with fidelity, and when as necessitated his retirement, he did so without a stain on his character, and spent the evening of life with his children, who have all grown to manhood, all exemplary Christians, one of whom is a very prominent local preacher of the Springville circuit, Louisiana Conference. In a conversation with the writer he assured me that he was not waiting the order of the Master, and when the time did come (and it came suddenly) his business was all well arranged and sweetly he fell on sleep, hope of a glorious resurrection.

J. W. HEARS.

MORROW—MRS. ETHEMIA MORROW was born in North Carolina, April 19, 1826, and died in Calcasieu parish, La., December 1, 1882. Her maiden name was Bryant. March 2, 1872, she became the wife of David Morrow, with whom she lived happily for more than thirty years. He, as four children, and three step-children are left to mourn; but not without hope of meeting her again. Hers was the largest funeral the writer ever saw in the country, and everybody at the graveyard was in tears. In losing her the church has lost its brightest star in that community, the neighborly help, his grand old age, and society's true member. Her husband was one of the Christian type. The day before she died she was exhorting all her relatives to meet her in heaven. Her only regret was that her two sons were out of the church. They told her they would meet her again "beyond the skies." Her Bible was her constant companion, and she was always trying to learn more and more about the goodness of God. She was a devoted wife and mother, and she would never find any excuse to say from the house of God on Sunday. Her deeds will follow her. "She's dead, yet speaketh."

J. WHITE DAVIS.

McMURTRY—MRS. AGNES L. McMURTRY, widow of Mr. Woodrow W. McMurry, was born in May, 1825, and died at Silver City, Yazoo county, Miss., November 28, 1882, being sixty-six years of age.

She was left an orphan when a small child, but was not without kindred and friends. She united with the Presbyterian Church at Galveston, Texas, in the year 1872. It was her delight to read the Bible, and she was a devoted follower of the Saviour, for years by declining health. She highly appreciated the visits of the ministers of Christ. In the absence of a preacher, her last illness, Dr. J. T. Green, her son-in-law, administered not only her physical wants, but he read the Scriptures and prayed with her. She was reconciled to die trusting in Jesus. Having suffered much during her illness, there was consolation in telling her friends she was going where there was no more trouble and sorrow. She was much attached to her grandchildren, and besides them, she loved three children and many friends, and mourned her funeral, and her remains were buried at Burton, Miss., on the banks of the Yazoo, to await a joyous resurrection.

J. M. R.

SIRMAN—Died, in Calcasieu parish, La., December 1, 1882, Edward Sirman, son of John F. and Elinore V. Sirman. Eddie was born May 30, 1851, and was his father's pet, and the cords of love were becoming stronger every day by his winning ways. He is gone, and the cords of love fastened to the throne of God. All parents ever be drawn nearer to their little Eddie by remembering his last smile.

J. WHITE DAVIS.

CAMPBELL—Died, at Flow Mound, Black river, La., October 1, 1882, in his twelfth year, Thomas Campbell, son of R. L. and Mary V. Campbell.

LAURA E. McDAVID.



### THIS WINTER'S WORK:

And now I never lose my trust,  
Weave as I may--and weave I must--  
That God doth hold the thread;  
He guides my shuttle on its way,  
He makes complete my task each day.  
What more, then, can be said?

## MISSIONARY REPORT.

the fard, who had said in his heart there is no God," shall be converted, and the man who has spent his life in despising and mocking revelation, shall bow to its authority. Christian temples and churches shall be raised, and the ruins of heathen temples, and the graves of God shall resound with praise. The deserts of Arabia, the mountains, and the heights of the hills, and cities shall become, with the sounds of joy and gladness, "The Lord and the Lamb shall lie down together, the lion shall eat straw like the ox, and they shall neither hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountains, saith the Lord." That system too, which is now sitting on the church of Christ as a leucous, shall be destroyed. The angels shall come forward, and seal the souls unto the sea, crying: "Blessed be the God who has loved and the people shall cry: "Allotia! Allotia! Salvation and glory and honor and power unto the Lord our God, for true and righteous are his judgments." The blood of her martyrs crying to heaven for vengeance. The plowshare of her enemies has been at his walls, and the cry has been: "Razo! Razo!" The gates of hell have endeavored to prevail against his fidelity, but could not. The angels of hell, Popery has uttered its anathemas, but what then? It has uttered all these attacks, "Walk about Zion, and round about her; and tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces, that ye may say all to the generation following: "For this God is our God forever and ever: he will be our guide even unto death." Will this glorious pyramid has been a thing from us, from the eye of the great God has been seen it. The various works, from time to time, have died; but the building has proceeded. "God buries the

R. S. TRIPPLETT,  
MANCHESTER, LA., Jan. 14, 1881.

## BY DR. H. WIEFELER, U.S.N.

The attention given by the religious

202 The "coloring of discontent"—to quote our critic—in which the Birmingham incident caused is, I suppose, a genuine feeling, not a piece of book-learning. It is a little bit of the feeling that makes it necessary to be very candid and charitable in judging this protest. The social separation of the colored in this country, North and South, is a general fact without exceptions enough to break the validity of the rule. Other social separations are as well defined and as nearly common. This social separation of colors is proved by the fact that as a rule white and black do not meet in each other's houses and on each other's streets as equals. A parallel and equally stubborn fact is that the day laborer and his employer do not interchange social visits. Blindly, who does the washing, never puts on her best clothes to be received at social-state by the lady who employs her. There seems to me to be in these

3. The church has always been and always will be a social institution; and wherever there is room for separation on social lines, such separation will exist inside of the church as well as in the parlor. And the church is larger than a building; the lines will be wider than a building's general "aids" to social circles. But it is testified by pastors, that the extreme of wealth and poverty do not unite in any effective social way in city churches. For the social side of the church, each set for circle pursues its happiness in its own way—often to the detriment of

If it be the duty of the Christian church to break down social lines and distinctions, then the existing Church is certainly a bogus altar and men, also, there never was a Christian church except for the peckish days when the believers with the apostles had nothing to consume. That sterile hour when persecuted men, though, I speak out of the strong conviction, were the only ones to recognize Christianity if we are to recognize social communism is the genius of the gospel. Social diversity flourishes most in the Nations that have Christian life. Castes of bothdominance and a few broad lines more conspicuous for economic and political barlarks than for social uses; whereas in Christian countries an infinite diversity of social separation, segregation and combination coexists with economic and political liberty. And the steady tendency of our religion has been to widen the social life by few social futilities - while promoting liberty. Liberty has always meant personal freedom which selfish persons use to consume the rights of individuals. To combine together would be to curtail social rights. Being together and not being together, that is free for their choosing. When Christianity begins to destroy such social liberty, it will enter upon a revolution more startling than any communist schemes that ever ravaged the earth. Christian at Work.

## MISSIONARY

—This is what the British government is committed to in Egypt by the utterance of Mr. Gladstone: "We hope to promote a settlement of Egyptian affairs based upon the maintenance of international right, and based upon the avoidance of every selfish purpose and design. It will be a sacred part of our duty to favor equal laws in Egypt, and, within the limits of reason, to favor popular liberty." I, for one, believe that Egypt is a country which has not only economically, but socially and politically made great progress; and there is reason to hope that when the humors which now afflict her are removed, and a reign of law is substituted for that of anarchy, the country which may be founded there, which may give hope for the future,

The Indian Witness, Lucknow, India, Dr. Thoburn editor, says the coming Decennial Conference bids not to have an attendance of 400. No such body of missionaries has ever assembled.

MISCELLANEOUS.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

—The Oil's bequest has yielded already to the American Board \$778,822.89, leaving \$271,409.12 to be used in the next ten years. \$50,000 have been appropriated to educational institutions in Ceylon and the Turkish Empire.

## WESSLEY'S BAY

—New York Christian Ad.

## ABOUT CHILDREN

[illegible]

A large part of heaven is made up of little people. "Of such is the kingdom," In his next "jottings" Uncle John will tell of a beautiful little girl who once saw in the mountains of Virginia.

### Nipper, the Waif

Many years ago I got a proof of the unseen and, therefore, unhelpt miseries of the homeless dog. I was walk-

more intense, the same begging and urgent motion of his short, shaggy paws. "There's meaning in this," said I to myself, and looked at him keenly and differently. He seemed to twig a voice, and, with a shrill cry, was off much faster than I could. He stopped every now and then to see that I followed him, and, by way of putting off the time and, again, to trot up to me and take portion of his body and head I came up was off again. This continued until, after going through sundry streets and by-lanes, we came to a gate, under which my short-legged friend disappeared. Of course I could not follow him. This astounded him greatly. He came out to me, and as much as said, "Why don't you come in?" I tried to open it, but in vain. My friend vanished, and was silent. I was leaving him to his hospital and, when he heard me, he unrolled, ecstatic yelp far off, and the sound of the wall, and there he was wild with excitement. I followed and came to a place where, with somewhat bur-

"All too happy in the house."

## Feather Pictures.

The finest pictures are made from the bright feathers of the flaming-bird. These are found only on the throats of these living jewels, and it takes several birds to yield feathers enough for one picture. When in the sun, or strong light, the feathers glow like bright gems. They gleam like rubies and emeralds, and seem like live birds perched in the sunlight of their native land.

**HIGH CANADIANS FISH THROUGHICE**—Winter fishing deserves a little notice. As it is carried on only through the ice, it is almost confined to the frozen lakes of the south shore of the Georgian bay to Burlington bay and the bay of Quinte. In winter a passenger by the Great Western railway will notice on the ice near Okauchie and on Burlington bay a large number of small working boats about 1000 feet long.

and just high enough to allow of a man standing upright. These houses have no windows. Under each of these square boxes is a hole through the ice. The hole the fisherman sits and watches with all the eagerness displayed by a polar bear watching a seal-hole. It is a cold operation, but sometimes a pot suspended above the ice and containing fire affords a little warmth. The fisherman has a long lance fitted with hooks or fork-like spades. On the Georgian bay Inlets Indians and half-breeds are fishermen—not white men. The mode is primitive. The little houses are not used, but the Indian, crouching down on the ice, covers his head and the hole with a blanket, so as to exclude as much as possible any draft excepting that which comes through the ice. The amusement is a grim one, and brings a little rest to the fisherman. Sometimes, however, a small wigwam is pitched over the hole, and a little comfort is enjoyed by the lonely fisherman.—Toronto Globe.



## Christian Advocate.

ORGAN OF THE LOUISIANA, MISSISSIPPI AND  
NORTH MISSISSIPPI CONFERENCES OF  
THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL  
CHURCH, SOUTH.

CHAS. B. GALLOWAY, D. D., Editor.

## Corresponding Editors:

REV. C. W. CARTER, D. D. REV. J. T. SAWYER.  
REV. W. L. C. HERRICK.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1883.

If subscribers fail to receive their papers please notify this office immediately. We want to visit our friends weekly with promptness and without intermission.

**PUBLISHERS' SALUTATION.**—We join with our editor and ex-editors in anniversary salutations. The ADVOCATE has been dear to us for years, and doubly so now since our intimate connection with its administration. We sit at the receipt of custom, and talk with the ADVOCATE's friends about those things that test friendship. Cash knows no cant. It is ours to watch receipts and expense accounts, and conduct the fiscal affairs of your paper according to the gospel teachings of its columns. We are encouraged, and look for yet brighter days. Everything betokens a prosperous career. By promptness and activity in the part of friends and agents, and corresponding promptness and fidelity in the office, we trust our relations may be increasingly pleasant. With every subscriber of the ADVOCATE on this anniversary day, like the old Indian chief, we "shake hands in our heart."

CARTER & JAMESON.

We are favored this week with communications from all the living ex-editors of the ADVOCATE. They give special interest to our anniversary number. It is a happy coincidence that their papers so long familiar to those columns, should grace the same issue with anniversary greetings and reflections. The editorial history of the ADVOCATE reads as follows: From February, 1851, to May, 1858, H. N. McTyeire, editor. From May, 1858, to 1862, C. C. Gillespie, editor. The war then suspended the paper for several years. In January, 1866, the ADVOCATE was revived, with J. C. Keener as editor, who conducted its columns until May, 1870. From May, 1870, to May, 1882, Linus Parker, editor. Since the first of June, 1882, the present administration has been in charge.

## First Editorial.

We extract the closing paragraphs from the first editorial written for this ADVOCATE, February 8, 1851. The policy outlined and principles defined by the young editor have been the history of the paper, through its several administrations for two and thirty years.

"It may be expected that in entering upon the duties of our new appointment we should lay down some of the principles which will guide our course. In general, we stand upon the broad ground of our common Christianity. We deem ourselves far more closely united, by the bond of faith, to those who love Christ than we can be, by party, to those who do not. Brethren of all orthodox denominations will be greeted by us, and we shall not be backward to acknowledge and treat them as fellow-laborers in 'the kingdom and patience of Jesus.'"

"But, so far as we are distinctive, we most unequivocally declare ourselves in doctrine a Wesleyan, and in both doctrine and discipline an Episcopal Methodist. Whatever pertains to these essentially is good enough for us, and we hope not to be counted exclusive in steadfastly, and to the best of our ability, maintaining and defending them."

"The tone and staple of the paper were to furnish will, of course, be religious; but it is proposed to vary slightly from the excellent precedents before us in the department of select secular matter. Our readers, even the most pious, will doubtless be pleased to have a good deal of this introduced into our columns. It is our purpose, however short of it we may fall, not only to furnish a family paper, but a paper that will be interesting to every member of the family. If one does not relish revival intelligence, extracts of sermons, science, he may turn to the statement of our great market, the foreign items, general news, etc., and thus, as stated in the resolutions of the Alabama Conference, the necessity and expense of taking any secular paper will be negated."

"To conclude, we enter upon this work with a conviction that all our labors hold a direct connection with the glory of God and the salvation of men. To him, therefore, we devoutly consecrate all that we may do."

## Our Anniversary.

To furnish will be this white hour and a day.  
And sweet discourse, the banquet of the mind.

This is our anniversary day, and we hail it with joyful greetings. From February 8, 1851, to February 8, 1883, is thirty-two years—the age of the NEW ORLEANS CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE. Thirty-two years ago to-day the first number of this paper, four pages, seven columns, with H. N. McTyeire as editor, was issued from the press. It was flung out to the breeze like a flag of hope and triumph to Methodism in the Southwest. Its friends, now multiplied to thousands, were not numerous, while a few enemies objected to its birth. But necessity was upon the church, and the hour was not unpropitious. Brave hearts encouraged, and a strong, careful, skillful commander directed the march. All the embarrassments of a new enterprise in a new country, without fame and friends, without railroads and fast mails, were feared and felt. Friends and favor, credit and character, all had to be won and maintained. How far it succeeded, and what blessings have marked its career, is a part of the history of Southern Methodism and evangelical Christianity.

What vast changes have been wrought in these two and thirty years! In our national life a revolution has passed, testing to its last nerve and fiber the strength of our Republic. Political parties have re-organized, governmental theories have been modified, new issues have arisen, and other hands hold the reins of power. Our population has more than doubled itself—now exceeding fifty millions. National revenues have increased from millions to hundreds of millions. Citizenship has been given to four millions of negroes, former slaves in the Southern States. Territories have risen to the dignity of statehood, and asserted their co-equal power in our national Legislature. Great railroad lines now bind together the East and West, making the mid-continent passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific the pleasurable pastime of only a few days. All these and a thousand other remarkable and memorable things have been wrought during the days of the years of this ADVOCATE'S pilgrimage.

In our ecclesiastical history mighty changes have resulted. Our Methodism has enjoyed its most rapid growth. Though the nearly half million colored members that had been gathered by heroic missionary toil have gone from us, some to form an independent organization, but most to swell the statistics of "loyal" churches, we have nearly reached a million communicants. Modifications have been adopted for the better adjustment of our machinery to the changed demands of years. Lay delegation has been introduced into our Annual and General Conferences. District and Church Conferences have become a part of our polity. The pastoral term has been extended from two to four years. The business and composition of Quarterly Conferences have been enlarged. The Bishops have been given a veto power. Annual Conferences have multiplied and new missions established. The Woman's Missionary Society and Church Extension Board have been inaugurated. And with these and other vital questions and changes this ADVOCATE had much to do. Its voice was heard, and its influence felt.

This retrospect has its lessons of encouragement. Looking at these more than three decades of years together we see how swiftly the wheels of progress are moving. Observing events, however carefully, day by day, we scarcely discern any movement. But an aggregation of days discloses vast results. In the church, we are disposed to deplore its loss of vigor and fervor. We rejoice in no great outward and upward movement. But, looking back over years together, we can mark its advances and recount its signal victories.

In Southwestern Methodism this ADVOCATE has been a positive and prominent factor. As a bond of sympathy between Conferences and preachers, its influence has been immeasurable. The connectional spirit of the church within its patronizing territory is largely due to its teachings and orthodoxy. And all of its history has been written amid embarrassments. It has always been one of the Lord's poor—sometimes in a strait and ever in need. Religious newspapers rarely enjoy the comfort and independence of a large bank account. Their mission is not to make money, but to do good, emulating the office of those whose feet are beautiful on the mountains.

With clarity and good cheer we celebrate this our anniversary day. For the past we thank God and take courage. The future is full of promise. This shall continue to be an ADVOCATE of connectional Methodism and evangelical Christianity.

The old doctrines that nursed into greatness and glory the fathers and worthies who have gone up to join the blood-washed throng are good enough for another generation. "Advanced views" are not the hidden manna on which saints are developed. The great interests of Christ's kingdom are too momentous and exacting for idle speculation. We shall, therefore, under the blessing of God, labor to furnish our readers "food convenient" for mind and soul, or, as Milton expresses it,

A table of celestial food Divine,  
Ambrosial fruits, fetched from the Tree of Life,  
And from the Fount of Life ambrosial drink.

## Editorial Experience.

BY BISHOP LINUS PARKER.

As an educational influence it is the most thorough in certain directions. It compels punctuality in mental habits. The demand for copy is incessant, inexorable. The editor must be on time, or all the wheels stop, and there will be a general rumpus. Leaders, paragraphs, clippings must be in hand betimes. Sick or well, subject or no subject, ideas or no ideas, the weekly budget must be made up. And there must be no carelessness. Several thousands of eyes will be upon every line or ever the day of publication comes. The preacher or speaker faces his audience, and can be somewhat loose in his grammar, and by manner and elocution cover up poverty of thought. The editor talks from behind a screen, his personality goes for nothing; what he says is the only concern of the reader, and there is about him no atmosphere of worship or of sanctity to rebuke criticism.

Does the editor think of his audience, or of certain persons in it, as the preacher does when he gives to every man his portion in due season? Many people, many sections of country, come up in his mind as his pen moves on. As in the case of the speaker, so with the editor, there is a conscious inspiration in his audience. Sometimes an audience of one, as when Plato stays; but more usually, it is the multitude of the unknown and yet well-known. Is there a call for this article? Whom will it interest? Will it be helpful, comforting, edifying?

And the editor must know what is going on in the world. The religious editor needs to keep up not only with the religious movements of the day, but with the political, educational, scientific and social as well. He has to do especially with the living present, with events, and still more with the thought of the times; and, if possible, to discover the tendency and drift of things.

The editor is strictly impersonal. His personality is lost or merged in the paper. He ceases to be the editor when he writes about himself, or when, through egotism or ruffled temper, he discloses himself. He is not supposed to have any temper. There must be no impatience, no resentment. His work is the property of the journal, his utterance is of it, his life belongs to his readers. He can not live unto himself. His readers are supposed to care little for him, whether he goes or how he fares, or whether he be one or several.

Impersonal, the editor, nevertheless, has certain personal relations. There are his readers who, as subscribers, have their likes and dislikes, and are not slow to tell him. Nobody is so hilly as the average newspaper subscriber. The editor himself, if a subscriber, would be so, probably. It is inexplicable, but a fact. If its outcome is only "stop my paper," it is well; but, more frequently, the paper is not ordered to be stopped, and there is a perpetual worry.

There are also contributors. Hard it is for the editor to get exactly what he needs. The average contributor must be personal. He never thinks of writing unless he meets with an article to antagonize, and then the shaft is feathered for the heart of the writer more than for the subject in hand. The highest test of a contributor is the intelligence and grace to respond without a shadow of allusion to the personality of the writer whose views he opposes. Better still is the ability to write an article without being set off by the combative and polemical spirit. Long articles and serials are among the trials of an editor. It is not the mission of a weekly journal to exhaust any subject, nor to usurp the province of the book or the review. To attain variety, and to meet the tastes of the great body of subscribers, articles must be brief. Hobbies and specialisms will not do, whether they are temperance, Christian perfection, baptism or created holiness. Not many contributors can look at the matter as the editor does, and not many of them have waste-basket grace. And it takes a long time for contributors to get used to insignificant typographical errors, or to be resigned to editorial condensation.

Poetry is also one of the plagues of

editors. Whether it be of spring or autumn or summer or winter, or other sentimental matters, it is the editor's inevitable lot to sit in judgment, and to condemn many of these outpourings of the muses to the flames. A volume of rejected poetry would make a most wonderful and amusing contribution to "the curiosities of literature." And yet the editor must be careful so to shape his course as to encourage aspiring merit, and at the same time, protect his readers. Next to a Bishop, an editor is the best abused of men. He is a St. Sebastian, stuck full of arrows on all sides. An ode to the waste-basket might be adapted from

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene"

Much of an editor's time is spent with his exchanges. Books he has little time to read; he searches rather than reads his exchanges, and so it happens that he reads almost nothing. If he tarries too long on a tempting and appetizing article, woe unto him! The devil will appear at his elbow, and the cry for copy, and the proof slips, will wake him up. What reading he does is with shears in hand, and pen, and for a single purpose. It is not for himself, but for his readers. To an editor it is at first a novel sensation to be able to sit down and read a paper just for his own edification and enjoyment. There is in this searching much labor, with often meager results. Little wheat and much chaff—that is for him. There are papers, and papers, and the ones that have treasure for the editor are soon discerned—those of thoughtful and luminous editorials, and of full and fresh news from the religious and the secular world.

On the whole, the conviction remains that there is much merit and ability in the contemporary religious press. The editor's life is largely in his exchanges. They are his right hand; and he can not do without them, and he comes to value them, and to find a certain habit and fascination in their perusal. There is almost everything in them, as a whole. In them literature, science, art, religion, politics are mobilized, and all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge flow and sparkle in a swift and living current. The humorous element is specially rich in gems. Some of the best live long, and never seem to disappear altogether. There are veteran anecdotes, puns and jokes, that go the rounds year after year, and along with them some that are new and brilliant. The newspaper is probably the greatest educator of the day, and he who reads many first-class papers can not be otherwise than well informed. Through the fingers of the newspaper compositor pass, in a condensed form, the cream of learning, and the choicest results of human thought. Whether it be best or not, the people of these days get the most they know out of the newspaper, and to the masses the function of the press as an educator is little less than that of the pulpit and the public school.

Where there is much toil, drudgery, and trial of patience, there are also compensations. Among these compensations are encouraging words from appreciative readers, from those who have been comforted in trouble, guided in perplexity, or led to Christ through the instrumentality of the paper. The better sort of readers and contributors come to be the editor's companions and friends, and he feels the strength and inspiration of a large and noble fellowship. There is a bond, tender and true and lasting, between him and those whom he serves, and also between him and his contemporaries of the press. Within large bounds, wherever he travels, he finds in old readers attached and loving friends, and he is thus immeasurably enriched. The effect is broadening. However local, the spirit of connectionalism is in his work, and there is expansion in the way of intelligence and sympathy. The editor is the helper of all, of the pastor, the teacher, the people. He is concerned with all the great enterprises of the church, and with nearly all the great questions that agitate or affect society. His is a many-sided influence; he sows widely, and, casting his bread upon the waters, he may hope to find it after many days.

## History of the Advocate.

BY BISHOP J. C. KEENER.

FOR PUBLISHERS AND EDITORS DURING  
THIRTY YEARS.

Mr. Editor: Thirty years is a long time, look at them as we may, very nearly the full round of a single generation; time enough to dispose of the whole thousand millions of earth's inhabitants, who are falling continually as the ripe leaves of autumn. Yet this period has gone over the NEW ORLEANS CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE. It may be that some few items of its history may not be inappropriate to this eighth of February, the date of its first number. By

looking back you will find upon its file a "specimen number," which bears date of July, 1850, but it was not until seven months after that the wheel was started, which has not stopped since, excepting the war period. The General Conference of 1850 appointed a Publishing Committee, consisting of brethren of three Conferences, none of whom lived in New Orleans, to get out a first number, and, if subscribers enough could be secured thereto, publish an ADVOCATE at this point. Dr. Hamilton was the chairman, and, coming over from Mobile, he got out the specimen copy. We added the doctor very heartily, and you will find articles in this copy from each of the preachers then stationed in the city. But there was no response, and the scheme failed. Fortunately there was in the city at this time a newspaper firm that had had but little experience in publishing, and the most hopeful member of this firm was an official member of Felicity Street Church. The preacher in charge of Felicity was the Rev. H. N. McTyeire, then equally inexperienced in editing. We can now readily conceive how two such hopeful spirits could see the way very clear to start an ADVOCATE. Articles of agreement were drawn up by which the publishers of the Crescent were to put up two sides of original matter and put in two sides of transferred matter, and were to have all the profits. (?) The editor was to have the opportunity of doing good. Not very long after this one of the firm, Mr. Frost, was killed in a duel, and during the year Bro. J. W. Crockett sold out his interest in the Crescent to a Mr. Maddox. Just about this time my genius for attempting something came into play. Fortunately for us again, Mr. Maddox was a politician, capable of many things, but wholly inexperienced in publishing a paper. He found the ADVOCATE a good thing to talk about, and so made a contract to continue it, allowing somewhat to the editor. The Crescent that year secured some fat contracts from the Legislature, but in the course of a year or so after changed hands again. It became now the property of Mr. Garland, with Mr. Nixon as manager. These gentlemen had some fine conceptions of the resources of a newspaper and very considerable ideas of the worth of the ADVOCATE. They gave us a contract which secured some \$1,000 per annum for clerk and editor, besides the publishing of the paper without risk or cost to us. This lasted for two years, until the General Conference of 1851, which came to our relief with a grant of \$2,000, more or less, and we bought out Mr. Nixon's interest in accounts, etc., for \$1,000. They were bought a press and office. The engine was the gift of a friend at Waterproof, Mr. Curry. Meanwhile our editor was doing the work, was both able and pungent as a writer, and made good character for the paper and for himself. In fact, he wrote too well, for after awhile he was translated to Nashville, and that came near being the death of the ADVOCATE. The Rev. C. C. Gillespie was appointed in his place, and the war presently ensued. Of course the press and engine stopped; the editor became the colonel of a Texas regiment. Our dear friends who had the idea of securing a conscientious possession of whatever had been dedicated to holy uses belonging to the Church, South, by virtue of an order of the War Department, seized all our city churches, but never touched anything in the ADVOCATE office. We could never explain this, but would only state a fact; the lower story of the office was rented to an undertaker, who, after the usual style, stood his coffin in ghastly array all around the room. One had to pass through this room in going up stairs. Could it be that men accustomed to preach of death, and in a measure prepare others for it, would hesitate to face a row of mute coffins? I can hardly think it.

After the war the ADVOCATE was started again upon nothing; only we had our press, engine and type ready to hand. The preachers of the Mississippi Conference subscribed liberally for the paper, and sent down some \$250. The city preachers all wrote for it. I edited, and was the publisher, etc., oftentimes clerk, for the next four or five years. Afterward relief came to the paper. A new editor, Dr. Parker, was elected, and carried up the paper during a period of twelve years of admirable work, to its present repute, influence and usefulness, it, J. Harp being publisher. The most important fact remains to be told; that all the while the preachers of the Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana Conferences stood firm in their support of the paper, and for some years those of the Arkansas, North Alabama and North Mississippi. The diversion of the patronage of some of these bodies to other weeklies proved a serious loss, and more than once threatened

the existence of the ADVOCATE. I congratulate you and the present publishers upon the favorable turn in this tide, and I hope that other Conferences may follow the example of the North Mississippi. The reading public of the Southwest is very limited. Its laborers are illiterate, and of the whole number of white persons who take a paper Methodism can command but a part.

The ADVOCATE has been singularly fortunate from the first in the foremen of the office. No better could be found in the whole country, and not a little of its success is due to their typographical taste and correctness.

Now, what I wish to remark is, almost everybody imagines that he can teach a school, run a country store or publish a paper. I thought so once; but after more than thirty years of observation in this line, and some experience, it now distresses me to see one attempting to start a new paper. If to live by the skin of one's teeth; if to have nightly sweats; if to see all things in the light of an editorial paragraph; if to make all correspondents, sooner or later, cool friends or active opponents; if to grow empty, year by year and day by day, until you feel, in fact know, that you are to everybody, except to your own immediate family, "a sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal;" if this is a thing to be sought after, then turn editor or publisher of an Advocate, either of both, as you may have opportunity.

## Prayers for the Dead.

According to high authority the Church of England believes in the efficacy of prayers for the dead. The same heresy is also held by many in the Protestant Episcopal Church in America. We have seen a little book called "Manual of the Altar," circulated in a congregation by the industrious rector, which contains forms of prayers for the dead. The question has recently come up in England, and called forth an official letter from the Bishop of Peterborough. The rector of St. James, Leicester, appointed a communion service and prayers for the repose of Dr. Pusey. This provoked a protest from the members and a memorial to the Bishop. In response to the memorialists the Bishop said the following, among other like things, which we find in the London Watchman:

"Prayers for the dead are not necessarily a Roman rite, nor does their use necessarily imply belief in any Roman doctrine; still less membership in the Church of Rome. There is a doctrine respecting the state of departed souls, and there are prayers for these, founded on that doctrine, which are distinctly Roman—namely, the doctrine that the souls of the faithful departed pass through the cleansing fires of purgatory, and the remission of these pains may be obtained for them by masses and prayers offered on their behalf by the faithful on earth. This our church distinctly condemns in her articles, and this Mr. Mason expressly assumes he neither holds nor has ever taught. On the other hand there is a doctrine as to the state of the faithful departed, and there are prayers for them founded on that doctrine, which are not Roman, but primitive, and which our church has never condemned. The belief was undoubtedly general in the early church that the souls of the faithful, though free from all suffering, were capable, while awaiting their final consummation and bliss, of a progress in holiness and happiness; and that prayer for such progress might therefore lawfully be made on their behalf by the church on earth. Accordingly, prayers for the 'rest and refreshment of the departed' abound in the early liturgies of the church, and especially in connection with the celebration of the holy communion. To say, therefore, that such prayers imply a belief in Roman doctrine, and that a clergyman who invites his congregation to offer them must therefore be 'a member of the Church of Rome,' is not only unjust and uncharitable as regards him, but also—as regards our controversy with Rome—extremely rash and unwise. We can not afford to make a present to the Church of Rome of nearly all the early fathers, nor of the ages of the church which they represent."

We are indebted to the Rev. J. P. Oakley for the following very interesting items:

"Since my letter of January 29 I have received the 'Recorder,' containing the latest statistics of Religious Denominations in Great Britain and Ireland. You have given us the figures for this country, now look at these from 'across the sea.'"

"BAPTIST.—Number of churches, 2,586; church members, 295,055; ministers, 1,905—of these 400 are without charges; Sunday-school scholars, 401,000."

"METHODIST.—Number of churches, 14,036; church members, 772,061; ministers, 4,073; local preachers, 37,032; Sunday-school scholars, 1,531,480."

"One has said 'comparisons are odious,' and another that 'there's nothing so false as figures, except facts.' But these figures are compiled from authentic and official documents. They are highly suggestive, and, to a Methodist, very refreshing."



SEND \$1 BILLS.—We wish our patrons to bear in mind that in payment for subscriptions we do not desire postage stamps, and that they should be sent only for fractional parts of a dollar. A dollar bill is much more convenient and safe to remit than the same amount in one, two or three cents stamps. The actual risk of remitting money is slight; if properly directed not one misarrangement will occur in one thousand. Inclose the bills, and, where letters containing money are sealed in presence of the postmaster, we will assume all the risk.

Centenary College.

MR. EDITOR: Let everybody know and let nobody forget that there is a good literary college on the healthy hill land of East Feliciana, La., twelve miles east of Bayou Sara. True it belongs to the Mississippi and Louisiana Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and by them should be sustained; and we hope it will be; yet it is purely literary. Divinity is not taught in it, nor anything sectarian, and it is patronized by not only Methodists, but by Presbyterians, Baptists, and Catholics, and we have never heard of any complaint of an effort to proselyte on the part of any member of the faculty. Good morals are required and plenty commended. In a few months the Mississippi Valley railroad will run from New Orleans to Memphis, and in all probability, pass through our parish, and by it there will be access to the college more easily than by the river. We have this week attended the winter term exhibition of this session. The young men acquitted themselves like men. The societies were addressed by Bro. D. A. Little. He showed them the rocks, shells, and quicksands in the voyage of a life of sin and the whirlpool of destruction in which it terminates. He drew his reflections from the life of Absalom. Absalom's vanity, evil company, reckless ambition, want of filial affection, disregard of the rights of others, his signal failure and sudden death gave him ample, suggestive matter which he used to the satisfaction of all.

A. G. MILLER.

To the Presiding Elders of the North Mississippi Conference.

DEAR BRETHREN: As soon as the Board of District Stewards in your respective districts hold their annual meetings, please send to me a list of the various assessments for each particular charge, including the assessment for your own salaries. You will help me greatly, and in our official figures to go upon the Annual Conference records. Brethren please do this without fail.

T. V. RAMSEY, JR.,  
Statistical Secretary.

Rev. J. D. Jackson has been appointed to supply the Livingston mission, and Rev. Philip S. Petty the Bayou Sara circuit, of the Woodville district, Mississippi Conference.

AD. A. LITTLE, P. E.

The Minutes of the Mississippi Conference are ready for delivery. Price fifteen cents per copy in stamps. Subscribers, who fail to receive copies, will inform us at once.

CARVER & JAMESON.

The following extract from a letter written by Rev. T. B. White, to the Colorado Methodist, from his home in Oregon, will be read with gratification by his many friends in Louisiana:

"Bless God that I am able to write and work. Am very much improved, can preach twice every Sunday, and teach during the week. Have some intelligent Indian children; between fifty and sixty. The government is doing well for them, furnishing board, clothing and schooling. We get a small salary for teaching and have already about thirty members, some of whom enjoy religion, no doubt of it."

Bro. William Smith, of San Jose, Cal., who knew the editor in his childhood, renews his subscription to the Advocate and writes a kind personal letter from which we extract the following:

"I thought I would discontinue the Christian Advocate and take the Pacific Methodist, but when Charles B. Galloway became editor, I concluded to continue indefinitely, and see what the new editor would do, and not quit for fear I would be kicking a link out of the chain and discourage the new editor."

Our District Conference convened here on the seventeenth and closed the twentieth, Bishop Hargrove presiding. Bro. Featherston, presiding elder, of Mississippi fame, has two sons in the ministry. We have had remarkably cold weather for California. When you can visit the Pacific coast, taste our fruit, see our big trees, beautiful scenery; fine climate, churches, schools, cities, etc.

The address of Rev. B. Carradine is 835 Carondelet street.

We are indebted to the accomplished secretary, the Rev. John A. Thompson, for the Minutes of the North Alabama Conference. It is a neat pamphlet of forty-eight pages.

The Rev. S. H. Werlein, of Houston, Texas, is visiting relations and friends in this city. He preached at Carondelet on Sunday night an eloquent sermon to a large congregation.

Dr. C. G. Andrews spent a night with the editor last week from passing to and fro over his district. He reports his preachers all at their posts and the work well in hand for the new year.

The Caddo Lodge of Good Templars, at Shreveport, part with Bro. Sawyer with regret. He is a temperance worker of courage and zeal. No doubt they will miss him, but Trenton will hear the slogan of reform.

Ex-Gov. and Senator-elect Colquitt, of Georgia, was in New York recently and visited the preachers meeting on Monday morning at 805 Broadway. He was called out and made the sons of Aaron a capital speech.

Our neighbor, the Southwestern Christian Advocate, speaks in high praise of Bro. Godfrey. He looked in on the Mississippi Conference, at Meridian, and made the brethren a talk which gave much pleasure. He is visiting the city this week to attend the meeting of our Publishing Committee.

Dr. A. S. Hunt, one of the corresponding secretaries of the American Bible Society, has been making a tour of the South. He spent Sunday, January 28, in this city, preaching in the morning at Felicite Street, and speaking at night at the anniversary of the Southwestern Bible Society. En route northward he spent one day at Jackson, Miss., and was last Sunday at Memphis. Dr. Hunt is ever welcome to our Southern homes and pulpits. We remember his fraternal words at the Louisville General Conference, and he has never said or done anything since out of harmony with these utterances. For his brilliant re-delegate we do not now speak.

A note from Mr. G. R. Capers, dated Pass Christian, January 30, announces the death of his brother, Maj. W. C. Capers, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. He was a native of South Carolina and a nephew of Bishop Capers, whom it is said he much resembled in personal appearance and mental structure. We knew him for years in Mississippi as an editor and literary writer. He was a gentleman of the old school and a scholar of large attainments and fine culture. Though he succeeded in the editorial chair he would better have graced the columns of a magazine or quarterly review. His brother writes that he died in faith, his last words being the notes of victory.

Miss Frances E. Willard has come and gone and left behind the sweetest memories of her work and words. The echoes of her earnest, eloquent appeals in favor of temperance reform linger as a benediction and inspiration. She has rare gifts and the simplest culture. We have heard few persons who have at command so rich a vocabulary or have become the masters of such a persuasive style. Some tones of her voice have a mellowness beyond the imitation of the most delicate instrument. We had her labors and mission as the dawn of a brighter day to our homes and land. With the wives and mothers, at last, the most effective temperance work is to be done. May our Lord bless abundantly her heroic labors and multiply her faithful helpers.

The Rev. Dr. R. Heber Newton, of All Saints' Protestant Episcopal Church, New York, whose recent extraordinary utterances on the inspiration of the Scriptures have attracted such wide attention, is likely to encounter ecclesiastical censure. His sermons are now in press and as soon as published, under the author's sanction, formal charges will be presented to the Bishops. The offense is of too grave a character to be overlooked by the church. Of course the secular papers and liberal religionists will cry out "persecution," but that should not prevent a thorough investigation and prompt excommunication if the charges are sustained. We believe in wide liberty in the interpretation and presentation of truth, but when offensive to the doctrinal standards of a church, the "advanced thinker" should seek other pasture. The theological delinquencies and statements that distinguish a church should be maintained in their integrity and entirety. And, until revised by the proper tribunal, each offender is subject to censure. In this attack on the sacred Scriptures but one course is possible to any evangelical body.

The Bible must be preserved in its divine, absolute, canonical authority. On it rests our Christian system. Undermine it, and the whole fabric falls to the ground. Mutilate it, and the banner of Christ is torn into shreds. Deny its authority, and the strong arm of truth is forever paralyzed. In the hands of the rationalists the Bible is weak as other books.

Appointments of Bishop Hargrove.

January 18-21, District Conference at San Jose; January 23, Santa Clara; February 1, Calura; February 8-11, District Conference at Chico; February 18, Yuba City; February 21-25, Merced District Conference at —; March 4, —; March 8-11, San Luis Obispo District Conference at —; March 15-18, Los Angeles District Conference at San Bernardino; March 23-25, District Conference at Prescott, Arizona; April 1, Phoenix, Arizona; April 6-8, District Conference at Las Vegas, New Mexico; April 12-15, District Conference at LaVeta, Col. Correspondents will please note these dates and places.

Mr. Editor: I write to ask that you will write one or two editorials in the New Orleans Christian Advocate giving your views of the Christian character of such Methodists as sign petitions to license saloons for sale of whisky. Who rent halls for skating rinks, balls, and every kind of demoralizing shows and attend them. Would like to see such inconsistencies ventilated in the Advocate.

Your brother,

Dr. McEerrin has this to say, in the Nashville Advocate, about the Colvin Fund, of interest to every Conference:

My understanding, according to the will of Mr. Colvin, is, that the interest is to be given to the widows and orphans of deceased preachers who have died in the traveling connection of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. No one else has any share in this fund, and each widow and orphan, I understand, has an equal interest, irrespective of circumstances or condition.

Our Nashville contemporary, under the head of "A Remarkable Case," publishes the following extract from a note received from Rev. J. Rand, presiding elder of Dayville district, Kentucky:

I wish to mention a remarkable thing: Bro. L. Goble, who is supplying the Epiphany mission, has six sons in the Methodist ministry, five others who pray in public, and three daughters who are useful Christian women. If any of your numerous readers know of anything equal to this, I would like to hear from them. Bro. Goble is a vigorous man, about sixty-six years old, and, as above stated, is traveling a mission.

This is from the Christian at Work, New York:

Arkansas has a natural curiosity in the shape of a girl baby, two years old, and possessed of three tongues. The child is fine and healthy, and with the exception of the three tongues, is like unto other children of the same age, except that she has a birth-mark of a snake running from her shoulder blade nearly to the left elbow.

This is said to have been sent on a postal card to his mother, by a prominent Boston clergyman, informing her of an interesting domestic event: "From sweet English a sweet song, each chapter and verse. First fifteen words please take, and then the full longish bit. From Genesis the thirty-fifth verse, seven long, up more. Then add verse twenty-six of Kings, seven long, chapter four. The last two verses, chapter first, first book of Samuel. And you will learn, what on that day, your loving son bethel."

The New Orleans Christian Advocate, organ of the Louisiana, Mississippi and North Mississippi Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, is now published by Messrs. T. J. Carver and H. Jameson, under the firm name of Carver & Jameson. Both are successful business men, and under their direction the staunch old paper will increase in its circulation and popularity. Mr. Carver is the brother of Judge Hiram H. Carver of Donaldsonville.

Books and Periodicals.

A New Volume.—With the first number in January, Lull's Living Age enters upon its one hundred and fifty-fourth volume. The field of periodical literature, especially in England, is continually broadening, and including more and more the work of the foremost authors in all branches of literature and science. Presenting, in compact and convenient form, all that is most valuable of this work, the Living Age becomes more and more a necessity to the American reader.

The first weekly number of the new volume and new year, a convenient one with which to begin a subscription, has the following table of contents: Miss Burney's Novels, Contemporary Review; An Pair, Temple Bar; Point of Property in Australia, Contemporary; The Story of L. E. L., Gullion's Magazine; Poor Matthias, by Matthew Arnold, Macmillan; The Ladies Lindores, Blackwood; Gannet's Letters to William Jackson, Lull's Hour; In an Inn Garden, Temple Bar; with poetry and miscellany. For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,300 pages a year), the subscription

price (\$5) is low; while for \$10 50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American \$4 monthlies or weeklies with the Living Age for a year, both postpaid. Little & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

The Quarterly Review of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, for January, is an excellent number. Dr. Hinton is a prodigious worker and has called to his aid a good corps of writers. For variety this number has not been equalled by any of its predecessors. Some of the articles have more than usual merit. We give the table of contents: The Decline of Calvinism, by A. S. Hinton, D. D., Toronto; Co-education of the Sexes, by G. T. Gould, D. D., Longfellow, by Rev. Geo. W. Walker; The Rev. Eberon Ryerson, D. D., LL. D., by Rev. R. Barriss, A. M., of Canada; Victor Hugo, by the Editor; Pioneer Methodism in Virginia, by Rev. W. W. Bennett, D. D.; Historic Blunders, First Century, by Rev. R. Abbey, D. D.; The Tree of Life, by Rev. H. W. Featherston; Table of News and Reviews, Rev. J. W. Hinton, D. D., Macon, Ga., is Editor, and the Publishers are J. W. Burke & Co., Macon, Ga. Price \$3 per year.

A new volume on State of New York has just been issued, embracing historical description and statistical notices of places, cities, industries, etc., and is embellished with 200 fine wood engravings. It certainly is an attractive book. The size is octavo, and is bound in blue cloth and gold, published at the low price of \$1.50. The compiler, editor and publisher is Henry Kollock, 22 Vesey, New York.

The Modern Age, for February, is on our table. This is the second number of this new family magazine. It occupies the middle place between our weekly papers and the stately magazines. It is published at only \$1.60 a year—cheap enough for a magazine of great popularity and of a large place. The Modern Age Publishing Co., Buffalo, New York.

The Sideral Messenger, for January, is to hand. Prof. Payne is adding interest to his monthly with each succeeding number. In variety and scientific ability we consider this the best of the entire series. The volume receives large space from the best writers. Our astronomical friends will find pleasure and profit in The Sideral Messenger.

\$470 in Premiums.

To enable our friends and agents to replenish their libraries, as well as to stimulate their zeal in working for our paper, we make the following offer of premiums in money, the offer to continue good until November, 1883: For 10 new subscribers, cash, \$2 50; for 20, \$5 00; for 25, \$10; for 100, \$20; for 200, \$40; for 250, \$125; for 300, \$150; total, \$470.

PUBLISHER.

Attractive Premiums.

A premium of a first-class organ, suitable for churches, or Sunday-schools, is offered by the publishers, for the largest number of cash subscribers to the Advocate secured by May the first, 1883. The cash price of the organ is \$125 of the Litcha manufacture. It has great sweetness and fullness of tone, and is admirably adapted to country churches and Sabbath-schools. The instrument is fully guaranteed. Those proposing to work for the premium will so state it as they send in their subscriptions.

CARVER & JAMESON,  
Publishers.

Publisher's Department.

"We shall do our best to exclude fraudulent advertisements of every description from the Advocate, and to our friends, in ordering goods from the leading merchants of New Orleans and elsewhere, as represented in our columns, with mention of the advertisement personally to any commission for our friends of the country with which we may be favored, while our advertisers are being worthy of their patronage."

Misses (baptized)—"Good gracious, there, have you been using any of my stockings to strain the thread through? I regret, apologetically, to say, no, but I have taken a look over."

All lovers of choice flowers should send to the Kings & Sons Co., West Grove, Pa., for some of their latest roses. These roses are of various colors, and are the finest in the world. They are sent safely by mail, postpaid, to all post offices in the United States. This company is perfectly reliable, and most for liberal dealing. They are now in Premiums and Extras more than 100,000 copies of their New Year's complete treatise on the Rose. 70 pages, elegantly illustrated, free. See advertisement on this page.

"Dear Advocate, why do you treat me so badly? You have been coming to me for ever twenty years. We have been good friends so long that I want to remain so. So coming along as usual."

Physicians prescribe COLDEN'S Rectifying Tonic for the weak, worn and despondent. Take no other.

About this time, owners of seaside hotels are trying to buy old vessels cheap, to renege near their establishments. It makes a beach so much more unattractive to have a wrecked vessel or two on it.

LIVER, KIDNEY AND BRIGHT'S DISEASE.—A medicine that destroys the germ of all kinds of disease, Diabetes, Kidney and Liver Complaints, and has power to root them out of the system, is above all price. Such a medicine is Hop Bitters, and positive proof of this can be found by one trial, or by asking your neighbors who have recovered by it.

Elderly gentlemen to a Freshman on the train: "You don't have any ticket?" "No, I travel on my good looks." "Then, after looking this over, 'probably you ain't gain' very far."

Send the Advocate to your friend for the next year and you will not regret it.

We would again ask the attention of subscribers and agents that, in making remittances, to make them payable to the New Orleans Christian Advocate please keep this in remembrance.

Southwestern Co-operative Association, No. 50 Canal Street. This association has been in business for six years. Its patrons are constantly increasing, and the business has been conducted with general satisfaction. All consignments of cotton, and all products of the soil, will have faithful attention. All orders filled with judgment and care. The J. J. Carver, Manager.

If you have neglected to attend to the removal of the Advocate whose account will you charge it to.

We are all on our last legs, but all of us hope they will last us for some time to come.

Ladies and sickly girls, requiring a tonic, delicate, gentle stimulant, will find Brown's Bitters beneficial.

"My wedding trip," said the groom, as he strolled over the bride's train.

An eight stop Bible organ free—look and see.

"Dear me!" exclaimed a lady in a sitting box, "how should I know anything about anything I don't know anything about?"

People with gray hair may conceal from the world the fact that they are becoming aged, and passing on to decay, by the use of Hall's Hair Renewer. It is a fact that this article cleanses, brightens, invigorates and restores faded or gray hair to its youthful color and lustre, cheaply, quickly and surely.

We saw a girl the other day who was "just as pretty as she could be," but, poor thing, she couldn't be very pretty.—Boston Post.

Notice to subscribers who order their address changed: Please give full address of last Postoffice, otherwise change cannot be made.

Mrs. Partridge said that a gentleman laughed so heartily that she feared he would have burst his jugular vein.

GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP is a reliable remedy for local skin diseases.

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard," is excellent advice, but a good many sluggards find it more profitable to go to their "uncle."

Weak lungs, coughs and colds, RALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR will cure. RALE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in one minute.

"Yes," said a lawyer who was defending a murderer, "the prisoner at the bar will prove a snail, but we shall prove that the murdered man wasn't there."

MARDI-GRAS IN NEW ORLEANS.—All that visit the Crescent City should visit the great pageant and organ-house of Mr. Phillip Webster, our old and honored music merchant, at his residence, 113 Canal, and is Bourbon Street, adjoining 115 to be found a large and varied collection of pianos, organs, and musical instruments. A fulling plan, \$200, a Showman, \$300, a Matheson, \$400, some used and fully guaranteed for the same price. The Clavichord, Weber, Matheson, Hardman, Haines and Weber pianos are to be had of Mr. Webster at most reasonable prices. Do not fail to call. M. J. Haines, 113 Canal, New Orleans, will give you full and complete satisfaction. Rely upon him.

A timid Bostonian has married a lady whose weight verges close upon 300 pounds. "My dear," said he to her, "shall I help you over the door?" "No," she said to him, "help the dog."

Tight boots are an insult to any man's understanding. He who wears tight boots, will have to acknowledge the corn. I will interpose your boots as big as my feet, if I have to go barefooted just to show.

Forty Year's Experience of an Old Nurse.—Mrs. Winslow's Sore Throat Syrup is the prescription of one of the best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and has been used for forty years with never-failing success by millions of mothers for their children. It relieves the child from pain, cures dysentery and diarrhoea, relieves the lungs and wind-colic, and gives health to the child it rears the mother. Price twenty-five cents a bottle.

THE GREAT JACKSON ROCKET.—Is the favorite to all summer resorts. It has been rebuilt with steel rails; has adopted the standard gauge with a well ballasted track, and increased speed. They offer the advantages of fast time, through cars, safe connections, and accommodating officers.

Business Notices.

QUERU'S COD LIVER OIL JELLY.

Approved by the Academy of Medicine of New York for coughs, colds, bronchitis and tubercular consumption, scrofula and general debility. The most solid, bland and nutritious form in which Cod Liver Oil can be used, and with more than 100-fold the quantity of a single cod-liver oil, and thus by double the quantity of the liquid oil, and the most delicate and palatable will not reject it. For sale by all druggists, and E. H. TITUS, New York.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from active practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India Missionary the formula of a valuable vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, and a radical cure for Hay Fever, thoroughly tested its wonderful curative power in thousands of cases, and has decided to make it known to his fellow-men. The remedy, with full particulars, directions for preparation and use, and all necessary advice and instructions for successful treatment at your own home, will be sent you by stamp or enclosed self-addressed envelope. Send to DR. A. C. RAYMOND, 114 Washington Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., or mention this paper.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROSES AND GRAPES VINE. 12 Choice First-Class Roses, 12 Choice Grapes, 12 Choice Vines, by mail, postpaid, for \$1.00. Safe arrival and satisfaction guaranteed. 12 Premiums and directions for culture. W. H. BENT, Chambersburg, Pa. Mention this paper.

Watches.

We are selling the watches of the American Watch Company, Waltham, Mass., as low as they are sold anywhere.

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EARLY CROP OF PEAS.—There  
are two distinct classes of peas, these  
small round seeds, and others  
which are larger, irregularly shaped  
the surface of which is wrinkled,  
wrinkled seeds, or marrow peas,  
these are much better than the round  
corn is superior to field corn.  
round peas, while not so good, are  
hardier and earlier than the other.  
Unless the soil is warm, and they  
mature quickly, wrinkled peas will  
be before they come up. The round  
are vastly better than no peas, and  
every one is acceptable until the others  
come up. In early peas, they must  
be sown early—the soil must be warm  
if the soil has thawed for four  
days; even if it is solid below, now.  
If the ground was manured and  
fertilized last autumn, all the better; if  
select the richest available spot,  
and drill four inches deep.  
should be covered deeper than  
other seeds. For varities, the  
"Early Kent" is one of the best. It  
is almost as many names and is  
called "Daniel O'Rourke" is one of  
the names of a good strain of this pea.  
"Foster's First Crop" is another good  
variety, and every spring new extra  
varieties are sent from England,  
and many will turn out to be the old  
"Early Kent" with a new name. The  
varieties should be sown in the bottom of  
the drill rather thickly, and manure  
the soil, and at first cover with  
one inch of soil. It is well to put  
four inches of coarse stable manure  
over the rows; this is to be left on  
four days, but when it is sunny and  
warm, pull it off with the rake, and let

picture of health, by a few bottles of  
 filters, costing but a trifle. Will  
 let them suffer?

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HOMPSON & CO., Publishers, St. Louis, Mo.







# Christian Advocate.

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## WELL-DONE.

Think the good,  
And not the evil.  
Thoughts are seeds  
That grow forever  
Bearing richest fruits in life  
Such alone can make  
The thinker  
Strong to conquer in the strife.

Love the good,  
And not the evil.  
Noth'g ails  
The world can never  
Reach to praise the good they see  
They alone the true  
Who gather  
Harvests which their deeds have won.

In the good,  
And not the evil.  
Fill thy life  
With true endeavor,  
Strive to be the noblest man,  
Not what others do,  
But rather  
Be the very best you can.

## Development of Doctrine.

BY JOSEPH R. COTTELL, D. D.

No new doctrine came of what is known as the Wesleyan movement. It is denominated a revival, while the movement under the preaching of Luther is called the reformation. Perhaps this distinction comes of the fact that the reformation was predicated of, and was consequent upon, a doctrinal deliverance, while Methodism came of a practical and experimental reference to personal, individual obligation and relation to him who is the inspiration and enlightenment of each soul, as also the spiritual organizer for the vital membership of the body conjoined by that which various joints supply, according to the most effectual working. Analogies prove nothing, ever, and not infrequently there is a subtle deceit in what appears a parallelism. The mind has its vagrant, wild flower like way of coming at a subject, and before we know it, we are seduced by the sophistry of imaginative thought concerning a topic and fall in the direct analysis by which alone it may be known as it is. True analogy there is, to be sure; for while anything that is itself, by just that which it has not in common with anything else, yet is there a mystic law of analogical relationship, unifying the concrete, varied fact counterpart to the mind, as varied in its modes of knowing as is the objective in its modes of being. With this cautionary restraint to say that Methodism, in comparison of the Reformation, is as the blossoming of the vine in comparison of its germination from the seed originally. While blossoming is closely akin to germinating, the incidents, the phenomenal expressions, are very different. Such as would have compelled the Methodist revivalists to flatter conformity to the methods of the Reformationists were not farther from the true genius of gospel developments and adaptations than are those who now try all evangelical and tutitional work by the pattern of the blossoms so fragrant and beautiful in the times of Wesley and his comrades. Growth of the fruits is hardly so signally declarative, or demonstrative, as is the flowering; yet there cometh the ripening, anon, that, in its sobriety, blends as much, in its variety of expression, of the beautiful. It is wisdom to let the unfolding determine its own form and express itself in pronounced and in fainter accents, alternately, after the analogy of nature. A demand for the continuity of the sensational, as though the kingdom of Heaven invariably "cometh with observation," co-ordinates itself with what we might term a legalistic, doctrinal or dogmatic drive. That other schedule, of deference to the fact that the kingdom is a law unto itself, accords with a generous allowance to individuals, touching their philosophy of the common faith and does not insist upon the sameness characterizing such as memorize and say under surveillance of "authority," having "respect unto the recompense of reward"

through appointing and electoral prerogative.

Methodism is a development, because of agencies who have dared and suffered, and in spite of instrumentalities and modes that should have been frequently honored in the breach than in the observance. We have twenty-five articles of religion!—of faith!—of doctrine! Is it treason to seek definiteness in terms? One may be hypercritical, may be overly nice, in insisting on distinctions where there are not differences; yet it is a luxury to come at so engrossing and vital a subject according to processes of mind in which we realize the refreshment and assurance of discourse—of advancement. In the spirit of honest and ingenuous inquiry—"Conference" (this latter is our Methodist word) do I ask, Were the twenty-five articles born of Methodism? Was Methodism born of the twenty-five articles? Were they, Methodism and the articles, reciprocally generative? Are the articles articulative of Methodism? The historical fact answers these questions in the negative. They were of thirty-nine, fourteen of which were rejected; yet, by covenant, ordination vows, Mr. Wesley and others, who made the recension, were bound to the thirty-nine. The thirty-nine articles of the Church of England were, and are, Calvinistic. Mr. Wesley, an Arminian in theology, did not "withdraw," nor was he "led to the back door and dismissed with the benediction," as also he is not now at a discount for having abode in the church of his birth, nurture and ordination. He knew that "articles of religion" are merely proximate of the faith, and that, while "articles" are inelastic and inflexible, the truth, the faith, "as it is in Jesus," is of organic, adaptive and redemptive potency, having variety of expression even as there is indefinite variety of mental and moral structure differentiating in individuals. This organizing, membering and indefinitely developing somewhat, which we may term "the faith," hath its spring in an immediate nexus of the mind of the church with God, witnessed to by Scripture—this latter being "the only and all-sufficient rule of faith and practice." Aught that elides in between God and the "only rule" must not be, in literal, legalistic rigidity, a domination over mind and estopage against the church, individually and collectively, going "from faith to faith."

I make no attack upon "the articles." I have never read, in one of our church journals, an attack upon one of them. They may be the most felicitous outline of the truth, as we gather it from Revelation, that is possible in uninspired terms. That nothing in them is said about the damnation of the wicked may be no defect nor oversight, and that the article defining "original sin," falling a little short of a declaration that man has "gone" altogether from "original righteousness," but only "very far," has not been the occasion yet for the dry nurses of orthodoxy to call for a rewarding thereof; only have they insisted upon their conceit of the doctrine and fact, their construction of the terms of the article, binding others, as also, their choice from among the books written by Methodist authors, determining the exclusive and inclusive range or reach of "orthodoxy." They assume to prescribe as, also, to proscribe. Beecher, when a boy, was tempted, in one of the United States armories, to slip, from a pile of them, a cannon ball into his hat. To so walk and act as not to betray himself gave him a gravity and a deliberation that were the expression and advertisement of dignity and circumspection. How typical this of not a little of the like along the ways in which "obedient sons in the Gospel" are accounted "safe cases." When one has taken twenty-five "articles" into, or put them under, his ordination cap, and has had, by the hands of the "authorities," poured upon him the allowable smaller bullets and shot (notes, comments and expostions), he squares himself to that for which there are very tangible premiums. He is accounted "level-headed." Steady, steady, steady! brother. Steady sounds much like study.

LOUISIANA, N.Y., Jan. 31, 1883.

## Self-Examination.

BY REV. W. C. BLACK.

Frequent self-examination has long been recognized as one of the essential conditions of moral progress in individual life. Its benefits have been urged by poet and philosopher, moralist and divine, all along the ages. Says one:  
"The greatly wise to talk with our past hours,  
And ask them what report they bore to heaven,  
And how they might have borne more welcome news."  
Says another:  
"Nor let soft slumber close your eyes,  
Before you've recollected thrice,  
The train of actions through the day."  
Where self-inquiries are the road  
That leads us up to heaven and God.

But self-examination is not only a stepping-stone to the higher Christian experiences—the very handmaid of holiness; it is also a duty divinely enjoined. Examine yourselves in an inspired injunction laid upon all who seek to be "transformed by

the renewing of their minds." All who receive the Holy Scriptures as the oracles of God, and seek to conform their lives to the teachings thereof, will, therefore, admit that self-examination is both a privilege and a duty. The purpose of this communication, then, is not to show elaborately the benefits of this exercise, nor to urge upon Christians the necessity or importance of careful, unremitting attention thereto. The recognition of the obligation, and a partial conformity to it, are presumed to exist among all loyal disciples of the Nazarene. The writer's purpose, in this paper, is to furnish help to the profitable performance of this duty.

The ten questions printed below are intended to be propounded to one's self after the tolls of the day are over. To submit these interrogatories daily to one's own conscience, and to seek to answer them deliberately, honestly, and in the sight of God, is an exercise which contributes immeasurably to the development of Christian character. This the writer knows both by personal experience and by observation of the experiences of others. These questions have a history that spans a period of two decades, and probably a longer time. They were written by one of the purest, saintliest characters I ever knew, I refer to that "prince in Israel" whose untimely taking-off Louisiana Methodism has not yet ceased to lament—the Rev. John Wilkinson. He printed them in 1863, during the memorable siege of Port Hudson; he, as well as the writer, being among the unfortunate Confederates there beleaguered. When I say he printed them, I do not mean that he had them printed; but that he set the type, for he was a compositor. Having struck off a number of slips, each containing these ten questions, he distributed them gratuitously among those of his army comrades who would promise to make use of them. Their use was, in many cases, greatly beneficial. While these questions were not printed until that time, I am sure he had composed them mentally and used them in his private devotions long before. They are therefore, the product of years of striving after maturity of Christian character. By these, as well as by his entire spotless life, he being dead, yet speaketh.

—Some "take in Christ" will clip these questions from the paper, and use them regularly in his private devotions. I am sure he will make rapid progress in the direction of the higher moralities and blessedness of Christian life. "So mote it be."

## QUESTIONS FOR DAILY SELF-EXAMINATION.

1. Did I awake as with God this morning, and rise with a grateful sense of his goodness?
2. Did I offer my solemn praises, and renew the dedication of myself to God, with becoming attention and suitable affections?
3. How did I read the Bible this day—did it do my heart good?
4. With what temper have I mingled with my comrades this day?
5. Have I guarded against the temptations of the day, and have I striven against any of my old evil habits?
6. Have I thought of Christ this day as my only mediator, the sole atonement for my sins, as my example, my teacher, and have I loved and felt grateful to him accordingly?
7. Have I thought of death and eternity this day and considered myself as a probationer for heaven, and through the grace of God, an expectant of it?
8. Have I governed my thoughts well to-day, and have I guarded my lips from saying anything passionate, mischievous, slanderous, unbecoming a follower of Jesus? On the other hand, have I improved every opportunity of doing good?
9. Has my heart been full of God this day, and have I been able to exercise an increase of faith and fervency in prayer?
10. Have I reason to believe that I have made any progress in the Divine life this day?

## Our Duty to Paine Institute.

For many reasons it seemed good to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, after the war, that her colored members should be organized into a church of their own, supplied by preachers of their own, with Bishops of their own. No later developments have proven this policy unwise. The Methodist Episcopal Church, North, has seen the wisdom of it, and has adopted it as far as she can do so consistently; that is to say, she has divided Conferences by the "color line" though she has declined to elect and consecrate colored Bishops. It will become daily more and more apparent that the colored people can be served pastorally, more effectively by colored preachers than by any others. The reasons for this fact do not need discussion here. It is enough to know that in this particular the colored people do not differ from all other races. In foreign fields, where the work has proceeded as far as to be able to secure the services of native preachers. It is felt that the day of contingency has given way to the day of certainty as to success. The church that does most in supplying qualified native preachers in any

field will do most for the evangelization of the people.

So we may say, in setting up the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church, the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, did wisely. But she will not behave herself wisely, but wickedly, if she makes no effort to supply qualified preachers for this work. If Young J. Allen is wise in establishing the Anglo-Chinese College, Morgan Callaway is equally so in taking the presidency of Paine Institute. If the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, acted in good faith (and who shall say she did not?) when she set up the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church, she did not mean to get rid of a duty, but to accomplish the best and largest good. She did not act from political prejudice or exigency, but from religious conviction. She did not send forth the Colored Church, as Abraham did Hagar, to preserve the peace of the family. Surely she did not imagine that change of ecclesiastical relations relieved her of a fundamental obligation.

But, if it is best for the colored people to hear the gospel from colored preachers, no one can deny that these preachers ought to be qualified to preach. They ought to be pious. They ought to be intelligent. It is not the ignorance of a colored preacher that gives him power with his people. The most successful preachers among them are not the ignorant ones. His power is augmented by wise instruction. Having committed ourselves to the policy of colored preachers for colored people, and recognizing that the colored preacher needs education to do his work, we can not consistently decline to provide some means for his education. Having adopted the policy, we can not honestly refuse to perform the duty it involves. We must do something for the education of these preachers. Paine Institute has this work as one of its objects. All who are true to the past policy in setting up the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church; all who are true to the present policy of our church in projecting this educational movement, and all who are true to the God and Father of us all, and to Christ, his Son, our elder brother, must help this school for his ability and opportunity will admit. A Bourbonism that repudiates the past policies of the church, rebels against its present plans, and misleads the Lord, ought "to go up to be prayed for." Let James E. Evans, Morgan Callaway, the Bishops, and the last General Conference join in prayer for such, and let all the people say, "Amen!" May the fervent, effectual prayers of the righteous men avail much!

PHILIP.

From Dr. Walter Lambuth.

We are indebted to Dr. Kelley for this interesting letter from China.

DEAR DR. KELLEY: A rough, stormy trip before us by the signs of the sky at this season. Three days before reaching Hong Kong, on our way from Singapore, we met the N. E. monsoon lashed into a fury by the "tail end"—more expressive than epithets—of a Manila typhoon. The result was as might be expected. We were almost without exception, made very sick; even some of the officers were not exempted. As soon as we got under the lee of the islands we were in smooth water again, and after getting into Hong Kong, upon last Sunday morning, nature smiled so upon us that we wondered we had ever been disturbed by an angry sea. Upon glancing over the daily paper, however, our hearts were humbled and made profoundly thankful. Telegraphic dispatches from Manila told of the severest typhoon since 1843. Eleven vessels driven ashore, many houses leveled with the ground, and hundreds of persons disabled or killed outright. In fact, more damage done than by the great earthquake a few years since. God had kept us in the hollow of his hand while in the great deep, and had "drawn us out of many waters." I have never seen such seas, excepting around the Cape of Good Hope; but I little realized our danger at the time. How often we are exposed to imminent danger and preserved, and yet totally unconscious of the same! The everlasting arms are always around us.

November 2, Shanghai at last! Left Brindist on September 25, and here we are on November 8, safe and sound, after having traveled on three steamers and touched at ten ports. Our passage from Hong Kong has not been as rough as anticipated. We cleared the Fuzhou channel, sighted "The Alligator" off Foochow, and navigated through the Chusan archipelago with not let or hindrance.

It rained and blew hard yesterday morning while we were passing the Chusan group, but not too hard to prevent our discovering the outlines of Pootoo—that lovely island sacred to Buddha—where we spent three summers in quest of health. Its appearance is anything but lovely now, wreathed in storm-cloud and mist. And yet, in the very midst of the winter's storms, there are hundreds of pilgrims who come from afar and

gather around these idolatrous shrines.

Last night, at twelve M., we anchored at the bar of the river opposite the Woosung forts, and this morning, after a cup of coffee at six, we left the Lombardy for the last time and proceeded up to Shanghai on the P. and O. Co.'s steam launch. Our pilot, engineer and firemen were natives, and how welcome the Shanghai dialect sounded to our ears after the gibberish of Alexandria, Suez and Colombo. How natural the low-lying banks, the great-eyed junks, the spider-like fishing nets; and even a poor, dirty, pale-looking opium smoker, shivering with cold and hovering over the boiler, did not look out of place.

Upon reaching the wharf we found father and Nora awaiting us, and it was not long before we were all enjoying the rest—the long desired rest of a Christian home. Dr. Park was not without his pleasure as well. Bro. Loehr, an Oxford school-mate, soon laid claims upon him, and thus we settled down for an interval of ten days—the time to be utilized in preparing for life in the interior.

## Alabama Correspondence.

MR. EDITOR: Your correspondent has not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with you; but has been a reader of the NEW ORLEANS CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE from its very commencement. In January, 1881, he began his career as a traveling preacher, and about the same time the ADVOCATE entered upon its work, under the supervision of the Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana Conferences, and it could not be a success under the editorial management of one possessed of such ability and skill as graced its columns in its early days. It has been a stepping-stone to more exalted and responsible positions to others as well as its first editor. Its present readers are to be congratulated that the same order of ability and judicious management are evinced now as have characterized its history in other days. The great interests of Methodism will be guarded, maintained and propagated with admirable vigilance and fidelity. The grace and blessing of the Master be richly vouchsafed to you in your labors.

The work of the Lord is moving forward quite satisfactorily in our State. The preachers are at their posts and are giving diligent attention to their work. In the Conference, once the Alabama, to which your correspondent belongs, there was a great "shaking up" at its recent session in the hands of episcopal authority in the exercise of its "godly judgment." The will and decision of "the powers that be" have been accepted, and the laborers are in the vineyard for another year's toil. The new ennoblements of the presiding elder's office have taken hold of the work assigned them with the will and determination of old veterans and are now making their "rounds." The reports of last year's labors were all of an encouraging character. There was a large addition to the membership of the church, and the Sunday-school work and interests showed such health and growth as to afford gratification. The support given to the ministry, and the contributions to missions and other enterprises, were above and beyond former years. With the blessing of the Lord upon the labor of the husbandman and the various pursuits of the people, it is hoped that the interests of the church in our bounds will be advanced and augmented to an extent that has not been reached in any time in its past history.

By recent action an agreement has been made between the commissioners of our two Conferences and the trustees of the Southern University by which that institution is to be secured, in fee-simple, to the Conference, and steps will at once be inaugurated by which it is hoped the days of former prosperity that attended it will be seen again. Concomitant wisdom in officering the college, and the united and earnest support of the Methodists of the State, will soon secure for it such favor and success as to place it alongside the institutions of other States that are proving to be potent agencies in promoting the weal of the church.

Just now the citizens of our commonwealth are greatly exercised over the defalcation of the treasurer of that body. It came as a stunning shock throughout all our bounds. The writer, having known the officer in his boyhood days, and being well acquainted with a number of his family connection, feels the saddest regret at his malfeasance, because of the severe pang it will bring to his kindred, as well as the immense harm that is done by the defection of one entrusted with such high responsibility.

J. V. SHORER.  
CLANTON, ALA., February, 1883.

## "Is That the Preacher?"

BY PATIENCE.

"Is that the preacher?" asked one young lady of another, as she sat down beside her in a country church. "Yes, it was 'the preacher.' He had arrived late in the evening at one of the preacher's homes in the neighborhood, and, not waiting for

supper, hurried off to the church with the young lady, who was questioned above, and her mother. Disappointment, or surprise, was depicted on the young lady's face who asked the question, because many had expected and hoped that the new preacher was a young man. The old one was a married man, and the people said a young man would visit more and take more interest in the people and church, and that the greatest trouble of all was that the circuit was consigned to "Post Oak circuit," and could not support a married preacher. And when that is said, "Homer nods." What a pity that the Bishops do not understand these things better. There are "some circumstances" in this case, and there is a "big parsonage" in the "circumstances," too, but our married preacher says he thought he would let his wife stay where she was this year. A sister told him she was glad of that, for the last one even rode in the moonlight to get back to his wife. What a digression!

Before the young lady could express her surprise, the preacher, with a sweet and sonorous voice began to sing:

There were many and mine that safely lay  
In the shelter of the fold,  
Big one was out on the hills away  
Far off from the gates of gold.

All sang that could, and, if "the preacher's" feet were damp and cold, his heart seemed strangely warm. After that the first hymn was announced: "Jesus, lover of my soul." A fervent prayer was offered, and the text was read, 11 Peter 1:5, 8, which was a whole sermon in itself of inexhaustible depths, but "the preacher" added to it some good reflections for "our comfort and edification." Then followed the hymn, "There is a fountain filled with blood," another prayer, and then the grand doxology. Then the small congregation wended its way home, the heavy rains had made the lowlands almost a sea.

"The preacher" found a cup of hot coffee and supper ready on his return, and then followed a few hours in pleasant converse and in singing some of Zion's songs, for our church was not hung upon the willows, and the time passed swiftly. Looking at the clock the hour hand pointed to half-past ten P. M. The dear man of God, read a Psalm and offered a prayer to the God of all comfort, and we said good-night to the preacher.

## Good Words.

Soft case is pain; the only rest  
Is labor for a worthy end;  
A toll that ends with what it yields,  
And better to its own increase,  
And hence, while sunrise onward trends,  
The harvest song of heaven and peace.

—WHITTIER.

—Believers are not dependent upon circumstances. Their joy comes not from what they have, but from what they are; not from what they enjoy, but from that which has been suffered for them by the Lord. It is a singular joy, then, because it often buds, blooms and ripens in winter time, and when the fig tree does not blossom, and there is no herd in the stall, God's Habakuk's rejoice in the salvation.—Spurgeon.

—Where Christ brings his cross, he brings his presence; and where he is, none are desolate, and there is no room for despair. As he knows his own, so he knows how to comfort them, using sometimes the very grief itself, and straining it to a sweetness of peace unattainable by those ignorant of sorrow.—E. B. Browning.

—Princess Alice attributed her conversion to a conversation she had with a poor Christian woman. She said:

"A poor Scotch Christian talked to me about the gospel, and since then I have been able to say, 'I am saved!'"

—It is the habitual thought that frames itself into our life. It affects us even more than our intimate social relations do. Our confidential friends have not so much to do in shaping our lives as the thoughts have which we harbor.—J. W. Teal.

—A great many people are looking for peace and are looking for joy, and they hear this minister and that minister, and this person and that person, speak about peace and joy. You must follow Christ, and it will come of itself.—Moody.

—It requires more faith and courage to say two words face to face with one single sinner than from the pulpit to rebuke two or three thousand persons, ready to listen to everything on condition of forgetting all.—Bossuet.

—The sweetest life is to be ever making sacrifices for Christ; the hardest life a man can lead on earth, the most full of misery, is to be always doing his own will and seeking to please himself.—Blossereth.

—How blest are they whose transgressions are forgiven, who have peace with God, who walk in the comforts of the Holy Ghost, who know that death is their friend, an heaven their home.

—What I admire in Columbus I not his having discovered a world, but his having gone to search forth on the faith of an opinion.—Turgot.



## Christian Advocate.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1883.

ALWAYS A RIVER TO CROSS.

BY JOHN THOMAS DOUGLAS.

There's always a river to cross:  
Always an effort to make  
A better, purer, nobler life  
Yonder the fruit we crave  
Yonder the shining crown  
But deep and wide, with a troubled tide,  
Is the river that lies between.

For the treasure of precious worth  
We must patiently dig and drive,  
For the place we long to fill  
We must push and struggle and strive,  
And always everywhere  
We'll find our onward course  
Thorns for the feet, and trials to face,  
And a difficult river to cross.

The rougher the way we take,  
The nearer the heart and the nerve  
The stones in our path we break,  
Nor e'er from our impulse we swerve  
For the glory we hope to win,  
Our labors we count no loss,  
To fully to pause and murmur because  
Of the river we have to cross.

So, ready to do and to dare,  
Should we in our places stand,  
Fulfilling the Master's will,  
Fulfilling the soul's demand:  
For though as the mountains high  
The waves may roar and toss,  
They'll not overwhelm the Lord's anointed  
When the difficult river we cross.

## Things I Have Seen at Conference.

Brethren whose families need their attention obtain on Sabbath morning some definite clue or positive information as to their appointment for the ensuing year. Laymen, the representatives of the piety of the church, have finished up their labors for the various committees, the Board of Finance have made their last figures, the reports of the Committees on Temperance, on Books and Periodicals, on Education, etc., all are ready to be brought in. No further positive duty required of them; nothing else to do but vote: five or six brethren can do that; no need for them to stay longer, as their families require their presence, and business demands their attention. Sometimes they can remain until after the Bishop's sermon at eleven o'clock, some of them later, but they board a railroad train on the holy Sabbath, and travel from ten to one hundred miles or more. Somebody has broken the holy Sabbath; the railroad companies surely have, but they did it for the money, and preachers of the holy gospel, and professedly pious laymen, have paid them to do it. Every dollar paid to these violators of the Sabbath is that much stock taken in Sabbath desecration. At the close of public services during a truly solemn part of the divine exercises, for if any part is solemn the doxology and benediction are assuredly so, I have been hustled and jostled about by brethren hunting for their hats or pulling and adjusting their overcoats. Sometimes you are requested to assist a brother with a lame shoulder in drawing on his coat. A glance over the congregation at such times may discover forty brethren drawing on their great coats. One a little fond of the ludicrous will have all the devotion taken out of him to see a brother who has scoured his coat and has one sleeve as just as the doxology is finished, then while the solemn benediction is being pronounced he is surging the other arm through the remaining sleeve, accomplishing the feat by leaps and jumps upon his uptoes, throwing his arms in rude gymnastics or grand calisthenics, creating confusion in his neighborhood among ladies and gentlemen trying to save their hats and heads. When that brother said amen I do not know. If he made his response in his room or on the cars I can not say. On one occasion, after a very solemn service, the Bishop was standing with the congregation to receive the blessing, a young man on the pulpit steps was getting into his coat with all the antics described above. In one of his convulsive throes he came within a few inches of striking the Bishop in the face. I was sorry to see a Bishop treated in that way; indeed, I would regret to see any brother treated with that sort of indignity; but, so far as that preacher was concerned, I would have had no pity had he struck the Bishop down. You need not go to an Annual Conference to see these things. It may be seen, upon a small scale, at our District Conferences. If there is any feeling to give lasting praise to God, as is expressed in the doxology, let us join in giving that praise. If there is any desire to entertain in our every day life, from one service to another, "the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God and the communion of the Holy Ghost," let us stand with solemn quiet and receive the blessing pronounced from the lips of the officiating minister.

J. D. N.

## Pastoral Visiting.—No. 2.

The love of God in the human heart begets an all-absorbing desire for the salvation of the unregenerate wherever it meets them or sees them. The man called of God to preach the gospel ever feels that he is "a debtor to all men," and wherever humanity is there is his field of labor. This was the feeling of John Wesley when he said: "The world is my parish." And we apprehend that, where the love of God burns on the altar of a layman's heart, he also feels the same burning desire for the salvation of sinners.

All men, when first converted, are exceedingly anxious to "tell the story" of the cross and to win the wicked from the paths of sin to prey

and to God, and did they never lose their "first love," we must believe that they would never lose their zeal for the salvation of all of the children of men. Were all the Christians in the world only what they were in the day of their espousal to God what an army of faithful, zealous, conquering soldiers would now be spread over the earth, and how soon the world become the kingdom of our Lord, the Anointed, the Christ! All this, saying nothing about a higher state of grace in which we firmly believe. Alas! how many of us have gone backward instead of forward. And yet we have known ministers and laymen whose love burned on and on till its light and heat faded from our vision as it went over the Jordan of death.

One such layman we knew, whose obituary appeared in your paper eighteen months since; and we know of his conversion or reclamation thirty years ago. He was a warm-hearted Irishman, from the Emerald Isle, beyond the sea. He was a merchant in the town where this local itinerant resided. He not only sold groceries and dry goods, but he had a license to sell the fire waters of death—alcoholic drinks—and he sold them. "License to sell!" Oh! shame on the law-makers. He sometimes appeared in church, and was an attentive listener. One day we had the necessity of buying some groceries, and entered his store for the purpose of making our purchases. He was alone. The time, the convenient time and the appropriate time, as we thought, had come for us to make our appeal as an "ambassador of Christ," and in behalf of the man's soul's salvation, and we commenced by saying: "Mr. , we sometimes see you at church, and we hope you sometimes think of spiritual things and of your soul's salvation. To this life replied: "Yes, sir, I often, I always think of it, though I am living in sin." Are you a member of any church? "No, sir; I am not now. I am wandering far from my native country; I have wandered far from my church and my God. When a boy, in Ireland, I was a happy member of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, but I have said nothing about these good things since I came to this country." Will you give some attention to these things again? And now? "I will." Will you begin to pray God to help you now to regain your "first love" at least? "I shall pray sometimes, but I am living in sin, I will try to do better."

We left him for the time, but more frequently saw him in church, and in four months he was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. He lived a consistent Christian life, was always at class meeting, prayer meeting and public worship when he could walk to the place of meeting, and spoke in class when spoken to, prayed when called on, and sometimes officiated. He raised a family around the family altar, and left those who call him blessed. He visited the sick and poor, ministering to their necessities as he was able, and had opportunity. Finally, with age and infirmity, he died; died in the triumphs of a lively, living faith, glad to go or stay as his Master should direct. Thus, again, "one by one God's children are gathering home."

## LOCAL ITINERANT.

## Instinct and Reason.

A recent conversation on this subject with several intelligent gentlemen developed the fact that three out of four of the party held the view that instinct is a lower grade of reason, differing in degree only, not in kind.

In this communication I propose to point out briefly some of the acknowledged differences between the two. Reason is the high prerogative of man, that which distinguishes him from the brute creation. Perhaps comparative philology may help us some. The etymological signification of the term reason is to speak, and only those animals possessed with the organs of articulation are endowed with this distinguished gift; and it is remarkable that the term applied to the human young at the age when it is governed by instinct is indicative of its inability to speak—in negative and far to talk. The original of man, anthropos, and old English men mind, has reference to this distinction conferred on the human family above the lower animals. The Greek (anthropos) alludes to his upright form and the word men (mind) refers to the possession of reasoning faculties with which the beasts of the field are not indined. Man's erect posture and power of articulation both alike bespeak his divine origin and high destiny.

Physiologists tell us that most instincts are sensor-motor impulses. Animals do not reason. The ant lays up its store of winter supplies, not from any provident foresight, but merely because it is its nature to do so. The educated pig, which, in answer to the question who is President, set up this name of Gen. Grant, was merely going through a mechanical routine which it had been taught by an appeal, doubtless, to its animal appetites. There was no elucidation of thought, and the same hog could not, in the same way, have told what it had for dinner one hour before. The parrot merely repeats what it has frequently heard; it never shows any signs of originality. You may capture a young beaver and shut him in a cage until grown, and the first time he is liberated, even if it be in the sitting-room, he will get together such articles as may be at hand, shovels, tongs, etc., and build a dam. Now, if

he could reason he would know that when there was no water a dam was not needed.

Reason is progressive; instinct never improves. The nest of the wren is not more commodious and convenient now than when she built "among the rafters of Noah's ark."

Instinct makes no mistakes. Men often err in their judgment and in the execution of their best laid plans. The cell of the bee is always constructed on the same principles of the higher mathematics, and while she has no idea of the process of calculation, she never deviates from the rule by which the comb is made to hold the most honey and take up the least space.

Again, the will power by which man is enabled to bring in subjection his fleshly propensities for the purpose of conserving some ulterior higher interest is unknown in the brute creation. Instinct is a certain disposition by which, without experience or instruction, and without considering the end in view, animals are led to do, spontaneously, whatever is necessary for the perpetuation of the individual and the perpetuation of the species, as the impulse to nurse immediately after birth and the instinct which impels insects to deposit their eggs in situations most favorable for hatching.

This article may be appropriately closed with the views of the writer by quoting the saying of Pope—"Man is the noblest work of God"—in connection with the colophon of the same author:

"And thus I raise thee up to God, as you do, in this the God direct, in that the man."

L. A. DUNN.

The Christian's Secret.

Mr. Editor: Will you permit me, through your paper, to express my thanks to an unknown friend for a little book I received last week through the mail. The title is: "The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life." I think it is the best book, except the Bible, I ever read. I believe the author wrote it under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, and that the person who sent it to me was prompted to do so by the same good Spirit. I read it with much interest and profit, and heartily recommend it to every one who wishes to live a happy Christian life, a life hid with Christ in God. Many Christians, I may say most Christians, like myself, have lived lives of which we have reason to be ashamed. I have felt, for three years or more, an increasing necessity and desire for a more consecrated life. My daily prayer for "Never my God to leave," I loved the little book because it teaches us how to do it, but, unfortunately, in an easy, plain and practical way, the doctrines taught by our Saviour, and endorsed by the Methodist Church. It makes the way to a life hid with Christ in God so plain, I am astonished that many of us are not better Christians. It is especially encouraging to all who feel as I do, the need of a higher Christian life. I feel very grateful to the friend who sent the book, and desire him to send me more of it.

HENRY WARD.

From the Work.

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Bermuda grass, which you know needs no other attention as a meadow, than simply to be enclosed, makes a hay that meets with very ready and remunerative sale. Our merchants all seem more or less discouraged, still the ham-mor of the executioner does not seem to threaten very alarmingly. The exceedingly high price paid for supplies to make the crop, and the disastrously low price received for cotton, will cause the large majority to fall behind with their accounts. We have just had a party to return who left us, some weeks since, to prospect in Florida. As yet we have heard but little from them, though I believe all were more or less pleased and some even infatuated with the country.

In church affairs we are very forcibly reminded of a little chorus which we sang in our boyhood: "And its hard, hard times." At our last session of Conference it was very noticeable, and attracted the surprise of many, that this end of our district was so very short in all of the finances, from the pastor's salary down, or up just as you please. We have seen all the pastors, except one, who were appointed west of Big Black river in this district. They are all at their works after some delay to some of them from high waters. Their people, many of whom visit our town frequently, do not suggest much of encouragement to these brethren, except an abundance of labor and a full exercise of their principles of domestic economy.

Now, what about my own work? Only this, there is no improvement on the post, and by things temporal the future does not loom up very brightly. We have already lost one of our most substantial families, and the prospect now is for a still greater loss in membership during the spring. We now estimate probable loss of seventy of our most prominent members, and know of no means by which their places may be filled, as we have almost despaired of adding many souls from the male portion of our community. We have had three applications, by the way, since Conference for membership in the church—youthful ladies, all which we have gladly received, and which may God add weekly unto our members.

And now, Mrs. Editor, before I closing allow me to suggest that times with us are not so oppressive as one would believe to hear the general cry. Some, I know, are pressed hard, and where do you not find the poor, the indigent, the "thriftless"? In all ages and in every country they have always been. We have them always with us. I said that times are not hard, as we find suggested by several hints:

1. We have no less than 500 saloons, 250 wholesale and retail in our town. They appear to do a thriving business.

2. Our military establishments, of which we have two, besides similar establishments, seem to have been born of business to which we do not object, but simply suggest that it is a poor support of the general welfare of poverty.

3. We and the theatres, grant money to support minor performances largely attended. It is true the church members do not support for patronize these institutions largely, still if this cry of hard times were real in its existence as a fact could these things be among us and live? Again, let us look at things too selfishly. God gives abundantly. We squander and then complain.

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## Marriages.

TRADE-BROWN.—At the Methodist Church, in Bolton, Miss., December 20, 1882, by Rev. J. P. Drake, Mr. J. D. Drake, of Alabama, to Miss Lucy A. Brown, of Bolton, Miss.

NEWTON-BOWIE.—At the residence of Mr. D. W. Cunningham, in Jefferson county, Miss., January 10, 1883, by Rev. J. P. Drake, Mr. John Newton, of Clarks county, Miss., to Mrs. Mollie Bowie (née Compton), of Jefferson, Miss.

SORREL-BEDICK.—At the residence of the bride's brother-in-law, Mr. Hyatt, near Abbeville, S. C., January 22, 1883, by Rev. B. Jones, Mr. B. Jones, to Miss Nannie Bedick, of Clarks county, Miss.

HUMLEY-LEA.—At the residence of the bride's brother, Mr. Harry Lea, January 31, 1883, by Rev. A. G. Miller, Mr. Alex. C. Humley to Miss Clara C. Lea, all of East Feliciana, La.

RINEHART-MORRIS.—At the residence of the bride's father, Mr. J. E. Morris, Trenton, La., January 18, 1883, by Rev. B. E. White, Mr. Robert L. Rinehart to Miss Rosa Lena Morris.

HAYES-BUSH.—At the residence of the bride's mother, in Centerville, La., January 17, 1883, by Rev. T. K. Faint LeRoy, Mr. Everett Fuller Hayes to Miss Nettie Ida Bush, both of St. Mary parish, La.

COOK-COOK.—In Hinds county, Miss., November 19, 1882, by Rev. E. H. Moulter, Mr. Stephen L. Cook and Mrs. Bettie Cook.

HARRISON-BICKHAM.—In the Methodist Church, Edwards, Miss., December 22, 1882, by Rev. E. H. Moulter, Mr. C. T. Harrison and Miss M. L. Bickham.

BRADLEY-ROBERTSON.—In Brownsville, Miss., January 20, 1883, by Rev. E. H. Moulter, Mr. A. L. Bradley and Mrs. Mary Harriet Robertson.

PLATT-MCKENZIE.—On December 21, 1882, by J. M. Curry, Esq., Mr. W. D. Platt, of Morton, Scott county, Miss., to Miss L. E. McKenzie, of Smith county, Miss.

WIMBISH-MASSEY.—At the residence of Mr. J. A. Bowlin, near Abbeville, Miss., December 20, 1882, by J. C. DeLoach, Esq., Col. J. D. Wimble, of Abbeville, to Miss L. A. Massey, formerly of Meridian, Miss.

MANSHAM-GONER.—At the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. M. Jones, January 21, 1883, by Rev. J. P. Drake, Mr. A. Mansham, of Ford River parish, La., to Miss L. Jones, of Riverdale, Mississippi parish, La.

VAUGHN-SPANG.—Approved, 1883, by Rev. J. W. Shipes, Mr. A. C. Vaughn, of Selma, Ala., to Miss Alice Spang, of Anderson county, Ala.

MORRIS-ANDERSON.—At Tulsa, Ok., November 12, 1882, by Rev. J. A. Parker, Mr. S. S. Morris, of Tulsa, Ok., to Miss M. Anderson, of Tulsa, Ok.

KING-TOMPKINS.—November 23, 1882, by Rev. J. A. Parker, Mr. R. King, of Tulsa, Ok., to Miss M. A. Tompkins, of Tulsa, Ok.

JOHNSON-KENNELLY.—December 1, 1882, by Rev. J. A. Parker, Mr. J. H. Johnson, of Clarks county, Miss., to Miss M. Kennelly, of Clarks county, Miss.

LOVE-GILES.—December 27, 1882, by Rev. J. A. Parker, Mr. Arthur S. Love, and Miss J. Giles, of Tulsa, Ok.

BABCOCK-WILSON.—December 27, 1882, by Rev. J. A. Parker, Mr. W. Babcock, and Miss O. Wilson, of Tulsa, Ok.

HILLEY-FERGUSON.—At Tulsa, Ok., January 1, 1883, by Rev. J. A. Parker, Mr. A. Hilley, and Miss E. Ferguson.

MATTHEWS-FINNINGTON.—At Tulsa, Ok., January 22, 1883, by Rev. J. A. Parker, Mr. George E. Matthews, of Tulsa, Ok., to Miss A. Finnington.

## Obituaries.

PORTER-JAMES BROWN.—Porter was born in Giles county, Tennessee, July 11, 1822. At an early age he came to Mississippi with his parents, where he grew to manhood; was married to Margaret E. Baird in Wilkinson county, Mississippi, Dec. 12, 1847.

He died in Houston, Texas, Dec. 12, 1882. Trained in youth by a pious father and mother, who taught him to reverence and obey the God whom they served, he early learned the "way of duty," hence all along his rough

and arduous life, his words, works and example he exemplified to the end, that was in him—"the love of glory." His religion was no sickly sentimentalism, but a principle; and his life was full of sunshine to those who from his rough and weary path by his side. Truly, he was the lighted guide in the stand at home and of him it may be truly said he served "his day and generation with a disinterested benevolence worthy of imitation by all those who seek to bless the world by their living. In fact, "Jim Porter" was an ordinary man in his "make-up," either physically, mentally, or socially, of commanding stature, six feet four inches in height, well-proportioned, handsome, graceful, courteous to all, uncontracted the attention and command of the respect of all who knew him.

The humble poor to those most afflicted in intellect or of the body, that was in him—"the love of glory." His religion was no sickly sentimentalism, but a principle; and his life was full of sunshine to those who from his rough and weary path by his side. Truly, he was the lighted guide in the stand at home and of him it may be truly said he served "his day and generation with a disinterested benevolence worthy of imitation by all those who seek to bless the world by their living. In fact, "Jim Porter" was an ordinary man in his "make-up," either physically, mentally, or socially, of commanding stature, six feet four inches in height, well-proportioned, handsome, graceful, courteous to all, uncontracted the attention and command of the respect of all who knew him.

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## Christian Advocate.

ORGAN OF THE LOUISIANA, MISSISSIPPI AND NORTH MISSISSIPPI CONFERENCES OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

CHAS. E. GALLOWAY, D. D., Editor.

Corresponding Editors:  
REV. T. A. S. ADAMS, REV. J. T. SAWYER,  
REV. W. L. C. HUNNICUTT.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1883.

By resolution at least two of our patronizing Conferences pledged themselves to have the collections for foreign missions forwarded to the treasurer at Nashville by the first of April. Now is the time to urge the matter. This collection, taken early in the year, will stimulate all other interests. Then, our mission work demands it. On the next round we would urge pastors to press this great cause.

We had a private letter from a valued friend recently which contained this fine sentence. It is suggestive of thought, and may be elaborated to profit in many directions: "Civilization can do better without the war steed than without the mule. Experiment has proved that *purisimism* is not largely civilizing, but every one who expects to help the world's progress ought to have an admixture more or less definite according to circumstances."

"Nothing to wear" is the standing excuse for not attending church. This doesn't prevent business or pleasure engagements, but apologizes for many an empty pew. Every pastor has heard it a thousand times, and exhorted from it, to no purpose. Our observation is that there is more sinful pride among the poorer classes than foolish vanity among the rich. To our sisters who may have framed this excuse to their consciences we commend the following from a recent volume of poems, by Rev. Minot J. Savage, of Boston:

A fair young lady was in deep distress.  
Tought the cause, said she, while tears and sobs,  
"I can not go to church; I shall lose my soul, if  
I do not my prayer book quest tunic my dress."

The Supreme Court of the United States has recently rendered a decision involving the constitutionality of statutes prohibiting the intermarriage of whites and blacks. The question of interest considered was whether such legislation is not contrary to the fourteenth amendment of the federal constitution. This matter is now settled, and, we think, wisely. As interpreted by the United States Supreme Court, a State law forbidding such intermarriages and prescribing punishment in case of its violation is not an unjust discrimination against negroes under the fourteenth amendment, for the reason that the prohibition and the punishment apply equally to white and colored persons.

We notice in the Texas Christian Advocate that Rev. U. B. Phillips, of Palestine, at a recent Sunday morning service formally inducted his stewards into office and introduced them to the congregation. He preached a sermon on "Qualifications of Stewards," then called the new board to appear before the choir, and rehearsed their duties as written in the Discipline. The Mississippi Conference, by resolution, several years since, suggested to pastors a like practice. We are not sure but the course pursued by Pastor Phillips will result in good. It often occurs that all the stewards are not known to a congregation. When the new board is elected there is no formal announcement to the church nor instruction to the young members as to their duties. Surely a congregation ought to know their appointed fiscal officers and advisors of the pastor. And if this formal induction into office will dignify the responsible administration it might well be encouraged.

We see in the London Methodist that the Bishop of Newcastle has invited the Rev. Charles Garrett, the president of the Wesleyan Conference, to be his guest at the palace on the occasion of his promised visit. Mr. Garrett, it is thought, will accept or decline according to the judgment of the resident Methodists. Two things we have observed in our English exchanges: 1. A growing disposition on the part of churchmen to extend courtesies to, and cultivate social intercourse with, the leaders of Nonconformity, especially Methodists. 2. A weakness among the Wesleyans to pay court to the church. Some of the leaders are horrified to hear Methodists classed with other Nonconformist bodies. They need a little of our American independence and aggressiveness. We do not consider that President Garrett will in any way be honored by being the palace guest of Bishop Wilberforce, though it is a proper and graceful recognition of his eminent position and representative character for the Bishop to extend him hospitality.

## Meeting of the Publishing Committee.

According to announcement the Publishing Committee of the Advocate met in annual session on the seventh instant. The following members were present. From the Louisiana Conference: F. R. Hill, Christian Keener and C. W. Carter. From the Mississippi Conference: James A. Godfrey and Chas. B. Galloway. From the North Mississippi Conference: W. T. J. Sullivan and J. D. Cameron. Bro. Hunnicutt, from the Mississippi, and Bro. Barton, from the North Mississippi, Conference, were absent.

The committee heard a full report from the publishers as to the history and condition of the paper, which was considered satisfactory and the outlook hopeful. The subscription list is increasing, and all its affairs well and skillfully managed. The committee ratified most heartily the action of the sub-committee in its contract with Messrs. Carver & Jamieson for publishing the Advocate. They are men skilled in business, thorough Methodists, and devoted to the prosperity of the paper.

Rev. Dr. W. T. J. Sullivan was appointed to write the annual address for the committee. Rev. T. A. S. Adams, of the North Mississippi Conference, was elected a corresponding editor. The following resolution, offered by Dr. W. T. J. Sullivan, was passed unanimously:

Resolved: That the Publishing Committee hereby express their high commendation of the editorial management of this paper. It gives them pleasure to find the matter and tone of the Advocate to be so well sustained on the high plane which it has heretofore held as an agency in the Christian nurture of our people."

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Felix R. Hill, chairman; Christian Keener, secretary.

We had a most interesting meeting, and we feel assured it will result in great good to the Advocate.

## Mardi Gras as a Business.

Our neighbor, the enterprising Times-Democrat, makes a vigorous defense of Mardi Gras as a business enterprise. The bringing hither of so many thousands from far and near, each of whom will spend more or less money, and become acquainted with the city, it is thought adds to its commercial importance and prosperity. Without discussing the gorgeous folly of the carnival, or its probable moral influences, we are disposed to question the correctness and wisdom of our esteemed cotemporary's judgment. We doubt if the solid, reliable business of this great Southwestern metropolis is in any respect augmented by the carnival holiday and display. Most of those who visit the city at that season come for frolic. They want to see the sights of a city, attend its theaters, and witness its processions, and have neither money nor inclination for shopping or other business. When the multiplied thousands surged along Canal street on Shrove Tuesday but comparatively few entered the spacious and well-filled stores to make purchases. We were amazed at the number of idle clerks waiting and wishing for customers. The shop windows were attractive, and much admired by our country cousins, but by them they were not beguiled with and bereaved of their surplus cash.

The restaurants, saloons and theaters, doubtless, reaped a harvest. They would like for every Tuesday to be a carnival, and for Rex to visit the city with his lords and ladies once a week instead of once a year. But the lines of business that give commercial power and permanency to our city are in no wise benefited by this sudden influx of sight-seers and pleasure-hunters. Then, when we take into consideration the thousands of day laborers who forsake their employment for the time, thereby occasioning loss to their families, the money levied on merchants, railroads, and others for costumes, etc., and the general physical and mental demoralization which inevitably succeeds the excitement, we doubt if the net gain to the city at large is worth the trouble.

Again, substantial business men from abroad, seeking investments and a Southern place of residence, would hardly be attracted by the gorgeous display. Fun-loving, showy, spectacular people are not a business people. Merchant princes do not care for Mardi Gras dukedoms. The extravagance of the carnival would hardly influence another resident to New Orleans. Rather would it deter a conservative, earnest business man who knows that the largest success is born of systematic, intelligent economy.

New Orleans has its attractive features, but it is not its Mardi Gras. It would be no calamity if the procession should never move along our brilliant streets again. We have faith

in growth and increasing importance of this great Southern gateway of the sea. Its location, its natural resources and its charming winter climate make and mark it one of the mighty centers of our new world. But Mardi Gras, as a business, is not a necessary factor in its prophetic power.

## Church Breweries.

The New York Independent translates and reproduces from the Herrnhut, the official journal of the German Moravians, an account of a disastrous inundation of the Rhine in the town of Neuwed. This is a large Moravian settlement, and their losses were very great. People had to be rescued from the upper stories and roofs of the houses. With regard to the loss of their church property the Herrnhut says:

In the Brethren's House the entire ground floor had been emptied by Sunday noon, a task of much labor, owing to the great size of the building and the many work-shops on this floor—wine-bottling establishment, cabinetmaker's shop, bakery, soap-boiling establishment, kitchen and laundry. Two enormous wine barrels were placed in the upper hall and filled with drinking water, by means of a fire engine. The narrow, dark hall leading to the Choral (the brethren's prayer meeting room) was densely packed with furniture of every kind; the Choral itself was transformed into a wine storehouse and furniture magazine; the Lecture (reading-room) into a *Bruderstube* (the name given to the brethren's wine-drinking room.)

Of the brewery we read: Although situated on higher ground, the Moravian Church Brewery (*Bräuerei der Brüdergemeine*) suffered severely from the water. In the cellars it stood nearly twelve feet deep, and in the malt cellar about seven feet. The water reached three feet above the fireplace of the malt-kiln, so that the whole working of the brewery was stopped. Since the tuns were also entirely under water the beer traffic from here had to be stopped, and will, for the present, be carried on by the brewery in Niederwendig, another establishment owned by the Moravian Church in Neuwed. Only by use of the most extreme effort could the malt be got into a safe place on the barley and malt lot.

That surely is an ugly record for the great missionary church of the world. To raise money for saving heathen nations by breweries and wine selling is not according to our Scripture. We have not so learned Christ. Not long since, at a missionary anniversary, we heard a speaker eulogize the Moravian Church as foremost in missionary zeal and liberality. And that sentiment has been generally accepted. But when it transpires that the church is the proprietor of breweries, and through that agency raises, in part its revenues for mission work, their consecration must suffer a discount. To convert heathen by besotting and inebriating our own people is a curious religion. It is worse than rebelling Peter to pay Paul. The idea of a prayer meeting room being turned into a wine-cellar! But that is the ordinary course—when wine enters prayer ceases. Nothing so effectually destroys the praying spirit and poisons the "Christian's vital breath" as liquor and lager. Alas! for German Moravianism. No wonder its growth at home has never been proportionate to its increase abroad. Making drunkards at home and Christians abroad is not the Master's method.

## Called as Aaron.

The Aaronic priesthood is one of legitimacy and external righteousness. This was valid until the coming of Jesus Christ, who is the High Priest forever after the order of Melchizedek and not the order of Aaron.

—Hebrews vii, 2. Jesus was High Priest "after the power of an endless life," while Aaron was "after the law of a carnal commandment." —Hebrews vii, 16. The order of Aaron was a derived and delegated order, transmitted from one generation to another by symbols and ceremonial ordinances. The order of Melchizedek was without beginning or end, emissive of Divine light and saving power, but impossible of transmission from one generation to another. To the Aaronic priesthood none had access but in the order of elevation named in the law, which was one of succession. Jesus, abiding forever as High Priest, admits the humblest believer to the ordinary priesthood.

Between these limits lies another office of the priesthood, viz.: The ordinary services of ministrations for and to the people. This is the office to which Paul alludes. This office was in no sense vicarious, though the priest offered "both gifts and sacrifices for the people." The ministrations was that of bearer of prayers or vows for presentation unto God—a service from man toward God exactly corresponding to that of angels from God to man. Powers of absolution or authority to receive confessions it could not have, only to repeat from man to God. It had no authority to repeat anything from God to man save in general terms.

It had nothing of the prophetic office in it which was to deliver special messages on special occasions. It was exclusively from man to God in offering gifts and sacrifices.

Yet though this was and is an office from man to God, "no man taketh this honor to himself save him that is called of God," as was Aaron. Hew was Aaron called of God? Through Moses, whose call was supernatural. But there were Divine attestations ratifying the call through Moses, e. g.: The budding of the rod and the swallowing of all the other rods by that of Aaron. Still there is no direct evidence of a supernatural call between the Divine Person and Aaron. We infer, therefore:

1. That the call of the Holy Ghost is not a necessary prerequisite to the ministry. The church, or the chief executive of the church, may call with the Divine authority. Moses was commissioned to organize a church, and specially to set Aaron at the head of its priesthood. Moses was in the place of God to Aaron. But when necessary the witness was given to Aaron that his call was as truly Divine as that of Moses himself. So when a man is called to a distinguished service by the church God ratifies that call whenever necessary. The case of Saul is another in point.

2. The church is often too negligent, and, in return for its neglect, is frequently cursed with a self-constituted ministry. No complaint is more common in the church than that there are many ministers that it does not want. How has it come about? Often by the church remaining perfectly indifferent to its own responsibilities in discovering not only its wants, but the man who can satisfy those wants. Meantime some restless or self-conceited or designing or lazy individual has either persuaded himself that God has called him or he resolves to impose himself upon the people, who believe God will call the right man, when God is himself waiting for the people to call the man he has shown them. When such an one appears before a Quarterly Conference almost unanimously the vote is cast in favor of licensing. It is high time some Quarterly Conferences knew of should quit licensing and go to calling preachers. God constitutes the higher court, but "applications for license" come up to Quarterly Conference for endorsement when the Holy Ghost has made the call. I am aware that such is not the spirit of our doctrine upon this subject, but I appeal to those acquainted with the operations of our machinery, is it not often witnessed in the practice.

3. The call implies not only the prohibition of a choice forestalling the Divine appointment, but also the surrender of preferences after the call. This surrender goes much further than we are at first aware. Tribal influence was denied to Levi, from whom Moses and Aaron sprang. Political, social and financial influences are lost to the "called-as was Aaron." The spiritual power of that man or that church is doomed that affects these influences. They must be left out of the lot of inheritance. Let our church take warning just here and now. But Aaron had none of the arranging of the ceremonies appertaining to the Jewish worship. Every part of the ritual was prescribed for him, and it was his duty to go through with it. Laterly it seems that preachers are as sorely smitten with the law-making disease as some Legislators and Congressmen who are still at large. Some of these ought to go back and ask the Holy Spirit what he called them for, or if the church has called them to make laws, to inquire of it just what sort of a law? The church has a right to make its laws, ritual and creed, and when it elects Legislators it has the right to instruct (of course not specifically, which is impossible,) and, after the laws, creed and ritual are prepared, it has the right to expect of its public functionaries the carrying out of the same. In this sense is meant: "Do not mend our rules, but keep them." Aaron was not a success when he ventured to deviate from this rule, as was clearly seen in the result of the molten calf. This much is to be said in his favor, too: That in making the calf he was following the best light he had on the subject. He had been familiar with calf worship in Egypt eighty years, and he was now too old for invention. But more next time.

T. A. S. A.

## The Gold for Christ.

A weak babe lay in a lowly manger in an obscure village in the land of Judea. Strange visions of celestial visitors had been seen. Promotions of an unusual kind had taken hold of many souls. A preternatural influence had penetrated the far east and had started some of her wise ones westward in search of a King in his cradle. What an attractive

power went out from the cradle of that unconscious babe! What a potent influence that was which drew the wisdom of the "far east" in eager haste and diligent search after the only person that was ever "born a King!" How wise was that wisdom which sought to lay its willing tribute of honor and love at the feet of the only truly royal person ever born into the world! And how simple in its acts of devotion is true wisdom! "And when they were come into the house they saw the young child with Mary, his mother, and fell down and worshipped him; and when they had opened their treasures they presented unto him gifts; gold and frankincense and myrrh." What an exquisite simplicity there is in that picture! How we delight to linger about that manger, and loiter about the streets of that village!

There is one lesson taught in this scene which is of special value to every Christian. Here is the record of the first worship ever offered to Christ. Here is prostration of body, adoration of soul and presentation of gifts. This is worship in its native simplicity, in its genuine sincerity, in its unstinted charity. The first offering ever made to Jesus was gold, and it was made by strangers. Ordinarily, we look upon this transaction as a special Providence, making preparations for the supply of the future necessities of the holy family. That view is evidently correct, but is that all the meaning this scene has? The special Providence is the outer meaning of this transaction, but may there not be an inner meaning here—a meaning broader than we are accustomed to give it? Do we not have here the first symbol of that chief characteristic of Christian life which was to be clearly set forth in the teachings and beautifully embodied in the character and squarely placed before the world in the work of him who lay in that cradle, even that characteristic which brings every thought of mind and every emotion of soul and every effort of body under the rule of devoted love for God? No doubt the wise men had knowledge of the poverty of Joseph and Mary, and their offering may have been intended by them to relieve the harsher aspects of that poverty for a time; but did not God have something beyond that to teach the world when, under the prompting influence of his Spirit, these eastern strangers laid their gold at the feet of his Son? The record says: "They presented unto him gifts: gold and frankincense and myrrh." The gold came first. Why? Are things recorded in the Scriptures in a sort of haphazard way, without any meaning in the arrangement? Does the Spirit of inspiration take cognizance only of facts? Does he ignore the proper arrangement of facts? Is it not a fair presumption that, in the supervision of the records of inspiration, the Holy Spirit will arrange facts in that way in which instruction shall be so clearly presented that it will make the deepest impressions upon the human mind? Will he not arrange them in that order in which each fact will throw its light upon every other fact, and all the facts combining their lights will cast the steady beams of unvarnished truth into inquiring minds? This seems to be a fair presumption. There is more in this matter of arrangement than we are wont to think. The scientist tells us that he can arrange two lights in such a way as to produce total darkness, and that he can arrange them so as to produce an endless succession of lights. He tells us that he can so manage the sound-waves that two sounds coming together will produce silence, and that he can manage them in such a way that two sounds coming together will be shattered into a thousand echoes. There is a good deal then in arrangement, and we may be sure that the Holy Spirit has arranged matters in the Scriptures in the way that will be most conducive to the instruction of men in the great work of salvation.

What then is the lesson God designs to teach when it is said, "They presented unto him gold?" Gold has always been the surest medium of communication between men. Men that differ in law and language and religion have ever been able to communicate through the instrumentality of gold. It has always been the medium through which trade and literature and religion passed their own boundaries in order to operate in other countries and under other conditions. Now, here are these eastern Gentiles presenting, as their first gift, gold to this Jewish child, and what does it mean? It was a symbol, pointing to the fact that he whom the wise men worshipped as the King of the Jews was to inaugurate and carry on a work beyond the limits of his own kingdom of Judea. Gold being a medium of universal communication, here was a symbol that the King of the Jews was to be one whose kingship and royal influence

were to travel out upon this medium in all the directions that it might take, and thus affect the lives of all men. Here was a symbol of the fact that his kingdom, interfering with the geographical boundaries of no other kingdom, was to permeate and transform all other kingdoms through the instrumentality of gold. This offering of the wise men pointed to the fact that the plan of God's operations had been so modified that Israel was now to be counted with the other nations, and had been so enlarged that the other nations were brought within the benevolent embrace of that plan. The fullness of time was come, the long looked for Messiah had appeared, and strangers laid their gold at his feet, thereby symbolizing the reaching out of his work and the spreading forth of his glory to all the races of men.

Another fact plain upon this record is that this presentation of gold was a part of the worship of these men. A most beautiful and significant fact is that after their long search for the Messiah the first time they found him they presented gold. Their hearts had been given to him when they prostrated themselves before him, and now, as a token of the sincerity of their worship, "they opened their treasures and presented unto him gifts." What a rebuke to the church of to-day there is in the conduct of these men. The church seems to have reversed the arrangement made by the Holy Spirit. We have "frankincense and myrrh" in abundance to offer, but how little "gold"! It takes all our gold to purchase our "frankincense" and myrrh. What piles of gold are used to ornament our churches, to adorn our persons, to gratify our tastes in the matters of "splendid preaching" and "classical music," to administer to our comfort while in the house of God, that we may, with languid ease and complacency, look upon the clouds of incense arising from our "frankincense and myrrh"! How many souls, for whom Christ died and over whom the Spirit yearns, are perishing, simply for the lack of the gold that the church is expending for "frankincense and myrrh." How many souls, hungry and famishing for the bread of life, are dying of starvation, because the church is spending its gold for that which, at best, can only be considered the incidentals of worship! How many souls, of inestimable value in the judgment of Christ, are spending their days in the deep darkness of error, and going out of probation into the deepening darkness of perdition, because the church, in her sinful selfishness, withholds the gold, which, by proper use, may lighten every land and irradiate the face of the globe! All heathendom, every sinner on the earth has clutched the robe of the church, and is holding on in the agony of despair and crying wildly for help! Oh! church of God, give the gold, give the gold. The Lord needs it as much to-day as when he laid in the manger at Bethlehem. The obligation to give it has not been barred by the lapse of time. We are languishing for the blessing which comes from giving gold. Every man of us has an obligation to work and give for the conversion of the world. May God show each one of us the responsibility growing out of that obligation!

From Trenton, La.

On the good steamboat Fred. A. Blanks we came to this place, arriving on Saturday last. Col. T. C. Standifer and Bro. Jethro Moore met us at the landing, and the former took us to his hospitable home. Preaching to good congregations on Sunday, we moved yesterday into the parsonage. We are anchored for a year, i. e., until the next Bishop shall send us back, or somewhere north, south, east or west. God willing, we will be at our first country appointment next Sunday, and as there are two other appointments for us out of town we expect to be much in the saddle. We have plenty of heart for the work, and, knowing that God will help any man, in a station or on a circuit, who will honor him with unwavering faith and full service, preaching the gospel with steady aim, hit whom it may, we are encouraged to believe that, by the grace of God, we shall have a spiritually successful year on the Trenton circuit. From the Trenton Advocate we clip the following:

LIMP CHRISTIANS.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, in a sermon on "Limp Christians," says: "We may live to see men calling themselves Christians, and differing in no single item from Mohammedans; in fact, even now there are religionists among us who are not so near the truth as the false prophet. Oak has given place to willow, everybody has grown limp. Out of the generation of limps has come an admiration of it. A man can speak a plain word without being accused of bluntness, and if he denounces error he is narrow-minded, for all must join the Universal Ad-



mation Company or be placed under him and be howled down." Spurgeon is in the habit of hitting the nail on the head, as he has unquestionably done in the foregoing.

J. T. SAWYER.

#### Appointments of Bishop Keener.

District Conferences and other appointments embracing the following sabbaths: March 4, at Washington, D. C.; March 11, at Baltimore, St. Paul's; March 18, Baltimore Conference, Charleston, Va.; April 15, Mobile District Conference; April 22, Lafayette District Conference, at Paducah, North Alabama; April 29, Clarksville District Conference, at Clarksville, Tenn.; May 1, Blahop's meeting, Nashville; May 6, Louisville, Ky., Extension Board; May 13, Murfreesboro District Conference, at Smyrna; May 20, Shelbyville District Conference, Tennessee; May 27, Opelousas District Conference, at New Iberia; June 3, Centenary College; June 10, Shreveport District Conference, Louisiana; June 17, Fayetteville District Conference, at Lumberton, N. C.; June 24, Greensboro District Conference, North Carolina; July 1, Hillsboro District Conference, North Carolina. Presiding elders will please inform me as to places of holding their District Conferences and routes.

From Amite City, La.

DEAR ADVOCATE: I write to say that I have been kindly received at my new field of labor, and the door of usefulness seems open and inviting. We arrived here on the fourth of January. Were met at the depot by friends with a carriage, conveyed to the parsonage where we were received and welcomed by a number of kind ladies. A warm fire, prepared supper and cordial greetings soon made us feel at home. We have in this church a "Wesleyan Society." Their first anniversary occurred on Jan. 25, and the ladies decided to celebrate it by visiting their new pastor and family. They came to spend the evening, bringing with them such a variety of good things that we hardly found room to store them away. This is the first visit I have ever received of this kind during a pastorate of about forty years. Of course I was completely surprised and overwhelmed, but embarrassment soon gave place to unqualified enjoyment, so that no grudge is entertained against those who thus severely panned us. This kind reception and generous treatment have moved us deeply and awakened the strongest desire to be useful to the church and people of Amite City. We have recently, you know, lost our church building by fire. We are making an effort to rebuild. We have succeeded in securing in contributions and subscriptions about half the amount necessary. If any of your readers feel inclined to help us in our need, it will be gratefully received.

Yours truly, R. JONES.

Centenary Committee.

The following were appointed by the Bishops, under authority of the General Conference, to make provision for the celebration of the Centenary of American Methodism in 1884. By request we republish the appointments:

Ministries: E. R. Hendrix, C. B. Rodgers, H. E. Walker, Samuel Haddock, Samuel K. Cox, N. H. D. Wilson, J. H. McLean, A. G. Haywood, O. P. Fitzgerald, J. H. Dye, J. B. McFerrin, C. B. Galloway. Laymen: David Clifton, A. R. Boone, J. L. Buchanan, George M. Bairn, Frank Good, Richard M. Seriggs, George W. Williams, W. H. Foster, George D. Shands, J. W. Tucker, W. C. Ireland, P. Megler.

There is no New Thing Under the Sun.

Now, Mr. Editor, when the wise man uttered these words he had never floated down the Mississippi river on a steamboat and seen educated women, ladies I had like to have said, guzzle down their grog at the bar. This is a new under that part of the sun which has been shining on me for it is something I never saw until I saw it on the City of Baton Rouge as I came down from Memphis to Greenville. On this boat were two well-dressed, educated women, from up North, on their way down to New Orleans. They seemed to be pleasure seekers and reporters for some periodical. Reporting, I supposed, the ignorance and wickedness of this Southern country.

They would lay down their pens, march back to the bar and drink their whisky in the presence of twenty gentlemen, at least in the presence of many men who had more respect for themselves than to engage in the work of death. Is this a sample of the refinement of New England? If so, I beg to be delivered. I have traveled in this Southern country, in the last twenty-two years, forty thousand miles and I never saw women go to the bar

and drink whisky until I saw it done by these women who were not only writing, but making history. But if this whisky traffic goes on it will not be long until it will be nothing uncommon to see men and women march together to the saloon and drink to drunkenness. Let all friends of temperance work, pray, and vote for the destruction of this great evil.

J. W. HONNOLL.

GREENVILLE, MISS., Feb. 2, 1883.

Our neighbor, the Southwestern Presbyterian, closes a short notice of the carnival follies of last week with these facetious words:

"Our Romish and Episcopal friends, however, with our entire consent, may proceed to carry out the supplement to the programme, and repent in sackcloth and ashes for all the absurdity and extravagance of Mardi-Gras. Should they succeed at penitence, as well as in providing material for it, it will add new laurels to a capacity for dramatic display, which we are already disposed to regard as unrivalled."

Dr. Lafferty, in his editorial correspondence to the Richmond Christian Advocate, from the North Carolina Conference, made mention of Bishop Keener in terms of highest praise and appreciation. The following extract is characteristic of our brilliant conferee:

Bishop Keener is a study. He wrote, next to the "Georgia Scenes," the most amusing book ever put forth in the South. His satire in "Post Oak Circuit" has flogged the frauds and shame throughout the Methodist connection and made some squirm outside. He knows a humbug by intuition. There is a call for another volume. Let us have a series of pictures drawn from the scenes in his episcopal observations like the etchings from the circuits in Post Oak. This writer knows the keen-eyed and witty Bishop has the material in memory for the most laugh-provoking "cartoons" ever printed. Keener sees through a professional humbug at a glance, whether of the "Blue Jeans" Williams or Tarver-drop species. Next is not his superior in outlining a character. Haygood told this writer that Keener had a muscular and enterprising mind, without any gouty diathesis or habits of loafing. Every now and then an active and serious masterly masters him, throws him down and holds him. He never grunts nor quits the struggle till he "turns" his antagonist, shakes it off and moves forward in his work. The Roman who bore the eagle of the Tenth Legion had not truer manhood or sterner devotion to duty. He has no palaver, but if a Greek, his body would have lain among the Spartans at the pass of the Hot Springs, and near the gory corpse of Leonidas.

We learn from the Ripley Advertiser that there is but one Unitarian Church in the State of Mississippi, and that is in Calhoun county.

It is said that Dr. Daniel Curry is engaged in abridging Dr. Clarke's Commentary on the New Testament. His work has reached the first Epistle of John.

Rev. N. B. Young, of Covington, was in the city on Monday and gave us a pleasant call. He has entered upon his new charge under most favorable auspices.

More than half the Baptist Churches in the State of New York during the year 1882 report no baptisms. What can be the matter with our immersionist brethren in New York State?

Mrs. Harrison, the wife of our connection book editor, the Rev. Dr. W. P. Harrison, died last week in Nashville. We extend sincere sympathy to our brother in this sore and sudden bereavement.

Hamlin University, the property of the Methodist Episcopal Church, located between St. Paul and Minneapolis, Minn., was destroyed by fire last week. There were 120 pupils in the building, but all escaped. The usual cause is assigned, a defective flue.

Col. K. A. Cross, of Baton Rouge, has been awarded the \$50 prize by the Louisiana Press Association offered for the best literary essay. His subject was "The Progress of Socialism." Col. Cross is an alumnus of Centenary College, a lawyer and literary writer.

The Rev. J. G. Weaver, of Blossom Prairie, Texas, has been presented with a handsome gold watch for so successfully defending the doctrines of Methodism in a debate with Elder Jarel, of the Baptist Church. Weaver can now "call time" on Jarel if he fails to convince him.

The Rev. George F. Bronson, pastor of a Congregational Church in La Salle, Ill., last week fell dead at the feet of a couple he was marrying just as he pronounced them man and wife. Alas! how soon mirth may be changed to mourning! How short the step between time and eternity!

Linwood Methodist Church, in Kemper county, Miss., was burned recently. Not long before the Baptist and Presbyterian Churches, within eight miles of Linwood, were also destroyed by fire. These are great losses and have cast quite a

gloom over the community. Our churches must be insured and more carefully preserved. Clean out stores and repair stoves.

We regret to learn of the death of Sister Lovett, the wife of Rev. J. J. Lovett, of the Mississippi Conference. She died at Franklinton, on the eight instant, after a very short illness. May our Lord comfort his servant in this great sorrow. A suitable memoir will be furnished our columns.

We regret to learn of the severe and possibly fatal illness of Rev. J. L. Cooper, president of Cooper Institute, Miss. He has been prominently identified with the work of education in his State for years. He is an honored minister of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church and a man of great industry, philanthropy and catholicity. We knew him in our childhood and have noted with pleasure his useful and successful career.

Last week we had quite a number of Methodist clergy visiting the city. It was not the carnival that attracted but low rates of travel. Besides the members of our Publishing Committee, we mention Rev. G. W. Briggs, of Galveston, Rev. S. H. Verlein, of Houston, Rev. J. T. Heard, of Pearlinton, Rev. J. M. Wyatt, of Merando, Rev. R. S. Trippett, of Morgan City. To most of these brethren we are indebted for pleasant calls at our office.

The Christian Index, in bestowing extravagant praise upon the Methodist missionaries to the Fiji Islands, had, to improve the opportunity by the charge of heresy. After saying, "grander heroism was never displayed in this world, than that of those Methodist missionaries," the Index also exclaims, "How strange that so excellent a people should still hold unscriptural views and persist in unscriptural practices." All of which, according to our diagnosis, is a clear case of water on the brain.

Dr. Buckley, of the New York Christian Advocate, charges Dr. Joseph Parker, of London, or some functionary connected with his paper, the "Christian Chronicle," with plagiarism. He prints the articles in parallel columns with dates of first appearance. The idea of the author of Ecce Deus, Ad Clerum, the Paraclete, and These Sayings of Mine, plagiarizing from anybody! Besides we see nothing of such striking force and interest in the article to make it eagerly coveted by an omnivorous editor. Somebody else is to blame, not the pastor of the City Temple. Wonder if Dr. Lorrimer, of Chicago, the brother of remarkable memory, will not take a little grim satisfaction in the Advocate editorial!

The Times-Democrat, of February the eighth, contained a two-column account of the grand opening exhibition of the National Game Breeder's Association at the Baronne Street Cock Pit. Six hundred game cocks were then in this city. They were brought here from Canada, Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana. The different strains represented were Shawnees, Irish Gilders, Irish Reds, Cotton Balls, Eimericks, Clippers, Pearl Feathers, Claibornes, War Horses, etc. The brutal scenes described are a shame to decency and humanity. While the crowds cheered and gambled, the fowls fought and died. Groomed and gaffed they cut and killed each other for the money and amusement of the multitude. Thousands of dollars changed hands. Twelve fights are described and eight deaths. While a poor bird died with the gall of his antagonist driven through his heart the spectators rose in their seats and cheered the victor. How this brutality can improve the blood of chickens is beyond our ken. But we can well understand how it will feed the gambler's passion and destroy every refined sensibility. The scene of such outrage is appropriately called a "pit."

FIERY TRIALS, OR THE HISTORY OF AN INFIDEL FAMILY.

The author of this book is the gifted and highly esteemed pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Sardis, Miss., the Rev. R. H. Crozier. Before Mr. Crozier became a Christian he wrote two other books, "The Confederate Spy" and "The Bloody Junta," the former of which has had quite a run. "Fiery Trials" is an argument in favor of Christianity as opposed to modern infidelity, and is the work of Mr. Crozier's life. Characters from life are introduced and on both sides are made to play their parts well, thus giving the book the charm of romance with the strong argument of a strong and cultured mind. Ministers may read it with profit. It can be had by them of the author at \$1.25, retail price \$2.

J. D. CAMERON.

SARASOTA, MISSISSIPPI.

#### Books and Periodicals.

The February and March numbers of Wide Awake contain a brace of articles which are the critics of the Boston Budget well remarks, "may be said to mark an era in the history of magazines for youth." Our Business Boys," by Rev. P. E. Clark, which contain the list of letters written him on the subject by eighty-three business men of Portland, Maine.

A White Mountain Comedy just begun in the February Wide Awake will be a strong attraction of that magazine for the coming six months. It is entitled "More than They Bargained for," and embodies a striking lesson for adventurous young people. The author is Rev. Charles R. Talbot.

A fine feature of Wide Awake this year is the use in each number of some strong and choice piece of verse from the English poets, each illustrated by an artist of repute. Hovenden's drawing for Kingsley's Three Fishers, in the January number, attracted much attention; and Sandham's illustration of Browning's How the good News was brought, in the February number is equally fine.

A fine edition of Thucydides will presently be ready at D. Lothrop & Co.'s. The translation is by Dr. Jowett, Master of Balliol, and Greek Professor at Oxford, and it has an introduction by Rev. Dr. Peabody, of Harvard College.

D. Lothrop & Co., the people's publishers, add to their list this week a popular volume, "The Whistler," the people's poet, by W. Sloane Kennedy.

D. Lothrop & Co., who are constantly enriching their lists with valuable books, are bringing out in good style a volume entitled "Leading Men of Japan," by Charles Lamm, than whom no man is more conversant with the governmental workings of that ancient and mysterious empire.

A new story by Pansy of 514 12mo pages with 20 illustrations by Lewis, is to be issued soon. Its title is "The Man of the House."

The Art Amateur for February contains some striking crayon and charcoal drawings, including the Lions in Trafalgar Square by F. Hopkinson Smith, a portrait of that artist by Millet and Abbey, and a very life-like figure study by Geo. H. Boughton, whose beautiful painting, "Flowers and Falling Leaves," is also handsomely reproduced. The illustrations of "Inexpensive Home Decoration," by Lewis E. Lay, and of "Japanese Domestic Art," by Dr. Dresser, are numerous and extremely interesting. Capital designs of vases, clover and barberries for jug and vase decoration, and a clever honey-suckle design for a screen are given, besides a variety of suggestions for general decoration and ecclesiastical embroidery. Price, 35 cents; \$1 a year. Montague Marks, publisher, 23 Union Square, New York.

We are indebted to S. W. Straub, Chicago, for two fine temperance songs: "Our Boys are in Danger," by T. Martin Towler, and "Night the Battle at the Tolls," by S. W. Straub.

#### \$470 in Premiums.

To enable our friends and agents to replenish their libraries, as well as to stimulate their zeal in working for our paper, we make the following offer of premiums in money, the offer to continue good until November, 1883:

For 10 new subscribers, cash, \$2.50; for 20, \$7.50; for 25, \$10; for 30, \$25; for 100, \$50; for 200, \$100; for 250, \$125; for 300, \$150; total, 470.

PUBLISHERS.

#### Attractive Premiums.

A premium of a first-class organ, suitable for churches, or Sunday-schools, is offered by the publishers, for the largest number of cash subscribers to the Advocate secured by May the first, 1883. The cash price of the organ is \$125; of the Ithaca manufacture. It has great sweetness and fullness of tone, and is admirably adapted to country churches and Sabbath-schools. The instrument is fully guaranteed. Those proposing to work for the premium will so state it as they send in their subscriptions.

CARVER &amp; JAMIESON, Publishers.

#### Publisher's Department.

We shall do our best to exclude fraudulent advertisements of every description from the Advocate, and trust our friends, in ordering goods from the leading merchants of New Orleans and elsewhere, as represented in our columns, will mention having seen the advertisement in the Advocate. We will also take pleasure in attending personally to any complaints for our friends for the country with which we may be favored, while endeavoring our advertisers as being worthy of their patronage.

If a man's horses should lose their tails, why should he sell them wholesale? Because he can't re-tail them!

Physicians prescribe COLDEN'S Light Bile Tonic for the weak, worn and dyspeptic. Take no other.

Down in Salem the other day a bright little girl was sent to get some eggs, and on her way back stumbled and fell, making and having with the contents of her basket. "Won't you catch it when you get home, though?" exclaimed her companion. "So, indeed, I won't," she answered. "I've got a grandmother."

Send the ADVOCATE to your friend for the next year and you will not regret it.

A stock-broker, returning to his office after a substantial luncheon with an client, said, complacently, to his head clerk, "Putkin, the world's lost without a man when he has a bottle of champagne in him." "Yes, sir," replied the clerk, significantly, "and he looks different to the world."

We would again call the attention of subscribers and agents that, in making remittances, to make them payable to the NEW ORLEANS CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE please keep this in remembrance.

A Florida paper says: "There are individuals in every town who will have nothing to do with anything they can't lose." We know other fellows in every town who can't lose anything except the thing they have nothing to do with.

Southwestern Co-operative Association, No. 50 Carondelet Street. This commission house, has been in business for six years. Its patrons are constantly increasing, and the business has been conducted with general satisfaction. All consignments of cotton, and all products of the soil, will have faithful attention. All orders filled with judgment and care. Tho's J. Carver, Manager.

Walk through some of the filthy scums of the great metropolis, and you can realize the force of the words, "The man who enters here leaves soap behind."

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. "Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 131 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y."

A young lady desired her lover to promise her that he would never smoke another cigar. "I'll do it," he said. "Satisfied by your love, a meerschaum will do for me."

Emigrants and travellers will find in Ayer's Sarsaparilla an effective cure for the eruptions, boils, pimples, eczema, etc., that break out on the skin—the effects of disorder in the blood, caused by sea-sickness and life on board ship. It is the best medicine for everyone in the spring.

An exchange says: "Glass eyes for horses are now made with such perfection that the animals themselves can not see through the deception."

When your wife's health is bad, when your children are sickly, when you feel worn out, use Brown's Iron Bitters.

"Don't be forever sighing for wealth, my son," counselled John's father. "Be content with what you have." "I intend to become when I have it," replied John.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, KIDNEY, LIVER OR PRIMARY DISEASES.—Hardly one of any of these diseases if you use Hox's Bitters, as they will purify and cure the system, even when you have been made worse by some other "puffed up" pretended cure.

"I think friend Plunket is dead." "No, he's not," said the other. "Because I found his pipe, and it was still in his mouth."

An eight-stop libria organ free—look and see.

There be men who would willingly search the scriptures if they thought they could find anything to read in them.

Notice to subscribers who order their address changed, please give full address of last postoffice, otherwise change cannot be made.

A penitent old lady said: "I have been a great sinner more than eighty years and didn't know it." "Laws," exclaimed the old and aged servant, "I knowed it all the time."

GLENN'S SCALP SOAP is a reliable remedy for head skin diseases.

"Do not marry a widower," said the old lady. "A really-made family is like a plate of old potatoes." "Oh, I'll soon wash them up," replied the husband and she did.

Mr. P. Werlein, 135 Canal and 15 Bourbon streets, New Orleans, has cheap pianos, fully guaranteed, a Chickering \$300, a Steinway \$300, a Mathushek \$200, a Hule \$175, a T. stop-organ \$200. Address, Mr. P. Werlein, New Orleans.

This is a little co-educational scene.—Prof. "Who will see Mr. B. before next Monday. Lady Student hesitating and blushing a little more. "I shall see him Sunday night, probably."

Weak lungs, coughs and colds, HALE'S ROSEBUD HOREHOUND AND TAR WILLOW CURE, FRANK'S THROATACHE DROPS cure in one sitting.

The following inscription may be seen on a gravestone in a cemetery in Rochester, Mass.: "Here lies the body of John Jones, lost at sea and never found."

Forty Years' Experience of an Old Nurse.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is the prescription of one of the best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and has been used for forty years with never failing success by millions of mothers for their children. It relieves the child from pain, cures dysentery and diarrhoea, griping in the bowels, and wind-colic, by giving health to the child it rests the mother. Price twenty-five cents a bottle.

Fresh young man to lady he has just excoriated to the dining-room at a literary gathering. "Are you partial to Lamb's Tales?" Indignant young lady, after changing unchained for surprise—"No, nor mutton heads, either."

THE GREAT GAZETTE ROUTE.—Is the favorite to all summer resorts. It has been rebuilt with steel rails; has adopted the standard gauge with a well balanced track, and increased speed. They offer the advantages of fast time, through cars, sure connections, and accommodating officers.

#### Business Notices.

QUERU'S COD LIVER OIL JELLY.—Approved by the Academy of Medicine of New York for coughs, colds, bronchitis and all other consumption, scrofula and general debility. The most mild, bland and nutritious form in which Cod Liver Oil can be used, with the benefit accruing to the patient by a single teaspoonful of this Jelly, than by double the quantity of the liquid oil, and the most delicate stomach will not reject it. For sale by all druggists, and E. H. TRUEN, New York.

#### NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

AN EXTRAORDINARY OFFER! TO ALL WANTING EMPLOYMENT.

If the Agent, after a thirty day's trial, fails to make at least \$100 clear above all expenses, we will take back all goods unsold and return the money paid us. Our circulars, Agents allow that \$1000 can be made in a single month. We give exclusive territory. There can be no competition. Business is honorable, pleasant, and profitable. An Agent wanted in every County. County rights sent free with first order. Every Agent, or those wishing employment, should write us at once, as positions are being taken fast, and no other firm in the United States ever before offered such extraordinary and liberal terms to agents. Send 3 cent stamp for large descriptive circulars, containing this offer, to the:

RENNER MANUFACTURING CO., 116 Smithfield St., PITTSBURGH, PA.

#### Watches.

We are selling the watches of the American Watch Company, Waltham, Mass., as low as they are sold anywhere.

Key-winding Silver Watches at \$12.  
Stem-winding Silver Watches at \$15 to \$25.  
Stem-winding Gold Watches at \$15 and upwards.  
All fully guaranteed. Send for a catalogue.

A. B. GRISWOLD & Co., 119 Canal street, New Orleans.

DOLORY, or Jewels of Value.—A Short Story in Verse, by Trinitarian. Price 15 cents. For sale at James A. Graham, Canal Street, and also at Elyrich, 130 Canal street.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell the best Family Sewing Machine ever invented. Will suit a tailor or a housewife. It will also suit a great variety of fancy work for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to agents. Send 3 cent stamp for large descriptive circulars, containing this offer, to the:

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Sash, Blinds, Doors, Mouldings, Flooring and Ceiling, Newels, Balusters, etc., always on hand, or made to order. Orders promptly attended to.

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GOSPEL MALE CHOIR No. 2.

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EVERY PIECE PRACTICALLY TESTED BY AUTHOR.

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Household.

**Buckwheat and oatmeal make excellent bread and cakes.** What a marvellous combination this is! The buckwheat has been said, in not over-estimated speech, that oatmeal can cook her way to man's heart. If so, man knows what he likes, it is not too much to say. Buckwheat is almost universally made in griddle cakes, which, however, keep a home-blanched taste and vulgar with such, from November to May. But buckwheat bread avoids these troubles in the most convenient way, besides preserving the full flavor of the meal, and being as good steamed or toasted and eaten with syrup as are the cakes. Buckwheat "drop cakes," mixed soft with milk and baking powder, and baked in a pan, are better still. Oatmeal is generally boiled plain. Eaten with rich milk and cheese, it is delicious also to taste, such that you have it need pity, even if they have no meat. The teeth of those who thus live on it might be envied by princes, in contrast with teeth destroyed by fat, sugar, and fine flour. But oatmeal bread, mixed very soft, and one-third fine flour, is very delicious, and as a home-made oatmeal crackers, which a handy housekeeper can teach herself to make by a few trials.

**Consommé.**—Put four pounds of lean fresh beef, two gallons of cold water, and a little salt into the soup-pot, and let it come slowly to a boil. Skin well, and add two turnips, one onion with two cloves stuck in, two stalks of celery, and three carrots. Let it simmer gently for five hours, keeping it well skimmed. Then remove the beef and vegetables. Skin well, taste to see if it is properly seasoned, color it with caramel delicately, and strain through a napkin into the soup-pot. The yolks of eight eggs, thoroughly as for sponge cake, then add gradually a large cupful of the hot liquid, stirring hard all the while. Season delicately with salt. Pour it into a well-buttered shallow bowl and set the bowl in a pan containing hot water to reach water up to the side of the bowl. Let it cook slowly in a moderate oven, upon the back of the range. When upon testing it with a fork, when the firmness is reached, remove it at once. When it is done, turn it from the bowl and set it into small shallow cups, or half-pint squares. Drop them into the hot soup after it is heated through. —New York Christian Advocate.

**Bell Tins.**—A quick way to prepare this is to chop a pound of lean beef fine and put it in a bowl, cover with a little cold water. Let it stand for fifteen minutes, then add a half cup of lard. Then beat the mixture with a fork, and add a half cup of sugar, a half cup of butter, one cup of milk, one egg, and a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in the milk. Hot water may be used instead of milk, if it is thought proper. Bake in a quick oven.

**Butter.**—To form a good substitute for butter in baking, beat the meat must be mixed with water in the pan to prevent the fat from burning; when the meat is cooked pour the dripping in a basin and let it stand till cold, pour out the grease at the bottom, then place the dripping in the oven to melt, and the next day it will be quite fit for use and will make very short pastry.

**General Cure.**—Popovers. Three ounces butter, half ounce sugar, half ounce ginger, half ounce cinnamon, half ounce nutmeg, two large eggs, half cup of molasses, half cup of milk, half cup of flour, half cup of soda, one pound flour. Mix the butter, sugar, and eggs, then add the molasses, milk, and soda, and lastly the flour. Bake in a quick oven.

**There are two kinds of persons.** The hollow-browed, vulgar person is the best, and will take on a rich brown in the face, when the other kind comes out only dried and haggard. Part the hair, and let it fall over the forehead, and steam a glass of beer. Then take in a good meal, with a little salt and meat. Drizzle the hair with oil, and let it dry at the end of the hair. —Chicago Herald.

**Silversmiths' Potatoes.**—Take some cold mashed potatoes, put them in a bowl, and add a little butter, salt, and pepper. Then mix them well, and add a little milk. Bake in a quick oven.

**Brazilian Tea Dish.**—Take some slices of bread about half an inch thick, cut off all the crust, steep the bread in a little milk, when soaked through cover each piece with beaten egg-yolk, and fry with butter a light brown; then arrange the slices on a flat plate and lay on each piece a tolerably thick covering of powdered sugar and cinnamon well mixed.

**To Cook Dried Fruits.**—All kinds of dried fruit should be soaked long and slowly. Tiny bits of lemon and orange peel, together with the juice of two or three oranges and lemons, are a very desirable addition. Only the thin, yellow part of the peel must be used, and care should be taken to take out the seeds. The sugar should be added when the fruit is about half-done.

**Breakfast Fruits.**—Two cupfuls of sweet milk, two eggs, two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, half a cupful of white sugar, about four small cupfuls of flour. Beat the eggs very light; put the cream of tartar in the flour, and add the soda the last thing. Bake in a long pan in a quick oven.

**A Plain and Excellent Pudding.**—One cup of sugar and a half a cup of butter beaten to a cream; add three eggs, well beaten, one cup of milk, three teaspoonfuls of Royal baking powder, and three cupfuls of flour; steam one hour. Serve with cream, or any sauce to taste.

**Soda Cake.**—Half pound flour, three ounces of butter, three ounces of curraints, four ounces of sugar, one egg, half teaspoonful of warm milk, and bake one hour.

Scientific.

Water is so common we hardly think of it. To begin with, water was God's builder of the world, as we see it. The rocks were laid down by it, made by water and laid down by it, one kind on top of another. Coal, made of plants, was covered up by water, so that the rotting plants were kept there and changed to coal. Veins of lead, copper, gold, silver, crystals, were cracks in the rocks, filled with water that had these precious things dissolved in it. And water, as sea and streams helping to do the work. Water builds plants, and animals, too. Three-quarters of what they are made of is water. When you pay twenty cents for a peck of potatoes, you are really paying fifteen of the cents for the water that is in the potatoes. A boy who weighs eighty pounds, if perfectly dried out, would weigh only twenty pounds. And there could be no potatoes nor boy without water. It must dissolve things to make them into new things, and it carries them where they are wanted to build the new things. It softens food, and thus as water flows carries the food to every part of the body to make new flesh and bones, that we may grow and have strength. It carries the plant's food up into the plant. Water carries man and goods in boats, and, as steam, drives his cars. It makes the wheels go in his factories. It is a great worker, and we could not get along without it. And it makes much of the beauty in the world. Ask your friends how it does that.

Instantaneous photography, in its more important aspects, supposes motion of the objects photographed; but another form of it is that in which it is the camera, more especially, that has motion, as in photographing from balloons or trains. The practicability of photographing landscapes from the window of a train running at a rate of even forty miles an hour has been recently proved by Dr. Canale, who uses what he calls a "zygograph" for the purpose. The apparatus comprises a copper tube similar to that which carries the lenses in ordinary cameras; but the lenses are placed on opposite sides parallel to the axis. Within it is a shutter similar to the box of a stopcock; it presents two triangular apertures, which, according to the position of the shutter, do or do not let pass the light rays in making a quarter of a turn. This rotary movement is obtained by means of a spring liberated from a catch. An exposure of only one hundredth of a second may be had. With a lens placed wonderfully distinct views, it is said, can be obtained with this apparatus. —Scientific American.

The impression that severe winters are prejudicial to insect life is erroneous. According to the American Entomologist, insects, in most cases, pass more safely through a steady, even if severe winter, than through a mild, or changeable one. The reason is easy to discover. Severe and steady cold is not only favorable to insect hibernation, by causing a continued state of torpor, but is in addition indirectly favorable by preserving the insects from the attacks of birds and animals, which cannot reach them through the frozen ground in severe weather. Mild winters, on the contrary, generally cause premature activity in insects, followed by relapses into the torpid state, and changes prejudicial to their well-being, and give animals more opportunity to access to them.

It has only been a few months since Prof. W. E. Hidden, an employee of Edison, the distinguished electrician, in search of platinum discovered in Alexander county and brought to the attention of the world the now famous hiddenite. He has now discovered another stone only a little less valuable, if any, than the gem which bears his name. He believes it to be a new mineral, unknown to scientific geologists, perfectly transparent, resembling the diamond, but belonging to a different geological family. It is one degree softer than quartz, and in addition, complex form, and he proposes to call it edisonite. It is found in the neighborhood of the place in Alexander county where he discovered the hiddenite. —Charlotte N. C. Observer.

Among documents published in the English State papers is a petition concerning the Earl of Worcester, of inventing memory. The Earl, being imprisoned during the Commonwealth period for his loyalty to the crown, sent a petition to the Lord Protector of the Commonwealth, dated February, 1657, begging leave to come with his keeper to New York, and alleging that his memory was necessary for a trial of his invention, to raise water in a "quick" pipe by the strength of one man, for which people have hitherto used horses at vast expense. The Earl, perceiving no treason in this, allowed the Earl to proceed under guard to New York House, but after testing the invention he returned to his captivity.

Brush, the electrician, has discovered an improved method of storing electricity, by which any required amount of electricity can be boxed up for use either as an illuminant, for telegraphing power or other purposes. Brush's storage battery is a square box containing cells, in each of which are two cast lead plates, which are electrically treated in a manner known only to Mr. Brush, and immersed in acidulated water. These plates are stored with electricity and can be carried any distance for use. Brush claims that he can store a large amount of electricity in a box made of a material which is a bad conductor of heat, to prevent any loss of expansion of gas and maintain the heat of the fluid.

An eminent authority on illuminating gas, Mr. Sugg, insists that one point of great importance in the construction of a gas-burner is that the gas should not be heated until it arrives at the point of ignition. The body of the burner below that point must therefore be made of a material which is a bad conductor of heat, to prevent any loss of expansion of gas and maintain the heat of the fluid.

A remarkable collection of surgical instruments has been discovered at Pompeii and removed to the Naples Museum. It evidently belonged to one practitioner or establishment, and is a large and complete set of the modern surgeon is usually supplied with.

Educational.

The present is an age of competitive examinations, yet these afford but an imperfect test of brain-power; for, after a time, competitive examinations become less and less efficient as true tests of intelligence, and slide into a sort of artificiality. As examples, we will take the following cases: Brown is the son of an Indian officer who died when his boy was ten years old, and left his widow badly off. Young Brown is intended for the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich; but his mother's means do not enable her to send him to a first-class "grammar," so he has to sit beneath the average schoolmaster. He works hard and thinks a great deal, and gains a fair knowledge of the subject he is required to learn. He goes up to the competitive examination at Woolwich, and finds each question so complicated that he is utterly puzzled; and, when the results of the examination are made known, Brown is nearly last on the list.

On the other hand, Smith is the son of a wealthy tradesman who wishes his son to enter as a cadet at Woolwich. Young Smith is sent early in life to a successful "grammar," to be fattened with knowledge as turkeys are crammed for Christmas. The crammer does not confine his attention to teaching his pupils; but he watches the examination papers set at Woolwich, and he finds that the examiners have each a peculiar "fad," and set their questions in a sort of rotation. He looks carefully over these, and he forms a kind of estimate of the questions which are likely to be set at any particular examination. He therefore trains his pupils for these questions, and is often so successful in his predictions that at least half the questions have been worked out by these pupils a week before the examination; and this result is obtained without any collusion between the crammer and the examiner. On one occasion that we know of, seven questions out of a paper of thirteen were predicted by the crammer. The crammer's success in this "competitive" Young Smith is thus trained, and passes his fifth out of a long list, and is considered, as far as this test is concerned, to possess brain-power far beyond that of the unfortunate Brown, who was nearly last in this same examination.

Twenty years elapse, and Smith and Brown meet. Smith has juggled on in the usual routine he may have followed, or he may have done a foolish thing. Brown, on the other hand, is a man of wide reputation, has written clever books, and done many clever things; yet people who know his early history say how strange it was that he was so stupid when he was young, for he was indignantly "spun" at Woolwich!

Those who thus speak imagine that the examination at which Smith succeeded and Brown failed was a test of either "sense" or "brilliance." It was nothing of the kind; it was merely a test of the relative experience of the two who trained Smith and Brown. —Popular Science Monthly.

The absence of thrift, energy, and management, many think, marks negro character at its best. It is certain that the contrary to these qualities had, under a long condition of servitude, been abnormally developed. Emancipation found the negro without the master's care and, as a body, slaveholders, at least from motives of self-interest, were humane, without the customary oversight and medical attention, dependent, not self-reliant. No wonder that many of the negroes have been worse off than under their former bondage; that the burden of life has been so often excessive; that infanticide has been so often resorted to, to lessen it; and that death from want and exposure has been so exceptionally frequent.

Look at our children, ignorant, uncivilized, and trained in habits of dependence, suddenly set free, then invested with the labor, and intoxicated with political power, then checked, and in many instances violently checked, by the necessary and wholesome self-assertion of the white race, that they should have increased as they have done in astonishing and can be accounted for only by the remarkable change in the character of the negro for the future the adverse influence to population, arising from this cause, will become less and less potent. The negro, adjusted to his surroundings, will work with more ease and effect. He is ascending from the lowest round. Education must give him increased power to accumulate, experience must improve his thrift, and, life passing under better conditions, it is reasonable to think that his consequent interest in self will drive him to progress to that of the past. We put this estimate at thirty-five percent. —From "The African in the United States," by Professor E. W. Gilman, in Popular Science Monthly for February.

It is usually supposed that men of great intellectual powers have large and massive heads; but the theory, which Dr. Gilbert, physician to Queen Elizabeth, was the first to suggest, is not borne out by facts. An examination of busts, pictures, and statues, in fact, shows that the size of the head is not almost always a true index of intelligence. In the earlier paintings, it is true, men are distinguished by their large heads; but this is attributable to the painters, who agreed with the general opinion, and wished to flatter their sitters. A receding forehead is mostly condemned. Nevertheless, this feature is found in Alexander the Great, and to a lesser degree, in Julius Caesar. The head of Frederick the Great, as well as that of Napoleon, are not remarkable for their size. The average forehead of the Greek sculptures in the frieze from the Parthenon is, we are told, "lower, if any thing, than what is seen in modern foreheads." The gods themselves are not low browsed. Thus it appears that the popular notion on the matter is erroneous, and that there may be great men without big heads; in other words, a Geneva watch is capable of keeping as correct time as an eight-day clock. —Journal of Science.

John Welles Hallenbeck, of Wilkesbarre, Penn., has presented \$50,000 to Lafayette College, at Easton, Pa., to endow the chair of the president.

The Pittsburgh Dispatch complains that more than ten per cent. of the public school children of that city are near-sighted.

The public schools of New York are estimated to cost next year \$1,000,000.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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Christian Advocate.

**SEEDLING PEACH TREES.**—The experience of all growers of fruit is that seedling peach trees are inferior to those raised from seedlings of the parent trees, and are liable to disease and more or less in bearing, and the young fruit is more apt to escape spring frosts than those raised from seedlings of the parent trees, which are propagated by budding or grafting. The Indian peach and all of its type, the English peach and its kind, and many well-known old standard varieties will reproduce themselves with more or less faithfulness. This accounts for the fact that these varieties have been so long known all over the country. A nurseryman who will make it a specialty to collect all the best seedlings of the country and offer for sale the seeds as well as the trees would deserve well and would be a good business.

The best way to start an orchard, though not the most convenient, is to plant the seeds where the trees are to grow, in its place in the orchard. Plant not less than two pits in a place. If both come up one can be drawn as soon as they are three or four inches high, and set out in the missing places. If any are in rows left for the purpose, the pits may be planted in a seedling and the young plants drawn and transplanted to their proper places. The chief advantage (and it is a great one) of this plan lies in the fact that the tap-root, as well as the complete system of roots of each tree is preserved. Each tree is planted without the slightest mutilation, and in the place where the tree is to grow.

Peach pits from last season's crop should have been kept in shallow boxes mixed in with sandy loam and the boxes buried just beneath the surface of the soil, so as to keep them moist and cool and yet secure from frost. Just before spring planting they should be taken up for sowing or budding. —Christian Index.

teeth have nothing to do with such blindness. That is a disease of the eye, of a constitutional nature, and it is also liable to be cured by the use of the eye.

A correspondent of the Fruit Recorder recommends the saving of coals, which he says he has used for three or four years on currant bushes for the destruction of the currant-worm, and finds no necessity for the use of hellebore or any other poison. They are as effective on currant vines to keep off the striped bug. Last year he used them on cabbages, killing the head full, and had no further trouble with the worms. The ashes are better to be sifted through a fine sieve.

A Welshman near Milwaukee, who has on his premises twenty-two martin-boxes, each fastened to the top of a stake says they welcome and happy occupants not only prey on insects that would spoil his trees and fruit, but "destroy millions of flies" so many, in fact, that his house, wholly without screens at windows and doors, is less infested than those of his neighbors who use the obnoxious but fall to encourage the birds.

The Scientific American says: "The increasing use of cold storage for perishable food stuffs, which are apt to be scarce at certain seasons, is one of the characteristics of the time. Last summer, when fresh eggs were plentiful and cheap, a gentleman in Chicago county, N. Y., stored in a mammoth cooler some five thousand barrels of eggs. Now they sell in this city as 'fresh-laid' eggs at a large profit.

In setting out an orchard, get trees with good roots, those which have been several times transplanted. If you can get thrifty, and not half starved trees from poor soil, do not let the roots dry before planting; prune the tops of the trees a little, and hammer the earth well in when planting, and you can expect to get the best season for planting." —resumes the village debating society. —Thomas Meekins.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

**LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY.**  
Office, Cor. Carondelet and Gravier Streets.

**THE NEW ORLEANS COTTON FACTORY.**  
J. P. SCHUBERT, Chairman.  
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PETER ANDERSON.  
The report of the Treasury Commission, which was sent to the House recently, describes the situation of the cotton trade in the United States, and the effect of the cotton tariff on the cotton trade in the United States. The report says that the cotton trade in the United States is in a state of depression, and that the cotton tariff is the cause of this depression. The report also says that the cotton trade in the United States is in a state of depression, and that the cotton tariff is the cause of this depression.

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**ORDERS.**  
Staple & Fancy Dry Goods, Notions &c.

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594 & 596 Magazine St. 594 & 596 NEW ORLEANS.

**IVORY FRUIT VASES.**  
Valued at Five Hundred Dollars.

**JOHN GAUCHE'S SONS.**  
Grocery, Glassware.

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113 & 115 Camp Street.

**Remember This.**  
If you are sick Hop Bitters will surely aid Nature in making you well when all else fails.

**General Satisfaction to Patrons.**  
Particular attention is paid in this Market to the supply of all such Goods of Cotton.

**HATS.**  
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Has been in constant use by the public for over twenty years, and is the best preparation ever invented for restoring GRAY HAIR TO ITS YOUTHFUL COLOR AND LIFE.

It supplies the natural food and color to the hair glands without staining the skin. It will therefore, and thicken the growth of the hair, prevent its thinning and falling off, and thus AVERT BALDNESS.

It cures itching, eruptions and dandruff. As a HAIR DRESSING it is very desirable, giving the hair a softness which all admire. It keeps the hair clean, sweet and healthy.

**BUCKINGHAM'S DYE FOR THE WHISKERS.**  
Will change the beard to a brown or black at discretion. Being in one preparation it is easily applied, and produces a permanent color that will not wash off.

PREPARED BY R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.  
Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

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THESE GLASSES ARE CHEMICALLY TREATED IN THE PROCESS OF MANUFACTURE, AND possess the property of keeping out of the eyes all rays of light which are harmful to the eyes. They have been carefully examined and analyzed by American and European scientists, and the results have been published in the most authoritative journals. The glasses are made of the finest quality of glass, and are perfectly clear and transparent. They are made in a variety of sizes and shapes, and are adapted to all kinds of eyes. They are made at a cost of only a few cents, and are sold at a price which is within the reach of all. They are made in a variety of colors, and are adapted to all kinds of eyes. They are made in a variety of sizes and shapes, and are adapted to all kinds of eyes. They are made at a cost of only a few cents, and are sold at a price which is within the reach of all. They are made in a variety of colors, and are adapted to all kinds of eyes. 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# Christian Advocate.

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## HAIRINGERS.

By MARIANNE PARKER-DRAW.

Only a violet here and there.

Throws its scent to the rushing air.

Hiding its face

In a warm green place.

But the hope of the summer is everywhere.

Only as times is the old earth gay.

When the clouds are swept from the sky—

And the sun is strong.

And the birds have song.

And the hope of the summer is everywhere.

Now and then the soft winds blow.

And the quailship in the western glow.

But the gladdening light

And the swift delight

Are the earnest of joys that yet shall know.

A little sunshine to cheer the hours.

A burst of singing, as the sweet flowers

Tell of gladness.

To cheer the sadness

Coming for aye to this world of ours.

A little love for the longing heart.

A little love for life's lonely and sad

A little rest

To cheer the sadness

Coming for aye to this world of ours.

These are the things that we have today.

They make us stronger and bless our way.

They give relief.

But their reign is brief.

They visit our homes, but they may not stay.

They come as heralds. Oh, heart be glad!

There is a future, in beauty clad.

That drawing nearer

And growing dearer

Shall cheer thee ever, nor make thee sad.

Let us be glad that the world grows fair.

That there is some warmth in the East—

There's enough of spring

To make us glad.

And the hope of the summer is everywhere.

## From Mexico.

Mr. Editor: The refined and cultivated feelings of a people are always manifest in the respect and reverence paid to their dead. A delicacy upon this point argues not only a want of culture and refinement, but also a defective moral training and religious influence. The Master never taught his disciples to disrespect nor to be indifferent to the dead. He never practiced it himself. At the grave of Lazarus he gave evidence of the most delicate and refined feelings of human nature, and sighs and tears showed his respect for him whom he had loved. Abraham was not indifferent to his dead; he wept and mourned for Sarah. He would not bury her in the sepulchre of another, though they were kindly and generously offered. He would not bury her in a place donated for that purpose. He preferred rather to purchase and obtain a title to a place that he might keep it sacred as a resting-place for his dead.

Such are the feelings of all refined Christian people. Only heathen nations have their funeral fires, and only those whose crude natures have never been refined by the influence of our holy religion are wanting in respect for the dead. It is in Christian lands that we see neatly-kept cemeteries and monuments erected to the honor of the noble dead. It was a Christian poet that said:

"I see their scattered graves gleaming white  
Through the pale dusk of the impending night,  
O'er all alike the imperial sunset throws  
Its golden light mingled with the rose;  
We give to each a tender thought and pass  
Out of the graveyard with the tangled grass."

The religion of Romanism in Mexico has failed to develop in its adherents any such refined feelings of reverence for their dead. True, the people reverence their saints; but these are their gods. The pulley of the church has been, not to refine, elevate and save the people, but by all possible means to extort from them their earnings and fill their coffers with ill-gotten gain. During more than three hundred years, while the church was in her glory, she owned the cemeteries and made them a source of immense revenue. It was not permitted to inter the dead in the ground. Vaults were made in the walls of the cemetery. Sometimes there are as many as five tiers of vaults or depositories in a wall. These depositories were not

donated nor sold to the people, but rented to them for the time of five years for fifty dollars each; at the end of which time, unless a large sum was paid for a longer use of the vault, the remains were thrown out as common rubbish and burned, or allowed to be scattered about promiscuously. This horrid practice has made the valley of Mexico literally a valley of dry bones. I have seen piled up in the center of a churchyard not less than twenty-five or thirty human skeletons, while skulls and dead men's bones were scattered about promiscuously, giving it the appearance of a common bone-yard. The church is now forced to desist from such a heathenish practice, and the dead are cared for more like they were human beings than common beasts. But even now the respect shown to the dead is far below that which accords with true Christian culture and sentiment.

A hearse for the dead is an unheard-of thing in Mexico. Trains are constructed to the cemeteries, and funeral cars are used for the conveyance of the dead. These are common open cars, generally painted black, with two crosses on top. The corpse is placed on this car and it is driven at a breakneck speed to the cemetery. The corpse is always handled at the residence and at the grave by rough *cayadores*, or *peons*, without any more respect or reverence than they would handle their street burdens. Such is the custom among the higher classes of society.

Among the poor classes the corpse, if it be a grown person, is generally carried to the cemetery by three men. It is put in a rude coffin, or box, the lid of which is generally made secure by means of a rope being wrapped around it a number of times. Two of the men lock their arms and take one end of the coffin between them; the other one goes before and takes the other end on his head or shoulder. If the deceased be an infant it is put into a fancifully painted coffin. Some are painted green with a white border, and some are a dark red—just to suit the taste. The father, generally, or some one of the family, takes the open coffin on his head, and some one else, perhaps the mother, takes the lid and a little cross, and generally a basket of flowers, and thus they go to bury their dead.

The Mexican character, comparatively speaking, seems to be destitute of human sympathy. Whether this be a natural characteristic, or the result of a long and almost tyrannical oppression, is a debatable question. I am inclined to the latter.

R. N. FREEMAN.

CITY OF MEXICO, Jan. 23, 1883.

## How I View the Subject.

Mr. Editor: I rejoice to have the subject of "Entire Sanctification" so ably and so amply discussed in our church papers; but, after all, it seems to me that some of the writers do not yet fully understand the subject as we find it in the Bible—more especially in the apostolic epistles. With your permission I will state my view of the subject as clearly as I can, illustrating it by scriptural facts.

The first Christian church, in the city of Corinth, was established by the Apostle Paul, and it was, no doubt, well instructed and indoctrinated by him before he left for other fields. In his first epistle to them he recognizes them as "the church of God, as sanctified in Christ Jesus, as babes in Christ," and with many other expressions, addresses them as true Christians. And yet there were many among them that were not sanctified wholly. While they were in Christ, and were true Christians, they were not yet cleansed from all sin. In the first part of the third chapter Paul says they were "ornate, that there was envy, strife and divisions among them." And in the first verse of the seventh chapter of his second epistle to this church of believers he recognizes the fact that they were still polluted with what he calls the "filthiness of the flesh and spirit," from which they must be cleansed in order to perfect holiness in the fear of God. Now, what I call "a clean heart"—which is synonymous with a heart wholly sanctified—is a heart cleansed by the blood of Christ from all this "filthiness, envy, strife and divisions," and from "all filthiness of the flesh and spirit."

man with his deeds" shows that he believed it to be their privilege to be cleansed from all these sinful tempers and passions which yet existed in their only partially sanctified hearts.

Paul speaks in the highest terms of the faith and fidelity of the church in Thessalonica, and yet they were not wholly sanctified; but, believing that they ought to be, and might be, he prays earnestly that God would accomplish this great work of grace in their hearts and, after its completion, "preserve them blameless unto the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ."

Now, from these Scriptures, and many others to the same effect, taken in connection with the well-known experience of Christians generally, it is evident to my mind that these sinful tempers and passions, and that something which Paul called "the filthiness of the flesh and spirit," does exist in the hearts of Christians after they are truly converted; and to have the heart cleansed from all these sinful tempers and all this "filthiness of the flesh and spirit," and filled with the pure and perfect love of God, is what I call entire sanctification—neither more nor less. This is the whole of it. Of course those who receive this additional grace will exhibit its appropriate fruit in their spirit, words and conduct in after life.

In conclusion I may be permitted to give a word of exhortation to those who are deeply interested on the subject of complete sanctification. To all such I would say: While you should earnestly seek for every blessing which our blessed Saviour has purchased for you with his own precious blood, you should seek especially for a clean heart filled with all the fullness of God. From the great and precious promises draw up before the eyes of your faith a picture of this purchased and promised salvation, and look steadily on it, and pray especially for it, and every time you pray for it expect it. Remember that you need not spend your time in seeking a realization of all the crude and contradictory notions of writers on sanctification. What you need now, and can obtain now, is simply a clean heart filled with the fullness of God. It is ready for you. Seek it believingly and you will receive it. And then you will know more about it, in the first moments of your experience, than you can ever learn from sermons or books. To be fully understood and appreciated it must be experienced.

J. G. JONES.

Haverhill, Mass., Feb. 4, 1883.

## A Diamond in the Rough.

By REV. W. C. BLACK.

Some miles above the city of N. there are vast forests of cypress which have been until recently almost as silent and tenantless as Bryant's.

"Continuous woods  
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound  
Save his own lowing."

But a fast civilization, in her unceasing onward march, has reached these gloomy solitudes and made them resound with the hum of busy life and the stroke of the woodman's destructive axe.

In the winter of 1880-81, during a long-continued spell of intensely cold weather, one of a party of woodsmen encamped in one of these forests—a youth of about twenty-one summers—was violently attacked with pneumonia, and, being too remote from any centre of population to secure the services of a physician, and the rude tent that sheltered him being an insufficient protection against the icy blasts of winter's nostrils, only about three days elapsed before his summons came "to join the innumerable caravan that moves to that mysterious realm" whence no traveler returns.

During his illness he said to a comrade, who watched beside his humble couch:

"Mike, I'm nearly at the end of my journey, and there's one thing that rests on my mind and disturbs me."

"What is that?" was the reply.

"Well, Mike, if I should be buried here in these lone woods, where the water would cover me whenever the river overflows, and where my dear old mother could never come to throw flowers on me grave, I do believe I would run the darlin' old son-ravin' distracted. Mike, as far as I am concerned, it don't make any difference, 'cause I believe that whenever Gabriel blows his trumpet me dust will all come to life, no matter what I'm buried or whether I'm buried at all; but, Mike, for me dear old mother's sake, won't you promise to carry me home?"

"Certainly, certainly, I will," said Mike.

"Now, don't fail, Mike; don't let me talk you out of it. I know the boss will say there's no use in it, and it's a waste of time and money. And besides, you know I've got no money. Mike, I sent me last nickel home last week, when Bill went down, 'cause I knowed me dear old mother must be scarce or coal this hard weather; but, Mike, money or no money, won't you promise to take me to me mother. If you will, then I can be satisfied."

The promise was made, and, as

soon as the destroyer had done his work, Mike announced his determination to carry the body to N. for interment. Sure enough "the boss" objected—said there was no use in it; that it made no difference where a man was buried, and that he had no money to waste in any such foolishness. Mike, however, said that he had promised, and that his promise must be fulfilled.

"But," said his employer, "how can you do it. You've got no money, and if you borrow, it will take more than a whole month's wages to carry you and him there and bring you back, to say nothing about the expense of burying him after you get there. We can fix up some way to bury him here with almost no expense."

"But," said Mike, "I don't expect to go on the steamboat; first, because I haven't got the money, and, in the next place, because I'd have to wait three days to catch a boat. I'll get a canoe and carry him in that."

"Mike Ryan, are you a ravin' maniac? What on earth are you thinkin' about? Go fifty miles on the Mississippi river in a skiff, such weather as this, with the wind blowing from the north all the time like blue blazes! Why, I'd sooner sign my death-warrant!"

But Mike was inexorable. Said he: "Dyon think I'd make a poor fellow a promise on his death-bed, and then go back on me word. No, sir; that's not Mike Ryan. I'll take him to his mother or perish in the attempt."

So Mike procured a boat, placed the body in it, and started down the river. The boat was so small that it was impossible to build a fire in it. Mike had no overcoat. He wore a red flannel shirt and a workman's woolen jacket. Reader, just think of a fifty miles' skiff ride on the Father of Waters in such apparel, with a furious north wind whirling and howling about you, and the thermometer at its minimum point for this climate. Mike was obliged to stop at every landing to warm himself. When night came on he endeavored still to pursue his journey; but, the night being very dark, he came very near overturning the boat by running against some obstruction. He then stopped at the first negro cabin and slept soundly until morning. Sunrise found him again afloat in the midst of a storm of sleet. Yet on he went, stopping at every plantation to thaw his benumbed extremities. After two days and a night he reached his destination. I was called upon to repeat "earth to earth" over the remains of the deceased woodsman.

When I had heard the story, as I have here related it, I confess I boked upon that rough-looking, barely-clad son of Erin with feelings akin to veneration. One thousand dollars in gold would have been no inducement to me to take such a rapid such a time and in such apparel.

Let here was one, poor in purse and only in station, who had voluntarily passed through this fearful ordeal without either hope or possibility of reward. I said to myself: "Here is genuine heroism of the highest type." How many of the pampered heirs of paternal wealth, how many of the gay devotees of fashion, how many of those whose names are emblazoned in story and in song, have a title of the real manhood, the true nobility, that characterized this humble son of toil? Had his circumstances been different, had he enjoyed the advantages of wealth, culture and social position, what might he not have been? I thought of Gray's lines:

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear,  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

A diamond is a diamond though unpolished. Gaudy equipage and polished manners are only the trappings—not the essence—of true manhood. Course apparel and a rough exterior may conceal a character which Nature has cast in her finest mould.

## Letter from Kentucky.

Efforts to revive the Methodists of Louisville have been put forth at several of our churches during the last several weeks. First, our young Bro. Browder, at West Broadway, attracted. He had several additions to his church, and some professions of conversions. Then Bro. J. C. Morris, of Walnut Street, drew upon Georgia for a revivalist, Rev. Samuel Jones. He has preached very decidedly to the profit and pleasure of the people, having full houses and a goodly number of professions. Bro. Morfison, of Chestnut Street, has had Dr. Lettwich, of Nashville, aiding him for two weeks past. Several conversions there. Dr. Messick has a meeting in progress at Broadway. At Jefferson Street I expect to prolong and night, on Sundays, and, apparently, the people are interested.

The protracted meeting and mourning bench exercises have their place. If a preacher suggest that over-emphasis may possibly have been given to these, of course he is attacking Methodism and ought to "withdraw." If one suggest that true spirituality is less of the personal and emotional than of the intellect-

nal, and that ministries of thought and of intellectual forces, if launched and operated continuously, would make more effective our Methodist culture in production of highest order of womanhood and manhood. It is point-blank evidence that he is backslidden and is infected with "rationalism of the times." He runs the risk of being termed the Bob Ingersoll or the Oscar Wilde of the pulpit. If it be hinted that the word of mind has outgrown many of the measures, prudential, that were once in place and appropriate, and that coffee is best not to be mixed with the grounds of a previous boiling, there are some chronic presiding elders that would very stoutly protest against a Bishop appointing such a work in his "district." These considerations have been the cause of the "prudence" (caution?) and "conservatism" (policy?) of your correspondent, and to this has been attributable his reticence, as also his refrain from writing for our church papers. "Now abideth faith, hope and the usages of the fathers," and "the greatest of these is" that of which we hear and read so frequently. "I have behaved and quieted myself as a child that is weaned from his mother," as a child who would attest his humility by choosing dwarfage rather than manhood. To comply with the condition of becoming "as a little child" is not one, necessarily, to elect dwarfage. Just any thing whatever to be "acceptable" and "available."

Now, in all seriousness, I am so well persuaded that a fuller enlightenment of mind is requisite in order to our leading society by the foretop, Christ's declaration that he came to bring a sword, to bring a fire, and peculiar import to my mind. Yet was he the Prince of Peace! Wesley and his coadjutors, ordained ministers in a church with a Calvinistic set of "Articles of Religion," went aback of "articles," to the Bible, as it is harmonious with the analogies of truth everywhere and bore bare witness to the truth. They did not "withdraw." Nor were they "put out."

I hope, in April, to make a trip to Florida, stopping over in old Alabama among friends. Demopolis, Montgomery, Union Springs and Eufaula are objective points. Possibly, also, Greenville. Dr. Rivers is a cousin of mine, through the old North Carolina Henderson stock. Motley is a brother of mine, through everything and everybody. How I would like to make love in this to scores of my old comrades; but, as I say, I won't, refrain!

No paper that reaches my desk affords me and mine more pleasure than the NEW ORLEANS CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, except, of course, the "Central Methodist." Dr. Fitzgerald is making an excellent paper of the great official.

JOSEPH R. COTTELL.

LOUISVILLE, KY., Feb. 8, 1883.

## From Secretary Morton.

Mr. Editor: I feel very sure that if all our readers were as much gratified and edified as I was by the reading of your anniversary number they will give you a unanimous vote of thanks. It was simply superb. But I write to thank you for the article on "Church Burnings" in the paper of the week before. It was timely, judicious, suggestive.

One of the prime ends to be served by our church extension movement is to improve our church architecture. This implies that it both needs improvement and is susceptible of improvement. The former statement will hardly be questioned, and the latter can be verified by any competent architect. A right observance of the rules of architecture is necessary in safety, economy, healthfulness, and appearance in our church building.

A chief element of *safety* in any house is strength, and this is eminently desirable in buildings exposed to hard winds, or long continued rains, or deep snows, or severe colds, or hot sun—all of which climatic conditions are met with in the wide spread domain of our church, and must be provided against as only scientific architecture can. How often have elegant and expensive buildings, in a little while, been disfigured and become unfit for use by sagged roofs, or warped sills, or cracked walls—all of which might have been averted by a reference to the plainest principles of architecture. The means of access from most may I not say, from all our churches—is inadequate, and here is a fruitful source of inconvenience and of danger. At this point there ought to be radical reform even at the expense of other things. Many of our churches are simple traps in which human lives are fearfully exposed. The remedy is simple. From our architects learn how to build houses with floors near the ground, and with many doors, and large doors, and doors opening out. I saw four thousand people leave the Morn on tabernacle at Salt Lake City in less than two minutes. How much can be saved in the construction of houses, and what contributions may be made to the convenience and comfort of congregations by familiarity with the rules of building, will surprise those who have not looked

closely at the matter. Durability and economy of space are both promoted by attention to these same rules, and so, too, the liability to accident by fire is greatly diminished. Incompetent workmen, with no guide but the directions of uninformed committees, are likely to inflict, at any time, irreparable damage.

The sanitary condition of churches is no item of the gravest importance. Just how to keep them warm enough, and not too warm; how to secure proper ventilation, and avoid improper draughts; how to save the preacher's voice, and let the people hear; how to light the house, and not glare the eyes, are questions which can not be settled by a novice or a bungler. All the scientific information we can secure and all the practical sense we have are necessary to their right adjustment.

To the appearance of our church edifices how much could be added by scientific skill. It is due to the community which furnishes the money that a slightly house be erected whenever it can be done, and the builders will be wise to render it attractive. Let that heaven-born instinct, the love of the beautiful, express itself in the temples erected to the worship of God, as well as in other public buildings and in the homes which we provide for ourselves. I believe there is such a thing as the religion of taste, or, if you prefer, that we make our taste religious. Surely he who beds the skies, and tints the clouds, and colors the rainbow, and dresses the mountains, and dresses the fields and paints the flowers, would have us when we come beneath canvased ceiling, on carpeted floor, within frescoed walls, to preach and praise and pray.

DAVID MORTON.

Feb. 11, 1883.

## Good Words.

Build a little time of effort  
Around today  
For the space of living ways  
And there is glory.

Look not through the sheltering haze  
Of gloom and sorrow  
But help thee bear what comes  
Of life's sorrow.

To-morrow.—It is a strange thing, while we sigh for our yesterday, and feel ashamed of our today; that we should all agree to think so favorably of our to-morrow. To-morrow is, for the most part, in our day in the year with which we feel satisfied; other days, like a careless school-boy's copy book, are blurred and blotted, but to-morrow is a fair page, smooth and clear, and white as the driven snow.

Could I effect my purpose, deeply would I impress my own, and every other heart also, with the danger of neglecting to-day and trusting to to-morrow. To what shall I liken to-morrow? It is a juggler that deceives us, a quack that pretends to cure, and this lie that will not bear our weight. It is a fruit that grows beyond our reach; a shadow that we can not grasp; a glittering bubble that bursts and vanishes away; a will-o'-the-wisp that leads multitudes to the mire; a rock on which millions suffer shipwreck. It is an illusion to all who neglect the present hour, and a reality to those only who improve to-day.

No advanced thought, no mystical philosophy, no glittering abstractions, no swelling phrases about freedom, not even science with its marvelous inventions and discoveries, can help us much in sustaining this republic; still less can godless theories of creation, or any futile attempts to rule out the Redeemer from his rightful supremacy in our hearts, afford any hope of security. That way lies despair.—Robert C. Winthrop.

—Too many have no idea of the subjection of their temper to the influence of religion, and yet what is changed if the temper is not? If a man is as passionate, malicious, resentful, sullen, moody, or morose after his conversion as before it, what is he converted from or to?—John Angell James.

—It is a singular fact that the Bible stands to the way of the bad man, and never in the way of good men. If we have not broken the law we would as soon meet the sheriff as anybody; but the criminal would much rather meet some one else.

—It ought to be the great care of every one of us to follow the Lord fully. We must follow him universally, without dividing; uprightly, without dissimulating; cheerfully, without disputing; constantly, without declining; and this is following him fully.

—Every good and holy desire, though it may lack the form, hath, in itself, the substance and force of a prayer with God, for he regards as prayer the moanings and sighings of the heart.—Hooker.

—I will tell you what to hate. Hate hypocrisy, hate cant, hate intolerance, oppression, injustice, hate pharisaism; hate them as Christ hated them—with a deep, living, God-like hatred.—F. W. Robertson.

—If you would relish food, labor for it before you take it; if you enjoy clothing, pay for it before you wear it; if you would sleep soundly, take a clear conscience to bed with you.—Franklin.



## Christian Advocate.

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## Pastoral Visiting.—No. 3.

Forty years since, when the writer of this was a young minister, our visiting had gone somewhat into the "region beyond" our circuit into a rural district. The people in that neighborhood desired preaching, which we granted them. Then they wanted a church, which they built for themselves, and, indeed, but it was all they needed, for they were thinly scattered in the wilderness, where they were contenting for the soil with the mighty forest.

How dreamily they go,  
These far off, fleeting, happy years;  
And, though age whitens like the snow,  
They leave us smiles, not tears.

One night after preaching in this little church some eight or ten mourners came to the altar for the prayers of the church. The prayer meeting was a season of great grace to many, some even shouting the praises of God and redeeming grace.

Near the close of the meeting an opportunity was given for any of the seekers of religion, who might have been converted to make it manifest by rising up. Five or six rose up, and some of them apparently so full of the love of God that they could hardly restrain themselves from loud hallelujahs.

Among them was one young lady, the daughter of a farmer in that vicinity. She was naturally comely; but now, with this new life and this new joy, her face shone like the face of an angel. She immediately became a member of the church, and, while we remained in that country, was a faithful, consistent, happy member of the church militant.

Time rolled on, and the great "iron wheel" threw us off fifteen hundred miles from that little church and these wretches with the difficulties in the new country in this new world. New duties, new labors, new cares and time had buried that neighborhood, life church, prayer meeting and the faces of the converts so deep in the storehouse of memory that they had not been seen nor thought of for long years.

We continued to take our church Advocate, published in that region, that we might see, from time to time, how the battle went on in the region of our boyhood-preaching, and how God gathered his children home "one by one." Years and years had passed when one day, sitting beneath the evergreens of Louisiana, reading this Advocate, our eyes fell on the obituary of this (once) young lady. She had married, was the mother of five children, and was now dying. Her pastor was at her bedside, conversing with her of her soul's welfare, when she inquired: "Do you know where Bro. — is, who preached the night on which I was converted?" The pastor did not know. "Then," said she, "when you write my obituary please tell him (he will remember the night of my conversion when he sees the notice of my death in the paper) that then and there I entered the narrow way, and that I have been a happy Christian, that I have never backslidden, and that I am dying in full sight of glory, and that I am going to heaven, and that we shall meet again by-and-by away on." These are happy memories, fruit from pastoral work in the beginning.

## LOCAL ITINERANT.

## The Great Reform.

MR. EDITOR: At this time, when the grand temperance question is being agitated, when its forces are mustering, when interest at least, if not action, is more or less general all over our land, I also would take some part, would utter some feeble word of influence, that, when this victorious army whose real Captain is Christ, having finished its work of deliverance, shall at last best its triumphal march, and exhibit its ensigns of victory, receiving its kingly reward, before its then visible leader, I, too, may act an insignificant part, and wave my little palm branch among the exulting ranks.

The knowledge of two notable instances has come to my mind, such as strongly exhibit the necessity of warfare. A certain countryman who is given to speering, or some other awful type of drunkenness, according to his custom, visited one of our railroad towns not a great while ago, and became drunk, as usual, and even violent, so much so that it proved necessary for the marshal to discharge his function; the drunken man exhibiting a noisy manner; using threatening language, brandishing his knife, etc., and all the time his own little son looked on in fearful childlike uneasiness, and cried in trembling grief. Such was the scene, as not only to melt to tears the heart of a tender-hearted young man, but also the heart of a man who had lived long enough to have become hardened, a saloon keeper at that, causing him to walk into his place of business, saying, "it was more than he could stand."

The other occurrence is far sadder, and vastly more to be lamented. That of a father taking his little six-year-old into a bar-room (we have three in our little village), and saying to him: "Sonny, you have not treated papa to-day?" "call for your drinker!" "which shall it be?" "beer or something else?" Angels weep over the darkened life foreshadowed for an innocent child, and the death of hell at the end, and his own father the instrumental cause. Let wickedness run riot if it must, and misery crush the hearts of our fellow-creatures, even to the

death if it will, but, O! God, deliver us from being the cause. I do not say that our strong-minded, principled men, the hope of the nation—we have some, not enough to stem the tide of evil—should shun or spurn or realize bitter feelings towards such a man as this. I think we should pity him profoundly. I think we should try to enlighten him, persuade him, urge him, plead with him, as one would plead with his own mother's son, to flee the danger; but, oh! elect him to fill an office in our towns, any office, the poorest office, never! for the sake of ourselves, for the sake of the boys and girls, our own, for the sake of our religion, the noblest principle of our nature, which alone is to serve as our passport to the life that is "beyond." No matter if such a man is popular, no matter if he is generous to a fault, no matter if he will divide his last cent, if he does spend his money freely, all he has, and with everybody.

These are no fancy sketches; it were better if they were. Some of our readers have seen the persons with their own eyes, and heard their voices with their own ears.

We have one prohibitionist in our town, or did have, and, whereas this reflects on us as a body, it is an honor to the man. We have two or three or four prohibitionists among the ladies. If their husbands only gave them their support. And now would I fain ask the older men of our towns not to grant whiskey licenses at all. I would. But a thousand times more vehemently would I invoke you, in justice to your trust, not to allow a petition of illegal voters to obtain any license, simply letting it slip through the required time (during which it must be subject to a counterpetition) unchanged by any protesting word of yours.

And merchants, too—I dare not say who you are—who wink at the rate, do not fight this evil of the whiskey traffic for the sake of the added trade that it may bring to your town. I beg you lie away from the last day of reckoning if you can.

## TEMPERANCE.

## A Pastor's Experience.

MR. EDITOR: Tell that Virginia brother who rode eighteen miles through the cold and mud to marry a couple, but got there just in time to hear another brother pronounce the solemn rite that bound them together, that he has a sympathizer down here in North Mississippi. This preacher did not ride through the cold and mud, but rode over some as rough road as there is in Mississippi. He arrived in time to learn that another brother had been asked to marry the couple, and that they wanted to dance there that night. This preacher protested, but it did not good. So he thought he would keep his eyes open, and go home with the first person that left, as he did not desire to witness the frolic, and the gentleman at whose house he stopped had but three small rooms, and no private place to put him away. About twelve o'clock the Baptist brother who married the couple and this preacher persuaded a young man to go home and carry his home with him. He did finally consent, and we felt that we had left the frivolities and gayeties of this world behind. Our Baptist brother was very liberal with the fee, and gave this preacher half of the amount. But the whole amount did not cause either of us to feel vain over our fortune. Then, Mr. Editor, to think that it was the first couple I had ever been called on to marry, and the extra trouble I had in getting myself in readiness for the occasion, and how I studied to have the ceremony at my tongue's end, and how I hurried my horse and worried myself to get there, and, besides, they had sent so far for me, and then to think that simply because they were afraid I would not come they must send for some one else. But the worst is that this preacher was forced to stay where a few frolicsome, light-minded young people danced away several hours. Oh! horrors.

## SOUTH MISSISSIPPI.

FEBRUARY 3, 1883.

## Temperance Convention.

MR. EDITOR: The first convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Louisiana was held Wednesday, January 31, 1883, under very favorable and interesting circumstances. Miss Frances E. Willard was unanimously called to the chair, and presided with her incomparable grace and dignity. Delegates from different parts of the State were received and welcomed. Many earnest words were spoken, and much hearty good fellowship expressed. It was pleasant to hear the sweet womanly voices gradually rising from the first tremulous words to braver accents as the righteous strength of the cause they pleaded nerved them to the endeavor.

The National Constitution of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union was read and accepted, clause by clause, and Louisiana stepped into line of battle with the thirty States already marshaled. The convention was designated with the utmost fitness as a "love-feast." As far as human judgment could determine it was out of the fullness of an earnest heart that each mouth spoke. We trust that our friends of the CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE did the State Union "God-speed." We need every blessing and every prayer that can be uttered in our behalf. "By their fruits ye shall know them," the Master said. We aim at raising the fallen, strengthening the weak, warn-

ing those who say "we are strong," and administering the "ounce of prevention." Have not these purposes the semblance of our Redeemer's love?

Again, the Master said: "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto my Father." Christ looked far along through the ages, and saw the rise and growth of reforms for which the world was not then ripe, but which must naturally be the outcome of the working of his holy Spirit among men. So, "If God be with us who can be against us?"

## Marriages.

CREARY—THOMPSON.—At the residence of the bride's mother, in Bagdad, Fla., February 6, 1883, by Rev. J. A. Peterson, Mr. James E. Creary to Miss Ella B. Thompson.

SMITH—LAMBERT.—At the Methodist Church, Opelousas, La., December 20, 1882, by Rev. T. J. Hough, Mr. Theodore A. Smith to Miss Rosa A. Lambert.

CALDWELL—HAYES.—At the residence of Mr. David Hayes, father of the bride, February 8, 1883, by Rev. Thomas J. Upton, Mr. Thompson W. Caldwell to Miss Avarilla M. Hayes, all of Iberia parish, La.

WARR—WHITTINGTON.—At the residence of the bride's father, at Standing Pine, Miss., January 11, 1883, by Rev. Irvin Miller, Mr. Joseph Warr and Miss Josephine Whittington.

JATTAWAY—CLARK.—At the residence of the bride, Estes Mills, Miss., February 8, 1883, by Rev. Irvin Miller, Mr. J. M. Jattaway to Mrs. S. E. Clark.

WOODWARD—SNEAD.—At the residence of Mr. William Ball, in Columbia, Miss., January 23, 1883, by Rev. J. W. McLaughlin, Mr. David Woodward to Miss Kate Snead.

BAILEY—WILLIAMSON.—At the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. S. T. Williamson, of Covington county, Miss., February 1, 1883, by Rev. J. W. McLaughlin, Mr. R. E. Bailey to Miss Aesha Williamson.

LEA—McGIBBIE.—At the Methodist Church, Summit, Miss., January 2, 1883, by Rev. William P. Hines, Mr. Alfred Lea and Miss Annie McGibbie, all of Pike county, Miss.

WATTS—COOK.—At the residence of the bride's mother, January 25, 1883, by Rev. J. M. Patton, Mr. L. S. Watts, of Shreveport, La., to Miss Annie G. Cook, of Sumner county, Ala.

## Obituaries.

HOGAN—MRS. MARY HOGAN, daughter of William and Rosanna Lankin, was born in East Tennessee, May 20, 1818, and died in Starkville, Miss., January 14, 1883. Two of her brothers, Robert Lankin and A. W. Lankin, are among the esteemed and older citizens of Starkville. One of her sisters was married to Rev. James Walton, long an influential member of the Mississippi Conference. Another sister was married to Col. R. D. Baker, formerly well known in commercial circles and in the Methodist Church in Alabama. Her father moved to Alabama in 1810, and settled near Huntsville. She was married to Elijah Hogan in 1818, and became the mother of ten children—all of whom attained to their majority. Eight of her children still live, and with a large number of grandchildren, family connections and friends, cherish the many virtues of this esteemed and venerable matriarch.

At the time of her death she had been a consistent and faithful member of the Methodist Church for about sixty years, having made profession of religion and joined the church, as is thought, at a camp meeting held at Cambridge, Limestone county, Ala. Her husband also became an active member of the church about the same time, and, being blessed with prosperous circumstances, their home became "the preacher's home." Among the papers of her husband, still in possession of the family, is this memorandum of steward's work, dating back to the year 1830: "Limestone circuit—To J. B. McFerrin, \$100." The salary of the Methodist preacher at that early day was \$100 per annum.

Mrs. Hogan moved with her husband to Columbus, Miss., in the year 1832, and after a time, settled permanently in the vicinity of Starkville. Her husband died in 1841, and she met the responsibilities of her position with calm resolution, and bore the burdens of life with patient endurance. Industrious and systematic in her habits, quiet and unobtrusive in spirit, she pursued the even tenor of her way, receiving the confidence and esteem of all who knew her. One who knew her long and well places upon her character this high encomium, "that she never was known to speak harshly of any one, and if she had an enemy during life, she did not know it."

Though not demonstrative, yet her piety shone out with a steady luster. She was constant in her devotion to the church, to her Bible and to God. Beyond her fourscore years, even to the close of life, she retained her mental faculties in vigor, and wore the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit with attractive grace. It was pleasant to meet her in the social circle, and at the family reunion, to listen to her words of wisdom, and to witness the radiance of her genial and cheerful spirit. She waited long at the margin of the food, not with repining or murmuring, but patiently and hopefully, until called to pass over and enter into her better and enduring inheritance. Without wasting sickness, and with only a few short paroxysms of suffering, she passed away. So unlooked for was the event that her many friends were taken by surprise when only in the morning of the day of her decease it was reported that "Aunt Hogan" was dead. They go hence and seem to be forgotten; yet the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.

T. C. WIER.

LEGGITT—Died, at her residence in Richmond parish, La., December 4, 1882, Mrs. Lucy M. Leggett, wife of James A. Leggett, aged twenty-nine years, attended with great physical suffering, and most mysterious manner, the death of this lovely woman before she had arrived at the meridian of ordinary life. It is said that death loves a shining mark, and in this instance he had selected one who was the idol of the household and the admiration of all who were brought within the circle of her influence. She was a model homemaker, noted for order, neatness and economy, and was the embodiment of energy. A devoted wife who was to her a loving and careful mother; and, what is better still, she was a consistent and earnest Christian. At the time of her death she had been a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, for about ten years. With true Chris-

tian hospitality her home was always open to the ministers of her Master, and her heart and hand were ever ready to render aid to any enterprise for the advancement of morality and religion. Her place in the household and neighborhood can never be adequately filled, and only those who knew her well can appreciate the loss sustained by her family and her friends.

She died in "the full assurance of faith," and expressed no fears for the future. She was rational almost up to the last moment of her earthly existence. One who stood by her just before she passed over the dark, dread river, says of her that, from the "far-away" expression of her eyes and the glowing words which fell from her lips, she seemed to have had, even while in the flesh, a bright vision of the glory land. Her death was triumphant.

May he, who is the real source of comfort, pour his healing balm into the lacerated heart of her truly-stricken husband, and throw the mantle of his love around the five little ones she has left behind her, is the earnest prayer of her mother.

McRIGHT—SARAH M. McRIGHT, daughter of John E. and Mary McRignt, was born in Fairfield district, S. C., March 12, 1831. Her parents moved to Loundes county, Ala., when she was an infant. Unfortunately, like many others, she was cast out in the world an orphan when quite young. In her fourteenth year, while attending a protracted meeting in the town of Prattville, Ala., she was happily converted, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and







## Christian Advocate.

ORGAN OF THE LOUISIANA, MISSISSIPPI AND NORTH MISSISSIPPI CONFERENCES OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

CHAS. B. GALLOWAY, D. D., Editor.

Corresponding Editors:  
REV. T. A. M. ADAMS, REV. J. T. SAWYER,  
REV. W. L. C. HUNNICUTT.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1883.

Again we urge our brethren to take the missionary collections early and forward to the treasurer at Nashville.

Read the address of the Publishing Committee, written by Dr. Sullivan, and work for "the dear old Advocate."

The times demand Christians of positive convictions and consecrated lives. We can not be conformed to the world and prevail with God or men.

The Pacific Methodist of February 9 is full of District Conference news. Bishop Hargrove is making full proof of his episcopate in the "ultimate West." Our church out there has certainly commenced a vigorous upward movement.

We see it stated that the Marquis of Lorne is convinced, from his recent visit to the northwest portion of Canada, that the absolute prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquors has secured the most perfect peace and order. Of course, that will always result. But if prohibition has done so much for the northwest, why not protect the whole dominion? And what is good for Canada will be a benediction to the United States.

We have received a copy of the Cokesbury District Church Record. It indicates the spirit and power of South Carolina Methodism. We notice many things good to the use of edifying, but nothing more pointed than the following: "You had just as well try to keep up the courage and spirit of corps of a brigade by putting its commanding officer on a mule as to attempt to sustain the character and reputation of a district with an inadequate salary for the presiding elder."

Dr. Allen calls for four new missionaries. He needs them now to man the work projected. His providential openings echo the appeal. But on this side the sea we are confronted with an empty treasury and conservative brethren, who warn the board not to inflict a debt upon the church. One of two things must therefore be done—we must deny the appeal, with the young men ready to go, or increase our collections, bid them God-speed and sing:

Woe, woe, woe, the story.

The appeal made by Bishop Pierce for a general revival in our Southern Methodism has awakened a wide response. Thought has been quickened, prayer become more frequent and urgent, and a forward movement commenced all along the line. What mighty results will follow if a great church unites in revival work, with a revived spirit and with the old Methodist methods. We need to stress this appeal. Above all things, because including everything, we need a revival of Holy Ghost religion. In our pride of numbers and increased wealth, we may suffer loss of spiritual power. But with a religion of heart and knowledge—an experience of confidence and clearness—we must be mighty to the pulling down of strongholds.

Bishop H. M. Turner, of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, is a man of large culture and influence with his race. We know him, have heard him preach, lecture and preside in Conference, and regard him as worthy of confidence and fraternal regard. He has a lecture on "God's Purpose in the Negro Race," which for scholarship and eloquence is worthy of any platform North or South. His views are broad and his spirit conservative and Christian. Recently he has been writing for the Christian Recorder, and in one letter speaks as follows:

There never was a time when the colored people were more concerned about Africa. In every respect, than at present. In some portions of the country it is the topic of conversation, and if a line of steamers were started from New Orleans, Mobile, Savannah or Charleston they would be crowded every trip they made to Africa. There is a general unrest and a wholesale dissatisfaction among our people in a number of sections of the country, to my certain knowledge, and they sigh for conveniences to and from the continent of Africa. Something has to be done. Do they wish to go? Liberia waits for them, long for them, knows that her future depends on their presence. Thus only can a great Christian colony be established there to shed the light of Christ's gospel over the spiritual wastes of heathenism, and to penetrate the dense barbarisms of ages with the benign influence of modern civilization.

## Jehoiakim's Penknife.

That was a very rash and naughty act of King Jehoiakim. When the word of the Lord was read in his hearing he became enraged, took the roll, "cut it with his penknife and cast it into the fire that was in the hearth." What displeased him he sought to destroy. He could not brook the counsel of the Lord; and therefore angrily mutilated it and cast it into the fire. But how foolish such an act! Obligations are imperative whether acknowledged or rejected. We can not escape the demands of duty by refusing its claims. These are heaven-imposed, and are as authoritative and infallible when unassumed as to the most obedient and consecrated of the Lord's anointed. Jehoiakim might mutilate the roll, but could not set aside its inspired and infinite claims. Burning the mere words did not consume their spirit and power. They rang in his conscience and lingered in his memory, like the thundering echoes of a thousand Sinais.

Yet, however rash and unreasonable such folly, Jehoiakim typed a numerous generation. In our own time his followers are many and of various classes. Whatever displeases—whatever fails to accord with their reason, theories or prejudices—they reject as rudely as did the foolish old king. The penknife is freely used on those books and passages that condemn their lives and vagaries. Doubts are suggested as to the genuineness and authenticity of certain Scriptures that have been held in unquestioned canonical authority for all these centuries. All the different schools of infidelity have their little penknives sharpened and ready for the critic's hand, and when each has finished his work of excision and mutilation there is nothing left but the memory of a book claiming to be a revelation.

It has been said that human nature is best disclosed in its treatment of the Bible. If so what a ghastly revelation it makes! Never, possibly, in the history of our planet has there been such a subtle, insinuating, determined and powerful attack upon the integrity and authority of the sacred Scriptures. And the open, blatant infidel forces outside the church are aided by the restive, hypercritical rationalists who stand high in ecclesiastical councils. It is our deliberate opinion that the great battle of the church for the next decade will be in defense of the Bible. This is our discernment of the signs of the times. The multiplied and confusing theories of inspiration that are pervading the churches North have their advocates and apostles in our communities. They are darkening the skies of many, hitherto bright, without fleck of cloud or shadow of unbelief. This is our call to duty. We can not yield one jot or tittle of our Bible's absolute and entire canonical authority without loss of power in the church and our own hearts. Genuine, comforting Christian experiences and sturdy, heroic faith are only developed out of a revelation plenary inspired; When we admit any element of doubt—when we cut loose from that sure and safe mooring—we have no harbor in which to drop an anchor and ride in calm security. We are driven by every wind and tossed, without chart or compass or a steady hand at the wheel.

What will be the issue our faith never doubts for a moment. This word was never so widely circulated or so carefully read. It has gone into all corners of the earth, and been translated into well-nigh all the tongues of nations. For every objector or rash Jehoiakim there will be a brave and masterly defender. But everywhere and always we must insist upon the inspired integrity of the book. With that in hand, its words hid in our hearts, and its doctrines transmitted into our experiences, the church is invincible against the very gates of hell. Let Jehoiakim's fate and folly be a warning to all his disciples and lesser lights.

## Publishing Committee's Address.

The Publishing Committee for this paper met in annual session February 7, 1883, in the publishers' office. All were present but two. It was the occasion of completing the thirty-second year of this Advocate's life and work. The result shows the wisdom of projecting and maintaining the enterprise, and the history of it reveals a lofty purpose, a heroic faith, a loving devotion and a willing sacrifice, which challenge all praise and imitation. For thirty-two years the clear voice of this brave watchman on the walls of our Zion has rung out the true notes of the Divine gospel, giving warning, rebuke, reproof, correction, consolation, encouragement, instruction in righteousness to the people, calling men from avarice, from covetousness, from fraud, from lust of the flesh, from the eye and the pride of

life, from an idolatrous devotion to pleasure, the abandon of amusement, from satisfaction in worldly achievements, from all these to the spirit and manner and aims of godliness of life, to high purposes and efforts for the glory of God and the salvation of men. Into these columns our best Christian thought and matured experience have found their way and done their good work abroad. Editorials, essays, letters, reports of travel, of revival, of mission and other work, of triumphs of faith and victory over death, have abounded here to the edification of the Lord's people and the promotion of the sinner's conversion. Through these columns brethren, lay and clerical, have communed with each other, and watched each other's conflicts; labors and progress. How many have met and walked and watched and prayed and triumphed together here! How many have drunk at the fountain of these sweet waters, or rejoiced in the genial light shed here upon the word and providences of God! The files of the Advocate for all these past years will tell. But the value of the work of faith, and labor of love which this paper has done in this time in its weekly visits to our hearts and homes, can not be measured. It has been one of the most active and powerful agencies of Christianity in the territory over which its influence has been distributed. It may be questioned whether our own church could have sustained a healthy, aggressive existence in the great city of New Orleans but for this great artery for the current of her life. And Methodism firmly planted, healthily growing, and vigorously working in that center of Southwestern life, sends its pulse and power to the church in all the adjacent States. These and like reflections could not fail to move the hearts of the committee, and to quicken both their gratification and their interest. Here is a powerful instrument for good in the work of salvation, an instrument that can reach and does reach hundreds and thousands of our people, both in and out of the church, an instrument, which each pastor can make his valuable aid in all the ministries he is to serve to his people, which superintendents and teachers can use as a help in their great work with the children, which parents and children can use to brighten and bless the home life, which Christian and sinner can use in aid of finding Christ and the work of a Christian life, an instrument through which the church can reach her people in favor of the great enterprises which make for salvation of sinners at home and abroad—Sunday-schools, missions, education and temperance. The noble Advocate comes forward now in neat dress, with Methodist simplicity and spirituality, with ripeness of experience, fullness of knowledge, courageous hope, firmness of purpose, and established ability and influence to pledge herself, in the hands of the three patronizing Conferences, to the Master's blessed work. The financial condition of the paper is healthy, and the existing arrangement for publication secures the devoted energies of two experienced business men, who at the same time, as laymen in our church, seek to widen their field of usefulness by sustaining and extending the influence of the Advocate. The committee endorse the purpose of the publishers to conduct their work on a strictly cash basis. This will keep all the financial points exposed to them, and will cultivate promptness and business correctness in the patrons. The paper is to be maintained in a form and style equal to its present convenience and conciseness, and its literary and religious character will fulfill all that the culture, experience and talent now engaged in it can promise. The committee gave formal expression of their satisfaction with the efficient work of the editor. He has officially associated with him several other able writers, whose articles will make an attractive and instructive feature of the paper. Other pens of equal ability, rich in the treasures of our experimental and aggressive religion, will find their welcome way into these columns to help in the fruitful work of this important ministry. The paper is not doing more financially than paying necessary expenses; certainly no one is making money from the enterprise, and we might appeal with reason to its constituency to help it to a larger degree of financial confidence and vigor, for such improvement would secure increased brain work, and so multiply desired results. But we make the appeal rather on the ground of the great value of the paper to us in our Christian life and work, the real service it is in the home, in the ranks of business and as a help in pastoral ministry. No objection is offered to such premiums as the worthy publishers give for subscribers, but any pastor can well afford to do his best in circulating this Advocate, simply for the aid it will give him in the spiritual nurture of his people. The same may be said of any really good Christian paper. The value of a truly religious press can not be overestimated as an arm of power in the great battle the church must wage for the truth as it is in Jesus. From the conditions of the ease preachers, for the most part, must be the agents for distributing and circulating Christian literature. They know, or should know, the worth of it in their work; they see the evil effects of its lack among the people. Instance a Methodist home without a Methodist Advocate; what dearth of knowledge and interest in godly life and church affairs. The preacher can not supply the need by his work in the pulpit and pastoral visits; all the forces must have part in a complete result. This Christian paper must not be left out. This Advocate has its work to do, and yearns to do it. Will the preachers and people of the three patronizing Conferences open for it a passage into every home, and clear its way to the utmost usefulness? It has no envious rivalry to indulge with any other Christian paper; on the other hand, it rejoices in the noble sisterhood and in the good that each one can do. It only urges the largest possible extension of its work in the Conferences that have chosen it as their organ, and this on the basis of its ability and purpose to be what a Christian Advocate ought to be to the people. Its location in the great Southern center of business and influence, where the forces of evil strongly exert their power against the doctrine and spirit of Christianity, must attract the attention and effort of those who appreciate the value of working through such a center to send the currents of spiritual health over the whole area of that influence. This consideration appeals to every Methodist within the Conferences which this paper is chosen to serve. With more than sixty thousand members these three Conferences should have ten thousand subscribers to this Advocate. Shall we not put our mark on that number, and work for its accomplishment? Let us send this evangelist into every home within our bounds. The great lines of travel that pierce the territory of these Conferences secure quick passage for our mails. While our friends in the North Mississippi Conference, the most distant from us, are resting in the slumbers of the night the Advocate passes to their postoffices, ready to greet them in the morning, or to be distributed right and left into the interior. With so many facts in favor of this Advocate, the Publishing Committee believe this a good time to press it forward to a wider field in its career of usefulness, and they earnestly urge all concerned to take prompt and active part in this good work.

W. T. J. SULLIVAN,  
For Committee.

## From All Evil.

"The angel which redeemed me from all evil." Jacob's pilgrimage had come to a close. The cloudy, gusty morning had been succeeded by a brilliant noon-day, and this was followed by an evening of stormy perils; but just before the shadows of night fell and closed the scene the clouds vanished and the winds hushed their anger, and, as the old man lay on his couch and looked out of the west window, he saw the sun of life sinking into an ocean of peaceful beauty and heaven-tinged glory. The gallant ship had weathered all the storms, and had outdone all the breezy billows, and, though the sails were tattered and flapping the masts, and the hull carried the marks of the rocky reefs upon which she had run, yet, illumined by the glory of that setting sun, the old vessel was still holding true to her course, and beautifully rounding the cape into the haven of peace. The old father, whose weak and worn frame will soon be remanded to its kindred dust, whose sightless eyes will soon be cleared by the dawning of the eternal day, whose sorrow-scarred heart will soon throb with the exquisite joy of communion with the holy ones, feeling the gentle air of Beulah fanning his faded cheek, and hearing a music from the far away land which others do not hear, and seeing the beckoning of a gracious hand which others do not see, ascends the steps of the vestibule to the "house of many mansions," but, before entering his eternal home, he turns his face earthward, lifts his palsied hands, and, beautifully rounds up a checkered probation by the grand statement of what God had done for him, and by a hearty commendation to his posterity of the religion which had cheered and strengthened him all his life long. "The God which fed me all my life-long unto this day, the Angel which redeemed me from all evil, bless the

Here is a recognition of God as the

Author of temporal and spiritual blessings, and a prayer by which his posterity is placed under the eagle of God's protecting power and recommended to the lovingness of his redeeming grace. Here is the clearest recognition, in the supremest moment of life, of the inestimable value of a faith that clings itself to God and the heartiest recommendation of that faith to others. He had been redeemed from all evil. Clouds and storms had swept over him, trouble and sorrow had been his companions during the greater part of his day, but now standing in the vestibule of the "house not made with hands," and looking for the last time earthward, he saw the last hours of day quiet and beginning to glow with the glories of the golden twilight of the eternal morning. And how beautiful was that holy quiet! How softly fell the lingering rays of life's departing sun! What a profound peace was in the heart when the lips said: "The Angel which redeemed me from all evil!" What a joyful gratitude arose from the consciousness that "all evil" was past and gone forever! He stood there in thankful memories of past deliverances and in eager anticipation of future glories, and looked at pain and care and trouble and sorrow and the whole troop of evils take their departure and recede and grow smaller in the increasing distance, and then disappear beyond the horizon, never to return! No wonder his heart went out in gratitude to the Angel!

He had been redeemed from spiritual evils as well as from temporal ills. The temporal evils which Jacob suffered may have been but the weaker counterparts of the spiritual evils that afflicted his mortal nature. He was a sinner, and there is nothing more onerous than sin! There is nothing that can fasten such a dead weight of woe upon the soul. There is nothing that can infuse into the innocent pleasures of life such a virulent poison! There is nothing that can so easily block up the way to peace—that can so easily open the gates to unhappiness! There is no agony so deep, no self-accurring so searching, no misery so intolerable, no heart-throbs so violent, no despair so unmitigable as that which comes from sin! No man knows what woe is until, like the prophet, he stands in the very brightness of the Divine presence, and hears the voice of rebuke crying with tremendous voice: "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts." In this dash and flood of holiness his moral deformity is sharply and startlingly revealed, and the anguished soul cries out, through whitened lips, in despairing alarm: "Woe is me, for I am undone, for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts." There is but one thing able to lift this burden from the sinking soul; and that is, the grace of God. It not only lifts the burden, but produces a peace as deep as the agony and a joy so weighty that it bows the soul in thrilled adoration before the throne of grace.

It was to this blessed experience Jacob referred when he said: "The Angel that redeemed me from all evil." After that long, dark night of struggle with the Angel, during which hope lay in pausing prostration at the foot of fear, when the bright beams of the morning sun scattered the darkness from the earth, a brighter beauty shined the darkness from his soul, and he stood among the glories of the early morning, a man with a new nature and a new name, a man just from the council chamber of Godhead, washed in the atoning blood of the Lamb, and renewed by the loving power of the Holy Ghost, and stamped with the seal of the court of Heaven and named a prince of God. It was here he experienced the full power of redeeming love. It was here he realized redemption from all evil.

The purpose of the religion of Jesus is to redeem from all evil. "His blood cleanseth from all sin." His atonement reaches the greatest sins and the smallest sins. "Where sin abounded grace doth much more abound."

"To cleanse us all, both you and me, We shall from all our sins be free."

G. W. C.

## Protestantism in Colima, Mexico.

The Catholic priests of Colima are alarmed, and are crying the alarm to the people for the purpose of stirring up their wrath against our gospel work. A recent official, circular letter announces "the arrival of the Protestants in Colima for the third time," and pronounces many curses upon them as mischief workers, etc. The people are earnestly warned against them, and threatened with all the maledictions of excommunication from the "only holy Roman Catholic, Apostolic Church." The first arrival of the Protestants in Colima, to which reference is made in the circular letter, was a few years ago, when Mr. John Butler, an Englishman, and former agent of the British

and Foreign Bible Society, reached that city with a supply of Bibles for distribution. He began his work at once, and with some success. A part of his plan was to spend the evenings in his room, reading and explaining the Bible to such persons as he, in his work during the day, could persuade to go and hear the word of life. The Catholic fanatics, who are always very numerous, and very bitter against whatever does not please them or the equally fanatical priests, raised a mob for the purpose of killing the Bible worker. They sent into the country for one Regino Rangel (Ray-hee-no Rang-hel), who had been a prominent leader in all the revolutions of his day, and a favorite among the highwaymen. He was to be their leader. And on the night the attack was to be made the rabble, with stones, clubs and knives in hand, gathered in the street in front of the room where Mr. Butler was then reading and explaining the Scriptures to a few Mexican hearers. It occurred to the leader to take with him one other man, and with knives in hand to enter the room, but first to hear what the man was really teaching. After hearing the Bible read he returned to the mob in the street, assured them that the teaching of this man was not evil, and instead of leading them on to kill him, he stood there for his defense. But the attack was made. The Catholics rushed into the house frantically, throwing their stones and flourishing their clubs and knives in the air as Mr. Butler and his companions disappeared through the back door, having received some slight bruises. The alarm reached the American consul, as he hurried to the place he met the "chief of the district," who immediately arrested a number of persons engaged in the mob, sent them to jail, and afterwards conscripted them into the army as punishment. The consul then said to the Bible agent: "You have done here all that is possible at present, and had better at once leave the city." "That," said Mr. Butler, "is just what I want to do, if you will only tell me how it can be done safely." He was sent by the governor from Colima to Mazatlan, in charge of Regino Rangel as a guard, who he took a steamer for other duty. This occurred as Rangel himself informed me. Immediately after the fall of the Maximilian empire.

The second Protestant agitation in Colima was two years ago, when Jose Pallares was sent by the Southern Methodist mission to establish a mission station in that city on the western coast, but not knowing that Mr. Butler had been there, a house was rented and public service opened. Persecution began at once, and was vigorously kept up. The house was soon taken away from the preacher and withdrawn. The Catholics were left again in undisturbed possession of the field. In November, 1882. This is what the priests in their letter called "third time" they had been alarmed by the Protestants.

Bro. Agillar and I arrived in that city for the purpose of establishing permanently our evangelical work. Although we proceeded quietly at first, the American consul told us afterward that we had not been there an hour till it was heard on the streets, "a Protestant Bishop has arrived." They knew but little about Protestant Bishops. But a mob was rented, and other preparations made, through the active help of Regino Rangel, and Bro. Agillar was put in charge of the station. From the time of Mr. Pallares' departure a few Protestants had met together regularly each Sunday for their religious worship, but unknown to the Catholics. Now that public service was commenced persecution followed, or rather accompanied. The guards kept the mob out of the house, but could not prevent the flying of stones. The attendance at interest indoors increased, while the gatherings in the streets and warlike demonstrations of the fanatics gradually diminished. For a while the preacher had to be accompanied by guard from his boarding house to the church and from the church to his home. Even his landlady was assaulted in the streets for allowing him to stay in her house. But this Catholic fanaticism is being brought to check by the strong arm of government soldiery. A grand outbreak was expected on the day the circular letter aforesaid was read in all the Catholic Churches. More guards, however, were put on duty, and prevented any violent action, although the demonstrations by the people were quite threatening during the morning service. In the evening there was better order, and several or eighty persons gathered in the house to hear preaching, while many others listened quietly at the windows. The principal difficulty now is that we shall not be able to retain the house we have rented.

W. M. PATTERSON.

MEXICO, Dec. 30, 1882.



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Christian Advocate.

**LET'S IMPROVE THE LANDS.**—Mr. Editor:—I am no farmer, as you and many of your readers very well know, and I hope you, as also your readers, will do me the justice to say that I have never presumed to know anything, practically, about farming or planting, and hence never presumed to advise farmers how to plant or when to plant.

But Mr. Editor, I claim that reading, observation, and experience have enabled me to learn something about our lands, and I contend that I may with propriety write about the present condition and the great necessity which exists for their immediate and very great improvement.

More than a half century ago the eccentric John Randolph of Virginia, sprang suddenly from the floor of the House of Representatives of the United States, and addressing the speaker at the top of his peculiar voice, exclaimed, "I have found the philosopher's stone!—the true philosopher's stone!—it is, Pay as you go!"

Without assuming to detract from the great discovery made at that period by the great Virginian named, I am satisfied that I have discovered exactly what this cotton region of ours at this period, and if you and your readers will allow it, I will state the difficulty so plainly that none can fail to understand me.

I have discovered that, in this part of Hinds county, it takes 25 acres of land to produce four bales of cotton, or 100 acres to furnish 16 bales. One hundred acres of land with all necessary fencing, two or three cabins, provisions for ten to fifteen persons, clothing for the same number, and two or three mules and their feed, often cost at \$1.25 per bushel, must all be furnished, (with doctors bills, preachers bills, etc.) and to meet it all, sixteen bales of cotton are turned out worth at the gin house, just \$75.00.

The use of the 100 acres of land for one year, counting value of fencing, cabins, well privileges, fire wood, etc., ought to be worth all of \$250; hire of two mules one year, \$80; feed of two mules one year, \$100; for twelve men, women and children for one year, both meal and meat, with a just at flour, coffee and sugar, \$500; clothing for same, \$150; medical attendance for twelve persons, \$100. There is the expense attending the production of \$750 worth of cotton, and it costs us \$1,150.00!

If there is any error in the above figures, or if any item of necessary expenditure is over estimated, I would thank any one of your readers to set me right. I take the calculation to be correct, and that it is evident that cotton growing under the present system is financially ruinous alike to laborer, landlord, business man and merchant, and the country.

And now comes the question, where is the door of escape? I have discovered it, Mr. Editor, and it is, in my judgment, the true philosopher's stone. It is not a higher price for cotton. It is not a greater acreage in cotton. It is not a reduction in the wages of labor. It is not a reduction in the prices of supplies; but it is simply an increase of the quantity produced per acre. Instead of getting sixteen bales of cotton from 100 acres of Hinds county land, we should get 400 bales, worth \$4,000. Can this be done? I believe it can be. Indeed, I am satisfied that it can be.

The Mar of Jackson, in connection with home fertilizers to be had on every farm in the country, will be found the very article which will bring our lands in production up to the standard which I have stated.

I have no doubt there are other marls and other fertilizers which would accomplish the same great object, but I am satisfied the marl produced in our own county, and manipulated by our own citizens, can be procured at cheaper rates than foreign substances, and may be more perfectly relied upon.

I have great faith in my theory as herein stated; Mr. Editor, and have determined to test it practically in a limited way, and I should be delighted if others, more practical farmers than myself, would also experiment. I am in receipt of eight barrels of the Siskland Marl, which I shall apply to certain products and corn next month. Should it prove beneficial to the crop to the extent of my expectations, I will, another year, double the quantity, and continue to apply it to land under my cultivation, whether few or many acres, to the extent of my financial ability, confident that we can, in Hinds county, turn out 400 bales of cotton from every acre of land in cultivation, and thus make our lands remunerative in future instead of a dead loss as for many years past.—Geo. W. Harper, in Raynaud, Miss., Gazette.

Our first successful grafting was done at the age of nine years. "At home" we had an old orchard that seemed to be past its period of usefulness, and what apples it did bear were of inferior sort. It was a question whether to cut down the trees, or try and rejuvenate them by the application of an abundance of manure, well stirred into the soil, and by grafting the old limbs with new and superior varieties of fruit. It was concluded to see what virtue there was in manure and clones, and this gave us an opportunity to watch the process of grafting. Before the job was finished we had learned the art of cutting a cion, making a cleft, applying the wax, etc. Later in the season it was a source of much gratification to see the young grafts well put in growing along with those not by a kinder hand.

This reminiscence of youth is given as a proof that grafting is not a monopoly of gifted minds, or an art that can only be acquired by the few. With the ordinary amount of "gumption" to be had with, followed by careful teaching or only a short time, almost any one can graft successfully. Grafting is a simple thing, and a cutting of one variety in the wood of another, instead of in the soil. It is essential that the growing layer of the cion and stock come in close contact, and be so held until they grow together. Now is the time to get the cions. They may be bought at most nurseries, and great care should be taken to get only the best varieties. If at all in time, be equally careful to get them of the right kind, cutting only the tips of last season's growth. Each should be cut separately and tied in bundles, labelled, and afterwards put in boxes with damp sawdust or moss, and kept in a cool place until used. A fine saw, two good knives, one sharp and heavy, the other smaller, with a keen edge; a hard-wood wedge, a inches long and half an inch thick, and a small nail are the implements used in grafting. The wax may be purchased by melting together, beeswax, rosin and tallow, in a saucepan over a moderate fire, stirring continually until all is melted. Rolls of waxed cloth may be formed from old

cotton stuff made thin by wear, and torn into strips two inches wide. Wind into the melted wax; when the cloth is thoroughly impregnated by the wax, remove, let dry, and put away from dust ready for use.

Grafting should be done as soon as the buds begin to swell. Having determined upon the place for the graft, saw off the branch, smooth the cut surface and make a cleft with the knife and mallet. Cut the cion from the twig, leaving two or three buds upon the wedge. Open the cleft with the knife and place the cion in carefully so that the lower bud comes at the top of the cleft. The inner bark, or growing layer, of the cion and the stock should touch as much as possible. If the grafted branch is small, a single cion is enough; otherwise, put in one on each side. Unroll enough waxed cloth to cover the wound of both stock and cions, and press it on carefully and closely. The quick application of this protection is only a matter of practice. It is well for beginners to start with worthless limbs before doing regular grafting in the orchard. If possible find some one in the neighborhood familiar with the process and learn the art from him. The general principles may be obtained from printed directions, but the success of the work will depend upon the knack, and that is only acquired in the orchard.—Dr. H. H. Heston, in American Agriculturist.

We never yet failed to get a good crop of spring wheat if sown in March, and have had equally good crops sown in mid winter on a thaw, the ground freezing severely after, says the Prairie Farmer. The reason is simple. The seed germinates slowly but surely; the plant attains a vigorous and consequently healthy growth, with strong roots. Hence, if destructive insects arrive, such wheat will resist attacks under which a weaker and more succulent growth would succumb. We have had a number of inquiries this spring, asking where spring rye could be had. It should be obtained of any respectable seedman, but we do not advise sowing it unless sowings of the autumn varieties have been neglected. It is especially, spring rye would be of little value. Grass, especially, should be sown early. If not already sown attend to this matter at once. Grass is the life of any farm, and among the grasses are now included, by common consent, red clover. It is not a grass, of course, being a legume, but it fills the place of grass as forage for cattle and sheep especially. It is a rule, to sow superabundant, and no plant has yet superseded it as a valuable fertilizer of the soil. Its deep tap roots pierce the subsoil, bring up and store away valuable matter as plant food by the ultimate decay of the roots. The plant is a valuable one as food for stock, and this digested again makes manure, by the excretions, to fertilize the soil. Clover, like grass seed, should be sown as early as possible in the spring. Where winter wheat is raised it is sown with this crop; where not it is sown with spring wheat. If it is not sown with either of these crops we should advise sowing without other crops. If grass seed has been sown in the autumn the clover is added in the spring, since it can not get sufficient root hold in the autumn, as a rule, to enable it to survive the winter. All the grasses, as to our mind, better when sown in the fall, but if this has been neglected do not delay the sowing now. The earlier it is sown the better the outcome. Indeed, the rule is one that will bear following in any direction, only remembering that no grain should be sown until the soil is warm enough to insure tolerably prompt germination. The proper heat for the germination of plants is a matter, however, that comparatively few farmers correctly understand. It is one of the things called science in agriculture and a matter that it is not necessary that one dress in fine linen to fully understand. In other words, there is no reason why the farmer should not know the why he does a thing fully as well as how to do it. The how to do it is art; the why we do it is science.

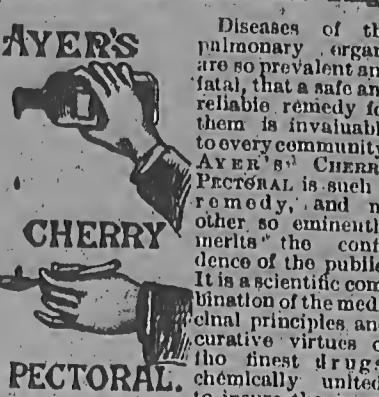
If sheep are allowed to graze wheat during the winter and early spring they will destroy great numbers of the eggs and larvae of chinch bugs, army worms and of the Persian fly. These insects lay their eggs in spring and fall and they are hatched by the first warm spell. There are many instances where wheat has been saved from destruction by the grazing of sheep. Says the Springfield Republican:—"In pasturing sheep and lambs the benefit is not only to the animals, but to the pastures, which are greatly improved. Sheep are very indiscriminate feeders and will bite not only grass, but also shrubs, weeds and every green thing that starts in early spring. They thus destroy and keep down most of the foul stuff that nourishes the plants of grass, and they tend to leave the pastures clear for the grass to grow. Their manure also, scattered in small quantities as they travel over the ground, is readily absorbed by the earth and becomes the best plant food possible, and accomplishes what can not be done by grubbing or top dressing to renovate pasture land."—N. Y. Herald.

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## TEACH US TO WAIT.

BY FRANK CARY.

Why are we so impatient of delay?  
Laying forever for the time to be,  
For that we live to-morrow in to-day.  
Yes, and to-morrow we may never see  
We are too heavy, are not reconciled,  
To let kind nature do her work alone.  
We plant our seed, and like a foolish child  
We dig it up, to see if it has grown.  
The good that is to be we covet now,  
We cannot wait for the appointed hour.  
Before the fruit is ripe, we shake the bough,  
And so the budding folds away the flower.  
When midnight darkness reigns, we do not see  
That the sad night is nearer of the morn;  
We can not think our own sleep agony  
May be the birth-pang of a joy unborn.  
To the dust we are our idols cast,  
And cry, that death has triumphed, life is vain;  
We do not trust the promise, that the last  
Of all our enemies shall be destroyed.  
We need not wait to slay the spirit faint,  
And heart and flesh grow weary at the last;  
We would walk the city of the saints,  
But before the silent gate is passed.  
We do not wait until the dawn shall appear—  
To know that all the way and there are just  
The rest that we do believe and fear,  
And make us able to believe and trust.

## The Baptism of Christianity.

BY REV. JOHN HUNTER, D. D.

The Rev. Dr. Hunter, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, in Jackson, Miss., for the past twenty-five years, wrote the following letter to a Baptist minister, and, at our solicitation, has furnished a copy for the Advocate. It will be found an able and instructive paper. Some points are stated with unusual clearness and strength.

DEAR BROTHER: The Rev. Mr. Melvin asks me, through you, this question, viz: "How far has the baptism of the Spirit superseded the baptism of water?"

ANSWER—As far as the death of Christ has superseded the Lord's Supper, so far has the baptism of the Spirit superseded the baptism of water. That is to say, the baptism of the Spirit has not, in any degree, superseded the baptism of water. As Mr. Melvin wants to know my views on this subject, I will say that I never held, no Presbyterian Church, in its Confession and Catechisms, has ever held, what Mr. Melvin's question implies. The very question itself is misrepresentation, unintentional, no doubt, and I can not imagine what prompted our venerable brother to propound it. I can not suppose that he holds that the baptism of the Spirit and the baptism of water are utterly unrelated and alien, one to the other; and, least he should entertain the notion that I hold to any such sentiment, I will say further, that the baptism of Christianity is presented to us in the Scriptures in two aspects, viz: that aspect of it which is *real*, through the work of the Holy Spirit in regeneration and sanctification, and that aspect of it which is *ritual* and symbolic of the real. There are no more two baptisms of Christianity than there are two sacraments of Christianity. The baptism is one presented to us in two phases: the one the reality, the other the symbol. The man who administers ritual baptism can no more confer the reality which the ritual symbolizes than the man who administers the Lord's Supper can, by so doing, atone for our sins. Man can administer the symbol, but of Christ alone is the reality. The Lord Jesus Christ baptizes with the Holy Spirit.

In the Holy Scriptures sometimes one phase of baptism is presented, and sometimes the other; which one, must always be gathered from the context or from direct expression. For instance, the phase of the reality is spoken of when Paul says in 1 Corinthians xii. 13: "For by one Spirit we are all baptized into one body, whether we be Jews or Greeks, whether we be bond or free." This

gives a quietus to the fiction that the only baptism of the Spirit spoken of in the New Testament is miraculous, and that there is no such thing nowadays.

The same phase of baptism is also spoken of in Romans vi. 4: "Baptized into Jesus Christ," "baptized into his death," "buried with him by baptism into death." All the human hands on earth, and all the oceans on its surface, could not bury a man with Christ by that baptism which is into his death. The same phase of baptism is again spoken of in Ephesians iv. 5, where Paul says there is "one Lord, one faith, one baptism." The same is also called "the washing of regeneration," or a regeneration washing, "and renewing of the Holy Ghost," and is alluded to in many other passages.

The ritual phase of baptism is spoken of in places where water is mentioned or necessarily implied. I need not quote these for Mr. Melvin's benefit, as he knows them, whether he knows the other or not. I have now tried to let Mr. Melvin know precisely what I hold on this subject, and I hope he will excuse me when I tell him that I repudiate with all my soul all those representations that are made to the effect, that the baptism of Christianity is a dipping, or covering over, or a temporary immersion (which is only a dipping after all, or sprinkling or a pouring of water; I admit not one of these words, nor any one of the seven deluding terms of Dr. Conant, as the equivalent of the word "baptize" in the Holy Scriptures.

As to the matter of the Westminster Assembly, I am glad it is settled at last. I hope, however, that Mr. Melvin will quote pretty largely, and to the point, from Dr. Lightfoot. I hope, also, he will then state, in his own words, precisely what it was that Assembly did decide as to the mode of baptism.

I desire you to oblige me, if you please, by thanking Mr. Melvin for sending me his little book, entitled "A Peculiar People," in which he proves his point, or, rather, it did not need any proof, for all people are peculiar, more or less, and, like the rest, the Baptists are also peculiar, and some of their peculiarities, as he says himself.

I understand that Mr. Melvin is about to publish another book in which, he says, he is going to the foundation of all opposing writers on his favorite subject, and that he is going to "glycerine it," explode it, blow it into fragments. This means, I suppose, no less than the liberal use of nitro glycerine powder and dynamite. Why, sir, it almost gives me the shivers to think of it; for where may I, with so many others, be supposed to be, when these dreadful explosives shall have done their fatal work? Yet it seems to me I would like to read that forthcoming book; and, if I might be permitted to ask a question or two before the book is published, I would like to do so, both for my own information and that of a good many more. I would like Mr. Melvin to tell us what the Baptist Church did with all the original manuscripts of the Bible, and especially those of the New Testament. I may hope this is no idle question. It would be a great matter of satisfaction to us if we had all or even some of them, or if we even only knew what became of them. Were they worn out by use, or destroyed, or what? I take it that Mr. Melvin can give some satisfactory account of them by what he has written. He says that the Baptist Church came down in direct line from Christ and his apostles, and that it is the only body that did so descend pure and simple. He says, moreover, that Baptists, and they only, possess a constantly self-purifying power, and therefore, "self-perpetuating power," for being the "custodians and guardians of soul-freedom for the millions yet unborn." This is a most important possession which is inherent in Baptists, and I can only confess that I know of no others who can truthfully boast of such a power. And what can be more important than soul-freedom? It includes every vital ingredient of true religion. Now, I have always understood that Baptists, at least, teach that the charter of soul-freedom is the word of God contained in the Scriptures which the Baptists have always in all ages, I suppose, read and loved, and who tell us that they can feel now and never could do without them. Now, I ask Mr. Melvin what the Baptist Church, or Churches, did with all the original manuscripts of the Bible? According to what he says I infer these manuscripts were placed in the hands of Baptists, as "custodians and guardians," and not in the hands of all men. Have they preserved them for the salvation of a lost world? Might I not ask, in addition, how many ancient manuscripts that are only copies are to be found in Baptist archives?

I would not ask these questions except of a man who ought to know and who must know, if he has so descended and if he possesses that self-purifying and self-perpetuating power he claims. Such a historic power as he describes must know. It is its business to know in spite of all the persecution it has ever suffered. It will hardly do for Mr. Melvin to stop up every gap and excuse all failures by the cry of persecution, of which he seems to be fully

conscious, and if others were persecuted he is slow to speak of it.

Another thing I would like for Mr. Melvin to tell us. If Protestantism in 300 years has done little, or worse than nothing, toward the destruction of Romanism, as he says, how much better Baptists have succeeded, who profess to have been attempting its destruction for sixteen centuries? With this question staring in our faces, does such big talk as is found in Mr. Melvin's book become our Baptist brethren more than any of the rest of us, upon whom, he professes to look down with such ineluctable contempt? He classes us Protestants among cutthroats who are restrained only by the law of the land from our bloody work, and tells us, in our efforts to establish truth as against Romish error, that "at last it is only Satan casting out Satan." I would not like to be uncharitable toward our venerable brother, but did it never occur to Mr. Melvin that under cover of zeal for the truth is often displayed the very spirit of the devil, without any immediate intention perhaps, by the partisan of either entangling or displaying such a spirit? Let it be granted that the Baptist Church is all that he claims for it, how, in the name of religion and common sense, did ever that church allow the Romish delusion to make such headway? For 1300 years Protestantism was not in the way, or to help Rome, so Baptists themselves say. Mr. Melvin says we are from Rome and possess her spirit. But where is Rome from? May it not be true, on Mr. Melvin's own ground, that as, some say, Rome sprang right up out of the bosom of the Baptist Church, which church must have become apostate to have given birth to such a progeny which virtually disowned its own parent, for that parent, after an effort of sixteen centuries, has never been able to bring that unruly child into subjection. She sometimes brags and boasts what she can do, and what she is going to do, but does little or nothing in that direction, until now it is strongly suspected that there is more sympathy between that parent and child than either cares to confess. They sometimes abuse one another, but then again they do as certainly compliment one another. Mr. Melvin says himself that Rome does tell the truth about some things, in regard to which Protestants do not tell the truth. This would indicate, at least, some sympathy, and, indeed, some people profess to see the mother in the child. It is not a little singular, in this connection, that Mr. Melvin loudly protests that he is no Protestant. He wants the whole world to know that he is no Protestant, never was and never can be. All Baptists, I am happy to say, are not so anti-Protestant. But the "branch" of the Baptist Church to which Mr. Melvin belongs is anti-Protestant out and out, and makes no secret of it. And now, what if it should be found that, after all, the Baptist Church is not only the mother of Romanism, but also the venerable grandmother of all the Protestant sects? I trust that upon a calm review of this whole subject our venerable brother may be constrained to descend somewhat from his lofty summit of denunciation and reformation, and that Protestantism, with all its faults, is not only a blessing to mankind, but is owned and acknowledged by Jesus Christ, the great Head of the church.

## Lying to the Holy Ghost.

BY REV. CHRISTIAN KERNER.

"Lying lips are abomination to the Lord."—Proverbs xii. 22.

This sin was committed at a time, and under circumstances so out of keeping and foreign to the occasion, that had not revelation declared the personal existence of just such a being as Satan, we would be at a loss to conceive how it came to happen. It took place in the midst of one of the most remarkable manifestations of heavenly favor ever shed forth upon men. The Holy Ghost, in answer to the united cries of a threat and church, had come down and bestowed so great grace upon all that there was not one in this first Christian church, whatever may have been his after history, or his then unworthiness, that did not receive a full and abounding blessing from that Spirit, who was Christ sent in give good gifts to men. Some of these gifts were, boldness of speech—a courage above human, a Divine virtue which forgot all fear of men in the abiding fear of God. Another singular phase of this fuller measure of the Holy Ghost bestowed on them was the melting down of all selfishness into an intense and glowing realization of Christian unity, manifesting itself in a generous spirit of self-sacrifice, novel in its unknown loveliness of beauty. This Spirit began to pervade the whole community, so that while the lines of individual right were not obliterated, yet this heaven-sent charity was so strong in each heart that each regarded his own as a trust for the benefit of all, and to be given up in part, or entirely, as the demand might be. They were in a perfect state—not a selfish malice; but an equality was realized, not in an absolute community of goods, but one constrained by a love that knows no constraint.

I do not know how many hours this state of perfect blessedness lasted in this young Christian church; but certainly no longer than it took the news of this shower of blessings to reach the ear of Satan. Such a pledge of heaven, and such a taste of joy should not, by his consent, last in his world one moment. So he appears in this holy company, and his dark presence throws the first trace of shade upon the bright fair form of the young church.

Now behold the methods of the spirit from beneath as he works to counteract the energy of the Holy Ghost. He selects Ananias and fills his heart with envy as he watches with wonder the holy zeal of Jesus, the Levite, who comes up to lay at Peter's feet the proceeds of all his possessions—for, having land, he sold it, and the money he turns in for the common use of the Christian family. His generous act, done in so graceful a way, won the love and admiration of this new family; whose children, for the most part, had been gathered from the homes of the poor. Jesus' admittance into the church was an event marked in its short history: a rich man powerfully converted, blessed from his heart to his purse. He comes in himself and brings his whole estate with him in a shape for the Lord to use at once. All good money, too, when and pure it came from God, for it was tithemoney paid in by many a worshiper of the true God. Its history was holy; set apart for the Lord's service. How the coming in of this man, with his consecrated substance, stirred the heart of the old fisherman! He knew the difference between a good fish and a bad one. He was a fisher of men, by Divine appointment, and knew that there was as much difference of value among the souls caught in the gospel net out of the world as there was difference among the fishes caught from the sea.

They welcomed the grand soul. Peter gave him at once a new name. His old Levite name might suit a priest, but not a Christian minister. So he renamed him, "son of consolation." Barnabas. Peter saw in this accession a pledge that the old Levitical priesthood must give way to the Christian ministry. Now, Ananias was envious of just such a reception, and the devil persuaded him he could have it at less cost than this. He would sell out and come into the same praise and honorable place in this community. Animated by a zeal of this sort, which, to all appearances, seemed as holy as that he envied, he revealed his purpose to his wife and found in her a ready ally. The devil will run *two* as counteragents to the influence of this one holy man. We have their plan. We need not try to analyze their motives when we know the ubiquity and wisdom of this enemy of God, whose whole power was ever exerted against God's every step in the scheme of redeeming mercy. In this scene we have Satan putting his spirit and all the forces against the spiritual methods of the Holy Ghost.

This act was one of such enormity of guilt that we can only look at it as impossible, except as the crowning act at the end of a long line of insinuating suggestions insinuated by the Jewish devil himself into the depraved souls of fallen creatures. It takes the doctrines of total depravity and that of personal, intelligent author of evil to consummate such a dramatic statement of sin. It ought to make all clink with finer grasp to our strong deliverer as we gaze into this abyss of guilt into which we may be insensibly led by the enemy of our souls. This movement was along the line of one of the strongest passions of the soul. Covetousness in the presence of that Spirit which says, Give your life and your all to him who gave his all for you. The Holy Ghost is the divine agent in the government of God. He it was who moved upon the wise men to take gold to the King. We can not give space in this article to a microscopic analysis of the mere human phases of this sin; but we would call especial attention to its inhuman and infernal features, to the diabolical characteristics of this unique crime.

Satan, with these two as his willing agents, was intent upon crushing out, in the very bud, this thumpeful scheme of the Holy Ghost by which the gospel was to be inseparably connected with the world's gold, and thus be spread as world wide as the passion for his possession. Now, this was the very means that Satan made his greatest gains by: his purchasing value enabled him to capture more souls than by any other of his glittering inducements. He would be shorn of his chiefest power should the Holy Ghost succeed in subduing the world's money. But study the case and see how the Holy Ghost punished this first interference with his scheme for spreading the gospel. The church of to-day is full of members of the Ananias kind who are keeping back part of the price, not paying over all the amount of their estates, but satisfying their consciences with but the smallest fraction of what the Holy Ghost demands. Nobody is struck dead in these days; but the precedent is laid down, and when the case of those culprits, who have joined the devil in thwarting the Holy Ghost in his plans of saving the world, come up, we know how the decision will be.

## The Relation of the Sunday-School to the Church.

BY REV. J. M. WERMS.

The multiplication of church machinery has been very rapid in the last few years. Indeed, if the fathers of a hundred years ago could visit us now, and see the additions we have made, they might question their ability to stand at the head of affairs and control every interest, small and great, as when they were in command. Yet this is no disparagement to them, as it is not a fact to be deplored by us. These luxuriant branches, full of sap and yielding much fruit, show the soundness of the root of the matter and a healthful growth of the body. Happy shall we be, if by our faith and prudent industry, we shall so manage the affairs in hand that our children shall approve and add to them as revealed necessity may require.

Then with what care should we study to know and to practice the duties thus imposed. The child of God can no more be indifferent to these several interests that are designed to emphasize the vital forces of the church than he could be careless of the known means by which his physical life is kept strong and active. And their utility in the advancement of the kingdom of Christ is not made to depend upon their reception by faith alone; there must also be the clear perception of the relation of each institution to the advance. If one is taken for what it is, not, it will most likely cross the province of another and thus not only cause confusion, but create distrust and, in the end, defeat the object of its being. But to treat of the object and utility of all the institutions of the church is not the purpose of the writer. If the one at the head of this paper is presented in a sufficiently clear and agreeable manner, as to show its worth and draw the heart and energies of the church to it, this alone will suffice for the present.

Then why does the Sunday-school exist in the church? In its infancy it was christened, a necessity. But is it a necessity now, or is it there by sufferance? If the latter, neither its age nor consequent respectability will justify its continuance. The demand upon and practiced uses of all the forces of the church are too great to allow so much waste for so small a recompense. The field from the fivers to the end of the earth is white unto the harvest, and our march must not be impeded by any accumulation of useless appendage. Then, if a necessity, wherein does it exist? If we may find a correct answer to this question, it will determine the relation of the Sunday-school to the church of God. And certainly it is not an educational institute, which its name would seem to indicate. If that necessity ever existed, it does not now; and if it did, the time given to it—one hour in every seventh day—would defeat its object and render it a failure. Indeed, we assume that when even more time was given it, that this was neither its prime nor ulterior aim. It rose as high above this, in the end to be accomplished, as the things of eternity are above those of time.

Nor does it exist as a substitute for the preached word. Whenever parents and the church assume as much we will assume to prove that it would have been better for both and the children if the Sunday-school had never been instituted. As well may we assume to clothe our children, and require this to answer for food also, as to claim that the Sunday-school shall answer its own purpose and that of preaching as well. Yet is not this horrible error just taking hold of parents and children? How else shall we account for the fact that so many parents on their way to church meet their children on their way home? The question, How shall we secure the attendance of the children of the Sunday-school upon the preached word? is a perplexing one, and has suggested many futile expedients. And these efforts must ever be failures until we locate the Sunday-school and its work in the proper place for it to occupy in the advance of Christ's kingdom. To do this we have but to inquire what the duties of parents to their children are, and then how far they are performed. Of Abraham the Lord said: "For I know him that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord to do justice and judgment, that the Lord may bring upon Abraham that which he hath spoken of him." In the New Testament we read: "And, ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath: but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." While Solomon says: "Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare his crying." Again: "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it."

This is enough to show the opportunity and the responsibility that God has given to, and placed upon, parents. If it was only faithfully performed at home, the necessity for the Sunday-school would be at an end. Yet, notwithstanding it is so plainly written in the word of God, insisted upon by the pulpit and press, and has been emphasized by the truly righteous of all ages, how

sadly it is neglected by a majority of even church members. No family prayers, no religious conversation, no system of Bible reading, and, in many instances, not even a blessing at the table. If necessity did not require it, the scene is too sad to look upon. But it is the duty of the church as well as to receive and rejoice in the good. And she saw that every hour, numbers of these precious, but sadly neglected, ones were leaving childhood's home on a feverish, uncertain search after the things of this life, while time's relentless march carried them to an eternal destiny without a thought of danger until awakened by the agony of the lost.

Therefore to comply with the command of God, and to meet the demands of a lost race, in reach of mercy, by sowing the seeds of life in these young and susceptible hearts, the Sunday-school was instituted. It is the parent of spiritual orphans. Then to teach them the word of God in a plain, simple, home-like manner, and to teach them the habit, form and spirit of prayer, with all other Christian duties, is its work in and for the church. It aspires no higher than the duties of a godly family, and it can fall no lower.

Then O, church of my God, if thou art converted and dost truly love the Lord Jesus, heed the injunction: "Feed my lambs."

## Bishop Wilson's Observations.

Bishop Wilson writes the Nashville Advocate a readable letter from which we extract the following. We remember with great pleasure and satisfaction his visit to our half Conferences. His notes of observations indicate the spiritual power and loyalty of our ministry.

Now as to our observations. In all the Conferences I have met with cordial respect and unwavering courtesy. I was not treated as a stranger. I was made to feel at home among the brethren and the Churches. There was a brotherly kindness among the members of the Conferences. No bitterness, no malice, no outbreak of ill-feeling, under exciting circumstances. Debates were conducted with propriety and differences of opinion expressed without personal animosity or warfare. All things were done in love.

There was no neglect of religious observance; nor was there a lack of the spirit of devotion. The consciousness of the presence of God and of responsibility to him controlled and restrained all. The religious services were well attended; and, as far as I could observe and learn, they were full of earnestness and purpose. There was no perfunctory work.

Business was dispatched with promptness, yet without undue haste. All things were well considered and digested, while there was very little superfluous speech. There was very little, comparatively, of the not uncommon effort to control appointments. A few brethren thought they deserved better than they got; a few had good reasons for interfering. On the whole, the work was left where the law puts it, and, in spite of some hardships and disappointments, was accepted as providential.

The outlook is good. There are very many men in these Conferences who are not going to rust. The spirit of their Master is in them, and, send them where you will, they will have a good account to give.

There are not many "star" preachers among them. There is ability to preach the gospel plainly and with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven; and this, with the constant and faithful personal work, is what the people need and call for. They do not ask for any thing more than "daily bread." They will grow and thrive on that. The man who can not give them that will leave them lean and starving though he make the table glow with the splendors of his decorative art.

I have reports of good work already done in the Holston Conference, and promise of much more. Revivals, church and farmhouse building, etc., indicate labor and success.

## Good Words.

—Joy that becomes peace is the highest joy in the world. Turbulent joys are the lowest forms of joy, always. Festivity is not as good as peacefulness. As men grow richer and richer in their spiritual nature they tend more and more to come into "that peace which passeth all understanding." The peace of God which is an equalization of joy.

—Distance has the same effect on the mind that it has on the eye; and while we glide on the stream of time, whatever we leave behind us is always lessening, and that which we approach is increasing in magnitude. —Samuel Johnson.

—The Christian family in which everything else is read rather than Christian literature will surely go backward in religious matters. —Nashville Advocate.

—To return good for good is civil courtesy; evil for evil, malicious policy; evil for good, hateful ingratitude; good for evil, true Christian charity. —Schiller.



## Christian Advocate.

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Christianism was another. The missions of the nineteenth century is another, as well as those incidents before the incarnation mentioned by the church, and many others. But a new church in the time of Christ is a radical, fundamental and constitutional change in human religion set up by popery and thoughtlessly propagated by many of our best Protestant writers.

This error is plainly taught—to look no further—in the NEW ORLEANS CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE of February 2, 1883. The Sunday-School Lesson for February 4, by Rev. Christian Keener, opens on this wise: "In this chapter we have a glimpse of the infant church quietly at home in the temple, enjoying spiritual religion."

By this the children understand that the church was just then formed—a new church—in the temple, enjoying spiritual religion. The "infant" was at least several thousand years old, dating back to Genesis iv, 26. A very small fraction of it was "in the temple," and they enjoyed the same "spiritual religion" as did the prophets and millions of others then and formerly.

Again he speaks of "this new religion." May I ask what new religion? There is not a moral or religious doctrine or sentiment in the New Testament "not taught in the Old. In the forty-third chapter of *Ecclesiastes* he may see four hundred quotations from the Old Testament covering every form, shade and phase of doctrine and morals taught in the New. This table was compiled chiefly from the Preachers' Text Book, with which Bro. Keener is familiar.

Now, I do not for a moment believe that Bro. Keener thinks, on a moment's reflection, a whit different on this subject from what I do. I wrote just that way myself up to a period when I presume I was older than he is now. I had read it in scores of books, many of them "standard" ones, several of them put into my hands officially that I might learn and graduate in the ministry. Just so with him. We did not stop to question high authority. And I now ask him in all that plain, frank Methodist preacher, courtesy, which we all ought to cultivate more and more, to look into this "new church" and "new religion" idea, and he will find it totally destitute of support. It is, historically untrue and philosophically impossible. It is a Romish invention for Romish support, and, as above stated, it is the only doctrine, principle or thing in Romism that is fundamental.

The practical importance of this subject can not be overrated. Christianity is hampered, clogged, entangled and suffering in many ways by the blunders of popery, ritualism and immemorialism, and they all rest on *ancient Christianity*. Let that be removed, and the whole fabric tumbles pell mell into irretrievable ruin. Why not let it tumble? Is it not the duty of Protestant Christianity to remove this entanglement from the church? It is a shame to the intelligence of the nineteenth century that it continues! And I invite my New Orleans friends, in all evangelical honesty and sincerity, to go to work and rid the church of this great "new church" entanglement. In my judgment there is not a more profitable and loving field now presenting itself to your industry, your enterprise or your pious labor.

YACCO CITY, MISSISSIPPI. J. B. ARBEE.

## Pastoral Visiting—No. 4.

On the banks of the Mississippi stands a small town, which, with its immediate vicinity, contains a few hundred inhabitants. In it there had been preached but a sermon or two by a Methodist preacher, or any other minister, from the commencement of the late war, 1861, till 1881, a space of nearly twenty years, except by our Baptist brethren, who had done a good work, and had a church organization in the place. It seemed desirable to cultivate this field a little more thoroughly in a religious way, and that by Methodist machinery; and so we went to the town and commenced "preaching the word from house to house," and preaching it on the Sabbath in an old warehouse on the bank of this "Father of Waters." We visited every house in the town and its vicinity. In most families we were received most kindly. Into one house we were not permitted to enter, but we went our way, praying for a better reception at the next one, and we received it.

In this town we found Methodists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians and Lutherans who wanted us to build a Methodist Church, and some of them for this reason: they had not been favored with an opportunity to receive the Lord's Supper since the war. Our Baptist brethren had these emblems of the death and suffering of Christ, and from time to time gave them to their own members, but there was none of it for other Christians.

As to the building of a Methodist Church, we were of the same opinion as the people; and in twenty days we had a subscription large enough to build a fine church, and in four months we had a church and were preaching in it; a society was formed, and now it is the half of a good two weeks' circuit. The bell of this church has in it a large, sweet-toned bell, and the sound of it goes out over the waters of this river and the surrounding country once in seven days to remind the people that there is a Sabbath, and that the people of God are gathering together to worship.

This Father of Waters, the Missis-

sippi, poor old river in this respect, namely: in that he has no Sabbath. No wonder that he sometimes swallows up a craft, and that at other times he rises in his wrath and throws his wet, drowning mantle over all the land, spreading ruin, starvation and malarial death over the largest and richest valley in the world.

Members of our own church, and one man, a member of no church, helped us wonderfully in raising the money for the building of this church and in building it; but still we have reason to believe pastoral work did more for this house of God than any other instrumentality; and then some seed was sown that bore fruit, and some of the sheaves gathered at that time have already been garnered up in heaven with God; and now a good Methodist preacher lives in that little town, and a good Sunday-school meets from Sabbath to Sabbath in that new, commodious, large enough church. We repeat the sentiment: Hard work on our knees and among the people, and that in a pastoral visiting way was the principle cause of success in this interest, in these enterprises; that is, in building the church and in saving souls, for we know it was not done by eloquence, and yet eloquence is very desirable.

## LOCAL ITINERANT.

## Study the Minutes.

BY REV. D. G. W. ELLIS.

The statistics reported in the minutes of the Mississippi Conference disclose some facts deserving consideration. First, we note that presiding elders are better paid than circuit preachers of the same order of talents. The smallest amount reported by any one of our seven presiding elders is \$200; the largest \$1,271. The amount received by these worthy brethren is not more than they need, nor more than they ought to have. I have no quarrel with presiding elders; the office is necessary to the efficient working of our system. But I do have a quarrel against the officials of our circuits, whose business it is to see that their preachers are paid. Let us look at these tell-tale figures. The highest amount paid by any circuit is \$800, and only one in the entire Conference reached that attitude; one other aspiring circuit reports \$700, two, with laudable ambition, and perhaps by a desperate effort, reach \$600, four or five more, pausing for distinction, send the cheering report of \$500. Now let us see what makes eight circuits that pay \$500 or more; all the balance fall below; one reaches in the descending scale the profound depth of \$130, another going down the scale only missed the distinction of the *lowest* by a few dollars, sending up \$150. Ye brethren of the \$150 circuit, look well to your laurels; others are competing for your distinguished honors. The one sending up \$185 is not a contemptible competitor. Of the other circuits the reports vary from \$200 up to \$400, most of them falling under the last named amount. No wonder that our presiding elders are perplexed; they would like to give every one of their preachers a \$500 circuit, but there are only eight such, and seventy or eighty preachers; so, in the nature of things, some—a great many—must be disappointed. And then, when we come to look at the reports from stations, we find four reporting \$1,000 or more; four out of a dozen or more reach that amount, the others vary from \$800 down to \$100 or less. In a body of one hundred preachers if all should desire these \$1,000 appointments (but in truth I believe not one-half desire or expect any such thing; it is manifest that ninety-six out of the one hundred must be disappointed).

Mr. Editor, have you any idea how preachers with families manage to support on two, three, or even four hundred dollars? I do not suppose you competent to solve this mystery, not that I doubt your abilities if put to the test, but lack of experience incapacitates you for the task. Your correspondent has enjoyed in the same way that a sick man enjoys bad health, superior facilities for understanding this subject. I think myself competent to instruct the ignorant, but will not volunteer my services. Let those who desire to learn take lessons as I did. "But when ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise." In sober truth it is wonderful how men can learn to make one dollar do the office of two, and when once it is thoroughly learned it is no mean accomplishment. These brave men, that have gone forth preaching the gospel to the poor, with no prospect of adequate support from the people they serve, deserve all honor for their faithfulness. Thousands of such heroic men all over this continent are doing more to conserve public morals and to educate, elevate and refine the masses than all other agencies combined.

Viewed from the standpoint of the world, and in the light of these statistics, how is it that young men of good parts, well educated, and fitted by nature and education for success in the world's callings, can consent to become an humble Methodist preacher? They can not be actuated by the motives most commanding to ordinary men of the world. Let those who are so ready to sneer at the ministry, and so hungry for some piece of scandal against preachers, explain, if they can, why so many of the first order of talents have entered the ministry? They can not do it, because they are strangers to the high and holy motives that animate true and pure ministers of the gospel.

## Pastoral Address.

DEAR BRETHREN AND SISTERS: It has occurred to me that by this method I might speak a word in season. To come at once to the point aimed at: That the word of God, which must ever be the rule of both the faith and practice of all Christians, requires a holy life there can be no denial. "Be ye holy, for I am holy," says the Master. St. Paul says: "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh, to fulfill the lusts thereof." Many other like passages might be named, but let these suffice. In order that you may be directed in the way of holiness, I call your attention to several duties which you are not at liberty to neglect. And first in order of these, perhaps, is attendance upon all the stated services of the house of God, as you have opportunity. This duty you pledged yourself to perform when you joined the church. An pertinent question, therefore, is: Have you failed to any extent in this? For be assured that if you have failed at this point you have sinned.

Is it always with you as it was with the Psalmist who said, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go unto the house of God," and who also said, "My soul longeth; yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord?" By attendance on these services you will be sure to get strength for other duties. These are to the soul what partaking of our daily food is to the body.

There is also attention to your private devotions, which is imperatively demanded in view of your religious growth and, indeed, your spiritual safety. How can one be a Christian who has no stated periods for private prayer and self-examination? Some, who have no such hours for private devotion, try to excuse themselves on the ground that they pray while riding along or while engaged in their daily business. But this will not answer the purpose of holy living. That you may pray, and ought to pray, anywhere is true, yet our Saviour taught us: "When thou prayest, enter into thy closet." And do you read the word of God? Do you make it your daily study? Can you, without impugning your soul, neglect the careful, prayerful study of the word of God? You are saved "by the word of the Lord, which liveth and abideth forever."

But let me say to you, my dear Christian friends, that holy living does not consist merely in praying, reading the Bible and listening to preaching. God calls us all to be active workers in the church. To relieve the distressed, to comfort the sorrowing, to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to visit the sick, to raise the fallen, to reclaim the wandering, these are some of the duties that indicate what your life must be in order that you may fill the full measure of your responsibility.

There is much else that I might say on this important subject, but limited space forbids. Perhaps at another time I may call your attention to some other things that are obligatory upon you as a Christian.

Affectionately, YOUR PASTOR.

FEBRUARY 15, 1883.

## From the Work.

WEST STATION, MISS.

MR. EDITOR: As you have been publishing news from other sections I suppose a word from this quarter will not be unamiss. Very soon after Conference the people of West Station circuit purchased property, already improved, for a parsonage, and we have been living in it since about the first of January. This enterprise was inaugurated year before last by my predecessor, Bro. Eugene Johnson, but was allowed to drop before the year closed. When the writer came, as he was then an unmarried man, they concluded a parsonage would not be needed, and made no effort to revive it.

After returning from Conference in December last we began agitating the matter anew. The ladies of our church organized a Christian Aid Society year before last for the purpose of raising money to purchase and furnish a parsonage. They succeeded in raising something over two hundred dollars; part of this they used in buying furniture, and the balance they applied as a part of the purchase money. With this we have been able to collect all but about forty dollars, which we hope to have in hand soon, especially since we have paid the entire amount, had the property deeded, and the deed recorded clear of encumbrance.

Our house has ample room to accommodate a family of moderate size, and we have one acre of land attached, fenced, and in a good state of cultivation. We also have the house partially furnished, and hope to have it entirely so for the next preacher.

Bro. Evans and Burrus, it seems, have been singularly fortunate in the way of "storms." We have had none this high up yet, but there has been a gentle breeze settling in this direction ever since we have been in the parsonage, depositing with us such things as chickens, eggs, butter, potatoes, molasses, hams, sausages, and many other things too numerous to mention. We think the breeze the best. Storms may do more all at once, but the breeze is more lasting.

You must not forget that the Winona District Conference will be held at West Station this year. You must be sure to come up, and we will try and show you what West Station and West Station circuit can do. We think all the people will subscribe for the ADVOCATE if you

will come. Wishing you unprecedented success with the ADVOCATE I remain—

Yours fraternally, J. A. OAT.

FEBRUARY 13, 1883.

MR. EDITOR: After a long and rough road we are on our way again, and find our people all in good spirits and going ahead with business. The waters in these parts are and have been high, but stock all out of danger. Preached yesterday to a small congregation, but with success. The Lord was with us, and that to own and to bless. There was not one in the house that did not feel the influence of the Spirit. In fact, the health of the people is good; in fact, this pine country is very healthy. We are still at work for the ADVOCATE. We could not get along without having the much-loved ADVOCATE to come once a week. It is a great help on the work in the way of instructing the people and leading them to Christ. We find that those who read the ADVOCATE most are of the least trouble. We close by sending two new subscribers, and wish you much success during this year, and promise to do all we can for your paper in the way of subscribers.

D. F. GRICE.

JANUARY 22, 1883.

ROQUE CHITTO, MISS.

MR. EDITOR: Last Saturday a blacksmith, and a good workman, living near here, came to town, drank too freely of the "devil's tea," and somehow or another got on the railroad track, where he laid down and went to sleep. Some time during the night he was run over by a passing train, and both of his legs were severed from his body. He was found the next morning, and conveyed to a house near by, but medical skill could avail nothing, and in a few hours he breathed his last. Thus a soul is hurried into eternity unprepared. Fortunately this poor man leaves no family who were dependent upon him for their daily bread. Set the trap for another one; perhaps a husband and a father will be the next victim.

J. J. COTTON.

FEBRUARY 6, 1883.

## Marriages.

EDWARD N. LEEKE, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Montgomery, Ala., February 12, 1883, by Rev. T. K. Fann, to Miss Anna David Goodness, of Mrs. Elizabeth S. Leeke, of St. Mary's parish.

BAXTER PAWLEY, of the Episcopal Church, February 7, 1883, by Rev. N. B. Young, to Miss Mary Elizabeth C. Rawls.

TOWNSEND LEWIS, of the residence of the bridegroom, near Clinton, La., January 28, 1883, by Rev. C. A. Powell, to Miss Anna, daughter of Rev. J. H. Powell, of the Episcopal Church, La., to Miss Anna, daughter of Rev. J. H. Powell, of the Episcopal Church, La.

EDWARD H. LEEKE, of the residence of the bridegroom, near Clinton, La., January 28, 1883, by Rev. C. A. Powell, to Miss Anna, daughter of Rev. J. H. Powell, of the Episcopal Church, La., to Miss Anna, daughter of Rev. J. H. Powell, of the Episcopal Church, La.

## Obituaries.

LANGFORD—MRS. MARTHA LANGFORD, daughter of J. H. Foster, was born, near Sartoria, Yazoo county, Miss., March 2, 1844, and fell asleep in Jesus, in Lauderdale, Miss., February 15, 1883, she being thirty-eight years, eleven months and eleven days old.

Our sister joined the church in the year 1864, and was converted the year following. It will be seen that she embraced the religion of Christ at thirteen years of age. She lived in the enjoyment of religion, without loss or decline of spiritual life, until the day of her death. She was married to our brother, B. C. Langford, November 16, 1865, about seven years before he was converted and entered the ministry. And when, in 1873, he felt called to enter the ministry, she willingly gave her heart to the great work. All who know her life of self-denial and toil, as the wife of an itinerant preacher, can testify what a blessing she was to her now sorrowing husband. She was ever hopeful and patient, and ever willing to endure deprivations that he might go out and preach the everlasting gospel. It was indeed touching to witness the evidences of kindness of the good people of Lauderdale during her last long illness, and their tender attentions upon the occasion of her funeral. We feel like thanking them all for their affectionate attention to our departed friend and sister. A few weeks before her death the writer visited her, and while we read God's word and sang the sweet songs of Zion and prayed, she shouted aloud. She said to us: "All is peace, and I have not one anxiety, and am ready to go." Indeed may it be said of her, after she had served her own generation by the will of God, "she fell or sleep—blessed sleep."

She was the mother of ten children—three of whom have gone before and have met her at the beautiful gate. She was received into the church by Rev. T. W. Ward, now of Madison county, Miss., and was converted under the ministry of Rev. David M. Wiggin, long since gone to his reward on high. We may say Sister Langford was a truly good woman, and having been faithful unto death, she has a crown of life. For more than a year she has been in declining health, and disease being cancer of the bowels. May God comfort the disconsolate husband and motherless children!

R. B. NOBLEWORTH.

LOTT—Died, at her home, near Mayfield, Montgomery county, Miss., on January 8, 1883, Mrs. J. A. Lott, wife of S. S. Lott. She was born in Madison county, N. C., December 13, 1831, and removed with her parents to Mississippi in 1849, and was married, in Choctaw county, to Mr. S. S. Lott, December 27, 1849. She professed religion under the ministry of Rev. Green M. Rogers, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in 1852, and from then until the day of her death she continued a faithful, devoted member, and exemplified in all her life the virtues and graces of a true Christian. In May last she became the victim of that fell disease, consumption, and, although all that medical skill could suggest and human kindness could do was done, still she lingered on through all these weary months of suffering, each morning finding her still no better, and

each evening closing in on her, sinking, falling humanity until at last, the angel of death, with one kind word of his dark wing, swept her from this shore of time to the beautiful and bright beyond. During all her long illness she bore her suffering with patient fortitude and Christian resignation. No murmur of discontent escaped her lips, and no word of complaining came from her mouth. She was a true and noble woman, and she had many equals and possibly no superiors. For she ordered her household affairs, and so embraced herself in the affections of her family, as to make home the dearest spot on earth. And her noble boys, wherever destiny may drive them, will bear with them the testimony of a noble mother's Christian influence, pious example and faithful teachings. Thus has passed away a saint from the church militant, who, while her robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, was the church triumphant.

That innumerable company which "man can number," whom John saw, "Insubstantial children, think not of her, whom once you called wife and mother, as the lost; but as the saint whose redeemed spirit is basking in realms of infinite felicity, who remembers with the tenderest passion the plighted love of the long ago, whose motherly blessings still crowd about your pathway as morning incense from her early prayers. By the gentle winds gently blowing, by the fragrance of a summer evening, by the rays of the stars above us, I know we shall meet again—yes, we shall meet again, Amen."

BALLOU—MRS. MARY E. BALLOU died at her residence on Lake Bolivar, Bolivar county, Miss., October 24, 1882. She was a daughter of Mr. H. H. Lewis, deceased, of Madison county, and was a native of Copiah county, born not far from Crystal Springs, May 23, 1825. At an early day she was converted and joined the Methodist Church at Crystal Springs, Miss. Her scholastic education was finished at Sharon in 1842. In 1843 she was united in marriage, by Rev. Mr. Lambuth, father of our China missionary, to Mr. T. C. Ballou, who died in 1850.

Mrs. Ballou was the mother of nine children—all of whom preceded her to the grave, except two sons who reside now in Bolivar county. She was a dutiful child, a devoted wife, an affectionate mother, a general kind neighbor, and a consistent member of the Methodist Church. She loved much of the good things of the earth, but she was not a materialist. She was a devoted mother, and her husband and children were her life. She was a devoted mother, and her husband and children were her life. She was a devoted mother, and her husband and children were her life.

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## Christian Advocate.

ORGAN OF THE LOUISIANA, MISSISSIPPI AND NORTH MISSISSIPPI CONFERENCES OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

CHAS. B. GALLIWAY, D. D., Editor.

Corresponding Editors:  
REV. T. A. S. ADAMS, REV. J. T. SAWYER,  
REV. W. L. C. HICKS.

THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1883.

Dr. W. H. Hefey, for eighteen years the assistant editor of the New York Christian Advocate, has retired from that paper to engage in other literary work. His resignation is much regretted.

Bishops Keener and Parker both leave this week to attend a line of appointments. Bishop Keener goes eastward to Washington City and the Baltimore Conference, and Bishop Parker to a number of District Conferences in Texas. They will be constantly occupied until the May meetings at Nashville.

A curious case is reported which necessitates a test of the Romish doctrine of purgatory in the courts. A man in Australia left \$7,000 to be used to deliver his soul from that state of existence. Now his executors refuse to pay over the money without legal proof that it has been earned and the man certainly delivered.

These were the last words of Gambetta: "Je suis perdu, il est inutile d'essayer."—I am lost; it is useless to dispute it. Then, in his most eloquent and powerful voice in France, Alas! that so brilliant a career should thus close in the darkness and dread of unbelief. "I am lost!" France he could rescue from anarchy and ruin, but his own immortal soul he could not save. He ably and honorably served his country, but sadly, fatally neglected the great salvation.

So far as we have seen the strongest opposition to prohibition in any Southern State is in Texas. A numerous signed petition from San Antonio has gone up to the Legislature protesting against submitting a constitutional amendment to the people. That, it occurs to us, is a gross assault upon the genius of our Republican government. The will of the people is disregarded. They are denied the right of expressing their convictions at the ballot-box either for or against a moral and social evil. Thus liberty of speech and choice is throttled, and the heel of the partisan politician rests upon the neck of the submissive citizen. Such tactics of the whisky men is an acknowledgment of their weakness. They dare not have the question discussed before the people, and determined by a "free ballot and a fair count."

The late Pius IX said of the late Dr. Pusey, of England, that he was "a great bell, always calling the people to the true church, and never going there himself." He taught a ritualism that led to Rome. His disciples became papists, though he remained in the Established Church. While he tarried, his friend, Dr. Manning, went on and won "the red hat and scarlet crown of papal chiefdom." The dogie of his teaching was popery. Alas! how aptly and exactly that describes the attitude of our modern advanced thinkers and creed revisers. The necessary effect of their doctrines is to produce doubt that leads to infidelity. Though not intending it, and protesting against it, they are developing a generation of unbelievers. Like a great bell, they are always calling the people away from the church, though never leaving it themselves.

We notice that prominent Methodist ministers, North are frequently tendered pastorates in the Congregational Church with the promise of large salaries. But last week no exchange stated that two distinguished pastors were offered Congregational pulpits, one of them to receive \$5,000. They both declined, all honor to their itinerant fidelity. These tempting offers are becoming more frequent, which indicates to us two things: 1. Other denominations are recognizing the superior pulpit qualifications of our ministry. The idea of the staid, stilted, educated Congregationalist seeking among the Methodists for pulpit supplies. 2. The zeal and revival spirit of our church secures the best and highest development of successful pastors. Other churches are suffering with learned primness and dryness, and sigh for the glow and sympathy of the Methodist pastor. All of which should teach us to seek diligently the old paths. Keep the revival spirit glowing, and the early days of our glory may be the repeated history of the future.

## "Dawdling at Daybreak."

At the close of a recent "prelude" on "The Vanguards of Christian Missions" Joseph Cook quoted with due effect the last words written by Longfellow:

"Out of the shadows of night  
The world rolls into light;  
It is daybreak everywhere."

These lines, Mr. Cook says, exactly describe the condition of our earth to-day, and after repeating them he offered this prayer: "God deliver us from dawdling at daybreak!" And every true Christian responds, Amen!

This is not mere poetic rapture, but the observation of a Christian philosopher. Great changes have resulted in the past several decades, and mighty revolutionary forces are now at work. The geography of to-day is not the book we studied but a few years ago. The map of the world has entirely changed. Deserts and dark places have been explored, and found to be fertile regions, thickly inhabited. The ports of all nations have been unlocked, and missionaries permitted to enter and find protection for person and property. On the wings of the morning, the light of our Christian civilization has reached well-nigh every inhabitable shore. To take these lands for Christ is the mission and work of the church. So while studying the progress of history, together with the prophecies and promises of our Lord, we are ready to say with America's dying poet:

"It is daybreak everywhere."

Especially is it the daybreak of glorious opportunity. Never in all the history of our planet have spirits, good and evil, forces so conspired for the conquests of the gospel. Every invention and agency intended for the furtherance of commerce, give speed and wing to the apocalyptic angel carrying abroad the message of salvation. International treaties and relationship, make possible and give encouragement to spiritual fellowship. The electric cables that interchange daily, almost hourly, the market reports of the world, also flash across seas and continents the glad tidings of gospel triumphs. The cash and subscriptions to the Anglo-Chinese University at the North Georgia Conference had scarcely been counted, before Dr. Allen heard the news at Shanghai, and, in spirit, joined with his brethren in singing the old doxology. Doors are open and fields are white everywhere. At home and abroad the tokens are alike encouraging.

But it is also the daybreak of responsibility. If opportunity is bright, responsibility is correspondingly great. The work is before us, and necessity is upon us. A door is never opened without a command to enter. Into every whitened field our Lord calls both reaper and gleaner. "Go ye into all the world" is the standing order of Heaven—never to be repeated until the last conquered banner has been furled, and the last lost sinner redeemed. The weight of this responsibility can only be estimated by the worth of the immortal soul and the sanctity of our vows to God. And it is personal in its call and claims. There is neither exception nor exemption. All alike are required to render service, encouraged by the assurance that our labor is not in vain in the Lord.

But the question of greatest, gravest, practical concern is, how do we stand related to the hopes and duties of the hour? Are we "dawdling at daybreak"? Are we trifling, shirking away opportunity and responsibility? Let each answer before his own conscience and in the presence of his Lord. "To his own Master he standeth or falleth." But in order to aid in self-examination, and thereby quicken conscience and secure reform, let us particularize.

This question addresses itself to Christian parents. Are you "dawdling at daybreak" with your children? The fresh young morning of life is the time for spiritual nurture and edification. Then the twig can be easily trained—the receptive heart readily impressed. But, alas! how many are dawdling with opportunity. Their little ones are the more toys, playthings of idle hours. They think not that the leaders and apostles of great thoughts may be slumbering in their arms. That they are wrecking the destinies of nations or fondling with one who, if rightly reared, might be a world-famed chieftain of Heaven. The church is suffering loss, and immortal souls are led astray in wicked, prodigal ways, because Christian parents are "dawdling at daybreak." The evening will be bitter and disappointing if the fruitful, golden morning be neglected.

This question also suggests a warning to pastors. An appeal has gone forth to the church from our senior Bishop for a general revival. The need is felt, even to lamentation. But it can only result by earnest, indefatigable individual effort in each

local pastorate. To promote it, what are we doing? Sometimes we fear a spiritual languor has crept over our ministry. There is loss of the old fire and fervor that once flamed and glowed in the pulpit, and made every service a Pentecost of power and glory. Preachers may backslide, without surrender of orthodoxy or change of routine, perfunctory performance of duty. Paul dreaded such a state, and prayed against it. Our work is not a profession, but a mission—not a trade, but a calling. Great responsibilities are laid upon us, and thrice honored is the man who, with a single eye, bravely and faithfully meets them. God deliver us from "dawdling at daybreak."

And there is an exhortation to the church. When we consider the open, fruitful fields inviting us, the ample resources at command, and the meager offerings we make, our hearts condemn us as dawdlers. A few cents per member for the conversion of the heathen world is not the measure of a pentecostal zeal and experience. We are "playing at missions"—"dawdling at daybreak."

## Bishop Riley, of Mexico.

For some years the rather devout, course of Bishop Riley, of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Mexico, has been the subject of newspaper comment. His methods of mission work have been questionable, while his spirit toward other missionaries has been most offensive and irritating. Now it seems he has trouble within his own flock, and is using extraordinary means to crush out all protest against his plans and schemes. So oppressive and unchristian has become his course that other missionaries have been compelled to shield and help his native preachers. He has cut off supplies, and left them to starve or come to terms. The Rev. J. Milton Green, Superintendent of the Presbyterian Mission in Mexico, writes to the Christian at Work a letter which details the facts, and they are enough to convict Bishop Riley of the grossest inhumanity. The Protestant Episcopal Mission in Mexico is called the "Church of Jesus." There is a Mexican Commission of Bishops in the United States which decides questions of canon law and exercises a general supervision over the work as conducted by Bishop Riley. The Mission, or "Church of Jesus," comprises thirty-nine congregations and twelve ministers. There is one Bishop-elect, Prudencio G. Hernandez. Bishop Riley sought to force two other Bishops on the Mexican Church, but was met with overwhelming opposition, twenty-six of the thirty-nine congregations and seven of the twelve ministers protesting. Upon refusing to retract their protest Bishop Riley stopped the payment of the salaries of Bishop Hernandez and the seven opposing clergy, and has withdrawn further financial aid from the twenty-six congregations. Responding to their necessities, the Presbyterians and Methodists, North and South, have rendered them aid, otherwise they would have starved. From what we can understand of Bishop Riley's career in Mexico, the Protestant Episcopal Church owes it the cause of evangelical missions to recall him. It is time for the missionaries there to meet their lips and expose this indred monster. The Mexican Commission, at their meeting in December, refused to sanction some of his actions, but since Bishop Stevens has published a letter strongly commending Bishop Riley. But something must be wrong. These reports are not utterly groundless, and the evil, wherever lodged, ought to be exposed.

## Bishop Foss' Experience in Sickness.

February 5 was the anniversary of an injury received by Bishop Cyrus D. Foss, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which nearly cost him his life. For weary weeks the whole country heard the most alarming bulletins from his sick chamber. Life trembled in the balance, and hope spread her wings ready for flight. But at length disease was rebuked, remedies were blessed, and a precious life spared to the church of God. On the anniversary of his accident Bishop Foss wrote a beautiful letter to the New York Christian Advocate, which breathes the fragrance of a rich, ripe Christian experience. In the school of suffering he tested the power and glory of those higher spiritualities on which he had so often and eloquently dwelt in his pulpit ministrations. Like the old patriarch, he can now say: "I have learned by experience." To have faith tried as by fire, and its assurances confirmed and reconfirmed, will give a strange sweetness and freshness to his ministry. Our friends who have been afflicted and bereaved will read the delightful experiences of the suffering Bishop with true appreciation. In the midst

of so much scientific skepticism, and so many confusing and contradictory theological vagaries, it is inspiring to read such words from one so richly cultured, so profoundly versed in the world's learning, and yet so simple and childlike in faith and spirit. May his "diamond of days" often recur, and he also the glorious experience of every reader of the Advocate. Into that "mountain apart" we must often repair if we are to be endued with power and see the King in his beauty.

On February 5 my health seemed perfect, as it had almost always been. For twenty-seven years no sickness had kept me in my bed a single day. Then came ten weeks of falling strength, alarming symptoms in my foot, the slow and painfully reluctant surrender of one after another of my conferences and other appointments for work; then typhoid fever, seventy-five days in my room (including a month of delirium); then the slow, O! how slow, creeping back from the gates of the grave.

I had always preached a pretty high doctrine of providential and gracious help, of resignation and of joyful acquiescence in the will of God; too high some of my friends thought. I was sometimes told that experience would very likely moderate my statements on these subjects. Now I know what I then believed. The teaching was true. I have been promoted into a higher class in the school of Christ, the sufferer's, and I have no fault to find with the great Teacher.

One of the delightful experiences of my sickness (not creditable to me as being a surprise) was that in every strait I always found Jesus on the spot ahead of me. I never had to wait for him nor look around for him. Such assurances as these kept chiming in my soul like silver bells. "Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me." "A very present help in trouble." "Before they call I will answer." "Lo, I am with you always." At no time did I have to struggle for comfort of mind or anything else. Everything was ready at my hand, more than I would have dared to ask. When I was slipping downward, little by little, toward the grave, sickness and death seemed to me the easiest and most natural things in the world; but when the outlook changed, and consciousness began, this life looked ungodly. I would not have changed places with Gabriel; to be able to lay hold of God's work again with both hands would nudge earth a heaven.

When, after long confinement, the fever abated me, and I thought it probable that the beginning of the end had come, I was taken "up into a mountain apart," and found my Father. A certain Wednesday was my diamond of days, and his splendor was followed by the serene glory of other days scarcely less memorable. I was filled and thrilled with an altogether indescribable sense of the absolute verity of the great Christian beliefs, and of the magnificent privilege of having any place in the kingdom of God. It was as perfect as to be, to suffer anything to please him. The dying words of Dr. Roberts, the well-known Baltimore local preacher, came often to my lips. When an anxious friend who feared that he would quickly exhaust his failing strength, said to him: "Don't shout so; whisper what you wish to say," he answered: "Let angels whisper; redeemed men must shout." Many a time the walls of my chamber echoed those words in no whispered tone. And yet my friends know that my religious experience, while sometimes highly emotional, is rarely demonstrative.

A month later, at another very critical stage of my illness, I was led most delightfully by a very different path. Again and again it occurred to me what a happy outcome of my sickness it would be if the Savior should come into my room to visit me and instantly heal me. I knew if he should come and say, "What wilt thou?" my quick reply would be: "Lord, make me perfectly whole and perfectly holy." I did not pray for such a miracle, or wish it, but day after day in my quiet afternoon hours the inspiring thought kept coming: "How grand a testimony it would be if in these skeptical times I might go forth proclaiming that, in a single moment, the audible word of the visible Christ had perfectly cured me of a severe sprain, a broken bone, typhoid fever and prostrating weakness; and if my testimony should be so confirmed by that of physicians and friends as to be lifted above the possibility of scientific doubt!" At length, when this thought had grown so familiar that the realization of it would hardly have surprised me, there came in place of it a strong impression (like an audible voice, and yet there was no voice) sealing on my mind, as never before, the words: "Thomas, because thou hast seen me thou hast believed. Blessed (I have always thought that means more blessed) are they that have not seen and yet have believed." The delicious fancy of a possible miracle gave place to the solid fact of the greater blessedness of that dispensation of providence and grace which can transform and glorify all suffering; and this was a wondrous sweetener of my long trial.

"O! that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!"

## Called as Aaron.

The nature of the call is worth studying. The call of God is "without repentance," i. e., as I interpret absolute and irrevocable. God never calls a man in order to excuse him from service which he called. Man has no choice as to whether he shall or shall not be called. He can obey or refuse to be elected. But in no case has he any excuse from the call. He may discover that he was mistaken

in thinking himself called. It may be that the church that called him was mistaken. But if his call is genuine, "necessity is laid upon him, and woe unto him if" he obey not! Let him quit if he dare! Let him plead that not a soul is converted under his preaching, that the church does not appreciate him, that he has a right to leave off! He must remember that is the only way in which he can be saved, and in forsaking his calling he is losing his own soul!

2. Of the sacred nature of the call I will say nothing. I think too much stress is laid on this term, not because it is sacred, but because other calls are also sacred. Nothing worthy of man, much less of God, but that is sacred. Every Christian is a "partner in the holy calling." Nothing is "common or unclean." I will not, therefore, magnify the sacredness of one office when all are sacred. But no man is worthy of his calling that does not see in it, so far as he is concerned, the perfection of all the Divine attributes of mercy, wisdom and power. "Unto me, whom am the least of all saints, is this grace given." The calling was death to Paul's self-estimation, but the call itself was the supreme grace of God. Poor man he that whines "I would not preach if I could do anything else!" Ah! brother, think of it as a privilege, even if it is but the means of saving yourself. But when "this grace is given unto you," not to preach to the wealthy, not to serve in the temple.

"Where through the long drawn aisle or crowd"

The psalmist anoints the note of praise."

but to the Gentiles, to the outcast who knows no church, to him that is "without God and without hope in the world." It is a grace which angels might have begged, but Jesus took it and bestowed it upon the humblest in the walks of life. "Who could not preach on a salary of three or four thousand," says one, "but I must preach for three or four hundred." Very well. Paul lived in the days of prouder millionaires than the Vanderbilts and Goulds of today. Yet from their wealth he could turn, "counting it but dross," and feel that God's grace came to its infinite stretch when the call was made for him to preach Jesus to those who until now had been considered beyond the pale of his mercy. The clouds all at once parted, and where for ages only a narrow strip of heaven was seen, now spread out in azure expanse in which our little globe bathed and grew green with immortal hopes, and he was the seedman of that fair crop destined to redeem every desert to beauty and waste out the shrill blasts of all races and climes.

3. It is exclusive. "Separate unto me" is the term used in the appointment. This does not mean that a secular business is forbidden. Paul pursued his craft as tent-maker at Corinth and elsewhere to gain a support. But he also said: "No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of this world, that he may please him who hath called him." The work assigned him is paramount to all else. As Elsie, he should not only drop the plow handles, but sacrifice his oxen. Like Peter, he should not only leave his fish nets, but lay down his own life for the Master. But still he should "intermeddle with all knowledge," theoretically, and so far as possible practically, he should know something about everything. A specialist, he should know where and how closely his specialty touches upon all other honest vocations in life. A little experience in each makes him akin to its devotees. A want of knowledge may be for a time tolerated, but a want of sympathy is unpardonable. This can not be counterfeited or improvised or substituted by something else. Genuine, mature, of a kind with that with which it is to be matched, sympathy is the only viaduct of communal soul-life. Failing here, the man of God falls in his calling. He may instruct the "intellect," he may excite the imagination, he may do all things but bring the soul to light, and, falling here, all is most disastrous failure. As years increase, and reason tells me that opportunities are lessening each day for calling the dead to newness of life, I deplore the fact that I have ever framed a sentence with a lower aim than the salvation of some member of a fallen race. There will be time enough in eternity for flights of fancy, opportunity for eloquence when the seraph's tongue of fire shall cease as he listens to hear how the last sinner was saved, but, oh! the folly here to study rhetoric or eloquence for the feeble applause of "man, whose breath is in his nostrils."

4. Yet this brings us to the "call" to study means and methods. He is a very self-complacent, not to say perverse, man who will not yield his opinion in things non-essential to the opinion of mankind. The Spirit "helps our infirmities," but it never

endorses them when they can be removed. Awkward manners, coarseness of language, harshness of delivery and all other imperfections are tolerated by the Spirit only so long as it takes to remove them. There is no religion in the notion that God is more disposed to help out the preacher who numbers the English grammar any more than the man of classic style. God's Spirit works mightily in spite of speakers' faults, but were he to work a miracle to supplement my failure that miracle would not relieve me of blame if I could trace my failure to neglect of preparation. God has chosen to save the world by the foolishness of preaching; but, as has been said, this does not imply that foolish preaching is at all approved of by the Spirit. But I find that I must defer to another paper the conclusion of this topic.

T. A. S. ADAMS.

## Training Schools for Freedmen.

The intimation of the Alabama Advocate, in an editorial notice of Dr. Morgan Callaway's sermon on the "Man of Macedonia," are a surprise and a study to those who have fully committed themselves to the enterprise set on foot by our last General Conference for the establishment of "training schools" for the freedmen in our midst. One is slow to believe that any prominent man in the Southern Methodist Church, seated in the editorial chair of the official organ of two of our most influential Conferences, and occupying a prominent and important position, could be found who would say a word to hinder this great work. The editor of the Alabama Advocate must have been a little out of sorts when he wrote the note referred to above. He, most certainly, "blows hot and cold in the same breath," so far as the Public Institute is concerned. He appears to favor the establishment and maintenance of training schools for the freedmen, and he also appears to oppose the general work of teaching negroes. He does not believe that Dr. Callaway is called of God, in any special sense, to undertake this great work. On this point we would prefer the testimony of Dr. Callaway to the "belief" of the editor. Dr. Callaway, so far as we know, has been favored with no visions, has possessed no special calls, and claims no peculiar gifts for this particular work, hence the expressions of the editor are wholly without warrant. The simple fact of Dr. Callaway's having preached a sermon from a certain passage in the word of God certainly does not justify the conclusions of the accomplished editor of the Alabama Advocate. It is to be hoped that the said editor does not voice the sentiments of any large portion of the ministers or members of the Southern Methodist Church. For one I do not believe that the negroes in these Southern States "would instantly turn away from the word of God to follow the Spirit," as suggested by the editor. The negroes, as a class, know that "the Spirit"—the Holy Ghost—never teaches anything contrary to the word. He may be in the word, along with the word, brood over the word, be above the word, under the word, but never contradict the word. The Spirit is not the sword of the word, as taught by some would-be preachers, but the word is the sword of the Spirit, and it is wielded by him. The Christian negroes of this country know this fact just as well as Christian white men. The editor says "there is no more glory in preaching to negroes and teaching negroes than there is in preaching to white people and teaching white people," and this is a true saying; but this is wholly gratuitous in this connection, since no one, so far as I know, assumes what the editor appears to deny. We are now beginning to do what we have not done in any systematic way since the war, and the whole question is, is it the right thing? and are we going at it in the right way? It is a question of duty to God and to our fellow-men, and not one of personal glory at all. If the editor of the Alabama Advocate utters the sentiments of his readers it will take a man of strong nerve, large backbone and great personal consecration to Christ to teach a negro school in the territory where his paper circulates, and such teacher will, indeed, find small glory so far as his white brethren are concerned. This editor most earnestly "cautions our white people against fanaticism in this work," a caution well put, indeed; and this writer, with equal earnestness, would caution them against "prejudice" against this work. At this time, and under all the circumstances, we are in greater danger from our prejudices against this work than we are from any undue fanaticism in it. Our Southern people should not do or refuse to do what manifestly ought to be done simply and solely because the Yankees did or did not do precisely the same things. The fanaticism or



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## THRESCORE AND TEN.

Threescore and ten! How the time rolls on,  
Nearing the limitless sea;  
The voyager over life's doom,  
To boundless eternity.  
On, through the childhood's sunny hours,  
On, through youth with its golden dowers,  
On, through manhood's ripened powers,  
Till age appears.  
With its crown of years,  
And the time-worn mariner, sighing for rest,  
Anchors at last in the port of the blest.  
Threescore and ten! How the rolling years  
Are checked by sunshine and shade,  
The calm chased away by the pitiless storm,  
Earth's joy into sorrow must fade.  
Spring with its bloom and perfume sped,  
Fruit and flower, summer quickly fled,  
Autumn with its withering red,  
Went with the load  
Of the unremembered dead.  
And then stern Winter, with frosty brow,  
Throws over the dead the pall of death.  
Threescore and ten! And if we shall reach  
The land of the blessed, large and free,  
How low of the comrades of early years  
Around us will linger yet?  
Father and mother, their journey o'er,  
Brothers and sisters, we greet them no more,  
Our loved ones stand thronging the marble  
shores.  
They beckon us on,  
They point to the crown,  
And with longing hearts they wait  
To lead us through the pearly gate.  
I, rescue and tend, stand firm in thy old  
Faithful and true to the end,  
Siding thine ear to catch every word  
Of the message the Master doth send;  
Wakeful thine eye, for far spent is the night,  
Drenched thine armor, thou soldier of light,  
Ready to march, for the day-star is bright,  
Hold in the east.  
For (with) and right  
Thou conqueror shalt stand,  
With the exulting blood-bought band.

## Radical Conservatism.

There is need for swift revolution in, or by, Methodism; but upon her own axis. The sphere is an infinite one; and, therefore, instead of circling, Methodism should seem to describe a direct line. The terms heading this essay are paradoxical; but they are not contradictory, as I were to write, "a square circle." Conservatism indicates itself in axiomatic truth. Its counterfeit anchors itself upon dogmatism. Churchmen are predated of dogmatism. Heaven-vitalized and benevolently aggressive organism is predated of axiomatic and else that has like certitude. Assurance of faith and the immediate witness of the Spirit are along the line of certitude whereof axiomatic are primary or initial. Therefore is it that the true Christian life admits no room for doubt. To go "from faith to faith" is to step along upon springs whose elasticity is equalled by their inflexibility. In coming into that life, which the Master declared would yield itself "more abundantly" as we comply with its conditions, the spring of its activities and source of its experiences are just the opposite of any perhaps. Faith is the term that generalizes all that is in and of a life of certitude. Speculation, chance, guess, and the like, come not at all into the category of that which is obliging, enabling and affirming. The multitudes of the Christ-life, generative and developive of what may be generalized by the term "goldmines" have their counterpart in our subjective being. As Coleridge has expressed it: "Christianity finds me more fully and satisfactorily than do the theories and philosophies." (I quote the idea, not the words.) When the American Methodists looked to Mr. Wesley for their form of doctrine and creed, and adopted them, as he made recognition of the doctrines and creeds of the English

Church in compliance with their wish, there was an enactment of policy rather attested of credulity than of faith, in the best sense of the term, "faith." American Methodism did not procure from the hand of Wesley, thus, seed for a spiritual harvest. Nothing germinal whatever in the "articles." The traditional conceit that doctrinal formulae were requisite to religious organic enterprise prompted to this historic venture; and of this, which is aside from, and not at all co-ordinate as a factor with, the forces which have operated evangelizing results, do legalists now predicate their claim to pre-emption rights and prerogatives in Methodism. The "articles" may be considered as logically cognate with what is vitally, organically uniting to Methodism; but they are not a unit of force, co-ordinate, as a factor. A boy may carry his twenty-five marbles in his pocket to school with him, and deem them of more importance in the economy of school-boy life than his books, slate, writing material and teacher; yet have I never known any marble to sprout and grow, nor to yield aught to what may be termed education, though, marbles have been the occasion of fun and fines in that side-play of school, not unlike that which the dogues have had, controversially, with proselyting rivals.

Inasmuch as the tap-root of our Methodist faith is in the living, personal Word, and the lateral roots spread abroad in the rich soil of the revealed oracles, may we not reckon these *radical* sources as qualifying our organic, aggressive Methodism for honoring in the breach, rather than in the observance, that old cunning of the legalists by which along the highway of the kingdoms bones have been cracked, and flesh torn? This was radically conservative. That *prudent* of churchmen for compelling oneness, instead of inducing and inspiring unity, ought hardly to belong to a people who have come into distinctive recognition from a ministry whose initial voice was: "If your heart is with my heart as my heart is with your heart, give me your hand." It would make us "a peculiar people." Indeed, to attest the unity of the Spirit in the bonds of peace after such a soul-franchising method of mutual confidence; but is it not just that which differentiates the child of the free woman from the children of the free woman? That there is an ever-gestating undercurrent of sympathy with this benevolent policy in the more cultivated of our Zion is very obvious.

Christianity, phenomenal, is predicated of facts. Christianity, experiential, is deduced along a line of living realization according to axiomatic assurance of faith, and Spirit witness. The play of dogma is about, or around the head, but comes not to the heart. It was Dr. John Bond, Jr., who said that "a church that rests one side of its arch on dogma will base the other on an inquisition." Dogma is sequence of the logical understanding, and is ever uncertain. Axiomatic are perceived by the intuitive reason, and are ever certain. There can be no heresy, properly, but *sin*.

Let it be remembered that there is no "attack" upon any one or more of the "articles." In a loose, irresponsible way the accusation has been made that there are preachers among us who attack the articles, and claim the right to do so. I have never read from one of our brethren any such attack nor claim of such a right. Yet are there such, as have discourse of thought, engaged in discussions of the doctrines whereof the "articles" are to quote Abel Stevens, "indicative rather than obligative." Discussion of all and everything of common interest to our Zion, with the courtesy that ever characterizes true gentlemen, is enlightening and refreshing, as well as edifying; and our church papers, if they would be streams of live thought rather than lagoons, state and frame, must under wise restrictions, of course, open the way for such "conference." All such discussions are tentative rather than dogmatic. One may give, very positively, his view of a matter; and yet defer, respectfully, to another who is quite as pronounced along another line. There is nothing so true but that there is something else quite as true. There is nothing true but that its apparently opposite is just as true. Our "Conference" is now had, through the columns of our Advocate and Methodists.

## Sixty-First Anniversary.

MR. EDITOR: On this twenty-second day of February 1883, I am celebrating the sixty-first anniversary of my adoption into the household of faith. We remember the date with affectionate interest as the birthday of the father of our country; but I remember it with infinitely more affection and interest as my spiritual birthday. This thing of being "born of God" implies a wonderfully sensible change in all the attributes of our mortal being: a change from the darkness of sin, guilt, pollution and unbelief into the noonday light of the sons of God. This change is so great and so sensible that the apostle calls it a new creation, in which old things pass

away and all things become new. Whatever else a man may forget, while he continues to walk by faith, he can never forget the time and place and circumstances of his spiritual birth, the joyful hour when he first accepted Christ Jesus as his personal Saviour. Though I have traveled a long pilgrimage from tender boyhood to extreme old age since the hour I first believed, all the experiences of that joyful day stand out in more full and disclosing light to-day than they did even then. But I have not introduced the subject to give a detailed account of my conversion while alone with God in the woods sixty-one years ago to-day; but to emphasize the importance of a sound conversion as a foundation for a successful and happy Christian life.

I suppose the patriarch Jacob was never truly born of God until the night he saw the vision of the ladder reaching from earth to heaven, and the Lord standing above it. He waked up from his dream overwhelmed with fear, and exclaimed, "How dreadful is this place!" But God immediately spoke words of comfort and promise to his heart, and Jacob went on his way rejoicing. This blessing was the support and comfort of his after life. In all his labors, bereavements and sorrows he never lost sight of the happiness and promises of that joyful morning. In age and feebleness extreme, when Joseph came to get his last blessing, and see him die, the venerable patriarch strengthened himself and sat upon the bed, and his first utterance to Joseph was: "God Almighty appeared unto me at Luz, in the land of Canaan, and blessed me." Yes, this great blessing had been the solace of his long and eventful life, and was still uppermost in his mind now he was dying. It was still the great sheet-anchor of his hope. He had forgotten many of the occurrences of life, but this was as fresh on the tablet of memory as it was when first received in the long past.

The conversion of Saul, of Tarsus, is another of those all-transforming conversions that changes the whole man and throws his after life into an entirely new channel. Saul's awakening was miraculous; but after that he had to seek a knowledge of salvation in the remission of his sins by repentance, fasting and prayer, just as any other sinner. On the third day of his penitence he was converted and changed into a new man, and his whole being was thrown upon a new stage. So thorough was the change wrought in his soul that he immediately counted all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus. Paul often referred in after life to the wonderful change wrought by his conversion. He repeatedly told his experience as the reason for the many sacrifices of honor, wealth and fame, which he had cheerfully made in order to preach the cross of Christ to Jews and Gentiles. After braving all sorts of perils, and leading a very laborious life in the ministry of thirty years, what did he then think of his conversion and its results? All was still bright and he was full of ecstasy. He knew he had not been deceived. His life of toil and sacrifice had been a great success, and now, at its close, he was ready to depart and receive his crown.

The conversion of John Wesley was another one of those mighty changes from the death of sin to a life of righteousness that has wrought unspeakable wonders in the religious world. John Wesley had been well brought up, well educated, and inducted into the ministry of the Established Church; but he had never been converted, though he had sought it by penitence and prayer, until one evening he went with a heavy heart to a society meeting where one was reading a passage from Luther, where he describes the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, and while he listened, his heart was strangely warmed. He felt that he did trust in Christ, Christ alone for salvation, and received an assurance that he had taken away his sin and saved him from the law of sin and death. His brother, Charles, had been as manifestly converted three days before; and what wonders have been wrought, and are still being wrought, as the results of these two well-marked conversions.

Mr. Editor, I believe in people getting religion and knowing they have got it. I trust our preachers will often, and everywhere, call the attention of all who wait on their ministry to this great and glorious privilege. A man is not worth much to himself or any body else as a Christian, until he is made a new creature in Jesus Christ. This is my thank-offering on this, the sixty-first anniversary of my epousal to Christ. In my spiritual life I am just sixty-one years old to-day, about ten A. M. My blessed Master has showed me how many things he would have me suffer for his name's sake, but he has graciously preserved me in safety through all, and I feel assured that he will be with me to the end.

J. G. JONES,  
Hazelhurst, Mississippi.

## Our China Mission.

MR. EDITOR: I have not had time to write any letters to my little friends for some weeks, but will

begin again in a week or two. I propose to give you in this and the next letter the names of all missionaries, both foreign and native, who have been connected with our mission from the beginning up to the present time.

Rev. Charles Taylor, M. D., and Rev. B. Jenkins were appointed by the Board of Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at a meeting held in Charleston, S. C., in 1847, to establish a mission in Shanghai, China. Dr. Charles Taylor and Rev. B. Jenkins, with their wives, sailed from Boston, April 21, 1848, and reached Hong Kong on August 18, the same year. Dr. Jenkins was detained in Hong Kong for a short time on account of the ill health of Mrs. Jenkins. Dr. Taylor and wife proceeded at once to Shanghai, and reached here on September 30, 1848. Dr. Jenkins did not reach Shanghai until May, 1849. In 1852 Dr. Jenkins left Shanghai for the United States on account of the ill health of Mrs. Jenkins, who died on the homeward voyage and was buried in the sea, near St. Helena. Dr. Jenkins, with his second wife, returned to China in September, 1854, and died in Shanghai, on March 13, 1871. Mrs. Jenkins was afterward married to Rev. Griffith John, of the London Missionary Society, who is now a missionary in Hankow, China. Mrs. John is at present in ill health in New York City. Dr. Jenkins' body lies in the new cemetery in Shanghai, and the inscription on his tombstone is as follows: "Sacred to the memory of B. Jenkins, born June 6th, 1814, died March 13th, 1871. He was fourteen years a missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and seven years in the consular service of the U. S. at this port. He was highly respected by a wide circle of friends as a Christian of earnest, unassuming piety, a scholar of large and varied attainments, and a public officer faithful and zealous in the discharge of his duties. Absent from the body, present with the Lord."

Mrs. Taylor's health failed, and she had to return home in 1852. Dr. Taylor remained in China for about a year and six months after Mrs. Taylor's death, but, hearing of her continued ill health, he left China on October 3, 1853, and reached New York City in May, 1854, just a few days before our departure for China. Dr. Taylor is now living in Covington, Ky., and is a member of the Kentucky Conference.

Dr. Taylor and family, also Dr. Jenkins and family, on reaching Shanghai, lived at Wong-Ka-Mo-der (Wong family wharf), outside of the east gate of the city of Shanghai, where now stands a large Roman Catholic Church. Bro. Taylor will remember his first home in China as being in the most busy part of the suburbs of this great heathen city.

Rev. W. G. E. Cunningham and wife arrived in Shanghai on October 17, 1852, and left China in October, 1861. Dr. Cunningham is now connected with the Holston Conference, but resides in Nashville, Tenn., and is editor of the Sunday-school, periodicals of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

In my next letter I will begin with the party who left New York in May, 1851, for work in this great heathen empire. I thank you for sending the Advocate. We take great pleasure in reading its pages. I pray God may abundantly bless you in the great work you have undertaken. Pray for us in China. I go in a day or two around my district. Pray for the blessing of God to rest on the preaching of the gospel in this great heathen land.

J. W. A. MURPHY,  
SHANGHAI, CHINA, Jan. 16, 1883.

## Sub-Bishops.

The Methodist Church is progressive. The more she grows, the nearer she approximates perfection. She grows in doctrine, experience and practice. By experience she learns to correct her errors and perfect her system. In this progress some features of her childhood are changed into those of her young womanhood. She possesses some degree of maturity. She has made considerable growth in the last twenty years. New elements and powers have been incorporated into her governmental structure. Growth in size and power calls for increased watchfulness lest these forces be expended in the wrong direction and upon improper objects.

To the writer, who is a devoted lover of pure Methodism, there appears a possibility of improvement in her regulations and practices of sub-Bishops, or presiding elders. Truly, presiding elders are under Bishops. Theoretically, our church is governed by Bishops, but, practically, by presiding elders; therefore the inspired standard of qualifications for a Bishop must be the standard for a presiding elder. What is the standard? Where found? In 1 Timothy 3, 2, 7. Of the many particulars specified in this standard I will mention a few. A sub-Bishop must be sober-minded, vigilant, attentive, sound-minded, wise, prudent, moderate, temperate, regular, upright, orderly, becoming, hospitable, a friend to strangers, useful for teaching or learning; no reviler, calumniator; not trading; in vice, covetous;

and he must not be a novice, not a young convert, not a young man. This last specification as much belongs to, and is a part of the qualifications enumerated in the Divine standard, as *not given to wine*, and equally as binding. Is it observed in making sub-Bishops? It ought to be. While it appertains to the office of a sub-Bishop to preach, teach and admonish, it also appertains thereto to arrange the field and appoint the laborers thereof. In fact, the presiding Bishop, knows the several clerical members of an Annual Conference only through the sub-Bishops. While the writer has received twenty-five appointments at the hands of Bishops, yet he is satisfied that not more than one of the episcopal bench knows him to-day. Hence his appointments, practically, are at the hands of the presiding elder, who is, therefore, the sub-Bishop.

Since the presiding elder is a sub-Bishop, by the law of analogy, he is not eligible as a member of the General Conference. The Bishops have no voice in making laws, more than advice. The Bishop is the only man who is not allowed a vote in any department of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, except in the College of Bishops. Therefore they constitute the highest judicial court of the church. The presiding elders constitute a sub-judiciary, because from their decisions in cabinet sessions laws are applied and men are held for twelve months. Consequently they ought not to belong to the legislative department of the church—the General Conference.

When this feature of church government shall be fully incorporated into our already beautiful economy, then a perfection of regulation will mark every department not yet attained, and much of the friction of back-action movements will be removed.

This article is not written with malice to any one, but with love for the good of the church and the glory of God. Let us go on unto perfection.

ARTHUR J. ALEXANDER,  
ATLANTA, GA., Feb. 26, 1883.

## Are Foreign Missions Successful?

Dr. William Carey, from England, entered India in November, 1793. Dr. Adoniram Judson landed in Burmah in 1814. At this time, deducting the native Christians in Burmah and Ceylon, those in India alone amount to 417,372. The increase in each decade shows the progress which the Christian faith is making. In 1831 there were 91,992 native Christians in India. In 1861 there were 138,731. In 1871 there were 224,258. In 1881 there were 417,372.

Dr. Robert Morrison baptized his first Chinese convert July 16, 1814. To-day there are 29,000 Christians in China.

The first Japanese Church was organized in 1872 with 11 members. Ten years have passed, and we see 3,900 communicants! A little more than half a century ago the work began in the island of Madagascar. Now there are more than 70,000 communicants in the Christian church there, and at least one-half million of nominal Christians. The monarch, the nobles, the professors of the Christian religion.

The Wesleyan missionaries entered the Fiji Islands about thirty-six years ago. The reports show 1,900 Wesleyan Churches; that at every one of these the frequent services are crowded by devout congregations; that the schools are well attended; and that the first sound which greets your ears at dawn, and the last at night, is that of hymn-singing and most fervent worship rising from each dwelling at the hour of family prayer.

The Christian Index says: "The Lord has given these islands to the Methodists, and this shows that the Lord loves them. Grandeur heretofore was never displayed in this world than that of Methodist missionaries, by the instrumentality of whose labors these islands were subdued to Christ. We honor them and those who sent them for their sublime achievement."

There were in 1810, under the care of the English and American missionary societies, 70,000 converted heathen. Twenty years later there were 210,000, a three-fold increase. Twenty years later still there were 857,000, a four-fold increase. The sums contributed by the various Protestant Churches have increased in eighty years from \$240,000 to \$7,500,000.

If all these words and figures be as true as they are here represented, we are sure that foreign missions are successful. We shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth."

G. A. YOUNG.

## Texas Notes.

The eighteenth Texas Legislature, now in session at Austin, is being brought face to face with several issues—the adjustment of which will materially affect the State administration. Prominent among these may be mentioned the measure touching the use or prohibition of the Bible in the public schools of the

State, the disposition and treatment of State convicts, and the relegation of local option to the arbitrament of a popular ballot.

As to the first of these, it will probably be ignored altogether, or, if favorable action be taken, it will operate only to this extent, that the use of the Bible shall be permitted or prohibited according as the predominant sentiment in the communities where such schools are located may suggest or determine. This arrangement, while awkward and confusing at best, will yet be accepted, if made, as an omen of future wholesome legislation. For the present, however, it would have the effect of excluding the Scriptures from the schools of many of the richer and more populous regions of the State. Large German and Bohemian elements have filled up our agricultural counties, and a majority of these have, from the first, steadily set themselves against this and similar measures.

The difficulties which the State has met in disposing humanely of its criminals are not new nor peculiar. They have perplexed the government of every commonwealth on the continent. Texas now has nearly twenty-five hundred convicts serving out penalties ranging from two years to life terms in State prisons. Their numbers make her situation somewhat peculiar. The lessee system has prevailed, but is repugnant to the masses of the people. Humanity is measurably lost sight of. But with two penitentiaries, whose slops and appurtenances cover nearly fifty acres of ground, and a proposed reformatory for young criminals, the problem seems near solution.

But local option! The armies have met. Mighty forces are contending. Money, bribery, corruption, the combined influences of every species of immorality in the land are being employed to defeat the ends of truth and virtue and what is clearly the will of the people. The tidal wave of prohibition is moving on, but it meets frowning barriers against which it seems to surge and break in vain. But, clearly, the obstructions, one by one, are being removed. Soon the swell shall be from shore to shore over this continent.

Bishop Parker's summer appointments are out. It is a long list and contemplates a vast field and labors of a truly apostolic nature.

The snow, sleet and blizzards are gone, genial spring has come, orange buds are beginning to appear, and "the voice of the turtle is heard in the land."

H. M. DE ROSE.

## Church Dedication.

MR. EDITOR: With gratefulness to God, I report that our German Church at Oskya, Miss., has been completed and was dedicated to the worship of our Lord and King on last Sabbath. Dr. Ahrens, our presiding elder, not being able to attend, we telegraphed for Dr. H. F. Johnson, President of Whitworth Female College, Brookhaven, Miss., who promptly consented and was on hand in time. In the morning the services were in German. At three o'clock Dr. Johnson gave us one of his best sermons. It was brimful with intense spirituality. The collection amounted to \$96. Of this sum our friend, Bro. J. L. Russ, of the American work, contributed \$25. And Dr. Johnson would not only not receive his traveling expenses, but made us even a donation of \$10. Blessed be God for all his benefits! Our work in Oskya, though not large, is prosperous. Our Sunday-school is doing remarkably well.

P. H. HENSCH.

## Good Words.

What then? I am not careful to inquire. I know there is a tears, and fear, and sorrow And then a Savior drawing nigher And saying, "I will answer for the sinners."

What then? For all my sins, his pardoning grace For all my wants and woes, his loving kindness, For darkest hours, the shining of God's face, And Christ's own hand to lead me in my blind-ness.

The necessary union of prayer and work is well illustrated by an anecdote of Dr. Macleod. He was on a highland loch one day when a serious storm arose. He was a large, powerful man, but his companion was very diminutive. The danger was so imminent that the good doctor proposed that they should all engage in prayer. The chief boatman, who was tugging with all his might, replied: "Well, well, let the little one gang to pray, but the big one naim tak' an' oar."

It is narrated of the great sculptor, Michael Angelo, that, when at work, he wore over his forehead, fastened on his artist's cap, a lighted candle, in order that no shadow of himself might fall upon his work. It was a beautiful custom and spoke a more eloquent lesson, than he knew! For the shadows that fall on our work, how often they fall from ourselves.

The most advanced Christians are the most faithful and persevering. They count not themselves to have apprehended, but press forward toward the mark for a richer prize. Increasing attainments and larger experiences only inspire nobler efforts and lead to intense devotion.

—Southwestern Methodist.







HELP.

BY CHARLES E. RICHARDSON.

The world is full of labor,  
In vain we search;  
You can not bear its burden,  
But you can make it less.

A little child is crying  
To find a heavy load;  
To help the helpless suffer  
Along the weary road.

A poor old, friendless woman,  
Is sitting on alone;  
Her trembling strength has failed her  
Go offer her your own.

Though little be the action,  
It shall be the witness;  
And his shall be the witness;  
Ye did it unto me.

Outlines of a Sermon by Rev. J. B. Walker, D. D., Preached in Louisiana Avenue Church, February 25, 1883.

1. "Thou shalt not follow a multitude to do evil."—Proverbs xxiii, 2.

1. There is no fact about man better known, or more fully recognized, than that he is a social being. In all lands and ages, and under all states of civilization, he has been found to be gregarious, and living in society. The poet, who thinking of Alexander, Salkirk, who was shipwrecked and left alone on an uninhabited island, sang, "Oh Solitude," expressed the feeling of universal humanity. No punishment has been found so severe as solitude—confinement.

2. This social element is the source of all improvements. It necessitates improvements and renders them possible, as public roads, colleges, libraries, hospitals, churches, good governments.

3. But all good things are abused. Economy is with all its value, with many excuses for it, turned into covetousness. No of emulation, so valuable degraded and perverted into ambition. So of the social element, and hence the need of the prohibition, "Thou shalt not follow a multitude to do evil." The need is shown and seen in the fact that the multitude do not think for themselves, dress in other people's thoughts in various fashions and habits. They simply follow the heads of others. The majority establish a principle, and men follow for no other reason. The majority do wrong, and many follow for no other reason.

Hence, we see them resort to lynch law, and enter into the violent acts of the mob. We see it in the absolute reign of Charles II, of England. In the period of the French Revolution, and in the days of the "reign of terror."

1. But it is a great mistake to say the majority are always right, since it can be shown they are often wrong. See Noah building the ark, and preaching to the great multitude, the history of Sodom in her calamity. Moses and his followers were despised by the majority; Christ, in Jerusalem, God's decreed Will, is the only standard of action, the only rule of right.

2. The majority does not make a mistake so. No number of ungrateful children would make ingratitude to parents, less a crime. No number of thieves, or murders, or any sort of sin, makes them any less so; but in fact makes them worse, because the head example of the many tempts to sin; whereas the few would do comparatively little and even make sin so peculiar and offensive, as powerfully to dissuade men from sin, so it would be in profanity and "desecration" and drunkenness.

The attitude. Sin is not made safer by the practice of the multitude in the Government of God. The sins of the body, as drunkenness, gluttony, debauchery, are confined to this material state and are punished in this state by disease, pain, loss, and physical death. No great number shields in the slightest degree the penalty. So falsehood, dishonesty, envy, revenge, hatred, and rejection of Christ shall not shield from the penalty of violated law, as we see with the Antediluvians, the Sodomites, and the Israelites in the wilderness. Our sins will find us out, will overtake us, and we will suffer no matter how common, how popular, how profitable. Nor will the multitude lessen the horror of the impenitent and guilty deed. We do alone. Nor will it improve but rather, it will increase the woe of the lost, as we see in the case of the "rich man," who, with the multitude in his lifetime disregarded "Moses and the prophets." Sinners, as might be supposed, are in the majority. If you are pious you must accept singularly as one of its conditions. Remember Noah, Lot, Moses, Elijah, Christ. Stand bravely alone. If you are in the right, salvation is personal, intensely personal. To you, most important of all. Let nothing hinder. Take not the risk of longer delay. Now, and may be only now, is to you the day of salvation.

Rev. Humphrey Williamson

BY REV. W. P. HARTON.

Rev. Humphrey Williamson, of the North Mississippi Conference, on the second of February, A. D. 1883, having lived his fourscore years, left our mortal shores and joined the majority on the other side. He served well his generation by the will of God, and fell asleep.

He was born in Edgemoor district, S. C., A. D. 1803, and was consequently eighty years old when he died. He

was the son of a pious Methodist father, whose early impressions on his son's mind were of the best sort. At ten years he was well taught for one so young. At that tender age the death of his father left him with an invalid mother to care for, hence the sharp struggle left little opportunity for education. In his fifteenth year, in company with friends and family relations, he moved to Alabama. The country was new, gospel privileges few and not ordinary, yet God's Spirit was with him and amidst the revuls common in the country, serious thoughts of death and the judgment would intrude and disturb his peace. False teaching from the only pulpit then near him, discouraged prayer or any effort on the part of the sinner, till God in his good time should compel the sinner to repent and believe, paralyzed all his energy and put his fears to rest; so he went on in his worldly pursuits and pleasures. But God's silencing providence startled him out of this carnal state by a severe sickness that fell on him and one of his companions at a "frolic," which resulted fatally with his companion. The great deep of his heart was broken up. He resolved to seek God. But how? He had no friend to consult. Business called him to Georgia. He went alone, and thought much and tried to pray. On his return he spent a night with a former teacher who gave him some encouragement to seek on. As he rode on his solitary way next day, in the "creek nation," trying to pray as best he could in Jesus name, light broke into his soul, the burden was removed and he went on his way rejoicing. He attached himself to the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1831. In 1832 he was a successful class leader, and the same year was licensed to exhort, and declined a license to preach, in view of his duty to his afflicted mother. In September, of this year, his mother died, he then left himself passive in the hands of God and his church. In 1833 the Alabama Conference was set off, and the presiding elder of the district, on the first of May of 1833, appointed Bro. Williamson junior preacher on Pea River circuit before he was licensed to preach. During that year he was licensed and duly recommended to the Alabama Conference and received on probation in said Conference at its organization in Tuscaloosa at the close of 1833. He was ordained deacon at the Conference held in Greensborough, Ala., at the close of 1835, by Bishop J. O. Andrew. On the twenty-seventh of July, 1836, he married Miss Rebecca Thompson, who was all an itinerant preacher would desire for a wife. I suppose he was ordained elder by Bishop Andrew, at the Conference at Columbus in January, 1838.

He was very successful in his early ministry. Yearly hundreds of converts were added to the church, nor was his later ministry without marked success. Many precious souls converted under his ministry preceded him to glory to swell the blood-bought throng who welcomed him there. Providence gladly gave him a fine frame and splendid constitution. He had a sound mind in a sound body. Few had so large a stock of that unchangeable gift, common sense. His was no ordinary mind. With quick perception and high appreciation of truth, with good observation, a retentive memory and logical faculty of a high order, he was a man of no ordinary pulpit ability in his pulpit days. His clear perception of truth often enabled him to state his propositions so distinctly that they needed little elucidation. Hence his sermons were often marvels of conciseness and force. When he ascended the pulpit his hearers always expected localized light, and they were not disappointed. He was original in his perceptions and presentations of truth. He carefully studied the word without note or comment, comparing Scripture with Scripture, and was always ready to give a Scriptural reason for his faith. Woe to the antagonist who expected to answer him by the ordinary arguments that have been answered a hundred times on any point of doctrine in controversy with him. He loved debate because he loved the defense of the truth, and in controversy was never second best. He had a warm generous heart, a large Christian hospitality. He loved the church and willingly spent his life in her service. Much of his ministerial life was with people who were careless of his temporal wants, but that never abated his zeal in their behalf. A knew him to fill his appointments when he was old and needed rest and comforts, and hasten home, clear and once laid, and make a good living for his own family while he served the church for naught. He never uttered a word of complaint. I know him to fall from his horse by the wayside in a deep swamp far from any human help, exhausted by preaching, enfeebled by age, expecting to die there alone, yet no murmur from his lips, no complaint of hard appointments, or want of appreciation. He was a man of great faith. He believed in God, in Providence, in the gospel of the Son of God, in prayer, in preaching, and his consecrated life was the outcome of this faith. He was a man of deep piety seeking daily retirement from all company for close introspection and private prayer. The loss of a part of his children, some of them under painful circumstances, finally the death of his dearly beloved wife only intensified in his soul the feeling, "though he slay me yet will I trust in him." He never quit the active duties of the itinerancy till his brethren in

view of his age and feebleness requested him. He waited his final summons at his home, near Greensboro, Miss., where he was lovingly cared for by his daughter, Mrs. Ellington, and her husband, Maj. Ellington. He was rendered nearly helpless by paralysis more than a year before his demise; a second stroke, some months before death, deprived him of speech and he gradually sank till death set his noble spirit free. "Let me die the death of the righteous."

Our Wasted Resources.

BY DANIEL ELLIOTT, D. D.

The proportion between results and possibilities is the measure of effectiveness. In most cases of the application of force much the greater part is wasted in the process. Of the latent force of the fuel that drives the engine only a small percentage of that which is buried in the furnace becomes effective upon the engine, and of this residuum of force, a very large share is expended in overcoming the inertia of the machinery. A like waste of ideal possibilities is going on in nearly all the productive activities of life—mechanical and mental, social and ecclesiastical, and in all these the entanglements are widely disproportionate to the outcomes. It is, therefore, an important question of administrative wisdom to bring as nearly together as possible the expenditures and the products; and for that purpose it is needful that every part of the machinery should be made as simple as possible, and that it should be subjected to frequent and thorough re-examinations, that the suggestions of the practical operators should be solicited and heeded, that readjustments should be possible at not remote intervals, and that nothing should be considered as completely settled that it may not be modified or amended at the demands of increased knowledge or changed conditions.

The application of these principles to our church's affairs seems to be especially desirable at this time, as indeed it can never be altogether untimely. Any generally comprehensive estimate of the resources of our denomination must produce a thorough conviction and appreciation of their wonderful greatness, and by passing in thought from these to the results achieved, one can not fail to feel an unpleasant sense of disappointment, in view of their relative littleness. It is not that nothing is being done—for that is not the case—but that much less effected than is highly desirable; and also that would seem to be possible with the appliances that are at hand.

At the present time, as we have thought that perhaps more thorough inspection and greater willingness to be taught by patent and significant facts might lead to greater effectiveness of action. The aggregate moral power of the millions of our Methodism is immense, almost beyond computation. Its capabilities, could all that power be brought into available action, and not be dissipated, it is equally certain that only a small percentage of that power has been utilized. Much more of it has been permitted to run to waste; and while something very considerable has been achieved, very much, probably more, that was equally practicable, has failed to be done. A rapid and general survey of the whole field will make this the more manifest.

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It is quite certain, however, that only a very small part of this power is ever brought into action. Most of it perishes unused in the original possessors, unwrought, often unsuspected gems, or if a little way advanced, still flowers wasting their fragrance on the desert air. This is the case, that is being considered in the social and ecclesiastical forces, a very small part of whose resultant force is thrown upon the rickety machinery which carries on the work of the church, and which, therefore, to be used largely in overcoming the friction, but a little part is at last expended in effectuating the originally intended purpose. This, as a state of things, is to some extent unavoidable; to reduce the wastes of power and to increase its effectiveness is the province of a wise administration.

Ecclesiastical organizations, as centers of church power, are essential to effective Christian activity. Through these some portion, not all, indeed the greater part, of the moral power of individuals must be made practically effective. The relative effectiveness of the local churches will be about in proportion to the degree in which the capabilities of the entire membership are brought into properly directed action, and according to the degree in which the individual is brought into the official work, rather than to the official work, that we should look for the needed work. It is usually the extremists rather than centers, that do the work and also maintain the soundness of the system. The wisdom that directs is the wisest when it is kept best informed and most fully inspired by the results of its practical agencies, and that church is the best governed whose administration is kept in closest sympathy with the "common people." That "priesthood of the people," of which we sometimes read, may just here find its appropriate sphere; our failure to utilize this agency in due degree has been and continues to be the occasion of fearful loss of spiritual power and ecclesiastical effectiveness.

The Christian ministry is constituted by the head of the Church of chosen persons to serve specially in spiritual and churchly offices; and such persons, so chosen, and endowed as their calling implies, become, each in himself, a depository of power. Associations of Christian ministers for united counsel and labor, however valuable and as necessary, are secondary in character, of human origin, and are capable of becoming instruments of abuse, in proportion as they tend to encroach upon the prerogatives of their individual members. The minister's duties are pre-eminently among the people, whom, in the order of providence, he is called to serve in spiritual things; to them, especially, and almost exclusively,

should his thoughts be turned and his labors devoted; and he is indeed the model minister, who, comparatively uninvolved in broader ecclesiastical relations and obligations, finds full occupation in his own pastorate.

And yet he should not forget that he is by virtue of his holy calling a pastor in the church, in its wider relations; his parochial duties and obligations, though the principal and the highest are not so far paramount as to exclude all others. He is indeed charged generally with the salvation of the whole world, as well as especially with the saving of his own people; and for such aggregated and manifold ministrations to the organized members of the church, the free synods of Methodism, are simply associated bodies of Christ's ministers, each retaining in his own person his divinely bestowed ministerial prerogatives, of none of which are any at liberty to divest themselves. It is therefore incumbent upon each one of us, that his relations to the organization shall not in any way diminish his individual effectiveness as a minister of the gospel; and it is equally needful that the associated body of ministers in Methodism, the Annual Conferences, shall duly appreciate their obligations as Christ's ministers, and shall employ all the resources at their command.

Beyond all question, since the ministers are seen in the Annual Conference, is the great working force of the church, so from its divinely ordained character it is charged with very high duties, in the up-building of Christ's kingdom, and for the setting in order of its affairs. We submit it, therefore, as a serious question, whether, by reason of overmuch centralization of the directing power of the church, the rank and file of our ministry have not unduly denuded themselves of their prerogatives and responsibilities; whether by making the Conferences simply annual reviews and times for accepting new marching orders, the actual efficiency of the force has not been injured. Taught by their positions to look toward the central seats of power, our ministers, and especially the more eminent ones, are constantly drawn away from their proper and more important work, and if not absolutely above human ambitions, to which even ministers may be tempted, to aspire to a share of that central power for themselves. May there be just at this point some rearrangement of our church's machinery which occasions a not inconsiderable waste of power?

Our purpose is not to dogmatize, but to suggest certain lines of thought that require attention. Without at all depreciating the work done by the church, or in process, it is still quite too plain to be called in question that we are continually falling very far short of both the demands and the possibilities of the case. To find out the hindering causes, and wherever possible to apply the needed remedies, is a high imperative duty. Some of these hindrances we have hinted at, and especially as to a generally effective and decidedly deleterious one—an undue centralization of the government and administrative power of the church in a very few hands during the intervals of the General Conference sessions, and in the General Conference itself, so constituted and so acting that it inevitably falls either to exercise the mind of the church, or to provide for its proper evangelistic and pastoral work. We have no room at this time to consider more definitely the remedies for these inefficiencies of organization and action, but certainly something ought to be done.—Western Christian Advocate.

Religious Intelligence.

MISSIONARY.

Rev. Dr. Whittier, in the Missionary Review, for November-December, 1882, gives the following totals of 100 different churches and societies: American—Home strength, 77,353 ministers and 1,665,373 communicants; missionaries ordained 14,777, women 473; native workers ordained 839, others 7,335; native communicants 159,162. European—Home strength, 23,756 ministers, 1,633,877 communicants; missionaries ordained 1,754, lay 518, women 628; native workers ordained 1,118, others 11,739; native communicants 377,919. Total, missionaries ordained 2,900, lay 625, women 1,696; native workers ordained 1,357, others 22,073; native communicants 377,721; income \$8,447,081.

A gentleman and his wife have tendered \$1,000 to the Methodist Missionary Society for beginning a mission in Corea, if it can be done this year, and other thousands have since been added by other men. Dr. Fowler thinks that this is an indication of Providence that the matter should be taken into consideration, and accordingly he has referred it to the committee on China and Japan. It seems that only the United Methodist Society, which will not meet until next November, can start a new mission.

At the village of Ki-Koi, an outstation of our South China mission, a little over two years ago there was but one baptized believer. Now there is a neat little chapel with thirty-two church members, and over fifty worshippers. Such signs of progress are encouraging, but converts in every part of that field are exposed to persecution, and it is to be feared that the resistance to the work has but begun. But the native Christians are strong in faith, and endure severe tests.

Rev. L. H. Graves under date of Canton, December 9, says: "Chun Shu-Shang, our ablest and one of our most pious and devoted Chinese assistants, is dead. In his death I feel a personal loss that I can not express. He was my amanuensis and Chinese teacher for a number of years, and sat by my side in my study day after day. Almost all the literary work I have done has been by his assistance, and I felt nearer to him as a friend than to any of our Chinese members."

The evangelistic movement in Southern Russia, an offshoot of our German mission, was at first among German settlers in Russia, but of late has begun to extend among Russians. A church is established at Tiflis, composed mostly of Russian dissenters, and the work is spreading in the region round about. After many trials the government has granted toleration and there is an open door.

The New Hebrides are being slowly won from savage heathenism by the Presbyterian missionaries. A new station has just been established on the island of Epil, which has about 10,000 inhabitants.

Our Young People.

LETTER PRAYERS.  
BY CORNELL PARKER.

Sweet little darling runs into my room,  
And the parted cheeks glow,  
Fresh and rare as the apple-bloom,  
Brighter than the rose-blossom.

"Oh, sister, come and see!" she cries,  
As she summons from her brow the tangled tresses,  
While wonder speaks through her violet eyes,  
"My little Kitty is saying her prayer."

"Come and look thro' the nursery door"  
We went forth where she lies,  
In the streak of sunlight on the floor,  
Folding her white paws over her eyes.

"I wonder,"—treading with light foot-fall,  
And dimly lifting the frock she wears,  
As she trips before me across the hall,  
"I wonder if God hears Kitty's prayers!"

—St. Nicholas.

From the "Little Tramp."

MR. EDITOR: In the ADVOCATE of February 15 there appeared a communication from Miss Alice Carey Sadler, headed, "Our Little Tramp," in a post-script to her letter she requests parties to send all money for "our little tramp's" bank to Mrs. N. B. Young, Hazlehurst, Miss.

Since the publication of Miss Sadler's letter a number of letters have been received—some of them from unknown parties; and, as I can not acknowledge the receipt of each and every one separately, I take this mode of replying to all through your excellent paper. As all the parties who have sent money to my "little pet" doubtless heard of him through the ADVOCATE, the same paper will, no doubt, be a good avenue through which to convey my thanks to those who have so kindly replied to Miss Sadler's letter. I am very thankful, indeed, to all who have sent the "little tramp" money, and also to "Uncle John" for his valuable book for my little boy.

The little boy is well and hearty—is running about and is beginning to talk, and is a sweet and very interesting child. To those who have sent money for him I will say, that I shall endeavor to use the money to the best advantage, and place it where it will do the most good for the little orphan. I ask the prayers of all God's people that I may be enabled to bring the little boy up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and that he may one day be a bright and shining light among the followers of Christ, and that he may reach an eternal home in heaven.

MRS. N. B. YOUNG.

Hazlehurst, Mississippi.

A Letter and a Dollar.

MR. EDITOR: I am a little boy five years old. I can not write, so I am going to get mother to write you a little letter for me. We live away out here, in the middle of the swamp, on the muddy bank of Bayou Pierre. It is threemiles to our church, right through the mud, so you see I can not attend school or Sabbath-school; but we get the ADVOCATE every week, and I can read well enough to read the children's column when there are no long, hard words in it. I wish you would please take all the big words out of that column before it is published hereafter. I have earned two dollars picking cotton for papa. I am going to buy me a little axe with one of them, and the other I intend to give to forward to Miss Charlotte Hallahan to assist her in building that school-house for the poor, heathen children.

If you have room please put my letter in the ADVOCATE so I can read it and know that you received my dollar.

Your little friend,

S. HOPKINS PORTER.

Atres, La., Feb. 22, 1883.

The Primitive Dutch Baby of America.

For young children a small bed called a "trundle-bed," in Dutch, *een slaapek bedje*, was frequently used. This was, as the name implies, a low bedstead upon rollers, which during the day was rolled under the great high-post bedstead, and hidden by the valance. At night this was rolled out by the side of the mother, and was convenient for her care of the little ones. For the Dutch mother never gave in the care of her children to others, even in families where the colored people in the kitchen were numerous enough and willing to relieve her.

The cradles were not the pretty, satin-lined rattan baskets such as those in which the children of this generation are rocked. They were of heavy, solid mahogany, with a mahogany roof, if we may so call it, which extended one-third of the length above, to shield the light from the eyes of the little sleeper. These cradles were handed down from generation to generation. Some of them are still in existence. With the cradle has also survived an old Dutch lullaby. As it is a sort of traditional melody, we give it here, but we are not willing to vouch for the spelling, as we have never seen the words printed; probably it has never before been in print. We feel sure, however, that it is a familiar sound to the descendants of every Dutch family, and that grandpa and grandma have trotted many a little four-year old upon their knees to the song of

"Trije Trije lullie,  
De lullie in de kribbe,  
De lullie in de kribbe,  
De lullie in de kribbe,  
De lullie in de kribbe,  
De lullie in de kribbe,  
De lullie in de kribbe,  
De lullie in de kribbe."

A free translation of the above being that, to climb up to father's or mother's knee, was for the child a little throne, upon which he might be as happy as were the little pigs among the beans, the cows among the clover, the horses among the oats, and the ducks splashing in the water.

At the last line the singer is supposed to toss up the child as high as he could reach, giving the real name in the blank above in saying, "So great my little was." We find, upon in-

quiry, that this little lullaby song was everywhere in use, in the Dutch settlements, from Albany to Long Island. In application, it has been sent to us from different sources, with only the slight variation occasioned by the loss of one line in the Long Island version. Following

should be

This is the only theft that time has succeeded in making for, perhaps, two hundred years, for we can give no date to the last of this song. There is nothing in the words which makes it improbable that it came with the children from the fatherland.

Sometimes instead of the child's name in the last line, it was altered thus:

"That is, so tall is my little puppet,  
Doll or baby, as it may be translated,  
A term of endearment. From Mrs. Vanderbilt's 'Social History of Flatbush.'"

The Marys of the New Testament.

BY MRS. FANNY E. TAYLOR.

There are seven Marys mentioned in the New Testament:

First, Mary, the mother of Jesus, who lived in Nazareth and was a descendant of David. After the return of the holy family from Egypt to Nazareth she is mentioned but six times in the gospel history. She is spoken of first in connection with Jesus attending the Passover at Jerusalem when he was twelve years old.

Second, in the beginning of Christ's ministry when she was present at the marriage feast at Cana of Galilee and told the servants to do whatever Jesus commanded them.

Third, when Jesus was preaching in Galilee, and she and his brothers came from Nazareth probably to induce him to retire from his ministry. This occurrence is given in two of the gospels.

Fourth, in the thirteenth chapter of Matthew, fifty-fifth verse, which says: "Is not this the carpenter's son? Is not his mother called Mary?"

Fifth, when Jesus, as he hung on the cross, committed her to the care of John.

And, lastly, she is mentioned in Acts as being with the disciples at Jerusalem after Christ's resurrection.

The second Mary, which the New Testament tells us of, is Mary, the wife of Cleophas, who is supposed to be the sister of the Virgin Mary. She followed Christ to Calvary, and was with his mother at the foot of the cross. She was also present at his burial, prepared perfumes to embalm him, and was early at the sepulchre on the morning of his resurrection.

Mary, the sister of Martha and Lazarus, who lived in Bethany, is the third Mary of gospel history. She witnessed the raising of Lazarus from the dead, and, just previous to the crucifixion of the Saviour, at a feast given in his honor by Simon, the leper, she anointed his feet with the precious ointment of spikenard and wiped them with her hair.

The fourth Mary is Mary Magdalene, a native of Magdala, on the sea of Galilee. She was especially devoted to Christ for his mercy in casting out from her seven evil spirits. She witnessed his crucifixion and accompanied Mary, the wife of Cleophas, to the tomb on the resurrection morning.

The fifth Mary is the mother of Mark, the evangelist. She had a house in Jerusalem where the followers of Jesus were accustomed to gather.

The sixth is a benevolent and useful Christian woman saluted in Paul's epistle to the Romans, xvi, 6. This is the only mention we have of her.—Northern Christian Advocate.

MODESTY REWARDED.

During a time of famine in France, a rich man invited twenty of the poor children in the town to his house, and said to them, "In this basket is a loaf for each one of you; take it; come back every day at this hour and God sends us better things."

The children, seizing the basket, wrangled and fought for the loaf. Each wished to get the largest loaf, and at last went away without thanking their friend. Francesca alone, a poor, fat, neatly-dressed girl, stood modestly apart, took the smallest loaf which was left in the basket, gracefully kissed the gentleman's hand, and went away to her home in a quiet and becoming manner. On the following day the children were equally ill-behaved, and Francesca this time received a loaf that was scarcely half the size of the others. But when she got home her sick mother cut the loaf, and there fell out of it a number of bright silver coins.

"The mother was alarmed, and said: 'Take back the money this instant, for it has to do with gold, and is the bread of some mistake.'"

Francesca carried it back; but the benevolent gentleman declined to receive it. "No, no," said he; "it was no mistake. I had the money linked in the smallest loaf simply as a reward for you, my good child. Always continue thus contented, peaceable and unassuming. The person who prefers to remain contented with the smallest loaf rather than quarrel for the larger one will find throughout life blessings in this course of action all more valuable than the money which was baked in your loaf of bread."—Central Christian Advocate.

RESOLUTIONS FOR 1883.—I hereby solemnly covenant, as God shall help me—

Never to neglect my morning and evening devotions.

Always to speak kindly to every person with whom I am associated.

Always to speak well, and never ill, of any absent person.

To endeavor to lead at least one person to the Saviour during the present year.

To strive to attend one devotional meeting during the week.

My dear young friends: The New Year is one of the times when we should gird on our armor afresh and renew our vows.

Will you cut out these resolutions, or, better still, copy them and sign your name to them, and place them in your Bibles and endeavor to keep them all the year through?

If at any time you should fail, remember you have an Advocate with the Father. Ask Jesus to forgive you, and commence again. Then shall the New Year prove to you

Another year of progress, another year of prayer, another year of proving his presence all day long. Another year of seeking a witness for justice. Another year of training for better work aboy

—CHRISTIANITY

They took most who have the least to say. Philo.



## Christian Advocate.

ORAN OF THE LOUISIANA, MISSISSIPPI AND NORTH MISSISSIPPI CONFERENCES OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

CHAS. B. GALLOWAY, D. D., Editor.

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REV. J. A. ADAMS, REV. J. T. SAWYER, REV. W. L. C. HOSKINS.

THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 1883.

On our third page this week we have a sermon-outline from Dr. J. B. Walker, and a tribute to Rev. Humphrey Williamson from the appreciative pen of Rev. W. P. Barton.

We are obliged for a pamphlet copy of the Minutes of the Little Rock Conference. There is an aggregate church membership of 18,456. The collection for foreign missions amounted to \$2,011.

We see it stated that grog is no longer to be served on the Cunard line of steamers. That is good news. Too much is imperilled for seamen to lose their wits in drink. When we go abroad, passage will be secured in a total-abstinence Cunarder.

On our first page we publish a most readable article from the oldest member of the Mississippi Conference, the Rev. J. G. Jones, on the sixty-first anniversary of his episcopal to Christ. Brightest and best of all the days of life! The importance of a sound conversion is strongly emphasized.

Charles Kingsley, in *Living Truth*, gives this rule, which is worthy of all acceptance. Let Christians consider and adopt it. Never lie down at night without being able to say: "I have made one human being at least a little wiser, or a little happier, or a little better this day." Such a rule would make us watchful for opportunities to do good and careful that our words are full of charity and grace. And what sweeter, diviner reflection at nightfall than the consciousness that the Master has used us, and we have cheered or comforted one human heart! Better than all worldly success and achievement is laying up treasure in heaven.

College names would furnish a curious and profitable subject for a chapter on the motives of Christian benevolence. When philanthropists, from a sense of duty and gratitude, give largely to establish or endow an institution, it may be proper to commemorate the deed by giving the college the benefactor's name. But when the name is a condition to the gift it corrupts motive and may become an evil. It is canonizing worldly pride at the expense of Christian grace. We noticed that a college changed names recently because a few thousand dollars had been given it to relieve its embarrassment. The name depended on the amount of cash. Benefactors may make any conditions in their gifts but the name. That is pure vanity, which vitiates the sanctity of motive.

Dr. Pope's Systematic Theology has been criticised by Dr. Steele in *Zion's Herald*. He has indicated passages which teach the possibility of an after-death probation. Dr. Pope disclaims any such belief, and to correct the possibility of the doctrine being inferred from his utterances will have the stereotyped plates changed as follows:

## PRESENT READING.

Either through direct preaching or through indirect, in this world or beyond it, certainly before the judgment day the name of Jesus will be, it must be the touch-stone of every man's will and the arbiter of his doom.

## PROPOSED READING.

Either through direct preaching or through indirect, either by the word or by the secret Spirit without the word, the name of Jesus will be, it must be the touch-stone of every man's will and the arbiter of his doom.

Two funerals occurred recently the same day in New York City—one a veteran Christian, the other a brilliant young actor—William B. Dodge and Charles B. Thorne, Jr. How widely, strangely different the scenes! Around one bier devout men and women gathered and spoke words of Christian faith and comfort. The merchant prince died as he had lived—"meet for the inheritance of the saints in light." At the grave of the actor no minister was seen or heard, according to his own request. Among his last words were these: "The future is a dark, impenetrable curtain, which no human being has ever drawn aside and come back to tell the tale." "A Mr. Robinson spoke a few vague sentences, a passage from the 'Tempest' was read, and a telegram of condolence from Robert G. Ingersoll. Here is the contrast—to one the future was glorious with light, to the other a dark, impenetrable curtain." Thus faith and unbelief stand related.

## Blackening Ecclesiastical Boots.

A meeting in the interest of "disestablishment" was held, a few weeks ago, at Haworth, England, which has attracted national attention. The Wesleyan school building was appointed as the place of meeting, but, as it was afterward discovered that the terms of the deed prohibited any other than strictly religious or educational exercises therein, another hall had to be secured. But the first announcement aroused the wrath and protest of Mr. Wade, the Haworth vicar. He wrote letters to the circuit preacher and to the President and Secretary of the Wesleyan Conference. The meeting was held, nevertheless, and a pronounced and enthusiastic sentiment in favor of disestablishment prevailed. Among others, Mr. Alfred Illingworth, M. P., addressed the meeting. His speech was bold, felicitous and sometimes eloquent. In the course of his remarks, after paying high tribute to the Methodists, he said: "There is no doubt if one went back twenty-five years they would find that a large portion of the Wesleyan body, and particularly the wealthy portion, stood in a peculiar position toward the Church, that was to say they were ready to black its boots." To this statement the Watchman takes "severe and indignant exception," but on this side the sea we have feared the truth of Mr. Illingworth's charge! Indeed, such was the mortified impression of our delegates at the late Ecumenical Conference. The first morning session was opened with the tedious service of the Church of England, much to the discomfort of unsophisticated Western Methodists. Their regular Sunday services are also conducted, according to prayer book form. One Southern delegate, invited to preach at a prominent Methodist Chapel, candidly admitted that he didn't know how to go through with it, and adopted the order common to universal Methodism outside of English centers. Unless we greatly misinterpret the spirit of our foreign exchanges and the books by Wesleyan authors in England, there is much of humiliating truth in Mr. Illingworth's statement. Methodists are careful not to be classed with Dissenters, and most of the leaders are opposed to what they call "political disestablishment." As a separate, distinct organization, working in its own sphere, following the openings of Providence in spreading Scriptural holiness over all lands, we can not see why Methodists should feel more nearly related to the Church than to any body of Dissenters. On the contrary, as we read the early history of the Methodist movement—the persistent opposition to and persecution of the Wesleys and their coadjutors—one would suppose that distance would lend the enchantment of harmony and quiet. Instead of flattery and obsequence there would be independence and distance. We believe in Methodism as a separate, independent ecclesiastical organization, established in the order of God's providence, and not as a parasite or caudal appendage of the Church of England, out of which it was evoked by the Spirit of another mighty Pentecost. We rejoice in denominational intercommunion and co-operation—in the spirit and purposes of an evangelical alliance—but detest and repudiate ecclesiastical boot-blackening. There must be a mutual recognition of equal station and authority. The Watchman is outspoken and earnest in protest. We hope it speaks for the church—both the poor and wealthy portions.

On this side the sea there is, we fear, a like spirit among some religionists. It is not peculiar to one denomination or locality, but attaches to several who happen to lack wealth and social prestige in a local community. To "get into society" some people will even black boots. And then "the church" takes advantage of this weakness to get its boots blacked. They are always sitting outside the door, waiting for the ignorant "wealthy portion" of another community to give them a shine. It is a passing strange what mental service and compromises of principle are freely made to secure social recognition. Wealth is not sufficient—but an upholstered pew. Thousands will not avail until somebody's ecclesiastical boots get a shine. This paying court to denominational "quality" is the exhaustion of sinful folly and fatigues contempt. We have no sympathy with proud, creaking poverty—always suspicious of the wealthy, and given to bitter, uncharitable complaint and criticism. They are an offense and a grievance. Poverty itself is not religion, nor are the poor, perforce, the saints of God. But of all the afflictions in a religious community, the most intolerable is the ecclesiastical boot-black. We have known a few to make it a profession. With a change of residence, they have found it necessary to change denominations. So they "shined" the

boots and took a high seat in the new synagogue. We want intelligent, clean-cut convictions of truth in our churches. These alone will give strength to any organization and true success in Christian work.

## A Long Step Forward.

The principle of self-support, we are glad to note, is being developed in the foreign mission fields. This is of vital importance. To escape ecclesiastical and religious pauperism, mission churches and stations should be educated to the point of self-help. The longer we rely upon others, the more helpless and unmanly we become. The exercise of self-maintenance is itself an educating factor. Dependence is not the school in which is developed a robust, muscular, aggressive Christian character. The following most gratifying facts we learn from Rev. Joseph Cook. In 1881 the 1,200 church members belonging to the Missions of the United Presbyterian Board in Egypt, most of them very poor men and women, raised \$4,546, or more than \$17 each, for the support of churches and schools. The membership of the 19 Japanese Churches under the care of the American Board of Missions is now about 1,000, of whom more than 200 were recently received. Those members have contributed for Christian purposes over \$8 each, a sum, as compared with the price of labor, equal to \$40 in the United States. At Kioto, Mr. Neslame's Collegiate School contains 150 young men. The total grant from the American Board to this school is \$160 a year. In India and China a like condition of things will result so soon as Christianity has gained more headway among the middle classes. But there this lesson is being enforced. The natives connected with our missions in China contribute regularly and liberally to their support. Out of their poverty they freely give. Proportionate offerings here would multiply our missionary receipts twenty-fold. We have entire faith in our strong band of workers in China to win and wisely train the heathen in the school of Christ. A self-supporting Conference in China is the grand possibility of our generation. Have we faith and works to achieve it?

## New Orleans and San Francisco.

The binding together of New Orleans and San Francisco by a continuous line of railway is an event of far-reaching importance. We are thus brought into close neighborhood with the great Pacific slope. There will soon be a ready interchange of products and strong commercial relations established. Already freight lines are moving, and the rich fruits of California are placed in our market in a very few days. Uninterrupted by the snows of the North, the line from New Orleans to San Francisco will be the most pleasant and reliable route to the Golden Gate. It will be operated at less cost and will yield larger returns to the syndicate than any road leading to the great West. Wheat from the valleys of California can be brought to New Orleans and shipped to Europe in one-third the time formerly occupied by Pacific steamers. Travel is already diverted this way. Several of our brethren transferring to the West have gone this route, and pronounced it by far the cheapest and most comfortable.

Not only commercially, but ecclesiastically the completion of this road is a great triumph. As a church, we have ready access to that rich, vast, intervening territory now being rapidly filled with sturdy, heroic people. Towns are springing up like magic, and populations are crowding together from all points of the compass. The opportunity for work is upon us. We must enter and occupy this field at once or others will preempt it. The Mission and Church Extension Boards have there a speedy and imperative call. This also settles forever the claims of our Pacific work. The brethren out there have felt isolated and neglected, and we have sympathized with their labors from a great distance. But now they are brought near us, and are necessary to the prosecution of our new enterprises in the intervening sections. When our forces from the West and East meet on this great line then we will compass the land and march downward on Mexico from three points of the compass.

## Alexander H. Stephens.

On the early morning of Sunday last the mighty spirit of Alexander Hamilton Stephens, the Governor of Georgia, was released from his frail tenement and sped home to his God. For many years he has been one of the most conspicuous figures in our American politics and justly ranked among the greatest of statesmen. His career has been a marvelous success. From poverty and obscurity he arose to fame and fortune by his own in-

domitable purpose. All his eventful years he has endured physical infirmity that would have crushed a less heroic spirit. He died at the advanced age of seventy-one, after having enjoyed the uninterrupted confidence of his State through a long public history, and left not a stain on his shield or a blot on his name. He was born February 11, 1812, in Taliferro county, Ga., and died in the executive mansion in Atlanta, March 4, 1883. We remember to have read some years ago his story of his early boyhood, his first attendance upon a Sunday school, and how the lessons of that place had influenced and directed his subsequent career. He believed most profoundly the inspired teachings of God's word, and made them the man of his counsel in all the conflicts and temptations of political life. He was never defeated for an office. With the people he was quite invincible. For five successive terms he occupied a seat in the lower house of the State Legislature. Thence he was removed to the Senate. And while serving a term in that body, in 1843, he was elected to Congress, where he soon took rank as a leader, and remained until 1860. He opposed the policy of secession with vigor and eloquence, but when his State finally withdrew from the Federal compact he linked with her his own fortunes, and became Vice President of the Southern Confederacy. Though, sometimes differing with President Davis, his ability and integrity were never questioned. After his release from prison at Fort Warren, in Boston Harbor, he retired to his home at Crawfordville, and engaged earnestly in literary labor. In 1872 he was elected to Congress, and at each successive election until the last, when Georgia called him to her chief executive office. His death will be mourned throughout the nation. He was a statesman above all party or sectional lines, and therefore had an influence of extensive range. His "Constitutional View of the Late War Between the States" had a rapid sale, and brought him fully thirty thousand dollars. His last work, "A History of the United States," is popular as a calm, non-partisan, philosophical arrangement of the facts, incidents and movements of our national life. A nation weeps to-day over the grave of Georgia's great Governor. He died as he had lived, a patriot and a Christian.

## Rain and Sunshine.

After the rain has come the sunshine. For weeks the waters of the upper deep have been falling with an occasional brief stoppage. Last night we went to sleep with the rain pattering on the roof, expecting, as a matter of course, that this morning we would find the liquid drops still falling. Instead, the glorious old sun of creation's morn was shedding his cheerful beams on the wet earth and into the heart of every thankful child of God. How happy we are to write that after the rain has come the sunshine. Since God set the sun to run in his appointed course, how often, through the centuries and in all lands, has his coming after the rain been the joy of human hearts. How Noah must have rejoiced when the floods were stayed, and, safe in the God-provided ark, he floated on the waters, and they enfolded in God's blessed sunshine. So in the lives of men and nations, after floods of disaster there has come the shining of the sun, brimful of cheer, and filling with hope the men or the nation at the point to despair. Battle after battle has been lost, and then it has been that the last effort of freedom has brought the blessed sunshine, the glorious light of a complete victory, deciding the war.

The inventor, seeking to bring before the world the ideal in his mind, had seemingly no end of difficulties in his way; but at last the persistent thinking and tireless experimenting crowned his efforts with success. For him the rain had ceased and the sun was shining. Some reformer has proposed a course of action, unwelcome it may be, but greatly needed by his fellow-men. How much careful nursing there must be, and how much defending and pushing of it straight on, until at last it wins its way, growing and developing until it rises before the eye in its full power. How full of sunshine is the heart of that stubborn reformer as he beholds his thought moulding a government or changing the habits and life-currents of a nation.

Well, it seems that for us all there must be rain, and plenty of it, and I am sure it helps to make the sun's shining the more welcome when it comes. How with an eternal brightness did the long rainy night of man's woe and the black clouds of God's wrath give way at the cross of Calvary, for then and there that other God-given sun, the Sun of Righteousness, arose "with healing in his

wings." Looked at in his beams, how full of light the passage: "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." See that one mourning over his sins, bewailing his guilt, his very soul drenched with heartfelt penitence, and the driving storm of Divine wrath boding him at its mercy. There is no light and no hope in him nor for him in any other mere man; but, "feeling after God if haply he may find him," he nears the cross where "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself." He there finds light and hope, for as he looks in faith on the crucified One, the healing beams lovingly find their way into his soul, and he is all light within, "the love of God" being "shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost." After the dreuchling rains there has come to him the Sun of Righteousness, healing his soul.

The mother surrenders to death her precious babe. She feels that her own life has gone with her child. The pitiless rains of her grief know not stopping until she remembers her sympathizing Lord, and that he said: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." She remembers, too, that he was "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief," and so she draws nigh to him with her great sorrow, telling Jesus of it. How full of blessed light and comfort is her heart as she talks the matter over with her Lord. She will soon be thanking God as, by faith, and taught of Christ, she beholds her babe nestled in the Saviour's arms, folded to the breast of Infinite love. Ah! how the rain did beat upon her, but then the blessed sunshine came stealing into her poor heart, and, sweetly submissive, you can hear her say from the very depths of her being: "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

As the day follows the night so does the sun shine out after the rain. The writer is revelling in the sun's warmth and brightness to-day, and, taking the lesson for his own comfort, he would say to all who will listen: never despair, but trust God to the end, for the rains of difficulty, disappointment and affliction are followed in this life by the cheerful sunshine. Further, should it happen that we scarcely ever see the sun of worldly prosperity while on our way thither, if we live the life that is "hid with Christ in God," we shall in eternity enjoy the high noon of God's immediate presence and enfolding love. After the rain—the sunshine.

## From Faith to Faith.

Every man who is making his calling sure is doing as Jesus says of the householder, bringing out of his treasury things new and old. No man called of God to preach ought to be willing merely to repeat what others have told him. I do not regard parrots and jays as the most orthodox of birds, nor do I think that those who are afraid to announce a new truth the best guides in morals, any more than in science. Revelation has not ceased to never will. The coming of the Holy Ghost was expressly to guide into all truth. If men of old spoke by the Holy Ghost those called to be his ministers, of a better covenant, established under better promises, are certainly not to be left to grope where others ran. The Holy Ghost came occasionally "to the men of old," but we preach that every believer "hath the witness in himself." How much more those to whom "a dispensation of the gospel is committed." A man called to preach is called to do something nobody else can do. Somewhere he is to be individualized in his work and words. He is to illustrate or exemplify some feature of the Divine economy which will reduce that term of life's equation to zero if not performed by him. If done the value of the term may increase to all but infinity. God calls no man simply to multiply numbers or bulk. "The gift that is in" each individual is the expression of the Divine idea of beauty, fitness or glory. This rejected, we more than emulate the folly of the diver after pearl oysters, who ate the oyster and threw the shell back into the ocean.

But the Holy Ghost will never contradict itself. The revelations to Paul were in keeping with those made to Moses or David. David knew more than his teachers, because he had heeded the teachings of the Holy Spirit; but he did not, therefore, conclude that his teachers were uninspired. He had taken up the subject where his predecessors had laid it down. He went forward with what he still saw incomplete. At his death he fully realized that he had but cut a twig here and there in the vast forest of truth. Yet he had served his generation and the world and God. As the conductor who has brought the train over his section

steps off" and the train speeds on under another, so he did and enjoined upon his descendants to do. Tennyson beautifully touches upon this truth:

"I believe that through the ages one eternal purpose runs,  
And the thoughts of men are widened by the progress of the sun."

As we seldom mistake conceit for genius, so we can not long be deceived by one who substitutes whim or will worship for the guidance of the Holy Ghost. The miserable caricatures of miracles found in the apocryphal gospels—especially the Infancy of Jesus—are so unlike the simple narratives, both in style and subject matter, of the acts of our Saviour that it seems hardly possible that a sane mind could accept both as genuine at the same time. Conceits, whether they verge upon the ultra-human or the ultra-spiritual, are alike disgusting to the "spirit of love and of a sound mind."

One of the revelations "from faith to faith" is that of progressive utility to the Divine purpose. They who are called according to his purpose are to be "to the praise of his glory who first trusted." He who expects to die no better than he was born may treat life as a brilliant scintillation from some fervent orb or a glittering spray from some crystal fountain; but he can never rise to the sublime conception which took possession of Paul when he represented himself as struggling upward to a companionship with the sufferings of Christ and the powers of the resurrection which lay beyond or had their germ imbedded in them. "Except ye become as little children" is a law without an exception. It is the alphabet which must be learned before instruction in the Divine life can be permanently imparted to any one. One of the traits of childhood is that it has a disposition and a capacity to learn, and consequently children do learn, and that very rapidly. Every child is a moral Columbus, and at each voyage discovers a continent; manhood too frequently follows like a Cortez or a Pizarro, spreading death and ruin; or like a DeSoto or Ponce de Leon, tramping through it, hunting for the creations of their own disordered fancies, while the matchless beauties and incalculable wealth with which God endowed the new world are trampled under foot and left behind. Jesus never meant that because we must become as little children therefore we must remain so. Yet such is the interpretation which we practically give it in much of our teachings. We decide that certain doctrines are anchors; then we cast the anchors out and stop the ship. No vessel is equipped that leaves port without at least one anchor—perhaps half a dozen; but he is a clodpoll of a sea captain who in mid-ocean of a cloudy night would throw all out, because moon and stars were invisible.

The fear of heresy in a man under the guidance of the Holy Spirit is groundless. Strange to say the ultra-believers in this very proposition are they who would fight it to the death. The Church of Rome has expressed the extreme interpretation in the dogma of infallibility; yet it fights all Protestants as heretics. On the other hand, I have observed that extreme liberals constantly berate the church for having creeds, and insisting that the time is come when they must be thrown away. This species of froth, cant and charlatanism is rife everywhere as much as in the church. I find it in educational journals—in the classroom. The most difficult lesson to impart is to convince your pupils that what they learn in arithmetic will be needed in algebra, chemistry, botany, astronomy, and that what they learn in elementary algebra is essential to progress in conic sections and calculus. The most oft-to-be-repeated maxim is "you can't afford to neglect or forget anything." He who throws away principles will find them as ropes entangling his feet.

No generation of Christians is ahead of its successors save in the order of time. Religious light and influence must be cumulative and at the same time diffusive. The Christian life is not a succession of light-waves of equal intensity following one after another endlessly—but it is one whose splendor has uniformly increased through the centuries. Each generation, like a thread overlapping the rent made by death, gradually strengthens the bond between the ages gone and those to come, until, in the millennial glory, "Abel and Enoch shall seem as near as those with whom we were playmates. Once the truth, weak and flickering as a candle, might have needed the protection of a lantern lest the gusts of the night should blow it out. But that day is gone; for "see how great a flame aspires!" Let the winds blow! The hurricane only insured the complete burning of Chicago. Once the bounds were narrow, and the light dimly above



along a dangerous track over mountain slopes, but now the blaze is so bright and the highway so cast up that they who long sat in darkness feel and see, and the generations to come shall add to that glory which, if not in us, has been revealed to us from faith to faith.

T. A. S. A.

Miss Halloran's School.

MY DEAR SISTER KEENER: I reached home just in time for the closing exercises of Miss Halloran's school. I wish at once to report through you to the societies of New Orleans supporting this institution that not only the close but entire year's work has been very satisfactory, indeed. The number of girls attending during the year was eighty, and the regular average attendance at least half that number. There are several girls nearly grown, who have been under our training some time, and reflect great credit on Miss Halloran, and her excellent assistant, indefatigable in their labors. All have notably improved, and add much to the already good reputation of the school.

The exhibition took place last evening in our San Andres Church, this city, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion. The audience filled the house to overflowing, and gave most satisfactory evidence that all were well pleased with the exercises. The recitations in English, Spanish and German were all excellent, but the singing was especially so. One of the girls recited in Spanish a translation of the poem "Abide with Me," and another Mexican girl sang most exquisitely in English the beautiful solo, "Consider the Lilies." Other songs and choruses were rendered with fine effect in the preparation of which Sister MacDonell gave the assistance of her fine musical talent and accomplishments. The exhibition of needlework consisted of many finely wrought specimens which the girls themselves had made. Four premiums and other rewards were given, and the school closed till the second Monday in January.

I shall be able soon to send you a printed catalogue of not only this school, but all our schools for this year. We are daily expecting our missionaries, and will give them hearty welcome.

W. M. PATTERSON.

From Oregon.

MY EDITOR: A few straggling lines from this remote (to you) corner of Lord's great vineyard may be interesting to some of the multitude of readers of your (our) excellent Advocate. With your honored and revered predecessors in the chair of editorial for twenty-five years I have pleasant associations, and with one of them intimate fraternity. In Lord Permit a distant yet ardent friend of the Advocate to whisper: present editorial management conduct promises well-soundness doctrine, adherence to the "old" of our holy Christianity, and high and scope for the advocacy of all questions of reform and improvement that bear upon the development and progress of high culture social, domestic and ecclesiastical. We welcome our old-time friends' visits—see many faces familiar, hear many voices pleasant. But what can I write that would not give an "account" of himself, and yet so few know themselves. I know this: Our kind and loving Lord hath led us along marvelously.

That for the Lord hath led me on, that for his power prolongs my days; that sentiment of the old-time hymn has a fragrance and a truth that is delightful. By the old-time hymns and songs so much better than many of the tangled arrangements now used many. They are weak and miserable substitutes for those grand old hymns of Zion that once inspired the heart church to move onward to achievement. May those old hymns, so rich in experience and so fraught with doctrine, and so highly wrought in the language of poetry, never go into desuetude.

to myself, I am among the In-missionary, teaching, in hearing of the surges and swells of the Pacific as its deep bass breaks the intervening mountain fastnesses. A wise and gracious Providence led me (us) here and to this broken down in health and weakened, I have found this work (and hopeful, too) in the vineyard as I am capable of. My health is improving. I feel God for returning health and will to work for his glory. I trust my many old friends

will not cease to pray for the far distant brother. I have quite a membership among the Indians; some, I really believe, genuinely converted and living consistent lives. Our school is composed of boys and girls to the number of from fifty to sixty. Some of them are quite well advanced, good readers and fair in arithmetic, and at drawing, etc., superior. We are very much enthused in this work. When I sat down to write it was my purpose to give you only a few lines and enclose a letter from a young man, a church member (Indian) who went to school here, for publication, if you thought best, in your missionary column. It speaks for itself, language, style, all peculiar. I would like to see it in print, and if so, please send me a few extra copies to show to the Indians. Maggie Cook, to whom he writes, is a sprightly Indian girl of about thirteen years, and at the boarding house and school here. Corvallis is about sixty miles distant. With many kindly wishes and my love to the brethren I am,

Affectionately in Christ,

T. B. WHITE.

—Dr. Haygood's new book is receiving well-merited praise everywhere.

—Rev. G. W. Horn, of the South-west Missouri Conference, is in Florida recuperating his health.

—Drs. Kelley and McFerrin are discussing the theology of the atonement in the Nashville Advocate.

—The Chinese-American, is the name of a new journalistic venture in New York, with Wong Ching Foo as editor.

—The Irish Christian Advocate, a new Methodist weekly published at Belfast, is welcomed to our exchange list. It is edited with marked ability and journalistic tact.

—The Methodist Advocate, published for years at Atlanta, and edited by Dr. E. Q. Fuller, has been discontinued by order of the Book Committee. Dr. Fuller has been a strong partisan and his editorial career has done nothing to advance the cause of practical fraternity.

—Some of the brethren, according to Conference resolutions, are stressing the collection for foreign missions. Moss Point has raised the full assessment and forwarded to Nashville. Brookhaven, after an able sermon by Dr. H. F. Johnson, raised \$110—quite a handsome sum for that charge.

—The New York Herald makes commendatory editorial mention of the increase of Southern orchards. According to the figures of the late census the increase in the value of orchard products in our Gulf States has been surprising. In Alabama the value in 1870 was \$37,300; in 1880 it was \$302,203. In Florida it was \$53,039 in 1870, and \$755,255 in 1880. The value rose in Mississippi from \$71,018 in 1870 to \$275,115 in 1880, and in Texas from \$69,172 to \$276,841.

—We again call attention to the meeting of the Mississippi Conference Woman's Missionary Society at Madison Station on the first Thursday in April. This is an important meeting—possibly a crisis in the history of the society. Our sisters must meet together, reorganize and multiply the number of active workers. Other Conferences are doing nobly—especially South Carolina. Pastors are invited also to meet them at Madison where ample accommodations will be provided for all delegates and visitors.

—The so-called "Methodist Mine" has been much discussed by the Northern press recently, led by the New York Herald. As most blame attached to Dr. C. H. Fowler, he published a full explanation in last week's New York Christian Advocate in refutation of the slander. Still, we regret the whole affair. The "Isabella Mine" was commended by high church officials, and "for the purpose of aiding a college in the South." It proved to be a failure and somebody has lost money; while doubtless others, taking advantage of Methodist endorsement, bullied the market and sold their stock at a winning figure.

—We spent two days last week in Vicksburg—the historic "hill city" of Mississippi. Our business there was to lecture in behalf of the new church enterprise at the State capital. Thanks to good friends, we had a creditable and appreciative audience, and realized a handsome little sum. Dr. C. K. Marshall presided on the occasion and introduced the lecturer in his own felicitous way. Considering that we had to compete with a juggler at the opera house and two or three other special attractions, and contend with a yet undeveloped taste in the South for lectures, we are quite delighted with the result. It is much to be regretted that we have no lecture bureau among us, nor lecture courses during

the winter months. Our young people and old, have therefore no places to attract them except theaters, circuses, etc. We need lectures as educational factors—to elevate the tastes and spur the ambition of our children. A literary or scientific lecture will stimulate the reading habit of a community. Besides it will develop talent and put a premium on brains.

Still Storming.

DEAR ADVOCATE: Bros. Jones, Evans, Chambers, et al, tell of good times, temporally, upon their works, and we say "this is as it should be." Feeling good, we beg leave to be heard, concerning such matters, up this way. The overflow of last year did much damage to this parsonage, and nocturnal excursions from predatory negroes still more, but we are now established in a comfortable and cozy parsonage, with larger well filled, so that if it be inquired of us "Children, have ye any meat?" we can answer we have plenty of temporal food, and, we prayerfully trust, spiritual food also. The horse has provender, the woodpile is plentiful, and friends are solicitous. We have in Bro. J. Green, M. D., a very prince of stewards. He, his wife and sister-in-law, aided by Mr. P. James and some others, have been tireless in their efforts to make us comfortable, and thank God, we are so. Our new field is undeveloped, but inviting. God-bless the harvest.

Yours,

SILVER CITY, Mississippi.

Appointments of Bishop Keener.

CORRECTED LIST.

District Conferences and other appointments embracing the following Sabbaths: March 4, at Washington, D. C.; March 11, at Baltimore, St. Paul's; March 18, Baltimore Conference, Charleston, Va.; April 22, Lafayette District Conference, at Dadeville, North Alabama; April 29, Clarksville District Conference, at Clarksville, Tenn.; May 6, Bishops' meeting, Nashville; May 13, Louisville, Ky.; Extension Board; May 13, Murfreesboro District Conference, at Smyrna; May 20, Shelbyville District Conference, Shady Grove, Tenn.; May 27, Mobile District Conference, at Bladen Springs; June 3, Centenary College; June 10, Shreveport District Conference, at Natchez, La.; June 17, Fayetteville District Conference, at Lumberton, N. C.; June 24, Greensboro District Conference, at Randleman, N. C.; July 1, Hillsboro District Conference, North Carolina; July 15, Seashore Camp Ground; July 27, Opelousas District Conference.

Louisiana Conference.

CHURCH EXTENSION ASSESSMENT BY DISTRICTS, FOR 1883.

New Orleans district, \$575.53; Shreveport district, \$275.25; Houma district, \$275.25; Opelousas district, \$191.25; Alexandria district, \$127.50; Delhi district, \$255.

The secretary of the Parent Board, Rev. Dr. Morton, is urging the taking of collections early in the year. Dear brethren, of the Louisiana Conference, let us attend to this matter without delay and let us raise the full \$1,700 and over. Each brother doing his duty will accomplish that result.

JOHN T. SAWYER.

Pres't L. C. Conf. Board of Church Extension.

Kindly Mention.

We are grateful for many kind words from friends and brethren of the press. They are a stimulus to better work. That friends at home may know the Advocate is appreciated abroad, we extract the following—the first from the Southern Christian Advocate, and the second from our excellent neighbor, the Alabama Christian Advocate:

Dr. Charles Betts Galloway—my part of his name discounts him here. In South Carolina—gets out an annually fine number of the NEW ORLEANS ADVOCATE, of which he is the gifted editor, for Feb. 8, the thirty-third birthday of his splendid hebdomad. Matter is furnished by three Bishops, who were in turn his editorial predecessors. McTearl first, beginning in 1851; then Keener; and then Miss Parker. May you long live, and grow as long as you live, Brother Editor, of the Crescent City.

THE NEW ORLEANS of last week is a copy of exceeding interest. It contains articles from three of its former editors, now all Bishops of the Church. These men by their greatness of mind and heart, and by their peculiar good English, gave the New Orleans very high rank in the family of Advocates. No paper in the country has surpassed it in the strength of its editorial forces, or in the beauty and purity of its work, or in the variety of its excellence of its general content. It has done a grand work for Southern Methodism. Loyal to the Church, true to the sentiment of the country, no paper has wielded a more potent, or a more healthful influence in the Southwest. May it live forever, and may its present gifted editor have health to maintain its high excellence. This he will do, we doubt not.

Books and Periodicals.

A BIBLE DICTIONARY. By Bishop J. C. Granbery. Nashville, Tenn. Southern Methodist Publishing House.

This volume shows the painstaking labor of the scholar. It was happily conceived and is well executed. We needed just such a book, in size, style and price. The portly, costly encyclopedias and dictionaries of McClintock & Strong, Killo, and Smith, are beyond the reach of ordinary Bible students. We needed a cheap, yet full and accurate volume, adapted to families and Sunday-schools. This book only costs \$1, and ought to find its way into every Methodist family. It will give ready and reliable aid in settling difficult points in Bible history and doctrine. The meaning of every word is given and all proper names and places are defined and illustrated. As an addition to our Sunday-school outfit, Dr. Cunningham highly commends it.

JAPPINCOOT'S POPULAR SERIES. ON READERS. J. B. Jappincoot & Co., Philadelphia. After a somewhat careful examination of this series, reaching from one to six, we must commend them as first in order of merit. We have had some experience in the school-room, and know something of its wants. The plan is philosophical, the selections made with admirable taste, and the work executed by the hand of a wise educator. We should like to see these readers adopted into all schools. They are adapted to all ages and classes, and are arranged in a admirable order. The gradation from one to six is easy and natural. Let educators take notice and give these volumes an examination.

The Century Magazine, for March, is full of good things. The frontispiece, is a well executed likeness of Leon Gambetta, the great French statesman. There is also an appreciative sketch of his character and remarkably career, by a skillful hand. The leading article "The End of Foreign Dominion in Louisiana," is by Mr. George W. Cable of this city. His success at authorship is the pride of the South. In studies of the early history of this country he excels, instructs and fascinates. "A God Fight Finished," is a tribute to Dr. Leonard Bacon, by his son, Leonard Woolsey Bacon. Other articles of special interest and merit make up a fine table of contents. Read the Century Magazine. All news-dealers keep it. Price \$4.00 a year.

The Magazine of Art, for February, is our table, and we think it one of the best numbers we have seen. The frontispiece, Dante and Virgil, is from a painting by Delacroix, and is certainly beautiful. The article on Millet as an Art Critic, by W. E. L. Andrieux, is by Alice Maywell, who has read with interest, also Pipes of All Peoples, by Harry V. Barnott.

Those interested in Art should subscribe for this valuable publication: Cassell, Pater, Galpin & Co., New York, Publishers.

The Modern Age, for March, is out in good time. This new periodical, with this number, is greatly enlarged, and in every way improved. The publishers must find their journalistic articles and success. The list of writers and articles are enough to guarantee patronage. This number has pieces from Herbert Spencer, Justin McCarthy, and other distinguished authors and writers. It is only \$1.00 a year, 15 cents per copy. Address The Modern Age Publishing Company, Buffalo, N. Y.

Golden Days, published by James H. Brown, Philadelphia, is a sixteen-page weekly, for boys and girls. We have carefully examined the number before us, and find it all the publisher claims it to be—interesting, instructive, a paper that a parent can place in the hands of his child. A specimen copy will be sent free to any address.

The Sunday-School Normal (Class Library), by Rev. J. Spencer, of the South-west Missouri Conference, a pamphlet of 107 pages, and published by the Southern Methodist Publishing House, has been received. This is a timely book, as it meets the demand for improved methods of instruction in our Sunday-schools. Teachers and larger scholars will find this a valuable help. We hope Rev. Spencer will continue his work and give us a graded series of normal class guides. Price twenty cents.

LITTLE'S LIVING AGE.—The numbers of the Living Age for the weeks ending February 17 and 24 contain Sir Archibald Alison's "Autobiography," Quarterly, in the Early Church, London Quarterly, etc. Little & Co., Boston.

Hall's Journal of Health, for January, has come to hand. This is an old and first class periodical. The number for January is well filled with matter, wise and practical. Terms \$2 a year, single numbers twenty cents. No. 133 Eighth street, New York.

The Universal, for March, is on our table. This number seems to be quite equal to the others. The writers are well known and the subjects inviting. Address the Universal Publishing Company, 2500 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo.

We are indebted to Rev. J. A. Ivy for the thirty-third annual report of the Southwest Bible Society. It contains excellent addresses by Dr. A. S. Hunt and Dr. S. Landrum.

\$470 in Premiums.

To enable our friends and agents to replenish their libraries, as well as to stimulate their zeal in working for our paper, we make the following offer of premiums for money, the offer to continue good until November, 1883:

For 10 new subscribers, cash, \$2.50; for 20, \$7.50; for 25, \$10; for 30, \$25; for 100, \$50; for 200, \$100; for 250, \$125; for 300, \$150; total, 470.

PUBLISHERS.

Attractive Premiums.

A premium of a first-class organ, suitable for churches, or Sunday-schools, is offered by the publishers, for the largest number of cash subscribers to the Advocate secured by May the first, 1883. The cash price of the organ is \$125, of the Ithaca manufacture. It has great sweetness and fullness of tone, and is admirably adapted to country churches and Sabbath-schools. The instrument is fully guaranteed. Those proposing to work for the premium will so state it as they send in their subscriptions.

CARVER & JAMESON, Publishers.

Publisher's Department.

We shall do our best to exclude fraudulent advertisements of every description from the Advocate, and trust our friends, in ordering goods from the leading merchants of New Orleans and elsewhere, as represented in our columns, will mention having seen the advertisement in the Advocate. We will also take pleasure in attending personally to any commissions for our friends in the country with which we may be favored, while ordering our advertisements as being worthy of their patronage.

A NEW DEPARTURE IN THE APPLICATION OF ELECTRICITY.—One of the most simple, useful, and practical applications of electricity, which has yet been given to the public, is embodied in the new invention of the Portable Electric Light Company. The little machine which is now attracting so much deserved attention is a small electrical contrivance which performs the duties of light and a burglar alarm. As a lighter it can be arranged to produce instantaneous light throughout the house, and can also be attached to a medical galvanic coil by which a powerful current of electricity can be conveyed. The instrument is small and compact, occupying a space only five inches square, and can readily be carried from room to room, as it weighs but five pounds. In the second capacity, when attached to window sash or door, the unfailing current position, confronting a party with a startling bell and instant light. It is equally adapted for the ordinary uses of a call bell.

Many prominent business men are interested in the company, which was incorporated under the laws of Massachusetts. Orders or inquiries should be addressed to the business office, No. 22 Water Street, Boston. The instrument is sold at the low price of five dollars, ten dollars complete with attachments.—Boston Evening Star.

She said: "I am going to the post-office John; shall I inquire for you?" "Well, yes, if you have a mind to; but I don't think you'll find me there."

GOLDEN'S LIQUID BEEF TONIC is best calculated to care indigestion, and to perpetuate bodily vigor and regularity. Take no other. Of druggists.

An editor who was told that his last article was as clear as mud, said: "Well, that covers the ground, anyhow."

We have a few more copies of the Mississippi Minutes left. Please send fifteen cents in stamps.

A San Francisco paper excuses a certain misstatement by explaining that "it was a typographical error in the manuscript."

To those of our subscribers, not content with a money order office, we would say: Please inform us by postal card whether to continue the Advocate or not.

"How is this, my son?" asks a fond parent. "Your school report for last month said, 'Conduct—exemplary,' while for this month it reads, 'Conduct—excellent.' What did you do?" "Just what I did the month before, only the master noticed it."

LADY BEAUTIFIERS.—Ladies, you can make your cheeks, eyes, cheeks, and sparkling eyes with all the cosmetics of France or beautifiers of the world, while in poor health and nothing will give you such rich blood, good health, strength and beauty as Hot Bitters. A trial is certain proof.

Said Mr. Moriarty, in explanation of his bettered appearance: "Ye see the horse I was driving was a mule, and Mr. Finnegan replied: 'Ye need say no more, Danie!'"

For consumption use HALE'S HONEY or HORMONOUS AND TART.

Dr. K's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

A Chinaman thus describes a trial in our courts: one man is silent, another talks all the time, and twelve wise men condemn the man who has not said a word.

Composed of the best known tonics, iron and cinchona, with well known aromatics, is Brown's Iron Bitters. It cures indigestion, and all kindred troubles.

He wouldn't marry her, because she had false teeth. But when his wife kept him awake nights with the toothache and neuralgia, he wished he had.

GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP for diseases of the skin.

An Irishman, who had been consulting that a mile was a nobler animal than a horse, said that a mile had once saved him from drowning. "How was that Paddy?" asked one of the bystanders. "Faith, he gave me such a lick, with his hind leg that he landed me on the other side of the canal canal after it."

Clergymen, lawyers, public speakers, and anyone, confirm the opinion of the general public in regard to Ayer's Cherry Toothpaste. All say it is the best remedy that can be procured for all affections of the vocal organs, throat and lungs.

"Pat, have you seen a stray pig this morning?" "Sure, an' how could I tell a stray pig from any other, sir?"

The club rates of the NEW ORLEANS and Nashville Christian Advocate is three dollars and fifty cents. We are continually receiving orders for five dollars, which is incorrect. Remember the rates!

Southwestern Co-operative Association, No. 60 Carondelet Street. This commission house, has been in business for six years. Its patrons are constantly increasing, and the business has been conducted with general satisfaction. All consignments of cotton, and all products of the soil, will have faithful attention. All orders filled with judgment and care. Thos. J. Carver, Manager.

An eight stop Ithaca organ free—look and see.

Notice to subscribers who order their address changed. Please give full address of last postoffice; otherwise change cannot be made.

Mr. P. Worlein, 135 Canal and 18 Bourbon streets, New Orleans, has cheap pianos, fully guaranteed, a Chickering \$220; a Steinway \$250; a Mathusleh \$280; a Hale \$175; a 7 stop organ \$80. Address, Mr. P. Worlein, New Orleans.

Forty Year's Experience of an Old Nurse.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is the prescription of one of the best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and has been used for forty years with never failing success by millions of mothers for their children. It relieves the child from pain, cures dysentery and diarrhoea, griping in the bowels, and wind-colic. By giving health to the child it rests the mother. Price twenty-five cents a bottle.

THE GREAT JACKSON ROUTE.—Is the favorite to all summer resorts. It has been rebuilt with steel rails; has adopted the standard gauge with a well ballasted track, and increased speed. They offer the advantages of fast time, through cars, safe connections, and accommodating officers.

Business Notices.

QUERU'S COD LIVER OIL JELLY. Approved by the Academy of Medicine of New York for coughs, colds, bronchitis and tubercular consumption, scurvy and general debility. The most ideal, bland and nutritious form in which Cod liver oil can be used, and will more benefit secured to the patient by a single teaspoonful of this Jelly than by double the quantity of the liquid oil. For sale by all druggists and E. H. THURX, New York.

Carver & Jameson, Publishers.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

LEMONS VS. MEDICINE.

They Regulate the Liver, Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys and Bladder, as prepared by Dr. H. M. Elixir in his Lemon Elixir, a pleasant Lemon drink.

Dr. H. M. Elixir, No. 121 N. 1st St., New Orleans, La. Dr. H. M. Elixir, No. 121 N. 1st St., New Orleans, La. Dr. H. M. Elixir, No. 121 N. 1st St., New Orleans, La.

To those who are interested I can inform that the only physician who has cured in his family three years is Lemon Elixir, and has saved in his family, Lemon Elixir has relieved me of a severe case of chronic Catarrh.

Dr. M. Elixir, I have tried your Lemon Elixir. Only taken three bottles and would not have believed it would have done so much for me. I was sick for three months of Liver trouble, Biliousness, a sick stomach, and indigestion. I have now a well regulated system, and feel better than I have in many years. I tried the best physicians in the city and got no relief until I tried your Lemon Elixir.

Lemon Elixir prepared by Dr. M. Elixir, No. 121 N. 1st St., New Orleans, La. Dr. M. Elixir, No. 121 N. 1st St., New Orleans, La. Dr. M. Elixir, No. 121 N. 1st St., New Orleans, La.

R. W. KNICKERBOCKER, D. H. CARVER.

KNICKERBOCKER & CARVER, Attorneys at Law,

No. 13 St. Charles Street, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Give prompt attention to settlement of successions and collection of claims in all the States and Federal Courts.

PRICE'S WINTER ORASS.

Introduced by the undersigned into South Mississippi from Texas in 1881.

Grows luxuriantly in poor soil as well as rich. Stands the severest winter. Sows in May and stands up again in September. Needs to be planted in June once, but can be easily destroyed by cultivation of the land. Stock are remarkably fond of it and improve in flesh.

Sent orders for seed and roots and get a good winter pasture started.

ROOSTS..... \$4.50 per 1000.  
SEED..... \$1.00 per 100.  
Full directions for planting will accompany packages.

Address, REV. THOMAS PRICE, New Point, Miss.

WILBOR'S COMPOUND OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND LIME.

To Consumptives. Wilbor's Compound of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Lime has been before the public twenty years, and has steadily grown in favor and popularity. This could not be due to the preparation was of high quality value. The compound of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Lime, with pure Cod Liver Oil, as prepared by Dr. Wilbor, has been a new phase in the treatment of Consumption and all diseases of the Lungs. This article can be taken by the most delicate invalid without creating the disagreeable nausea which is such an objection to the Cod Liver Oil when taken without Lime. It is prescribed by the regular faculty. Sold by the proprietor, A. B. Wilbor, Chemist, Boston, and by all druggists.

America Ahead!

For Sale by All Leading Dealers.

ASK FOR IT! BUY IT! TRY IT!!

Gorham Solid Silver.

Any one who has ever used the Gorham Solid Silver, will find it to be the best of all.

These are the Gorham Solid Silver, and they are the best of all.

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OLMES,  
STREET,

**RELANDS.**  
Established in 1842.  
Assortment of European and Domestic  
**GOODS**  
Weekly arrivals. Purchasers will find  
and Examine the Goods.  
Country, and Orders Promptly Executed.


ING Departments are placed in most  
L HANDS.

**PARSH & CO**

s and Dealers in Produce.

ns, Apples, Beans,

S, W. L. BEESWAX, ETC.  
 , New Orleans, La.  
 consignments, and remittances made  
 al attention paid to condi-  
 d rates of freight  
 rs from us.  
 IS A SPECIALTY.  
 SE St. Charles St.  
 THE

  
**ERFUL** and  
**D** **V**  
 TED IN THE PROCESS OF MANUFACTURE, AND  
 od conditions, as when you use them. They have  
 and European whistlers claim that the MEDICATED  
 tore the sight, if used in this. But in no case can the  
 reasons:  
 1. Being done away with that disagreeable sensation that  
 hours' use.  
 2. Return their pupils: Hence you will always see through  
 result is that the optic nerves always cool, doing awa  
 all night, the light having no effect on the eye, whi  
 ily improves the eye.  
 ONE GENUINE UNLESS STAMPED.  
 ed on the frame H. HOUSAH, MEDICATED.  
 sale at Liberal Discount.  
 distance who may wish to procure these specia  
 es, and directions for insuring a perfect fit, a  
**HOUSAH,**  
**ECTACLE COMPAN**  
**reet, New Orleans.**  
**AND'S**  
**RETAIL MILLINERY**  
 RIED 1886,  
 and Philadelphia, Pa. 1887.

are furnished at 10 to the City.  
 Rivets, Plush, Etc., Etc.  
 Bullfinch a Specialty.  
**STREET 187 & 195**  
**PIERSON,**  
 SOR TO  
 & PIERSON  
 URNISHING GOODS,  
 TREET, New Orleans.  
 Business Suits, \$12 to \$2  
 Collars, \$1.50 per Dozen.  
 on made to them.  
 goods sent C. O.  
**ULLAN**

DEALER IN  
ails, Rope, Castings, Plows and  
L IMPLEMENTS,  
and Blacksmiths' Tools,  
Amunition, &c.,  
Cash or Short Time.

71 Common Street  
EANS, LA.

HER, HOME HEAV

ten of Literature 400 Best Authors, Enlarg  
ages, covers, sets, Bells, Pen, & every  
people. A rare chance to MAKE MONEY.

THOMPSON & CO.

**MASON & HAMLEN**  
**ORGANS** are certainly the best, have  
Great World's Honor, and have been understood at every  
fair. They have found special and successful sale for  
fifteen years; no other American organ having  
been found equal at. Also celebrated for  
100 years, 1840, octaves; sufficient compass and power with  
best quality, for popular and secular music in  
school or families, at \$100, \$150, \$200, \$250,  
other styles at \$30, \$45, \$60, \$75, \$75, \$100, \$125, \$140,  
to \$600 and up. The larger styles are wholly  
unrivalled in the world, and are sold on  
easy payments. New illustrated Catalogue free.

**PIANOS** This Company has commenced  
Grand Pianos. The manufacture of all first class  
instruments; adding to power and beauty of tone, dis-  
tinctness, and brilliancy. *Accepting for one quarter as much  
as other Pianos.*

**THE MASON & HAMLEN ORGAN and Pia-  
no Co.** 121 Fremont St., Boston, 16 E. 11th St.,  
New York, 10 Westland Ave., Chicago.

DR. BLY'S PATENT ARTI-  
FICIAL LIMBS. *The Best and*  
*Complete Satisfaction guaranteed.*  
I keep on hand a large assortment  
of Franks, Blunder Threes, Abdominal  
Supports, Elastic Stockings, etc., at  
moderate prices. Sent for pamphlet and  
price list.

J. McDERMOTT, Manufacturer,  
133 Camp St., New Orleans.



## PRICES CURRENT.

REVISED AND CORRECTED WEEKLY.

ADVOCATE OFFICE.		
SOUTHERN STAPLES.		
Coffee, 5 lb.	70	60
Low ordinary	60	50
Good ordinary	70	60
Good middling	80	70
Good middling	90	80
Good middling	100	90
Good middling	110	100
Good middling	120	110
Good middling	130	120
Good middling	140	130
Good middling	150	140
Good middling	160	150
Good middling	170	160
Good middling	180	170
Good middling	190	180
Good middling	200	190
Good middling	210	200
Good middling	220	210
Good middling	230	220
Good middling	240	230
Good middling	250	240
Good middling	260	250
Good middling	270	260
Good middling	280	270
Good middling	290	280
Good middling	300	290
Good middling	310	300
Good middling	320	310
Good middling	330	320
Good middling	340	330
Good middling	350	340
Good middling	360	350
Good middling	370	360
Good middling	380	370
Good middling	390	380
Good middling	400	390
Good middling	410	400
Good middling	420	410
Good middling	430	420
Good middling	440	430
Good middling	450	440
Good middling	460	450
Good middling	470	460
Good middling	480	470
Good middling	490	480
Good middling	500	490
Good middling	510	500
Good middling	520	510
Good middling	530	520
Good middling	540	530
Good middling	550	540
Good middling	560	550
Good middling	570	560
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Good middling	710	700
Good middling	720	710
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Good middling	740	730
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Good middling	760	750
Good middling	770	760
Good middling	780	770
Good middling	790	780
Good middling	800	790
Good middling	810	800
Good middling	820	810
Good middling	830	820
Good middling	840	830
Good middling	850	840
Good middling	860	850
Good middling	870	860
Good middling	880	870
Good middling	890	880
Good middling	900	890
Good middling	910	900
Good middling	920	910
Good middling	930	920
Good middling	940	930
Good middling	950	940
Good middling	960	950
Good middling	970	960
Good middling	980	970
Good middling	990	980
Good middling	1000	990

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

## DOMESTIC.

New York, Feb. 27.—Gilbert L. Crowell, president of the Empire Mining Company, is a defunct. The amount of \$44,000, principally trust funds of the Tallman estate, Crowell was formerly a bank cashier, but resigned to become agent of the Tallman estate, belonging to three sisters of that name. He was given full power of attorney over the property, valued at a million and a half. His correctness has never before been questioned, and his personal credit was good at banks for any amount he chose to ask. It is said the Tallman sisters will not proceed against him under the law.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Feb. 27.—Another delinquent in the Fifth Ward Bank has been discovered through the examination of the books. A deficiency of \$750 was found and erasures and alterations in the accounts kept by the book-keeper, Robert Z. Cook. The latter has been arrested and has confessed. This is the bank of which the president, cashier and chief book-keeper were recently sent to the penitentiary for plundering and bankrupting it.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 27.—The death of B. F. Rittenhouse in this city to-day excited some comment, from the fact that he has been in the Register's office of the Treasury Department, with the exception of an interval of three years, for sixty-one years. He entered the government service in 1819.

TALLAHASSEE, Ala., Feb. 28.—The vote in Calhoun county to-day on prohibition was full, and from present indications the prohibitionists carry nearly if not quite all the precincts in the county by enormous majorities, and great joy prevails. The majority in the county is between 1500 and 1800.

ATLANTA, Ga., March 1.—Governor Alexander H. Stephens, who has been quite sick since his return from the Sequi-Centennial at Savannah, grew suddenly worse this morning and, has been unable to take but very little nourishment all day. He is affected with the old trouble of neuralgia of the bowels, first contracted while a prisoner of war in Fort Mifflin.

St. Louis, March 2.—When the St. Louis and San Francisco train came in, among the passengers who disembarked were 25 likely looking young men, who immediately attracted attention, by the manner of heading together and uniformity of their dress. A little inquiry revealed that these were 25 Mormon missionaries, bound on a proselyting tour through the South, under the leadership of Elder J. W. Morgan, who, according to his card, is of Chattanooga, Tenn. They go to Chattanooga from here, and then scatter throughout the South, to take the place of an equal number now in the field. Their practice, as explained by the chief of the party, is for the young men to serve 18 months as missionaries, when others are sent to take their places.

ARKANSAS CITY, March 3.—The river at 6 o'clock this evening was 45 feet, a rise of three-tenths of a foot in the past 24 hours. The backwater rose seven inches in the same time, and is now running over the levee at several points above and within three miles of town, and is also over the railroad below town. The backwater in town is 41 inches higher than the water in the river, and will retain this proportion until the levees below let go or until the slow process of drainage through bayous is accomplished.

WASHINGTON, March 3.—Great regret was expressed by the friends of the Mississippi river at the defeat of the river and harbor bill. The Senate committee on commerce brought the bill into the Senate this morning. Mr. Ingalls, who introduced the bill, remained on the floor until 10 o'clock, and under the rules it is prevented further consideration until to-morrow. As there is no to-morrow in this session, the motion killed the bill.

ATLANTA, Ga., March 4.—Gov. Alexander H. Stephens died at the Executive Mansion, in this city, this morning at half past three o'clock. He had been in a critical condition for several days past, but it was not until 8 o'clock last evening that he grew alarmingly worse.

BALTIMORE, Md., March 4.—Col. Harry Gilmer, a well known Confederate cavalry officer, who was with Ashby at the commencement of the civil war, and afterwards had an independent command, died to-night of cancer in the face. His age was 45 years.

WASHINGTON, March 4.—Thousands of people gathered at the Capitol to-day to witness the final scenes of the Forty-seventh Congress. Senators and Representatives, after being up and about all night, had gone home, taken a bath and shaved, put on their Sunday clothes and returned with their families or their sweethearts. Instead of going to church people went to the Capitol. Pretty and prettily dressed, they walked about the corridors and invaded the hall of the House. At 11:30 Bayard and Anthony, of the Senate, and Hancock, Robeson and Atkins, of the House, were appointed a committee to wait on the President, to see if he had any further communication. He reported he had nothing. In the Senate, Mr. Edmunds, at noon sharp, declared the Senate adjourned, and at the same time, after reading a short address, the Speaker announced the final adjournment of the Forty-seventh Congress, members said their farewells, and in a little while the Capitol was comparatively deserted.

ATLANTA, March 5.—Jas. S. Boynton, President of the Georgia Senate, reached here this morning, and at once proceeded to the Capitol, where, in the presence of a great crowd, he was sworn in as Governor of Georgia. Gov. Boynton, to-day, in accordance with law, issued a proclamation ordering an election for Governor of the State to be held on Tuesday, the 21st day of April, and convening the General Assembly on Wednesday, the 9th of May, in receive the returns, and declare the result of said election, or to elect a Governor in case no candidate shall get a majority of the votes cast.

## FOREIGN.

ROME, Feb. 27.—The Pope, yesterday, receiving a delegation of clergymen from Mexico, praised the piety of that country, and said he felt sure that its rulers, if they were true, would reward relations with the Vatican.

LOVITCHKA, Feb. 28.—A distress among the people here is alarming. Crowds of persons are besieging the houses of priests clamoring for food. The town commissioners have been hurriedly convened to take measures toward relieving the wants of the people.

LONDON, March 2.—A Madrid dispatch says: The names of the entire committee of the "Black Hand" society, and its documents and minutes, including a list of members who number 7000, are in the hands of the govern-

ment. A special tribunal will be constituted to try the prisoners. All who are convicted of murder, probably 15, will be hanged, and the most culpable of the remainder, probably 200, will be sentenced to life-long penal servitude. Additional atrocious outrages have occurred in Andalusia. Eleven anarchists, confined in jail at Espirado, declared that they, with 233 others, were pledged to murder landlords and to commit robbery and arson at the bidding of their leaders.

BERLIN, March 2.—The Empress of Germany has given 1000 marks to the fund for the relief of sufferers by the floods in America.

LONDON, March 5.—The Society for the Suppression of Blasphemous Literature propose to get up cases against Prof. Huxley, Tyndall, Herbert Spencer and the publishers of John Stuart Mill's works, John Morley and others, who, by their writings, have sown widespread unbelief and in some cases rank atheism.

## The General Minutes for 1882.

BY BOOK EDITOR.

We have completed the volume of the General Minutes, and they are now ready for publication. We have included two Memorial Discourses, one of Bishop Paine, by Rev. J. B. McFerrin, D. D., and the other of Bishop Wigham, by his life-long friend, the lamented Dr. Summers. In addition to the matter included in former volumes, we have appended a directory of all the traveling preachers, arranged in alphabetical order under the Conferences to which they belong. The review of the year's progress is gratifying. There is no advance all along the line. We give the general summary of statistics.

Summary of Statistics.	
1882	1881
Traveling Preachers	1,000
Local Preachers	1,000
White Members	1,000
Colored Members	1,000
Total Members	1,000
Traveling Preachers	1,000
Local Preachers	1,000
White Members	1,000
Colored Members	1,000
Total Members	1,000

THE ROYAL BAKER AND PASTRY COOK.—A Royal addition to the kitchen library. It contains over seven hundred receipts pertaining to every branch of the culinary department, including baking, roasting, preserving, soups, cakes, jellies, pastry, and all kinds of sweetmeats, including receipts for the most delicious candies, curries, levins, and all other necessary knowledge for the chef de cuisine of the most exacting epicure, as well as for the most modest housewife, who desires to prepare for her lord and master a repast that shall be both wholesome and economical. With each receipt is given full and explicit directions for putting together, manipulating, shaping, baking, and kind of utensil to be used, so that a novice can go through the operation with success; with a special and important feature is made of the mode of preparing all kinds of food and delicacies for the sick. The book has been prepared under the direction of Prof. Rudmann, late chef of the New York Cooking School, and is the most valuable of the recent editions upon the subject of cookery that has come to our notice. It is gotten up in the highest style of the printer's art, on tinted paper, with elaborately illuminated covers. We are assured that every canon of the "Royal Baking Powder" contains an order for one of these valuable books.

## Graves of the Presidents.

Washington's remains were deposited in their present resting place at Mount Vernon, Virginia, in 1857.

Beneath the Unitarian Church, Quincy, Massachusetts, may be found the remains of John Adams and John Quincy Adams, second and sixth presidents respectively.

Jefferson lies buried in a thick growth of woods at the right of road leading from Charlottesville, Virginia, to Monticello.

Madison's grave is in the center of a level field at Montpelier, Virginia. The region around is one of great natural beauty.

Monroe lies buried on a beautiful site in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Virginia.

General Jackson is buried at the Hermitage, his famous home, on the Lebanon Pike, eleven miles from Nashville, Tennessee.

Van Buren sleeps in the little village cemetery of Kinderhook, Columbia County, New York.

Harrison's grave is situated at North Bend, Indiana, a few yards from the track of the P. C. & L. R. R., where it enters the tunnel. No monument or inscription tells the story of the life of the hero of Tippecanoe.

John Tyler's grave in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Virginia, is also unmarked, save by a juniper and two magnolia trees. He was the first accidental president.

The remains of the eleventh president, James K. Polk, lie buried in a beautiful spot at the corner of Vine and Union Streets, Nashville, Tennessee.

The remains of Zachary Taylor, after three years' repose now in a public spot in the beautiful cemetery at Frankfort, Kentucky, where they are in company with many illustrious dead.

Millard Fillmore, the second accidental president, lies buried in a beautiful site in Forest Lawn Cemetery, Buffalo, New York.

Pierce lies buried in the old cemetery at Concord, New Hampshire, in company with the founder of Concord.

Richman lies buried in an attractive spot in Woodward Hill Cemetery, Lancaster, Pennsylvania, on the banks of the Conestoga.

Lincoln is buried at Oak Ridge Cemetery, Springfield, Illinois, and his resting place is marked by probably one of the most magnificent memorials in the United States.

The grave of Johnson, the third ac-

cidental president, is at Greenville, Tennessee, and is marked by a fine granite arch.

General Garfield's remains are interred on a slope of Lake View Cemetery, Cleveland, overlooking Lake Erie, and subscriptions have already been started for the erection of a lasting monument to his memory.—United States Economist.

A sure cure for impoverished blood, pimples, and sallow complexion, is Brown's Iron Bitters. It will produce a healthy color, smooth skin, and is absolutely non-injurious.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE DISTRICT STEWARDS, DELHI DISTRICT, 1883.

STATION.	PRELIMINARY.	CONFIRMATION.	DOMESTIC MIS.	FOREIGN MIS.	CHURCH EX.	TELEPHONE.
Monroe	8 00	100 00	65 15	65 15	65 15	65 15
Trenton	8 00	100 00	65 15	65 15	65 15	65 15
Delhi	8 00	100 00	65 15	65 15	65 15	65 15
Waterproof	8 00	100 00	65 15	65 15	65 15	65 15
Lake Providence	8 00	100 00	65 15	65 15	65 15	65 15
Oak Ridge	8 00	100 00	65 15	65 15	65 15	65 15
Waverly	8 00	100 00	65 15	65 15	65 15	65 15
Wilmington	8 00	100 00	65 15	65 15	65 15	65 15
Harriettburg	8 00	100 00	65 15	65 15	65 15	65 15
Oak Grove	8 00	100 00	65 15	65 15	65 15	65 15
Trenton	8 00	100 00	65 15	65 15	65 15	65 15

Educational the same as for Bishops.

## Quarterly Conferences.

LOUISIANA CONFERENCE.

DELHI DIST.—FIRST ROUND.

Monroe	Feb. 4
Trenton	Feb. 11
Delhi	Feb. 18
Waterproof	Mar. 4
Lake Providence	Mar. 11
Oak Ridge	Mar. 18
Waverly	Mar. 25
Wilmington	Apr. 1
Harriettburg	Apr. 8
Oak Grove	Apr. 15
Trenton	Apr. 22

District stewards will please meet me at the Methodist Church in Trenton, February 17, at ten A. M.

G. F. FOSTER, P. E.

OPPELOUSAS DIST.—FIRST ROUND.

Franklin	Jan. 27
North Haverhill	Feb. 3
Opelousas	Feb. 10
Washington	Feb. 17
Thompsonville	Feb. 24
Verona	Mar. 2
Atchoula	Mar. 9
Lake Charles	Mar. 16
Succasunna	Mar. 23
Grand Chenier	Mar. 30
Morgan City	Apr. 6
Calcasieu	Apr. 13

A full attendance of stewards is requested, that the business of the ensuing year may be laid out and ascertained.

February 17, 1883.

A. A. FORREST, P. E.

SHREVEPORT DIST.—FIRST ROUND.

South Bossier	Feb. 4
North Bossier	Feb. 11
Monroe	Feb. 18
Shreveport	Feb. 25
Caddo	Mar. 4
De Cade	Mar. 11
Madisonville	Mar. 18
Pleasant Hill	Mar. 25
Bayou de la Poudre	Apr. 1
Bayou de la Poudre	Apr. 8
Bayou de la Poudre	Apr. 15
Bayou de la Poudre	Apr. 22
Bayou de la Poudre	Apr. 29

The district stewards meeting will be held at Shreveport, February 24, 1883.

E. F. ALEXANDER, P. E.

NORTH MISSISSIPPI CONFERENCE.

SARASOTA DIST.—SECOND ROUND.

Barcelon and Wesley	Mar. 2, 11
Cockburn Creek	Mar. 9, 16
Seagravia	Mar. 23
Wilmington	Mar. 30
Terrebonne and Gold Water	Apr. 6
Terrebonne Creek	Apr. 13
Terrebonne and Gold Water	Apr. 20
Terrebonne Creek	Apr. 27
Terrebonne and Gold Water	May 4
Terrebonne Creek	May 11
Terrebonne and Gold Water	May 18
Terrebonne Creek	May 25
Terrebonne and Gold Water	June 1
Terrebonne Creek	June 8
Terrebonne and Gold Water	June 15
Terrebonne Creek	June 22
Terrebonne and Gold Water	June 29

AMOR KENDALL, P. E.

COLUMBIA DIST.—SECOND ROUND.

Columbia station	Mar. 24
Indian station	Mar. 31
Indian station	Apr. 7
Indian station	Apr. 14
Indian station	Apr. 21
Indian station	Apr. 28
Indian station	May 5
Indian station	May 12
Indian station	May 19
Indian station	May 26
Indian station	June 2
Indian station	June 9
Indian station	June 16
Indian station	June 23
Indian station	June 30

S. M. THAMES, P. E.

COLUMBIA DIST.—SECOND ROUND.

Starville circuit	Mar. 10, 17
West Point and Tibbee, at Tibbee	Mar. 24
Crawford, at Arrola	Mar. 31
Brookville, at X. Pauling	Apr. 7
Tamper circuit, at Steel's Chapel	Apr. 14
Starville circuit	Apr. 21
Columbia circuit	Apr. 28
Shimshank, at Herring's Chapel	May 5
Waterbury circuit	May 12
Louisville circuit	May 19
Louisville circuit	May 26
Louisville circuit	June 2
Louisville circuit	June 9
Louisville circuit	June 16
Louisville circuit	June 23
Louisville circuit	June 30

S. M. THAMES, P. E.

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# Christian Advocate.

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## "ALMOST HOME."

BY CHARLES W. HUBBARD.

Last words of Senator Benjamin H. Hill.  
"Almost home," the South's illustrious son,  
Drinking the dregs of mortal pain's potion,  
With all that death's supreme suffering done,  
The spirit of his days was in declining,  
Yet felt upon his path the light of death.  
Yet still one steadfast star for him was shining  
And the glow—the star of Christian faith!

"Almost home," I see the beacon burning!  
The home-land still shines ahead the bay  
"Almost home," the weary child, retreating  
From colds of folly, murmurs on the way  
Sweet words of cheer are they, on land or ocean,  
And like a beacon to our hearts they come,  
But who can measure the sublime emotion,  
The transport of the Christian's "almost home!"

"Almost home," the light of life was fading,  
The glory of the world grew wan and dim,  
In faint or shame, its praise or its upbidding,  
What in that hour, were they to him?  
Heb'd the martyr's soul whose mighty thunder,  
Overturning death the Senate dome,  
He went to fill men's hearts with awe and wonder,  
"I could not breathe in whispers," "Almost home!"

"Almost home," faint in all her sounding,  
Triumphant music had no longer his theme,  
With his soul's light, with glory abounding,  
A wondrous anthem of immortal years!  
Strange, passing strange! Death gave for his song  
The grandest crown of all his glorious past,  
And like a star that melts into the morning  
Heaven took his soul—and he was home at last!

From Mexico.

Mr. EDITOR: The American Bible Society is doing a great deal for the enlightenment and salvation of Mexico. It is giving to the people the pure word of God, which is able to make them wise unto salvation. There are many disadvantages under which this and other missionary enterprises have to labor. Previously the fluctuating character of the government had greatly retarded all efforts at evangelization. Revolutions and political commotions have been characteristic of Mexico; and not until recently have they ceased. The difficulties in travel have also greatly militated against such work. Until a recent date there were no railroads in the republic, and private travel is beset not only with difficulties, but with many dangers, especially to those known to be engaged in missionary or Bible work.

The organized opposition of the priesthood to everything that looks to the enlightenment of the people is no small barrier when we consider how completely the Catholic population is governed or controlled by their influence. Large haciendas in which are engaged hundreds of laborers are owned or controlled by Romanists. In such cases the Bible and all evangelical work is excluded. To accept it, or give any countenance to Protestantism, is to insure speedy dismissal. Whole towns are sometimes lashed by the priests to rise up against the colporteurs, not only to deny them lodgment in their midst, but to take from them their Bibles and burn them, and stone them from their streets. The offense of buying or reading God's word is punished by excommunication and awful penalties from the holy Catholic Church of Rome. In the city of Leon the people were forced under such threats to give up their Bibles, and the priests superintended the public burning of them in the streets.

In a little town in the State of Vera Cruz, where a colporteur succeeded in selling sixteen Bibles, the priests, by threats of excommunication, succeeded in securing and destroying fifteen of them. One man refused to give up his Bible, and now reads from it secretly to those who had not the moral courage to resist the tyranny of the priest.

In San Juan Batista, after a colporteur had visited the place and distributed quite a number of Bibles, the priests started a paper for the purpose of denouncing the Bible as being a book of the devil, and warning the people against read-

ing such a pernicious and harmful book.

There is one instance that came to light not long since that shows how utterly unscrupulous the priests are in such things. A priest found a Bible in the possession of a man who had paid a colporteur one dollar for it. He told the man that it was a very pernicious book and ought not to be read, and finally forced him to give it up. He took the Bible into another town, and recommended it as being an excellent book, and sold it for eight dollars. He was a *santo padre* of no mean position in the holy Church of Rome.

Like instances of insult and opposition, against which the Bible cause has had to contend in its work in this country, are too many to be mentioned. Colporteurs have been stoned and beaten and driven from town to town, and the smoke of burning Bibles have gone up as a cloud behind them; yet many and glorious have been the results of its work. Burning Bibles have lighted the way for others and have kindled a desire in the hearts of the people to read it for themselves.

In a certain town, where a colporteur was selling Bibles on the street, a priest came up, bought one and hurled it in the presence of the colporteur as a warning to the people; but, while the slow flames were consuming the precious book, the people, attracted by it, gathered around and bought more than a dozen copies and carried them away to read.

The society is doing more now in the distribution of the pure word than ever before. The Rev. H. P. Hamilton, who is the agent in the field, is a man full of holy zeal, and appreciates the importance of the work. During the past three years he has distributed more than forty-eight thousand copies and portions of the Bible, and more than half of this number were distributed during the past year. Besides this large donation of books, during last year the society paid, above all receipts from the field, more than \$7,000 for the distribution of Bibles in Mexico. The prospect for an extensive evangelized work in this republic are brightening daily. The government is becoming more settled, and is beginning to respect and protect the rights of its citizens.

The facilities for travel are being greatly increased. More than two thousand, three hundred miles of railroad are now in operation in the republic. Within a few years, at least, this grand metropolis will have direct railroad connection with the States, and the many interior and branch roads planned, and in process of construction, will enable one, with a few hours' run from Mexico City, to reach the most important points in the republic.

But a more favorable indication of the success of the gospel in this land is that the thinking classes of the people are rebelling against the tyranny of the priesthood and are asserting their right of conscience. There are many indications of an increasing desire upon the part of the people to read God's word for themselves. During the last three months of last year the people came to the Bible depot, in Mexico City, and bought more than seven hundred copies of the New Testament, besides many Bibles, and portions, and with few exceptions, they were purchased, one at a time, by different individuals. They have gone into different families and are being read by the people. Thus the word of God is finding its way into thousands of homes where it never entered before. From this extensive sowing we may expect fruit. The seed is good; the fruit will likewise be good. God's word is quick and powerful; it will not return unto him void.

IN N. FREEMAN.

CITY OF MEXICO, Feb. 11, 1883.

"Will You Diligently Instruct the Children in Every Place?"

Mr. EDITOR: From the patriarchal ages little children have always had a recognized connection with the church of God; and in every age of the church, whether patriarchal, prophetic or Christian, God, by special legislation, has provided for the religious instruction and training of the children of the church. Our church fully recognizes this important department of our duty, and, after parental and Sabbath-school instruction and training, it is made the duty of every pastor, by special legislative enactment, "diligently to instruct the children in every place," and no candidate for membership in our Conference would be received who refused to take, or even equivocate about taking, this obligation to instruct the children diligently in every place. After the Bishop has emphasized this question before the Conference, we have every one taken the obligation upon us. Would it not be well for us to pause occasionally and inquire if we have faithfully carried out this solemn obligation which, after due notice, we have voluntarily assumed? This is the most faithful part of our Lord's harvest field in which we can labor. The great majority of our church members have been converted early in life; many of them when they were yet little boys and girls. The pious parents in our churches know our

obligations in regard to the instruction of children, and they are always anxious to have our earnest co-operation in bringing up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

A good brother said to me, not long since, that he regretted very much that his late pastor had never visited his family, and assigned as his main reason that he had a family of children that he was endeavoring to bring up for God and the church, and he sensibly felt the need of the pastor's help. Our own experience and observation brings to our remembrance that children have strong religious emotions in early childhood. No doubt there are many precious little hearts in our pastoral charges to-day feeling strong religious emotions, and wishing that they could have a quiet talk with their preacher about their spiritual interests.

I shall never forget an occurrence in my boyhood that has reminded me of my duty, thus unnumbered, since I have been in the ministry. When I was a chubby faced boy I was most deeply impressed under a sermon I heard one Sunday, and felt at once a strong desire to converse with some experienced Christian about my spiritual state. A venerable local preacher went home with us to spend the night. I rode near him in hope that he would say something to me about my religious condition, but not a word did he say to me; he spent the ride conversing with the older people. When we got home I kept near him most of the afternoon, and when he went out in the evening to attend the feeding of his horse I was with him, literally longing for him to speak with me on the subject of religion; but not a word did he say. I was sadly disappointed. I knew my former instability and I desired in some overt way to commend myself unto seeking my soul's salvation. I went on encouragingly about two weeks, during which time no one seemed to suspect that I was seeking the forgiveness of my sins. Early on Sabbath morning I had gone to my room with my Bible, intending to spend the day in religious duties, when two of my wicked associates and playmates came near the house and sent a servant to tell me they wished to see me. I reluctantly obeyed the summons, intending to return to my room in a few minutes. But they soon drew me into lively conversation, and then capitolized proposition to walk with them and enter into our usual Sabbath recreations, to which I, at first, reluctantly consented. But I soon felt the corrupting influence of their evil communication, and thought to myself, No human being knows that I have been trying to serve the Lord, and no one will reproach me for taking my usual Sabbath recreations. My religious feelings and purposes all evaporated, and I went to bed that night a prayerless sinner, which, I still think, would not have been the case if that local preacher had talked to me as I really desired him to do—and received from him a pledge that I would seek my soul's salvation.

A few months after this an incident occurred of great importance to me. I attended a meeting where the congregation was large, and we had several sermons during the day. I had become deeply interested again about my sinners while living in sin, and had secretly resolved to set out once more to seek the favor of God. The above-mentioned local preacher was present and embraced an opportunity, during an intermission, to converse with me tenderly about the interests of my soul. I had not betrayed my awakened feelings to any one, nor had I shed a tear even in secret, but I was bristling, and as soon as he spoke to me with so much tender solicitude, I began to weep freely. Before he finished his affectionate exhortation several brethren came by and added words of encouragement to the weeping boy. I now felt that I had passed the Rubicon, and that I was bound, both by interest and honor, to carry out the purpose I had announced to the local preacher and brethren, and I never turned back any more.

Brother in the pastoral work, speak to the dear children, lovingly, but earnestly, about their religious interests whenever you have, or can make, an opportunity to do so. It is your duty to diligently instruct them, and, if you become properly imbued with the spirit of feeding the lambs, it will be an easy and most delightful employment.

J. G. JONES.

HAZLEHURST, MISS., Feb. 11, 1883.

Centenary College.

Centenary College needs more money now to repair with, to add to her apparatus, etc., and then money to endow with. She looks to the Mississippi and the Louisiana Conferences for encouragement, patronage and support. One way, and a good way to support her, is to triple or quadruple the number of her pupils. But, one may say, can this be done? We say, Yes, it can be done. Well, how? Let us give you a sample of the method.

One day, in this year, 1883, and in February, five new students came to its halls and settled down to work at their books. They were converted with, and it was learned that a Methodist preacher had directed their minds to Centenary and encouraged

them to come to it, and here they are students of Centenary. What one minister may do, or can do, another can do, or nearly as much, or something, at least, in that line. It is in the power of the members of the Mississippi and Louisiana Conferences to fill the halls of this college with students. Let each preacher use his influence and send one, two, three, four or five, and the work is done.

Suppose that the college had three hundred students in it now, as it had before the war, things would look much brighter about the college, and it would be much better for it in many ways. The faculty would be better paid. More good would be done. People would see the good and be more willing to give their money to sustain and endow it, thus making it a blessing forever. And then more of our young men would be educated, and the church and the country blessed. Again, is it not the duty of Methodism to educate her share of the youth of this land? Once more, do we not esteem it a privilege to educate them? Do we not deem it a privilege and duty to educate our own children? Are we willing that the children of Methodists should be the ignoramus all over the country? Shall other churches fill all the honorable and lucrative and useful places while Methodist children are only the hewers of wood and drawers of water? Should not every Methodist minister try to persuade his people to educate their children? Will we not do it? Will we not point them to Centenary? Will we not sustain it? We need it for the education of our own sons and sons' sons, and all of the youth of the land. Laymen can help in this matter. Every man, woman and child can help, and the work can be done. To admit that we can not support this college, and the only one in this Southwest, is to admit of a poverty or want of literary enterprise that is not creditable.

We must look to this interest. We must rally around this college and sustain it for the good it has done in the past and for the good it will do in all time to come, if it is cared for as it should be. "I have no axe to grind, no logs to roll." I am not teaching in the college, hold no office, in it—nothing, only that I love it for the good work it has done and is still doing. Let the next session open with two hundred students, and the one following that with three hundred, and so on till Centenary College is a success.

A. G. MILLER.

A Welcome to the Advocate.

BY INVALID.

DEAR ADVOCATE: Welcome, thrice welcome, to my "bethel!" How I deplored your temporary absence of three or four weeks. I can feel, but never express, nor is it my intention to attempt it, now that you have come! nor can I tell how much I appreciate your coming. As Noah welcomed the returning dove, bearing the olive spray, so Invalid extends her eager hand in greeting as the precious package of four issues of your ADVOCATE is placed in my hand. Eagerly, with fast falling eyes, I scan the dates: January 25, February 1, 8, and 15. How the world has moved on since I read the last issue! A terrible headache is about forgotten. I am "lost" to all other sights and sounds, as I glance at the pages of the number of February 8, until I find the article, "Editorial Experience," from the pen of our loved and lamented editor, our grand, good Bishop Parker. To me this is the richest treat of "the feast of good things." How we miss thee at home! I read on and on till waking light and low the refrain in it is crowding late. One more sketch, and this from "Aunt Loretta," then another from "Patience" (the first to greet me in the ADVOCATE, and offer sympathy to the stranger, Invalid). But I really must correct a mistake—made in kindness. I know, "Aunt Loretta," Invalid did not offer her humble name when suggesting or, rather, repeating one already suggested for the young people's society. Nevertheless, I am pleased with the favorable reception and kindly reception of it by his first friends—Annie and Olive Secret.

The article from Miss Alice Cary Sadler, "Our Little Tramp," is read with interest, and then I joyfully exclaim: "Why here is an offering from 'Etta,' my own true friend, my 'soul sister,' my companion in affliction, my true sympathizer in suffering; for she, too, has suffered like pain, has been in prison for the same term—six years. Dear 'Etta,' come again." What treasures of thought and Christian experiences have I received from her these "gems of thought," so comforting and encouraging her religious experience during her invalid life, that I am tempted to give them to the readers of the ADVOCATE.

And now I must close my note, not forgetting to ask, Who will remember to send their contributions to "our little tramp's" bank? Ah! I thought of the dear little one eye I slept that night, and in the petition offered here in my "bethel," "In the deep silence of the voiceless night," I prayed the Father to watch over

him, to send blessings upon the kind ones in that home where this little one was received "for Jesus' sake." Oh! that many hearts may go out in sympathy to this orphan babe, prompting them to deeds of kindness! Think of the sainted mother's joy in heaven as she watches over her little one. Think of the stricken father who, like his Saviour, though "grogg about doing good," hath not where to lay his weary head? To call it home.

The advent of "our little tramp" reminds me of the infant Saviour. But is it kind to call the "Advocate's pet" (mother of God's pensioners) by a name which the uncharitable world has bestowed, as one of opprobrium, upon the homeless, friendless wanderer? Doubtless, in this Atlantic age, He, too, would have been called "a tramp," for they would have found "no room for him in the inn." Nor would they keep silence did he go through the fields on the Sabbath or should his hungry disciples pick an ear of corn. Weary and faint from his long journey, would they constrain him to abide with them though "the day was far spent?" Nay, they would be too ready to "bid him depart out of their coast," and, I fear, the majority of an accusing multitude would again cry: "Away with him; cruelly him!"

Say ye, that in this fair sunny South, where nature is a poem set to the music of the birds, that there is no want nor suffering among the poor? It may not exist among those whose constant wail is "hard times," but the silent sufferers—they are not a few! Sad, touching stories of such are told by those who have the eye of pity to seek out the suffering and sorrowing, and opportunities are offered that "ye may do them good" "whenever ye will."

Posthumous praise, epiphany in gold, and monuments of marble piercing the skies in the blue dome above us, "post mortem" adorning and ennobling are deeds of kindness and unappreciated by the dead, and will not comfort the bereaved when left destitute. Scatter flowers along the desert pathway of weary pilgrims ere they reach the end of their journey, for "just over the river" there lies the land of eternal bloom and beauty. "Bring me flowers to-day," I ask, "for when I am at rest I shall need their beauty and fragrance." If the dead heroes, whose monuments tower aloft to tell of wondrous deeds, after their eyes are closed and their cars are "shut to sounds of earth" forever—could they but speak, it would doubtless be in language thus:

Oh, rear no monuments of stone  
Above the peaceful dead;  
But seek for those they've left alone  
And give them daily bread!

The anointing which our Lord received before his burial was regarded as "a great waste" of precious substance—a coveted prize which had escaped the cupidity of his betrayer, and not because he regretted the loss to the poor. But the Master said that this woman's deed should be "told as a memorial of her." But the honors and expensive burial his body received at the hands of the rich man of Arimathea was amid the death-silence of the voiceless tomb. Then he no longer cried, "I thirst!"

Missionary Work in Honduras.

Mr. EDITOR: I have just been reading a letter from Rev. W. M. Patterson in Mexico, in a December number of the ADVOCATE.

I like to read about Mexico, as the country and people very much resemble this country and its inhabitants. I have a Mexican employed as a laborer, and he speaks the same language and is quite at home with the natives. There is no missionary here from the States; but the Wesleyan Methodist Church of England is doing much good in parts of the country, though there is no mission in this vicinity. I was in Belize a short time ago, and went with a friend to the parsonage to call on the minister. He was very kind to us, and took us to have a look at the organ in the church, which we found to be a very nice instrument. The church is a brick building, fifty by one hundred feet. The basement is used for schools. It is divided, and one half used for boys, and the other half for girls; but their manner of instructing quite surprised us. The teacher appeared to act as book-keeper for the occasion, while the whole school were reading their lessons aloud, and it was loud. I think there were, at least, one hundred of them, and each one seemed to be yelling at the top of his voice. They were standing about on the floor in groups of five and six, and there seemed to be one to each group that, from his shoulders and upward, was higher than any of the others; and, from what we could gather from the minister, there were so many more worthy boys among them who had the oversight of the rest.

A Mr. Jex, a wealthy member of the church, gave the organ to the church, as well as a beautiful set of chandeliers. He also built a church for the mission in Corozal. I was quite pleased with one thing the minister told us he did. He sent to New Orleans and bought two large cypress caskets, and put them in the church-yard to catch water for the

poor people. In this country several months are very dry, and water is so scarce at times in Belize that it has to be bought, so you see the reason of his philosophical move.

The Wesleyan missionaries are hard workers and compete very well with the Roman Catholics wherever they try to start a church or school.

J. D. COPELAND.

JANUARY 22, 1883.

Revivals.

Mr. EDITOR: I feel more than ordinarily interested in a subject now finding a lodgment in the minds and hearts of thousands, both in Christian and heathen lands. That is, that we are upon the eve of a wonderful display of God's power and goodness, in the awakening and salvation of the people, to an extent hitherto unprecedented. It was the remark of some one, in substance, that, when the great Ruler of the universe is about to accomplish some great matter of world-wide or national importance, the impression seems to be made upon very many minds almost simultaneously, so that there is a waking up and looking for the accomplishment of some important event. In the matter now before us, the subject is distinctly defined to be a glorious revival of the work of God, genuine, thorough, substantial, in which sinners will be awakened and soundly converted to God, and the church of Christ abundantly enlarged, strengthened and more fully confirmed. The signs of the times are evidently ominous.

What means this universal cry throughout Mexico, with open doors and outstretched arms: Men and brethren, bring us the pure word of God that we may be instructed and saved. What means this unprecedented triumph of Christian purity and elevation in India? What means that plaintive, sympathetic cry that comes over from the land of the sons of Ham: Show us the way of peace and life and heaven. What means this wonderful stir in Japan and Madagascar, inquiring: Where is he who is able to save soul and body when life's tolls and sufferings are ended? What means this rally of a thousand of China's young men around Young J. Allen, as they cry: Give us a place in your Christian school that we may be instructed, not only in your literature, but in the great principles of the God of your fathers.

What means this accelerated excitement upon the subject of missions, throughout the Christian world as they talk and sing of the land of darkness and death and pour funds into the treasury of the Lord by the thousand, young and old, male and female? Last, but not least—What means this almost indelible impression made upon a thousand minds that we are upon the eve of a wonderful outpouring of the Spirit of God? I need not suggest the necessity of it. Every true Christian heart realizes its importance and necessity. I need not refer to the recent letters of Bishop Moore and Dr. McFerrin, with many others in different localities, upon the same theme. Has the set time to favor Zion come? Are we looking to it? Are we expecting it? Are our hearts in it? Are we ready for it? It is certainly in accordance with God's will, who says he wills not the death of any, but that all should be saved. If God's ministers everywhere will fix their minds on this subject, look to it, pray for it, rally the church to it, what wonders that it may not come as a rushing, mighty wind upon the day of Pentecost. As I pen these lines I seem to feel it in my very bones.

J. MATTHEWS.  
CHAPEL HILL, TEXAS, Feb. 7, 1883.

Good Words.

Let us be cheerful! The sunny sky overclouds  
800 rain falls on the evil and the good;  
On narrow walls and through our humble dwelling,  
God's glorious sunshine pours as rich a flood.

Faith, hope, and love, still in our hearts abiding;  
May God their precious fruits in us be sowing;  
And to the couch of suffering we may carry  
If but the cup of water in his name.

—The best receipt for going through life in an exquisite way, with beautiful manner, is to feel that everybody, no matter how rich or how poor, need all the kindness they can get from others in the world.

—God is a sure paymaster. He may not pay at the end of the week, month, or year; but I charge you remember he pays in the end.—Anne of Austria.

—They who are Christ's are praying and seeking to be Christlike: "If my man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his."—Church of Union.

—Let those who would affect singularity with success, first determine to be very virtuous, and they will be sure to be very singular.—Lacton.

—The two powers which, in my opinion, constitute a wise man are those of bearing and forbearing.—Epictetus.

—It is impossible for that man to despair who remembers that his Helper is omnipotent.—Jeremy Taylor.

—It is a great virtue to restrain the tongue, to know how to be silent even though we know we are in the right.



## Christian Advocate.

THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1883.

On reading the story, "A Diamond in the Rough," by Rev. W. C. Black of the Mississippi Conference.

And the rougher crystal shined,  
Where Mississippi's waters rolled,  
The sound of many waters told  
The fall of forest monarchs' pride.  
Day after day, 'mid cold and rain,  
The echoes thro' the forest rang,  
The wild winds, wailing and refrain,  
To every song the woodland sang.  
There, in a cheerless winter camp,  
An humble woodman dying lay,  
Above him Nature hung his lamp,  
And draped his couch with curtains gray.  
Far from his mother, home and friends,  
Like a young forest tree he fell,  
But ere his life so sadly ended,  
He to a faithful comrade called.  
Friend, listen ere I fall asleep,  
One last and only boon I crave,  
Here, where the cold, dark waters sweep,  
I would not have you make my grave.  
For in the spring's bright sunny hours  
The waters o'er my grave will sweep,  
Then mother can come with flowers,  
And this, I know, would make her weep.  
So take my body when I die,  
Back to my home and mother dear,  
If far away, her boy should lie,  
'T would cost her many a bitter tear.  
The friend the solemn promise gave,  
And then released, the spirit fled,  
O' son of Erin, truly brave,  
Who kept his promise to the dead.  
Methinks the angels on him smiled,  
As lonely, silently he sped,  
To take that mother back her child,  
Alas! her we to find him dead.  
Onward they drift upon the tide,  
Braving the winter's chilling frost,  
Lone boatmen on the waters wide,  
So like the messenger of death.  
Bravely he faces storm and cold,  
The poorly, thinly, meekly clad,  
He has no power, but heart of gold—  
No friend to cheer the voyage sad.  
Day after day he plies the oar,  
No sleeping hour he knows of rest,  
And he, the champion of the shore,  
When overcome by storm at last.  
His journey o'er, he safely lands,  
In faith he kept his sacred trust,  
The dead he yields to Christian hands,  
Who give the lifeless "dust to dust."  
The man of God, who died for grave,  
And now this touching story tells,  
He justly praised a hero brave,  
And praised his name with immortal bells.  
A diamond rough, may, jewels rare,  
From Erin's tale an angel came,  
A heart of gold for hidden there,  
A star for Christ's own dear.  
Methinks that when the Saviour's crown,  
Some of the brightest gems of worth  
Will be the lowly, unassuming,  
Unnoticed, and of humble birth.

## Pastoral Visiting—No. 6.

In these sketches I have frequently used the pronouns we and us in the place of I and me, as editors and modest writers do, but mostly because we were generally of the plural number in our pastoral work. We were always so when I could have it so. When I can I always take a brother minister with me; if not, some one else, a class leader, an exhorter, a steward, a trustee, a private member or my wife, and sometimes often persons who are not yet pious. I do this for several reasons:

1. I love good company.
2. It keeps me awake, and I seem to be able to do better work. Read Proverbs xxvii, 17: "Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend."
3. With one to help me I am five times as strong as I would be alone, and two of us are ten times as successful as one could be alone. Read Deuteronomy xxxii, 30: "One chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight."
4. Even the Saviour had his bosom companion, John, and when he sent out the seventy he sent them two and two. Martin Luther and his Melancthon, and John Wesley his Fletcher, and so it is in the social relations of life. "It is not good for man to be alone."
5. In my boyhood preaching I foolishly spoiled my throat, and have chronic bronchitis, and can not sing, and, thinking singing a great help in social worship, I get some one to go with me who can sing.
6. With good company in my pastoral work I can visit families of all descriptions, as widows, single women, houses where the men are from home, and no evil report is likely to arise from the call or calls made.
7. And then there is witness to all that is said, sung, prayed or done, one may say: "Why mention these things?" We answer: Because we have seen serious scandal arise in the church even from pastoral visiting; and one way to avoid it is to have company with you when you visit.
8. Some years since, in a rural district, where we had but few members and no church organization, and where none of the pious could spare the time for visiting the people, a young man married a man, who wanted to see how many children in the vicinity wished to go to a public school, consented to go with me. He was not pious, and of course he did none of the reading and praying, but he did some of the talking on various subjects, literary, agricultural and religious, which relieved me very much, and then he knew all of his neighbors, and could introduce me where I was not known.
9. We visited every house in that vicinity in which white people lived. We spent a part of one week and then a part of another in this work. We saw some good fruit from this sowing in a few weeks, but I wish to speak of its effect on him. He had been raised by

a Catholic mother, but his wife and her relatives were Presbyterians, and his pretensions were for that church, and I made an effort to change them. On the second Friday night, as we parted, he said to me: "Mr. —, this visiting, reading and praying has done me more good religiously than any other thing that has ever crossed my path. Henceforth I mean to be a Christian, God helping me. To-morrow I will go to — a town ten miles from his residence, and I will join the Presbyterian Church if the church will receive me." He went as he said he would. He was received into the church, and he is an acceptable member of the Presbyterian Church while I write this. I know of some similar cases where the assistant visitors became members of our own church.

## LOCAL ITINERANT.

## Holiness.

The subject of holiness is one which is challenging more attention than formerly. Strange it is that attacks are made upon it now as in the days of Mr. Wesley, mainly by Methodists who are non-professors of sanctification. It is strange that men who know nothing of a grace so ready to explain what it is. These explanations reduce it to nothing beyond justification. Mr. Wesley's intimacy with Zinzendorf, the German theologian, was broken off because of his heresy on this subject, the latter claiming that only one work of grace was necessary. The Rev. George D. Watson, D.D., the able theological writer on holiness, and who proposes it, preaches it and lives it, in his review of an article written by Rev. Dr. —, who advocated the Zinzendorf doctrine, uses the following language, which is not only applicable to the doctor alluded to, but to all who attack the doctrine of holiness. He says: "I propose to make no attack on personalities, but simply strike at teachings, doctrines and words. When a soul who is walking in Christian holiness receives a personal attack the Spirit and the word will teach him to bear it as did the Saviour; but when his faith, his religion is attacked then the same Spirit and word command him to contend for the faith. True holiness lives and suffers like a lamb, but defends its faith like a lion. A holiness that can not enter the lists with brain-craft and error, that can not grapple with the lightning of Scripture and the thunder of logic, and hurl them at heresy, that can not riddle and expose the sophistry of the carnal mind, is not fit for the third heaven and the march of immortality. The experience of heart purity does not soften a man's brain or make him forget the meaning of words. I say this because there is a soft, sentimental, clerical white abroad which advises the holiness people to be negative, harmless little things, and never to speak in earnest and fervent sentences. Nothing on earth has ever received such terrible strokes as practical, experimental holiness (even the devil would not light mere theoretical holiness), and nothing in the world is competent of dealing such error-crushing blows as holiness. So I do not propose to handle the article referred to in any timid or shrinking manner." Holiness is a distinct and well-defined doctrine interwoven with Methodism in her early history and now in experience in her sermons, hymns and discipline. The church can not and will not stand by silently and witness the many attempts to weaken their doctrine and experience in our church. Some say we must not profess holiness.

"Gildroy," in his communication which appeared in your paper of February 7, 1883, says he has not professed Christian perfection, but is trying to go into it. He also makes the following statement: "If there is a single, plain passage in the Bible requiring one to profess Christian perfection then the duty of profession is obligatory upon all who have attained unto that high and holy state." The able and learned Rev. Dr. W. McDonald, the author of "Scriptural Views of Holiness," on pages 239 and 240 of his able work, says: "It is objected that definite and repeated confession of heart purity is not authorized by the Scriptures." The apostles and early Christians, it is claimed, made no such profession. What did they declare? Paul professed that "the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made him free from the law of sin and death." Again he says: "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God." To the Thessalonians he says: "Ye are witnesses, and God also; how bodily and justly and unblameably we have behaved ourselves among you." To the Philippians he says: "Let us, therefore, as many as be perfect, be thus minded." God requires a confession of all which he has done for us and in us; "with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the tongue confession is made unto salvation." He gives other quotations, but let these suffice.

The history of holiness is such, and Mr. Fletcher is one of the many witnesses that if it is not professed, when attained it will be retained. If objections would read Methodist history on holiness, and such works as McDonald, Wood, Foster, Fletcher, Wesley, et al., we would be apt to have more orthodoxy upon the subject of holiness than we have. Methodism must stand unimpaired.

A METHODIST.

## From the Work.

## YAZOO COUNTY, MISS.

MR. EDITOR: The late session of the Mississippi Conference lifted us from the southern extremity and sent us to the northern portion, one of our appointments lying in the bounds of the North Mississippi Conference. We are in Yazoo county, and, by the way, this county has furnished the ministry of the Methodist Church, South, with some good and true men; among them may be found Bros. Edgar, Lunkford, Cooper, Ellison, new in our own Conference, Carradine, of the Louisiana, and Alexander, of the Los Angeles Conference; so you see it ought to be put upon the honor roll. There may be others whose names I do not now recollect. These are true men, tried men, and devoted to the cause of our blessed Redeemer. It certainly is a pleasure to labor as an humble pastor with the people from whose ranks such men as I mention are taken. This is a good country, fine timbered land, fertile soil, and in which most of the farmers who have made an effort in that line have been enough to supply their wants, and skilled and cured enough to supply their need without applying to Northern or Western packeries for it. They are contributing these things, with many others, to the needs of their preacher and his family. Improvements are going on in the direction of making the preacher's home, provided for by my predecessor, Bro. Thomas Adams, comfortable. The ladies of the neighborhood gave a supper on the night of the sixteenth, at which was realized the handsome sum of \$125; adding this amount to what had previously been collected there has been raised \$150 so far this year for the benefit of the parsonage. The property is paid for, and we will have enough to furnish the house with proper furniture and to make other needed improvements. Credit is due these ladies for the zeal and perseverance they have shown in this matter, and they are not weary in well-doing, but intend adding more to this before the close of the year under the blessing of God. Our women deserve more credit for this kind of work than they often receive. Dr. Johnston's letter in the Nashville Advocate, a week or so ago, is timely in this connection.

Our first Quarterly Conference has been held February 10-11. Bro. Hunt, our presiding elder, was with us, preaching two sermons to small yet appreciative congregations. Many persons have been and are now kept at home on account of measles, which is prevailing generally throughout the county, proving fatal in many instances. Some noble young men have died, and others, we fear, are appointed to die with this disease, and there appears to be no abatement. We hear of new cases almost daily. Many of our common schools are suspended on this account; hardly a town, village or neighborhood in the county that is free from the disease. The year opens well with us. Our people are kind and generous, attentive to the wants of their pastor. Many marks of kindness have found their way to the parsonage. The people of our little village are proud of the fact that their preacher lives among them. There is a history connected with the naming of the village—Free Run. Some years ago (so I am informed) there was a man selling whisky here, and from some cause or another, he was closing out that part of his business, and having on hand a few gallons, he turned the faucet loose and cried aloud: "Free Run, boys, and it has been called so since that day. Now, by an act of the Legislature, no whisky can be sold in a radius of five miles of the place. Tagleville and Dover we hope will follow in this good movement, and then we will have no side of intoxicating liquor outside of Yazoo City in the county that I know of. May the day soon come when it shall be banished from the State. We hope for a good report this year under the blessing of God. The circuit affairs generally are looking up, and the outlook is good. We mail you with this three cash subscribers to the dear Advocate; hope to get more. We are trying to get the paper in every family who does not take it now. God bless you in your work.

Yours,

FEBRUARY 26, 1883.

## IN TROUBLE.

MR. EDITOR: Can you or any of your correspondents give a preacher advice or information what to do when appointed to a circuit? He goes round from house to house, sings, prays, talks to the people week after week, month after month. The people seem friendly, yet no meeting, no steward, no assessment, not a word said on the subject, no arrangement for his family. None say have you corn for your horse; any money with which to buy; anything to feed your family; how are you getting along, and where do you live? When referring to the preachers that had been on the circuit they speak kindly of them, except they were too much disposed to urge these necessities, yet deplore the fact that the work did not do better. It is best, however, for them to say but little about it, lest the people will think it is the decree and not the flock they are after. Now, my dear brother, there are more preachers in this condition than you may be aware of, and this very fact has made some of our preachers what some people call beggars or mendicants, and cause them almost to lose self-respect. Now, is it not time this matter was ventilated? But how is it to be done? I am seeking information as I am dis-

tressed. Well, it is said our church papers will not publish anything on this subject. Maybe not. Try it any way. But where the church turns away from honest, toiling, self-sacrificing yet, it may be, misguided preachers she will find all her power does not lie in the hand. I am on a circuit this year that paid the preacher last year \$281, and he is regarded one of the best in the Conference. One reason of failure in the support of the ministry on my circuit is this: Our Annual Conference met December 13; our first quarterly Conference meets on the fourth Sabbath in March, almost four months, embracing the only financial season we have in this country. Let that slip and hope is gone, and no chance to ever catch up. Well, that is so with us. Not a thing done. The preacher has no house, not a bushel of corn, not a pound of meat. In this desperate condition he picks up the Advocate and sees where some preacher was received at the parsonage with full Christian greetings, full larder, warm dinner. He would have to be more than human to feel comfortable. But I am writing for information. What ought they to do, quit or not? Well, in the territory I am traveling in this year there are four Baptist Churches having no regular pastors. If the Methodist Churches were left to call their preachers would they be in any better condition? Well, shall we quit or beg? I see but one of the two ways. Remember I am seeking information.

## INQUIRY.

RAYMOND CIRCUIT, MISSISSIPPI CONFERENCE.  
MR. EDITOR: After having spent four pleasant years on the Fayette circuit I find myself in a new field of labor. I have just been looking over the minutes of our last Conference, and was gratified to see that while nearly all of the circuits, and many of the stations, had fallen far behind in their collections for the support of the ministry that Fayette circuit paid the presiding elder and myself every dollar promised, and, in addition to this, about \$100 in valuable articles, including a nice suit of clothes from Philadelphia. It stands at the head of the list of circuits. They had borne with me for the term, hence last January Bro. Drake and I exchanged homes by consent of the Bishop. I am delighted with my home. Our reception was not only kind, but cordial. There are but three appointments, each conveniently reached. The church at this place (Bolton) has already adopted the monthly collection plan for the support of the ministry. The result thus far is perfectly satisfactory. Raymond and Clinton will fall into line soon, and then the stewards will be saved much labor, the preacher kept out of debt, and all the machinery of the church run without friction.

Permit me to say here that the merchants of this town don't propose making money out of preachers, judging from the price of groceries. We have two prayer meetings, one at Bolton and one at Raymond. I have not been able to meet the one at Raymond yet. Here there is a good attendance. I suppose one-half the members of this church attend the prayer meeting. The ladies of Raymond are moving in the direction of a new church. Unfortunately, they own an old building in connection with the Masons, who do not wish to buy nor sell. Better it would be, I think, to preach in a log house than build in partnership with any one.

At Clinton we are simply holding our own. This, you know, is the seat of the Baptist College of this State. They have preaching every Sabbath morning and evening. Hence the students, male and female, are expected to attend their own church. Our congregations are made up of the other denominations, viz.: Episcopalians, Presbyterians and Methodists. The men of this circuit, with few exceptions, have delegated to their wives all religious responsibilities. The "dancing master" is here to educate the feet at the expense of the soul. When will our people learn that the grace of God is much more needful than the grace of whirling.

Yours truly, D. F. HALLFORD.

Bolton, Miss., March 1, 1883.

## TRENTON, MISS.

MR. EDITOR: I send you a few dots from Trenton, Smith county, Miss. The Bishop, at the last session of the Mississippi Conference, assigned me to this (Trenton) circuit, which lies in the northwest corner of Smith county, and is composed of eight churches. At Trenton we have a very good parsonage. This is a very compact work, the farthest appointment being only about eleven miles from the parsonage, and roads generally good. And then we have a kind-hearted, generous people to serve, which makes it still more pleasant. We moved immediately after Conference, and went to work, hoping and praying for a general revival during the year. Our first quarterly meeting convened February 17. Our beloved presiding elder, J. M. Gunn, was at his post in the Spirit of the Master, ready to do or suffer any hardship for the cause he has espoused. We also had a very good attendance of the stewards. It takes faith, sacrificing men to make good stewards. I have often thought that every preacher ought to serve in this office while before joining the Conference. They would then know what people require of a preacher. A good assessment was made for the preacher in charge, and, to show that they mean business, they brought almost \$100 of it up at the first quarterly meeting. A. D. MILLER, P. C.

FEBRUARY 23, 1883.

## BENTON AND MIDWAY.

MR. EDITOR: Last year I was near the line of the Louisiana Conference, four or five years before I was near the line of the Alabama Conference, and now I am on the line of the North Mississippi Conference. Verily, the "world do move," or the Bishop moves! I was greatly elevated in my last appointment, for I am living on the "highest point in Yazoo county," and the gods of the wind fight around the parsonage every night. As it is a good home I fear no danger. Mrs. Cooper is afraid the little boy will fall down the hill. I hope for the best. Out of five preachers sent by the Bishop to Yazoo county three are natives of the county—Bros. Helleman, Bell and the writer. This is our old home, and of course pleasant association here. Have lost three members since Conference. Three distinguished physician and gentleman, Dr. H. T. Tandy, and his excellent wife have moved to Yazoo City. Bro. Phillip O'Reilly, a young man of great promise of usefulness and purity of character, passed away to his reward last week. We shall miss him. You have many friends here, and you will see that we are right about it soon. Benton has an excellent Sabbath-school—one that lives in winter. Measles and inclement weather have almost stopped Sabbath and preaching. Sunshine has come, and we are feeling better.

INMAN W. COOPER.

FEBRUARY 20, 1883.

## Marriages.

COX—PERKINS.—At the residence of the bride's mother, Starkville, Miss., January 17, 1883, by Rev. T. C. Wier, Mr. Charles Cox to Miss Hattie Perkins.  
SAUNDERS—AMES.—At the residence of the bride's father, February 6, 1883, by Rev. T. C. Wier, Mr. Geo. Saunders to Miss Grose Ames, all of Starkville, Miss.  
BRADLEY—WILLIAMS.—February 12, 1883, by Rev. R. S. Triplett, Mr. N. B. Bradley to Miss Laura A. Williams, all of St. Mary parish, La.  
NELSON—BLACKFORD.—February 25, 1883, by Rev. R. S. Triplett, Mr. John Nelson to Miss Lizzie H. Blackford, of St. Mary parish, La.  
MERRILL—BRIANT.—At the residence of the bride's grandmother, Mrs. M. A. Eubanks, February 14, 1883, by Rev. W. S. Lagrone, Miss Lucy O. Merrill, of Carroll county, Miss., to Mr. J. D. Briant, of Montgomery county, Miss.  
MARSHALL—MURPHY.—At the residence of the bride's father, Manupul Murphy, Esq., March 1, 1883, by Rev. Lewis A. Reed, Mr. Roger J. Marshall to Miss Lena W. Murphy, all of St. Landry parish, La.  
BRADLEY—ROBERTSON.—At Brownsville, Florida county, Miss., January 29, 1883, by Rev. E. L. Moulter, Mr. A. L. Bradley and Miss Mary Barnes Robertson.  
HARDY—HALLOWAY.—At the residence of the bride's mother, March 1, 1883, by Rev. Isaac L. Peebles, Mr. Thomas Hardy to Miss Mary Halloway.  
FUSSELL—KNIGHT.—At the residence of the bride's father, February 20, 1883, by Rev. J. J. Lovett, Mr. J. W. Fussell and Miss Mary J. Knight, all of Washington parish, La.

## Obituaries.

CHAPMAN.—A German artist once painted a picture which he called "Cloud-land." It seemed only to be masses of dark, lowering clouds; but, when turned so that light would fall in a certain way on it, every cloud turned into an angel or an angel's wing, and the whole picture, which seemed at first only a mass of gloom, looked out with a hundred angels' eyes.

Paul is a dark cloud-land to those who have no friends beyond its flood; but, as those whom we love fade from our sight and touch into the darkness, faith transforms the very clouds into angels' faces.

Our mother left us on Sunday, February 18, 1883, just as the early church bells were ringing her pure spirit joined the great congregation above, and, while the anthems were swelling through God's earthly temples, she was for the first time singing the song of Moses and the Lamb in the heavenly choir of the first-born. How beautiful that her first day in heaven should have been the Sabbath! It was a bright, lovely morning—a type of that undimmed glory which ever crowns the new Jerusalem. Oh, what joy as she greeted father, mother, husband, sisters and children, who through the long years had been watching and waiting for her!

How beautiful and appropriate the words of Hawthorne: "She is gone! No longer shrinking from the winter's wind, or lifting her pure forehead to the summer's kiss; no longer gazing into a far-off sky; no longer yearning with a holy heart for heaven; no longer tolling painfully along the path, upward and onward, to the everlasting rock on which are based the walls of the city of the Most High; no longer here; she is there, gazing, seeing, knowing, feeling, as the blessed only see and know and love. Earth has one angel less, and heaven one more. Alas! kneeling at the throne, she has received her welcome, and is resting on the bosom of her Saviour. If human love had power to penetrate the veil and hush it not? Then there are yet living here a few who have the blessedness of knowing an angel loves them."

SALIDA C. CHAPMAN, our saluted mother, was born at Clinton, La., December 23, 1826. She was married at that place to William W. Chapman, May 5, 1845, and lived happily with him until December 24, 1882, when he preceded her to the spirit world. She joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, about the year 1851, under the ministry of Rev. J. A. Wheat, and lived in the happy enjoyment of our blessed religion to the day of her death. For the past twelve years she had been at St. Joseph, Mo., and was an earnest worker in the church, a faithful Sabbath-school teacher, and a devoted Christian. She leaves six children to mourn her loss. She was the most devoted mother I ever saw—how devoted and loving only her sorrowing children can know. May we all strive that we may meet her in that sun-bright clime.

M. D. CHAPMAN.

GRIEVAES—COL. JOSEPH BRYNE GRIEVAES was born in South Carolina, May 27, 1808, and died at his home at Edwards, Miss., January 10, 1883. He joined the Methodist Church, at Brownsville, Miss., about thirty-two years ago, under the ministry of Rev. O. L. Nash. He became at once a zealous member and an active worker, and was for many continuous years a steward of the Clinton circuit and superintendent of the Clinton Sabbath-school. He accepted of whatever duty the church placed upon him, and continued to discharge it with conscientious delight until age and infirmities extreme disqualified him for active

service. Dying of apoplexy, and being unconscious during his sickness, there was no opportunity for a death-bed testimony. But this there was no need, as his daily life furnished a more satisfactory evidence. Throughout a long and eventful career he had served his own generation, by the will of God, and on sleep was taken by the universal good will of his acquaintances and cheered by the heart-felt realization of the presence and promises of his Saviour. For several months previous to his death he seemed impressed with the thought that he would not be long about, talked frequently and calmly about it, and assured his friends that the day was near. There is no doubt about his place "in the general assembly and church of the first-born which are written in heaven;" but it is the place which he has vacated here on earth that makes us sad.

His neighbors and fellow-citizens will long remember his going in and out among them so irreproachable, so useful; his brethren in the church and ministry will yearn for the encouragement they once received from his manifested love of the church and zeal in the cause of his Master; and what an aching void that can never be filled is made in the domestic circle. It was here that his virtues shone with even the purest lustre. His genial, loving nature inspired an almost idolatrous affection in the breast of every member of his family, and his generous, Christian hospitality lives in the memory of every one of his guests as a source of pure pleasure. May his mantle fall on the shoulders of his many son, who has his full inheritance and the consolations of the blessed gospel sustain his sorrowing wife and daughters!

C. G. ANDREWS.

WILLIAMSON—SISTER MARY A. WILLIAMSON, daughter of Thomas H. Williamson, was born in Louisiana, and Eliza Field; was born in Louisiana, Miss., October 1, 1839; was married to Mr. W. C. Williamson, October 1, 1855; united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at Trenton, La., in the year 1875, under the pastorate of my brother, Rev. H. O. White, died of pneumonia, December 3, 1882.

She was the mother of six children—only two of whom remain bereft and motherless. Sister Williamson was a feeble woman, but a real true woman, and at the same time a true and struggling to meet the demands of her family. She was truly a Christian woman in every relation of life. As a daughter, loving and respectful; as a wife, true and faithful; as a mother, tender and watchful; as a neighbor, kind and generous; as a sister, true and faithful; as a friend, true and faithful; as a Christian, true and faithful. She was a true and faithful Christian woman in every relation of life. As a daughter, loving and respectful; as a wife, true and faithful; as a mother, tender and watchful; as a neighbor, kind and generous; as a sister, true and faithful; as a friend, true and faithful; as a Christian, true and faithful. She was a true and faithful Christian woman in every relation of life. 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## Christian Advocate.

ORIGIN OF THE LUTHERAN, METHODIST AND  
NORTH MISSISSIPPI CONFERENCE OF  
THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL  
CHURCH, SOUTH.

CHAS. B. GALLAGHER, D. D., Editor.

Corresponding Editors:

REV. T. A. S. ADAMS, REV. J. T. BAWYER,  
REV. W. L. C. HENNING.

THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1883.

We should be jealous as well as  
zealous for the honor of Christ and  
the extension of his kingdom.

Simply to win a victory in the  
good fight of faith is not the fullness  
of achievement. The precious promise  
is, that we shall be "more than  
conquerors."

We are exhorted not only to labor,  
but to be "always abounding in the  
work of the Lord." And the encour-  
aging assurance is that our "labor is  
not in vain in the Lord." No true  
effort ever came to naught.

In his admirable and able "pre-  
lude" on "Revivals True and False,"  
Joseph Cook said this true thing,  
which ought to be engraved upon the  
minds of youth: "Men must be  
measured by character, and not by  
their purses or their social pedestals."

According to a recent act passed by  
the Arkansas Legislature the sale of  
liquor may be prohibited for two  
years within three miles of a church  
or school on a petition of the adult  
majority of both sexes. Now we  
shall see what the wide-awake tem-  
perance advocates in Arkansas will  
do with that statute in hand. By  
multiplying churches and school  
houses they can drive liquor beyond  
their borders.

By resolution the South Carolina  
Conference recommended that the  
first Saturday in May be observed  
throughout its bounds as "Children's  
Day." That was a timely act, and it  
is hoped the resolution will be faith-  
fully carried out by each pastor. In  
the Methodist Episcopal Church  
Children's Day is one of the most  
joyous and important of the year.  
Extensive arrangements are made  
for its profitable and pleasant observ-  
ance throughout the entire connec-  
tion. Their contributions, usually  
devoted to the cause of education,  
aggregate handsome sums. Possibly  
in this new and needed departure  
the little Palmetto State will lead  
Southern Methodism.

That attempted train robbery last  
week in Arkansas, on the Little  
Rock and Fort Smith railroad, is  
another argument against vicious  
literature, and another appeal to  
parents for increased vigilance. The  
outlaws were mere boys, fired with  
the desperate scheme by reading  
dime novels and Jesse James' ad-  
ventures. They shot the conductor and  
one brakeman, both of whom will  
die; but failed to reap the coveted  
booty. So long as boys are fed on  
exciting stories, and yellow-back  
novels we may expect to increase the  
generation of outlaws. Crime and  
criminals are the legitimate and  
necessary fruit of such education.  
What a child reads is equally impor-  
tant with the friendships he forms.  
Indeed, the companionship of books  
may be the more potent factor in the  
formation and education of char-  
acter.

A spasm of reform seized the old  
city of San Antonio one day last  
week. By order of the sheriff all  
gambling houses were closed, and  
about two hundred pasteboard sports-  
men were seen loading around the  
street corners. The telegram to the  
Times-Democrat contains this start-  
ling statement: "For the first time in  
the history of San Antonio, not a  
gambling house of any description is  
running in this city." According to  
our reading San Antonio was found-  
ed in 1714, and is therefore one hun-  
dred and sixty-nine years old. And  
for this more than a century and a  
half it has been a gambling den.  
Surely the old city needs a rest and  
deliverance. Two hundred gamblers  
in one town? From whom do they  
flee and feed? We are not surprised  
that the good people became aroused.  
Two hundred such gentry will ruin  
five thousand boys who might other-  
wise make useful citizens. This  
gambling spirit needs correction every-  
where. Our commercial life is being  
poisoned by it. Its subtle and wide-  
spread infection may well produce  
national concern. In what respect  
does Wall Street, New York, differ  
from the dens of San Antonio?  
What moral advantage has the heavy  
dealer in "futures" over the shark  
who plays a winning card? How  
much more honorable is it to be a  
"shorn lamb" of the stock market  
than a picked pigeon of the poker or  
faro table? These questions of casu-  
istry are referred to all students of  
morals and right-doing.

## Champion Cranks.

This is the alliterative title of an  
editorial article in the Times-Demo-  
crat of March 7. The gentlemen thus  
cortly characterized are members of  
the "Society for the Suppression of  
Bisphenous Literature." Their  
offense, says our enterprising neigh-  
bor, is the prosecution or persecution  
of Tyndal, Huxley, Herbert Spencer  
and others, "on the ground that  
their writings have propagated unbel-  
ief, not to say atheism." Their ob-  
ject and efforts in the "matter in-  
dicated" may be censurable. In-  
deed, we think them quite puerile.  
To arrest the influence of atheism  
we must employ the weapons of  
truth and argument. A "Society for  
the Suppression of Bisphenous  
Literature" is a very worthy and  
proper organization, but, like other  
good institutions, it may fall into  
foolish hands. A vast deal of vile  
stuff now debauching and blighting  
the youth and young manhood of  
our country ought to be suppressed.  
The moral and social well-being of  
the land demand it. But certainly  
the writings of the scientists men-  
tioned, however objectionable, are  
not to be classed with such moral  
gaugre. Some words of comment,  
however, we feel constrained to  
make on the article. Many of the  
readers of that editorial are regular  
patrons of the Advocate, and for  
them we speak in word. Without  
discussing or apologizing for the  
plans and purposes of "these lunatics,"  
we would like to know if any  
sane man ever denied that the writ-  
ings of those "most profound and  
ponderous minds" did not propagate  
unbelief? They do not conceal such  
a purpose, nor has the fact ever been  
doubted by the merest tyro in litera-  
ture. The question is not the truth  
or falsity of orthodoxy, but the fact  
and influence of certain teaching and  
teachers.

But hear our distinguished cotem-  
porary in his eloquent eulogy of the  
great scientists:

These colossal intellects have dis-  
pelled a horde of pernicious and brutal  
superstitions—superstitions which held  
men's minds in darkness and left the  
world at the mercy of ignorant zealots  
and designing hypocrites. Just as the  
electric lights upon our wharves have  
redeemed the river front from thieves  
and cut-throats, so have they, in the  
intellectual world, cast the clear  
radiance of truth into the dark places  
heretofore occupied by the dull-eyed  
demons of ignorance. If they have in-  
spired disbelief, it is that wholesome  
form of disbelief which rejects error,  
falseness and the clumsy inventions of  
superstition. They have harmed only  
those who have an interest in keeping  
human thought groping in darkness.  
They are enemies of those who save  
those who deny to man the right of inquiry  
and investigation, and independent  
opinion. Had they lived in such times  
these men would have been the deadly  
foes of Torquemada, Knox, Calvia,  
Loyola, but in this free and enlightened  
age they are Heaven's best gift to man;  
the apostles of progress and emancipa-  
tion.

We are at a loss to know which to  
admire more in this extract, its fiery  
rhetoric or its fallibility of utterance.  
But when a political paper turns  
theologian its deliverances are always  
catastrophic. It teaches "as one  
having authority." There is no ele-  
ment, or tone of doubt in the positive  
and absolute manner of statement.  
The great questions in hand are  
promptly and finally decided, with-  
out appeal to a higher tribunal. We  
will timidly submit, however, that  
the rhetoric of the above is rather  
more evident than its reason—more  
force in statement than strong in  
argument. Some of those expressions  
we have heard before as applied to  
the old fathers of orthodoxy—such as  
"ignorant zealots" and "designing  
hypocrites." But our neighbor de-  
serves credit for some invention and  
ingenuity of expression, especially  
in that electric light figure, when he  
speaks of "the dull-eyed demons of  
ignorance." Here, however, the  
rhetorical limps and mixes figures.  
Demon is derived from a word which  
means "knowing" and by the mil-  
lennian heathen writers was used inter-  
changeably with *theos*—hence any  
particular divinity. A demon, there-  
fore, can not be called "dull-eyed"  
or ignorant. But this, by the way,  
would not have been noticed but for  
its originality.

We understand from the above  
that our cotemporary espouses the  
cause of the gentlemen mentioned—  
"the apostles of progress and eman-  
cipation"—as against the orthodox  
world—"the clumsy inventions of  
superstitions." For this position and  
these rather rash utterances we can  
not but feel surprise and pain. In  
journalistic enterprise our neighbor  
richly merits every word of praise  
that has been so freely spoken. But  
its readers and patrons are not the  
disciples of those great "apostles"  
so eloquently eulogized. They are  
mostly plain, intelligent believers in  
the Christian religion—a religion of  
which these "colossal intellects" are  
"deadly foes." We doubt if one in  
five hundred of the Times-Democrat  
readers has any sympathy with such  
advanced deliverances. They have  
not as yet attained unto such "pro-  
gress and emancipation," nor have  
their "dark places" been illumined

ated by the clear radiance of these  
great "electric lights." Such doc-  
trine, therefore, is most harmful, and  
to the thinking most distasteful.  
Admitting that they inspired disbel-  
ief, our neighbor says it is a "whole-  
some form of disbelief." How disbel-  
ief in the inspired teaching and au-  
thority of the sacred Scriptures—the  
Book that lights our pathway  
through this life unto the glory of  
another—can be "wholesome," will  
not be appreciated by his readers. Is  
it "wholesome" for the pilot of a  
ship to disregard chart and compass  
and forsake the wheel on a stormy  
sea? Is it "wholesome" for the  
traveler along a difficult, dangerous  
and unknown way to dismiss a sure  
and infallible guide? If so, our co-  
temporaries may eulogize the whole-  
someness of disbelief, or unbelief.  
What a fearful responsibility to give  
unwise counsel and imperil life  
eternal!

All this talk nowadays about the  
liberty and independent opinion of  
disbelief is the merest twaddle.  
Liberty, fraternity and equality are  
words of richest meaning and sweet-  
est cadence to the Christian, but in  
atheistic lips are bitter and meaning-  
less. They are a mockery and a  
snare. Nothing is so intolerant as  
disbelief, while the broadest, truest  
liberty is guaranteed and glorified by  
evangelical Christianity. As a sci-  
entific writer the "ponderous minds,"  
so extravagantly lauded may be the  
apostles of progress, and worthy of  
all honor, but when they become  
moral and theological teachers their  
influence is dangerous and deadly.  
Then, instead of being "Heaven's  
best gift to men," they become the  
enemies of God and man. Prof.  
Tyndal, as a lecturer on "light," is a  
scientific authority, but as the au-  
thor of the "prayer-test," he is a  
blatant blasphemer. To say "they  
have harmed only those who have  
an interest in keeping human  
thought groping in darkness" is an  
assertion as illiberal as untrue. Who  
are those who have such a mission  
and "interest"? As a theological  
dogmatizer our neighbor has all the  
zeal and assurance of a fresh pros-  
elyte. Possibly when he has sat a  
little longer at the feet of those the-  
ological Gamaliels—"those colossal  
intellects" and "apostles of progress  
and emancipation"—he will become  
more modest, if not timid, in state-  
ment.

On the other side of the question  
we make a lengthy but eloquent ex-  
tract from the London Watchman.  
It is published in the land of those  
great "apostles," and presumably  
appreciates the influences of their  
"clear radiance." These forcible,  
earnest words are commended to the  
thoughtful reader. They are ex-  
cerpted from an article entitled "The  
Palladium of Liberty."

At the present day our palladium  
seems in danger from a materialist  
atheism, which is struggling to assert  
itself and achieve ascendancy among  
us. Should it ever succeed, then let  
some one of Britain's sons assume his  
lyre, if, indeed, by that time every  
spark of poetic fire shall not have been  
quenched in the Arctic night of a cold  
negative unbelief—and in strains of  
walling sing the requiem of a lost lib-  
erty. Is it in a theory which consist-  
ently scorns the very notion of free-  
dom—holding that everything, and  
everybody, is determined by neces-  
sity and expelling from the very foun-  
dation of thought the idea of free-  
dom to give us liberty? It is the consum-  
mation of all inconsistency in atheism  
to pose itself before mankind as the  
friend of human liberty. It can not be  
in this iron-hearted theory to grant us  
liberty; nor is it by looking into its  
stony face that men will become in-  
flamed with the enthusiasm of which  
liberty is born. Get men to deny their  
divine origin, and reduce themselves  
to the level of brute beasts by denying  
sin, and where is the motive for free-  
dom and suffering on their behalf to  
come from? Atheism, Robert Hall has  
well said, "is a soul as barren of great  
and sublime virtues as it is prolific in  
crime. By great and sublime virtues,"  
adds this seer, "are meant those which  
are called into action on great and try-  
ing occasions; which demand the sac-  
rifice of the dearest interests and pros-  
pects of human life, and sometimes of  
life itself." Christianity has taught us  
to apprehend the true notion of free-  
dom, and by teaching us to love our neighbor  
as ourselves, and by imparting to us the  
rule of golden light: "As ye would  
that others should do unto you, do ye  
even so unto them." Hobbes has de-  
fined the natural state of man to be one  
of warfare against his fellows. And he  
on this view, Frothingham as he was,  
justifies the exercise of despotic gov-  
ernment. Let one strong will rule and  
constrain these weaker wills to obey.  
Hobbes was right in regarding men, if  
utterly left to themselves, as at enmity  
with each other. For this is only to  
assert the selfishness which soverain man  
from God and from his fellow-man.  
The way, however, to deal with this is  
not to subject men to the despotism of  
the strong; for that is a breach of the  
golden rule, which is the central prin-  
ciple of all social morality, but rather  
by the music of the gospel to charm  
back to God the heart which has ceased  
to love man because it has ceased to  
love God. Christianity prescribes no  
form of political government, nor by  
volging immediately against despotism  
and tyranny, neither does it deal in  
eloquent invocations of liberty. It does,  
however, what is far more in the per-  
manent interests of freedom—for it  
creates, by the genius and spirit of its  
teaching, an atmosphere of public  
opinion in which nothing but free in-  
stitutions can be maintained. Thus  
with the noiselessness of spreading  
light, or heaven, it brings about its pur-  
poses in a way all its own, and here it  
finds the hiding of its power. When men  
have learned to recognize each other as  
the "offspring" of God, they will look  
upon each other as "brethren" entitled

to equal rights and privileges. And  
when they know that the Son of God is  
come to "make us free indeed," they  
will yearn to confer on all men an all-  
embracing liberty. On what view of  
atheism can mankind be regarded as  
brutal? The offspring of chance,  
they must be isolated units, mutually  
repellent, as described by Hobbes. The  
principle of attachment which "makes  
the whole world kin" is lost. And the  
destructive maxim, "Every one for  
himself," becomes wise and right. Lit-  
tle reason, then, have atheists to write  
on their banners: "Liberty, fraternity,  
equality."

## The Sunday-Schools of Irish Methodism.

The Irish Christian Advocate pub-  
lishes a summary of Sunday-school  
statistics gathered from the report of  
the Methodist Sunday-School Com-  
mittee for Ireland, which may be  
studied by workers on this side the  
sea. The report is a very elaborate  
one, giving information of a variety  
of subjects. Usually such statistics  
only embrace the number of schol-  
ars, officers and teachers, and period-  
icals used. This gives a detailed  
history of this great department of  
Christian service which will enable  
the reader to intelligently consider  
its worth and efficiency as a spiritual  
agency. The number of scholars is  
24,709, an increase over the previous  
year of 267. The church mem-  
bership in 1881, we notice, was 24,237;  
so the numerical strength of the  
Sunday-school is greater than the  
church. This is a gratifying state-  
ment. Now, if we add to the schol-  
ars the 2,780 officers and teachers,  
the excess becomes a study.

One most noticeable fact in the  
article is that the teachers can report  
so fully and accurately as to the  
church attendance of their pupils.  
The absenteeism of Sunday-school  
scholars from public worship has be-  
come alarming, and excites wide dis-  
cussion and varied opinion. Some  
almost doubt the permanent effi-  
ciency of the organization as it in-  
terrupts the legitimate functions of  
the pulpit. From the above report  
we gather the following: "Eleven  
thousand, four hundred and twenty-  
one of the children on the roll-book  
(24,709) attend public worship in the  
Methodist Church; five thousand,  
seven hundred and ninety-two go to  
other churches; two thousand, one  
hundred and eighty-one go nowhere,  
and five thousand, four hundred and  
fifteen are unaccounted for." We  
doubt if any schools among us can  
make such an exhibit. Not half of  
our pupils are seen in the family  
pew at public service. The temper-  
ance work of the Sunday-school is  
also given in detail, and the number  
of conversions during the year. This  
paragraph we reproduce as written:  
"There are one thousand, seven  
hundred and ninety-two children being  
trained in the doctrines of the Methodist  
catechism than there were three  
years ago. This is a sign of the  
times which every lover of our Zion  
will hail with delight. There is no  
human substitute for the catechism." We  
judge, therefore, that those  
schools are Methodist in doctrine,  
discipline and organization. And  
here we unite our plea for the cate-  
chism that teaches what we believe  
and why we believe it. For the ad-  
vanced classes in our schools no bet-  
ter book can be studied, in connection  
with the international lesson, than  
McLure's Catechism of Church  
Government.

## Revival Needed.

Bishop Pierce's clarion call for a  
revival has been heard all over  
Southern Methodism. He has struck  
the keynote that will chime through  
our land and grow into the loud  
hosannas of victory. We verily be-  
lieve that the venerable senior Bishop  
has voted the hope and faith of the  
church. Many were becoming  
alarmed at our widespread indiffer-  
ence and lethargy, and were praying  
for a general awakening. Such a  
spiritual state is most perilous, and  
may well excite grave apprehension.  
There is force in the old Russian  
proverb, which says: "The devil  
lies hidden where the water is still-  
est." We must be active to be mus-  
cular. Spiritual muscle and fibre  
will become soft and weak unless  
constantly and wisely exercised.  
Born of a revival, raised up to pro-  
mote a spiritual religion, furnished  
with revival methods and agencies,  
when we cease to be revivalists we  
begin to die. We have no proscrip-  
tive dogma around which to rally  
our prejudices, no ancient history  
and traditions to excite veneration,  
no elaborate ritual to develop a mere  
aesthetic piety. Ours is a witnessing  
church—called into being to preach  
a Holy Ghost religion. In seconding  
the earnest appeal of our senior  
Bishop, we reproduce the following  
pertinent paragraphs from the Wes-  
leyan Christian Advocate, written  
by Rev. G. W. Horn:

More than elections, legislation,  
colleges, graduations, endowments,  
new books and all, we need a revival.  
All these are subaltern and subser-  
vient only to the Spirit's work. "The  
times of refreshing" must come like  
the vernal sun and showers, insens-  
ibly, yet universally and unimped-

tently breaking winter's grasp and  
inspiring new life. "Come from the  
four winds, O! Breathe, and breathe  
upon these slain, that they may  
live." In our zeal for church build-  
ing and college endowments, and so  
on, we must not forget the Holy  
Ghost. Without him we can do  
nothing. He is the preacher's power  
and the hearer's life.

More than logic and eloquence,  
more than "apologies" and "re-  
plies" and "defenses," more than  
lectures and debates, we want the  
testimony of witnesses. All honor to  
Cook and Fisher and Black and  
Browne and Deems, and the host of  
writers and lecturers who meet in-  
fidelity with such unanswerable logic,  
but God give us more "witnesses"  
of the healing power of grace. When  
our people come into a higher expe-  
rience, and can face the world with a  
glad profession of knowledge and as-  
surance of life and light, then the  
enemy will be silenced.

## From Faith to Faith—No. 2.

The spirit of Elijah fell with his  
mantle upon Elisha. It is but a poor  
inheritance to fall heir to the old  
clothes of our predecessors if the  
lofty aims and immortal aspirations  
descend not to draw us onward.  
Poorer than all poverty is that  
church which owns only the temples,  
tombstones and history of great men.  
Every eulogy pronounced be-  
comes set to the music of the dirge,  
and every effort to imitate their deeds  
is as the strutting of the five-year-old  
in his father's boots and overcoat.  
Each generation of preachers is the  
natural heir to the spirit of that  
which went before; and Elisha was  
less culpable in the sale of his birth-  
right than that generation of preach-  
ers that thinks lightly of those who  
went before. But to honor is not to  
speak in loud praises and build  
monuments, but to catch and perpet-  
uate the spirit. The blessing of the  
dying was eagerly sought, but in no  
ease did its influence affect the re-  
ceiver unless there came an impres-  
sion upon the character. Esau was  
the heir of Isaac's immense estates of  
flocks and herds, but the wealth of  
Jacob consisted in the faith trans-  
mitted from Abraham and Isaac to  
him. The beauty of its illustration  
in life is matchless. Almost instinc-  
tively we feel ourselves mounting the  
ladder; or, catching the spirit of the  
Wrestler at Peniel, we seem to extort  
from a reluctant heaven favors which  
angels dared not ask.

Much is now said of the abatement  
of the hardships, trials and persecu-  
tions incident to Christian and min-  
isterial life. This is true, in large  
measure; to the good which the hero-  
ism of the past has accomplished.  
Much of it also is due to the fact that  
some of us do not go out into the  
byways and hedges. The "pastoral"  
spirit seems now to be more engaged  
than the evangelical spirit. Much  
work is done in a way that now and  
then brings in new recruits by what  
we call periodic revival services. We  
hold meetings, and by offering con-  
siderable inducements of one kind  
or another in the way of a "high-  
order of preaching" or singularity of  
method, we have large accessions.  
Some use the plan of taking recruits  
every Sunday. These methods, I  
say, are not to be condemned; but  
there are those for whom Christ died  
that will never be saved unless some-  
thing more be done. "The regions  
beyond" are not China or Africa  
now so much as such places as Five  
Points and the dens into which the  
Christian light of a Christian land is  
not allowed to fall. By treaty and  
imperial edict Christianity is allowed  
to enter and enjoy rights ensured by  
law in the Chinese capital. But as  
yet no treaty has been signed, no  
truce proclaimed, and no door opened  
for the entrance of the gospel in these  
worse than heathen empires under  
the shadow of our proudest temples.  
By all means let us save China and  
Africa; but is there no call to all our  
thousands of preachers to whom the  
Spirit has expressly indicated the  
work of redeeming these plague spots  
upon our civilization? Let those  
who feel called to go to China go.  
Let them go whether the church has  
awakened from its lethargy suffi-  
ciently to furnish them with the  
money or not. Called, they should  
not confer with flesh or blood, but  
go; and, if they lack, then draw upon  
the Spirit that called. But such  
shall not lack. But here is a field  
white unto the harvest near at hand.  
We have hundreds of supernumerary  
preachers, hundreds who are feeling  
starveling churches out of their  
musty cupboards, praying dolefully  
"Lord, revive thy work!" when it  
should be "Lord, revive thy work-  
ers!"

There is a plea which I myself  
have used to quiet the restlessness of  
conscience upon this point, viz.:  
"They live in the midst of the blaze  
of gospel day, and if lost it is their  
own fault." But a homely thought  
illustrated the holiness of the  
sophism. I have a spot in my garden  
which three years ago was nothing  
but a clay bank. I hired a colored  
man to spade it up. Said he: "It's  
no use; that ground won't sprout  
peas." "Never mind," said I, "you

are paid for that work just as much  
as if the land was the richest in the  
world." Last year I grew corn upon  
that clay bank at the rate of forty  
bushels to the acre, and cut an after-  
math of hay at the rate of a ton and  
a half. Everywhere in our spiritual  
vineyard are "galled spots." It is  
not for me to inquire how they came  
there. Perhaps it was the bad method  
of cultivation; perhaps it is a "way-  
side wash." But the business of the  
preacher is to redeem it by all means  
if possible. John Wesley sailed to  
America to convert the Indian; then  
he went back to convert England.  
The redemptive wave has touched all  
lands. Now missionaries return, and  
they tell us of grand progress and of  
greater responsibilities. But the  
supplies fail. The field in cultiva-  
tion yields meager returns and the  
hedgerows are encroaching. What  
is Christianity to do? Emigrate to  
China? Impossible. Then it must  
strike its roots deeper in American  
and European soil. It must spread  
wider. How is the message of salva-  
tion to reach the home of the Magda-  
lene? It has found a way to the  
Zenana. Shall it not come to one  
more wretched and helpless? How  
is the light to break upon the gam-  
bler's den or the lair of the burglar?  
It has gone to the bushman and the  
cowherds of Missa, but how are the  
hoodlums and Arabs of our cities to  
be called back to Christ? O! super-  
numeraries. Has the term of your  
call expired? Has the limit of its  
field been reached? Have you all the  
sheaves you can lug to heaven's  
gate? Go again to the oracle. Some-  
where there is a work for you. I am  
sure the Holy Spirit never called you  
to be supernumerary! One too many  
preachers! Alas! my brother. The  
devil has never yet put a sinner on  
the supernumerary roll, and the an-  
gel of entry upon the book of life has  
not yet written "supernumerary"  
opposite any one of all the blood-  
washed.

In this field I can promise you  
hardships and insults enough to  
satisfy any one aspiring to the mar-  
tyr's crown. I can promise you that  
the papers will not give you a sweet-  
ened-water notice in their columns of  
personals. I can promise you that  
brickbats will go into your contribu-  
tion box as often as money. I promise  
you that many and many a time  
the only steady thought will be,  
"I believe in God and eternity." This  
will sometimes bear down upon you  
with the force of a Corias en-  
glue; sometimes it will give you the  
power Elijah had when he called fire  
from heaven. I can promise you  
triumphs. You shall not die unseen  
nor unsuccessful. Roses will bloom  
in the desert where you toiled.  
Angels will minister where mortal  
hands are too rough to touch the  
linen cords of a grander nature than  
hori of the earth. Your very suffer-  
ings shall open a way to hearts that  
are sealed to eloquence or social  
prestige. Your times of greatest per-  
plexity shall be luminous of heavenly  
benedictions. Your very weak-  
ness, feeling upward after help  
Divine, shall touch the pole of a bat-  
tery charged with power to shake a  
world, and your weary mortality  
shall hardly have laid itself in the  
Fountain of Immortal life ere

Arise and stand  
Shall spring a plenteous seed of witnesses to us  
T. A. S. A.

## Easter.

A correspondent wishes to know  
through the columns of the Advoca-  
te about the origin of Easter and  
its celebration. The word Easter is  
of Anglo-Saxon origin. It is said to  
be derived from *Eostre* or *Ostara*, the  
Anglo-Saxon goddess of spring, to  
whom the fourth month, answering  
to our April—thence called *Eostre-  
monath*—was dedicated. There is no  
trace of the celebration of Easter as a  
Christian festival in the New Testa-  
ment or in the writings of the apos-  
tolic fathers. The Paschal festival  
was adopted as a rule at a very early  
period, but a difference as to its time  
sprang up and provoked a bitter and  
long-continued controversy. The  
rule at last adopted for computing  
the time is as follows: Easter day is  
the first Sunday after the fourteenth  
day of the calendar moon, which  
happens on or next after March 21.  
As commemorating the central fact  
of our religion, Easter was always  
considered the chief of days.

## Louisiana Board of Church Extension.

PUBLIC MEETINGS TO BE HELD AT THE  
DISTRICT CONFERENCES.

The Board of Church Extension,  
at their meeting in Mandeville, La.,  
adopted the following resolution:

"Resolved, That the Executive  
Committee be requested to make ar-  
rangements for public meetings  
throughout the Conference during  
the year, and publish the same."

In accordance with this resolution,  
the following brethren in the six dis-  
tricts are hereby appointed to arrange  
for and to hold a public church ex-  
tension meeting during the session



of their District Conferences. Let a big collection be taken and sent to Maj. John J. Stockwell, Treasurer, Shreveport, La.

**Committee for New Orleans District:** J. B. Walker, D. D., Patrick Galt, F. G. Hocutt and Prof. A. H. N. Magruder.

**Committee for Shreveport District:** B. F. Alexander, John Pipes, John B. Cassity and Maj. J. J. Stockwell.

**Committee for Opelousas District:** Christian Keener, Baxter Clegg, Thomas J. Hough and J. Schreiner, M. D.

**Committee for Homer District:** A. A. Cornett, James A. Parker, J. W. Medlock and R. B. Howell.

**Committee for Alexandria District:** N. A. Farnell, A. T. Galloway, J. D. Harper and John B. Pickles.

**Committee for Delhi District:** Robert Randle, Alfred E. Clay, John T. Sawyer and F. E. Bowman.

**JOHN T. SAWYER, Pres.**  
**THOMAS J. HOUGH, Sec'y.**  
**JOHN J. STOCKWELL, Treas.**  
**Ex-Com. B'd Church Extension.**  
MARCH 15, 1883.

There are 147 Protestant churches in Baltimore.

Our letter from Mexico on the first page has unusual interest. Read it.

A new church at Phoenix, Arizona, will soon be ready for dedication by Bishop Hargrove.

Dr. Lea Rosser is in Denver and actively engaged in evangelistic work. The meeting promises large results.

The Southwestern University, at Georgetown, Texas, is prospering. The attendance is the largest in its history.

The Wofford College endowment is being pushed vigorously in South Carolina. The first fruits taken are abundant.

The Rev. Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage, of Brooklyn, is in the city till the lecture engagements at the Grand Opera House on Canal Street.

Mr. George W. Cable, of this city, is now in Baltimore delivering series of lectures before Johns Hopkins University on literature.

Bishop Quinn, of the Roman Catholic diocese of Mobile, died in this city on Friday morning last at St. Theresa's pastoral residence.

At Trinidad, in the far West, we have a growing congregation. There have been a number of conversions and fifteen additions since Conference.

Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage came all the way from his Brooklyn home to attend the funeral of Gov. Alexander H. Stephens, to whom he was warmly attached.

On the seventh of February the Chinese Sunday School, connected with our church in Denver, celebrated the Chinese New Year most delightfully. The school is quite prosperous.

We call attention to the character of the Minor's Mutual Life Insurance and Tontine Association, published on our eighth page. It fully explains itself, is in the hands of some of the best men in this city, and will doubtless have a successful history. If you feel of a child grown to manhood or womanhood would have a big sign with which to begin life.

Rev. David Morton, our laborious church extension secretary, has spoken enthusiastically of his visit to the Louisiana Conference. Louisiana led the connection in church extension liberally. In closing up account of his visit to Mansfield, he says: "The largest collection of the twenty thus far taken." We join the secretary in saying, "Blessed be the Louisiana!"

The "Centennial," a boat running in the New Orleans and St. Louis trade, is a temperance craft. A gentleman told us that he rode hundred miles or so on her recently, became very "dry" and wanted "to get something," but not a drop was to be had. And for that intelligence, we hereby give the Centennial a free advertisement. We recommend her for sobriety and safety.

The new liquor law in Russia seems to be a rather stringent and repressive measure. There is to be only one liquor shop in a village, and where two or three villages are almost contiguous, one must suffice for all. The keeper of this place is appointed and paid by the town council and must be a native. He must also sell food. One den to a town would cause many old toppers to go "dry." Anything to repress the ruin.

It is as gratifying as noticeable, the number of gracious revivals in the Methodist Churches of the larger towns and cities of the North. The following notes will inspire hope and faith among us: Dr. J. O. Peck, at Hanson Place, Brooklyn, received recently eighty members. One hundred have been converted. Two other churches are enjoying times of refreshing. At Hampden, near Baltimore, 216 have professed conver-

sions; at Scranton, Pa., 56; Ogdensburg, N. Y., 50; Oswego, N. Y., 113; Washington Street, Baltimore, 20, etc.

Business Manager Palmer proposes that if 150 members of the South Carolina Conference will order one dozen copies each of Dr. Shipp's Methodism in South Carolina and pay for them in thirty days, at the regular price, \$2, less a discount of twenty-five per cent, the Publishing House will immediately pay to the Conference Fund \$300 cash. Quite a liberal proposition, and all South Carolina Methodism is at work. It will secure the circulation of a most valuable book.

We are indebted to Dr. Potter, editor of the Wesleyan Christian Advocate, for a copy of his timely tractate, "Help the Revival." It comprises the article, "Revival Needed," by Bishop Pierce, and "Going on to Perfection," by Dr. A. A. Lipscomb, written by special request for the columns of the Wesleyan. It is sold at five cents a copy, or twenty-five copies to one address, seventy-five cents; fifty copies, \$1.25; one hundred copies, \$2.00.

We would urge its circulation in every pastoral charge of Southern Methodism. It will kindle the revival spirit and bring the church to prayer and work.

Our churches in the city are all doing well. At Louisiana Avenue a gracious meeting is in progress. Pastor Covey is singing the song of the harvest already. At St. Charles, special services are held this week under the direction of a successful evangelist, Maj. J. H. Cole. Bro. Carradine has the hearts of his people and they are fully ready for aggressive work. The social meetings at Carondelet are phenomenal. Bro. Hill has on Wednesday night prayer meetings sometimes four hundred souls. All the churches are growing in interest. There are conversions and accessions every week. Algiers is moving upward and the brethren at Felicite and Moreau are much encouraged.

Rev. J. S. Calhoun.

The following appreciative tribute to our dear brother, whose untimely death was recently noticed in our columns, we find in the Baptist Record, written by Rev. H. D. White, few purer truer men ever adorned the rolls of any Conference than John Stuart Calhoun. His piety was transparent; his zeal abounding, and his clarity of speech and spirit most beautiful.

Last Monday, the twelfth instant, I was called on to conduct the funeral services of Rev. J. S. Calhoun, pastor of the Methodist Church in this place. Bro. Calhoun was much loved, not only by his own church and people, but by all his brethren of other denominations, and all the people in this vicinity. All hearts are made to feel sad. Bro. Calhoun had not been well for months, but was able to attend his churches. On last Friday night he was stricken down with meningitis, and was in a state of unconsciousness until early Monday morning, when death closed his dear work. Bro. Calhoun was thirty years and eleven days old. He has left in the hands of God a Christian wife and three little children. God will regard the widow's tears and the orphan's cries. My heart is full, and I can not, while I write, refrain from tears, for I had learned to love that good man.

Books and Periodicals.

**THE ELVEN LIBRARY.** John B. Allen, publisher, 14 Vesey street, New York.

This is a semi-weekly magazine, produced on an entirely new plan. Each number contains one or more valuable, standard volumes condensed, and is a marvel of cheapness. Think of getting the life of Sir Isaac Newton, for two cents; Washington Irving, two cents; the Pilgrims Progress, ten cents, etc. There is a literary gem in each number. A year's subscription is \$2. There will be 101 numbers, containing not less than 202 pages. We heartily commend this publication. The number for February is entitled "A Half Hour in Natural History," by Dr. S. H. Peabody, all for three cents.

**THE PANSY.** H. Lathrop & Co., Boston.

This periodical for the little folks is edited by Mrs. G. R. Alden (Pansy), who has a world-wide reputation as a writer. There is a weekly, semi-monthly and monthly publication. It is fully illustrated and brimful of the choicest stories and lessons for children. We have received by mail the numbers for January, February and March, and hereby return thanks. Weekly, 75 cents; semi-weekly, 10 cents; monthly, 25 cents.

The North American Review, for March, opens with a strong article on "Money in Elections." The politicians would do well to read, mark and inwardly digest. "Subjugation of the Mississippi," is an able discussion of a subject now prominent in our great valley. The article on "Gladstone" is in the brilliant style of Mr. Monro D. Conway. Other subjects in this number are, "Railway Influence in the Land Office," "Pyramid of Cheops," "Protective Taxes and Wages," "Educational Schools," etc. Published at 39 Lafayette Place, New York.

Southern Historical Papers, February and March, Richmond, Va. Rev. J. William Jones, Jr. D. D. The numbers for February and March are published together. They furnish most interesting reading to all participants in the late war. Those papers will be worth much to the historian of the future. Dr. Jones is a man of large culture and a beautiful writer.

Our Little Ones and the Nursery, for March, is on hand, as bright and breezy as a spring morning. This occupies a good place in children's literature—adapted to the little ones who have not attained into St. Nicholas and Wide Awake. Russell Publishing Company, 36 Bromfield, Boston, \$1.50 a year.

The Siderat Messenger, for March, is out in good time. This monthly grows in interest. Our scientific friends will find it valuable by presenting astronomical studies. The latest and freshest discoveries are here recorded. It is published at Northfield, Minn.

We are indebted to Mrs. Carolina P. Russell, corresponding secretary of the Woman's National Christian Temperance Union, for the Minutes of the ninth annual meeting held in Louisville, Ky., October 23-28, 1882. It contains all the interesting reports and addresses made on the occasion.

Journal of Education, New Orleans, La., for March, has an attractive table of contents. We take pleasure in saying that this monthly is edited with marked ability.

Brethren who desire to communicate with me on revival or Sunday-school work will bear in mind my address is Beauregard, Copiah county, Miss. I am now in Port Gibson, Miss., and will be here perhaps two weeks or more yet.

W. W. HOPPER.

**SEND \$1 BILLS.**—We wish our patrons to bear in mind that in payment for subscriptions we do not desire postage stamps, and that they should be sent only for fractional parts of a dollar. A dollar bill is much more convenient and safe to remit than the same amount in one, two or three cents stamps. The actual risk of remitting money is slight, if properly directed not one misarrangement will occur in one thousand. Enclose the bills, and, where letters containing money, are sealed in presence of the postmaster, we will assume all the risk.

Attractive Premiums.

A premium of a first-class organ, suitable for churches, or Sunday-schools, is offered by the publishers, for the largest number of cash subscribers to the ADVOCATE secured by May the first, 1883. The cash price of the organ is \$125, of the 4th-class manufacture. It has great sweetness and fullness of tone, and is admirably adapted to country churches and Sabbath-schools. The instrument is fully guaranteed. Those proposing to work for the premium will so state it as they send in their subscriptions.

CARVER & LAMSON, Publishers.

\$470 in Premiums.

To enable our friends and agents to replenish their libraries, as well as to stimulate their zeal in working for our paper, we make the following offer of premiums in money, the offer, to continue good until November, 1883: For 10 new subscribers, cash, \$2.50; for 20, \$5.00; for 25, \$10.00; for 30, \$25.00; for 100, \$50.00; for 200, \$100.00; for 250, \$125.00; for 300, \$150.00; total, \$470.

PUBLISHERS.

Publisher's Department.

We shall do our best to exclude fraudulent advertisements of every description from the ADVOCATE, and trust our friends, in ordering goods from the leading merchants of New Orleans and elsewhere, as represented in our columns, will mention having seen the advertisement in the ADVOCATE. We will also take pleasure in attending personally to any commissions for our friends in the country with which we may be favored, while endeavoring our advertisers to be worthy of their patronage.

A young lady who did not admire the custom of young men writing to her, and then crossing writing to the editor, said she would pay for her epistle "without an overask."

All that can be supplied towards making the natural hair beautiful and abundant, is contained in Ayer's Hair Vigor. It keeps the scalp free from dandruff, prevents the hair from becoming dry, and keeps it healthy and glossy. It stimulates the roots to healthy action, and produces a healthy, vigorous growth.

Men are frequently like tea—the root strength and goodness are not properly shown until they have been in hot water.

GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP for diseases of the skin.

A bright little girl, who had successfully spelled the word "that," was asked by her teacher what would remain after the "t" had been taken away. "The dirty cups and saucers," was the prompt reply.

What gives a healthy appetite, an increased digestion, strength to the muscles, and tone to the nerves? Brown's Iron Bitters.

Father (who is always trying to teach his son how to act while at the table): "Well, John, you see that when I have finished eating I always leave the table." John: "Yes, sir; and that is all you do leave."

COLDEN'S LIQUID BEEF TONIC is best calculated to cure indigestion, and to perpetuate bodily vigor and regularity. Take no other of drugs.

Guest at a restaurant to a waiter, having a complaint to make: "Say, waiter, where is the proprietor?" Waiter, with a fond and pitying smile: "Do you think he dines here?" The boss knows too much for that.

Monday, March, Sept. 25, 1875. "Stags" have been taking Hop Bitters for indigestion of kidneys and bladder. I have done for me what four doctors failed to do. The effect of Hop Bitters seemed like magic to me.

W. L. CARTER.

A California paper says the Japanese will win universal respect by a sort of heathenish habit they have of rubbing their own heads.

We have a few more copies of the Mississippi Minutes left. Please send three cents in stamps.

MISCELLANEOUS.

**ATLAS ENGINE WORKS**  
INDIANAPOLIS, IND., U. S. A.  
MANUFACTURERS OF  
**STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS.**  
CARRY ENGINES AND BOILERS IN STOCK FOR IMMEDIATE DELIVERY.



Jones thinks a man is fortunate who has his will contested after death only. He says his will has been contested ever since he was married.

For consumption use HALE'S HONEY OF HYPOPHOSPHITE AND TAR. FIKES' TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in age minute.

A music seller announces in his window a sentimental song: "Thou Hast Loved and Left Me" for ten cents.

To those of our subscribers, not contented to a money order office, we would say, Please inform us by postal card whether to continue the ADVOCATE or not.

A great many people's morally responsible position at the corner of country roads. They point in the right direction, but they don't change an inch themselves.

**CONSUMPTION CURED.**—An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noves, 149 Duane's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

"I want five cents' worth of starch," said a little girl to a grocer's clerk. The clerk asked: "What do you want the starch for?" "To wash my face with," she answered. "Why, for five cents' worth?" she answered. And the clerk continued to attend to his own business.

The club rates of the NEW ORLEANS and Nashville Christian Advocate are three dollars, and fifty cents. We are continually receiving orders at three dollars, which is incorrect. Remember the rates \$3.50.

A familiar instance of color-blindness is that of a man taking a brown silk umbrella and leaving a green blanket in its place.

Southwestern Co-operative Association, No. 30 Carondelet Street. This commission house, has been in business for six years. Its prices are constantly increasing, and the business has been conducted with general satisfaction. All consignments of cotton, and all products of the soil, will have faithful attention. All orders filled with promptness and care. This is J. Carver, Manager.

"Swans sing before they die." They have to, if they sing at all.

An eight step ethical organ free—look and see. Bridget being told to put a little butter into the rice pudding picked out the small of one in the box and threw it in.

We would again call the attention of subscribers and agents, to making remittances payable to the NEW ORLEANS CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE please keep this in remembrance.

Some one who believes that "bravery is the soul of a warrior," found out state's lawyers. They'll win.

Notice to subscribers who order their addresses changed. Please give full address of last residence, otherwise change cannot be made.

Cleomargarite is sold by the grocer who delays you it is just from the cow. And so it is, but the cow is dead.

Mr. P. Werlein, 135 Canal and 18 Bourbon streets, New Orleans, has cheap pianos, fully guaranteed, a Chickering \$250, a Steinway \$300, a Mathushek \$200; a Hale \$175; a 7 stop organ \$60. Address, Mr. P. Werlein, New Orleans.

A felon on the land is worse than a felon in the penitentiary.

**Forty Years' Experience of an Old Nurse.**—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is the prescription of one of the best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and has been used for forty years with never failing success by millions of mothers for their children. It relieves the child from pain, cures dysentery and diarrhoea, griping in the bowels, and wind-colic. Its strong health to the child costs the mother. Price twenty-five cents a bottle.

James: "I see Smith has taken to using a typewriter. What on earth is he doing that for?" Edith: "Oh, a very simple reason—to prevent Mr. Smith from going with him."

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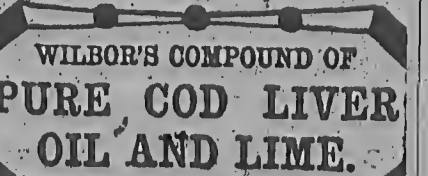
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tion from germs of slower development, however, that the greatest damage is done. The one most fully illustrated by Kowr is the due more deaths to any other known cause. According to the researches of CUTTIE, and DEJUNKIE over eight million people die every year from this alone. The annual deaths in China, England, Germany, and Russia from their infection are estimated at 100 million. In the United States and Canada over three hundred thousands persons perished in the last year from the *bacillus* alone. The most common disease resulting from it is pneumonia of the lungs, but other parts of the body are liable to be affected as they develop slowly but surely in organs that may be but weak or inactive. The state of the lungs, liver, and bowels have to a wonderful extent the power of expelling these

progress in the healing art, affluents from the liver complaining, and the system to be consumed, the profits, and other affected symptoms, the results of blood poisoning from the ravages of the deadly miasms or disease germs so briefly referred to, find in this remedy powerful and a permanent cure. That it and increasing demand for this glorious and priceless remedy for so very apparently different, but really varied, ailments, led to its preparation in pure and convenient form under the name of "Liver Solvent and Blood Purifier," is a noteworthy medical discovery. It can be obtained in the world over at drug and general stores, and full directions for its use are found in the pamphlet that accompanies each bottle. It exerts the most wonderful stimulating and invigorating influence on the liver, that great gland of the human system, and has been not happily termed the "housekeeper of our health." It suggests the idea of the liver and other excretory organs of the system, all poisonous germs are rendered inactive and gradually expelled from the system with other impurities. In some cases, where there are unhealthy discharges, as from the bile in cases of either acute or

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## BRIGHT EASTER SKIES.

BY THE BISHOP OF QUEBEC.

Bright Easter skies,  
Fair Easter skies,  
Our Lord is risen,  
We cannot die.  
Nor walls of stone, nor firm and cold,  
Nor Roman soldiers, brave and bold,  
Nor Satan's marshalled hosts could keep  
The pierced hands in deathly sleep.  
Just as the Easter day dawns dawn,  
Our buried Lord is risen and gone.  
Loud Easter bells,  
High Easter bells,  
A ransomed world,  
Your shouting tells,  
Let hills and rocks your gladness greet,  
Behold the stone and broken seat.  
Angels in white robes bring a bright way  
The useless crosses and the dead clay.  
Then all scenes at head and feet,  
The earliest saints with joy to greet.  
Green Easter fields,  
Fair Easter fields,  
Death conquered yields  
In a burthened side the seed we sow,  
Heaven the cross the wheat shall grow  
On Easter day death's reign shall end,  
And golden sheaves shall heavenward bend,  
That the dead risen, by whose death light  
Angels shall reap the harvest white.  
Sweet Easter flowers,  
White Easter flowers,  
From heaven descend  
Life giving showers,  
Each plant that blossoms at Eden's birth,  
Shall show again o'er ransomed earth,  
That the way now and roses sweet,  
And show the path of Jesus' feet.  
Thou fragrant palm, to fore our King,  
And wreath the crown the saved shall bring.  
O Christian child,  
O Christian man,  
Our voice Lord  
Shall come again,  
Waken us, our hearts to his command,  
Lead us on love to his hand,  
With warmest love, to Easter skies,  
Strive we, our sins and our eyes,  
To the dawn of his sign we see,  
And quick and dead shall praise him—Amen.  
Easter Chorus.

## The Return from Colima, Mexico.

I have already given an account of my trip from Guadalajara to Colima, and some items about Protestant work and Catholic fanaticism in that part of Mexico. Having inaugurated measures for reopening and maintaining permanently, I hope, our public services in the city of Colima, as a center for our missionary operations on the Pacific coast, I left Bro. Aguilar, our principal pioneer, in charge, and turned my face to the east and my steps homeward.  
My guide had prepared for us to start at four o'clock in the morning. At this early hour the air was quite pleasant, and our ponies moved briskly, especially by the help of our great Mexican spurs. The people already thronged the streets, pressing in to their morning masses in the Catholic Churches; and, upon my way, I saw three thousand crowding game cocks and a thousand faithful watchers regaled us in our exit, as if by a special effort, with the well-known music of their spheres. By the presence of so many chickens, constituting a part of every household, I was reminded of our arrival at Tampico, coming to Mexico five years ago, when the natives brought on board a great number of chickens. Bishop Keener called attention to the fact that we had not yet passed the limits of our parish.  
As we passed out from the city, there stretched away on either side vast fields of sugar cane, interspersed with luxuriant groves of the *Acacia galeata*, where waved the broad banana leaf in the morning breeze, and the long trim coconut trees swayed to and fro in the air. The sunlight revealed the outlines of the majestic volcano of Colima in the distance, around whose extended base, for two days, we were to wind our way. And as daylight broke, upon us, and even before we were reminded that it was a "feast-day," as are so many days in Mexico. At any time one is constantly meeting and passing drives of loaded Indians, mules and donkeys; but,

being feast-day, we met immense numbers of Indians—men, women and children—en route for the city, to spend the day in worshipping and carousing, and to turn into the Catholic Church treasury the *cuartillos* (three cents) and *luceros* (one and a half cents) gained from the fruit and grain carried with them. Some of the women were quite fair and handsome—all dressed in "flashy" colors—trudging on foot generally. The men were stout and fierce-looking enough. Each one on horseback had his pistol and sword, and every footman carried in his hand a naked bowie knife from twelve to twenty inches long. On and on we pressed our way, leaving behind us the hills and valleys and barancas I have already described, and distributing in the towns our evangelical publications as we passed, hoping and praying that much fruit might be gathered from them in the future.

Reaching Zapotlan I found there was not to be had a seat in the diligence, nor on top with the driver, nor even on the roof of the old vehicle. The agent told me there were already registered six passengers for the roof. The seats, by the diligence two days later were already taken. Therefore, as it was not safe to remain long in that fanatical town, and, although very tired from horseback riding, I had to continue my journey in the same manner for two and a half days longer and a part of two nights. But new guides and new horses had to be obtained. The guides pretended to be afraid to pass over the road unless in company with the diligences to get the protection of government guards. The diligence had now gone; besides it would not be possible to keep up pace with it. But an arrangement was made to go in company with seven men going to Guadalajara to escort, from that city, some rich gentlemen to Zapotlan. I soon noticed that most of these men were wild and reckless, and it would be well to watch them; which I did.

On the third day from Zapotlan, at three o'clock in the morning, we left the town of Santa Anna, having added to our company two ladies and one gentleman. We all had a feeling of uneasiness, as we had to pass through a section of country dreaded by all travelers. As we rode out of the town and began to climb the mountain-side, the moon went down, which added nothing to the pleasure of our ride. The road was rough and rocky and hedged in by a growth of low scrubby trees, ready-made for the traveling public were to the move. Drives of packed mules and footmen were passed, and, occasionally, the high boys and mugged cover of art loomed up before us. But the way soon became quiet and lonely. We rode two abreast, and the leader dashed back and forth along the line to be sure that all were in place and fully awake. Conversation passed in almost a whisper, with the ladies, sighed and called upon the name of Santa Maria as they caught the words of the men: "Certain ones were robbed here; others were killed there," etc. It was certainly a solemn procession; and one not soon to be forgotten. The bright stars gleamed quietly upon us from above, the beautiful Southern cross hung in its place, and the comet swept through the sky in its brilliancy, but below the tops of the trees or could discern but little. I thought my dark shawl and dark horse gave me some advantage; but my hat was white, just like the one that had been cut through on my head on a former occasion. No one knew where the safe position was, nor how an attack might be made upon us. Thus we journeyed, waiting for the rising of the morning star and waiting for the coming of daylight, but expecting sooner the coming of the bandits.

In one of these moments of expectancy, in the midst of the denser darkness that seems to precede the coming of daylight, and when we had become weary from the ride of several leagues, we were startled at the sudden appearance of a body of men in the road before us. In an instant a charge was ordered by our leader, for he already had his revolver in his hand. The women sighed louder than the men and called upon the name of Santa Maria again and again. "Now we have it," said to myself, as the armed guides rushed upon the approaching party. But we were all quickly relieved and felt thankful to find that the charge had been made upon an innocent party of travelers like ourselves. For a wonder no shots were exchanged, and we continued on our way without meeting any robbers, reaching Guadalajara in safety about noon, but very tired and badly sunburned. I felt that again I had been preserved by a kind Providence, for many had fallen in that road. I had no luggage, not have I ever carried any in Mexico. That question was settled for me in Texas, just after the war, while traveling in the Bible agency. Being homeless then, and having an arrangement with Bro. Marvlin (afterward Bishop) to publish a paper in Marshall, where he was stationed, I was often at his house. On one occasion I mentioned the unsettled condition of society and a few robberies that had taken place, and asked him if I had not better provide

myself with some kind of firearms for protection, especially as I often traveled by night during the warm season. In his own peculiar and impressive manner, in a low, slow voice, looking at me, he replied: "I don't think I would take the matter out of the Lord's hands." Neither have I done so till this day. Nor have stones nor swords nor shots seriously harmed me while doing my Master's work, nor deterred me from it, although I have not escaped being bruised and peeled and scarred. The Lord's promise of his presence, a grace and blessing comes to his servants in Mexico as well as elsewhere.

## Sanctification.

BY REV. J. J. JONES.

As it is our intention to incorporate our views on this subject in a single article, it is clear that we must be brief in the statement of facts. The apostles expressed their views on this question in just such a way as to provoke inquiry and begot an interest in it. Whether or not this was intentional, or merely incidental, it is very clear to an impartial reader that such is the case. Without appeal to those writers, the fact that many, and very different, views have been held and taught by good and wise men in all the ages of the church would seem to suggest as much. Indeed, some of the most learned divines of the last century, and, perhaps, in centuries before, held different views at different periods of life. And one of the most remarkable facts in regard to the progress of this doctrine is found in the absence of it from the articles of faith as prepared for the "societies" by Mr. J. Wesley.

In the original twenty-four articles there is nothing which can be taken as a formulated opinion on this doctrine. This is all the more curious fact when taken in connection with Mr. Wesley's letter to Mr. Erskine. If Mr. Wesley had regarded the teachings of the apostles as settling this question beyond all doubt, then, certainly, he would have incorporated it in the list of doctrines given to guide his fellow-laborers. But neither they nor their followers have had advantage of his learning on this subject. True, he preached and wrote about it, as also about baptismal regeneration; but neither was given as an article of faith. Such omission can hardly be regarded as an oversight, or as a fact of which he was not cognizant; for, when the thirty-nine articles were trimmed down and the church set upon them, Mr. Wesley was not so well pleased at this independence in setting up a church, but said nothing about omitting this doctrine from the articles of faith.

The terms used by the apostles to express the highest state of grace in this life are not clear, and seemingly contradictory terms are sometimes used to express the same idea. "Let us go on to perfection," "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly," "The fullness of the stature of men in Christ," "That we may comprehend with saints what is the height of the love of Christ," In Romans viii, 30, the apostle passes from a state of justification to that of glorification, without any mention of sanctification. In 1 Corinthians xii, 13, we are said to be "baptized into one body," made fellow-heirs "by one Spirit." As far as I know, this baptism of the Spirit has always been held to be the act by which we are regenerated. 1 Timothy iv, 5, referring to the teachings of "seducing spirits," we are told that articles of food "are sanctified by the word of God and prayer." These quotations show two things: 1. That sanctification does not necessarily mean more than consecration or dedication of a thing. 2. That when it expresses a state of things, it is not, necessarily, an extraordinary state.

Under the first idea, we may remark that the temple, fields, houses, animals and many other things are said in the Bible to be sanctified. Under the second inference, it is remarked that sanctification is nowhere put forward as a condition of salvation. A new birth is sufficient, if we are to be guided by the unmistakable teachings of the Bible. "Except a man be born again," "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God," "Who can lay anything to the charge of God's elect?" It is God that justifieth.

Contraventions arose after the apostolic ages, and a war of words was carried on for centuries, some maintaining that justification and sanctification were one and the same thing. While others regarded justification as a forensic act on the part of God, and sanctification as a physical and theological. Subsequently, however, these views were so far modified as to distinguish them only as to point of time, and justification was defined in accordance with the spirit of Christian religion, as the union of the forgiveness of sins, with the communication of love.

That the word used to explain sanctification—renovation—may be used in a therapeutic and physical sense, or as embracing the exact idea of regeneration—a making over again.

Further on in the history of the church there seems to have been another change in current thought in regard to sanctification. While a few centuries earlier it was regarded as an act of renovation; under the logic of Mr. J. Wesley—with Mr. Wesley and a few others—it became a question, not as to the meaning of the word "sanctification," but whether or not it is possible to attain the mystical union with God in this present life. In this controversy the Methodists labored under the disadvantage of going to war without an examination of their equipage. If the mystical union is not that union which we have with God by faith, then, certainly, it would not seem attainable in this life. We have looked in vain through this whole controversy for a claim to a second faith, a higher or stronger faith, but have so far failed to find any claim to anything of the sort. In all the ages the church has preached salvation by faith, salvation to all the "justified by faith." The question arises—and a serious question it is, too—"Does justification save?" If the blood of Christ "cleanseth from all sin," and this cleansing is "by grace through faith," and there be but "one faith"—faith at once, and in one—to purify the soul of man, what more can be done than "stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made him free?"

That the Bible teaches the doctrine of sanctification, and that the church has ever held the same, are facts beyond dispute; but the church, nor any respectable portion of it, has never subscribed to this doctrine as a higher life or second blessing. The scriptural character of the work of salvation—calling, illuminating, converting, justifying, etc.—has doubtless given rise to the higher life idea so strongly maintained by some. It is a higher life at every step on the highway of salvation. Illuminating is higher than calling, and justifying is higher than illuminating, and sanctifying is higher than justifying; but why characterize that particular phase of Christian life as "higher life?" In the order recognized by the fathers, it is the fifth blessing, and by none, so far as we can learn, was it ever put lower in the economy of redemption.

In recent controversy the term has been used as a synonym of perfection and credited to the world, and so applied as to destroy its comeliness. Practically, sanctification has been, by this confusion of terms, laid out of the economy of redemption and placed far beyond it. If it is not a concomitant of regeneration, what is it? If it is answered that sanctification is something beyond regeneration, we reply to the effect that regeneration is something beyond justification, but inseparably connected with it and growing out of it. There is a stopping-point in the economy of redemption, but not here—not in anything in which man is passive. It is at the point called *caritas* by the fathers. God calls, and, if the creature hears and believes, the work of salvation becomes at once complete. Before a faithful hearing of the call of God, man may arrest the Divine love and forestall his own salvation; but when faith works, and as long as faith operates, the work goes on. Higher and higher his life rises till, by the power of "faith in God," he is filled with all his ineffable sweetness, and "Christ dwells in his heart, richly, by faith."

The thought of a higher life is full of blissful reflections. This earthly life is so low, this flesh life so tiring, that we crave a life from above, a life of the Spirit, a life infused to our souls through faith in the blood of Jesus. It is the only life. "The life we live, we live by faith in the Son of God." This earth life is a dying life; the higher life is eternal. Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except a man be born again, he can not see the Kingdom of Heaven. This is higher life, purer life, eternal life.

## Rev. Daniel DeVinne.

Mr. Editor: My brother, Dr. A. P. Jones, sent me some time ago a slip cut from a paper, announcing the recent death of Rev. Daniel DeVinne of the New York East Conference in the sixtieth year of his age, and as he once belonged to the Mississippi Conference, the question was asked, "Can any old inhabitant of Mississippi call to mind Rev. Daniel DeVinne?" I answer that I knew him well. I had some acquaintance with him before; but in 1821 he was my pastor, and in the early part of that year, gave me license to exhort and appointed me class leader. He is perhaps a duty I owe to the memory of the eminent scholar and minister to make a few short extracts from an unpublished manuscript in my possession, which he communicated to me in connection with our Conference.

He was born in Londonderry, Ireland, about 1793, and was brought to America when a child. When a youth he was converted and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church in Albany, N. Y., in 1810, soon after which he commenced a rigid course of self-culture and became a good classical scholar. After qualifying himself he taught school in Brooklyn several years. I presume he was licensed to preach in New York, and recommended to any Annual Conference he might select as the field of his itinerant labors. The first we know of him here is that in November, 1819, at a Conference held in Washington, Miss., his recommendation was presented and he was admitted on trial. His first year was on the Attakapas circuit, as the junior, or Ashley Hewitt. He was continued as preacher in charge of the same circuit in 1820. This was then a very laborious work. His privations were many, and his long rides often excessive. He was a close student and had already become a fine graphical writer, as one may see from his letters written while in Attakapas and published in the third volume of the Methodist Magazine. His third year, 1822, he was on Amite circuit with Armstrong J. Blackburn as his junior. In 1823 he was on Chabonne circuit with Marcus C. Henderson, his junior. In 1824 he was appointed to Laurens circuit, in the Calumet district, Ala., with Thomas Burpo as his colleague. He had graduated in due course to deacon's and elder's orders, and at the Conference held for that year, though he had just become eligible, he was elected one of our delegates to the General Conference. After attending the General Conference, in Baltimore, in May, he went to New York to visit his friends and never returned to Mississippi. He obtained a regular transfer to the New York Conference and, so far as I know, continued in the itinerancy without a break till superannuated by age.

Mr. DeVinne was a very short man, but muscular and well built for strength and endurance. His intellect was above mediocrity. He was graceful in the pulpit, had a manly voice without screaming, and was a very instructive expositor of the word of God. I heard him preach a sermon, in 1822, from the text, "Be holy, for I am holy," that has proved a greater blessing to me so far through life than any sermon I ever heard. It settled and confirmed my views and experience of entire sanctification, and I have found no cause to change either, except that both have been greatly enlarged. Mr. DeVinne was polished and courteous in his manners, and affable and affectionate in his intercourse with the people; and gave tone and character to our church wherever he labored. His Christian and ministerial character was without a fault, and the Mississippians greatly regretted that his circumstances required him to leave us at a time when our Conference embraced all of Mississippi, Louisiana, and all of Alabama south of the Tennessee River, with only about forty-four effective men to occupy the vast territory. I trust what little I have said may assist in the preparation of his memoir for the printed minutes.

D. J. JONES.

## Reasons Why I Am Not a Baptist.

1. Were I a Baptist I would virtually deny Christ in professing to be a follower of John the Baptist in my church organization and history. John the Baptist was Christ's "forerunner," and baptized with the baptism of repentance, and sent his followers to Jesus as the Head of the church of all ages.

2. Were I a Baptist I would cut myself off from communion with a very large majority of the truly Christian world—perhaps my own mother.

3. To become a Baptist would say to the world, I regard all other so-called church organizations as spurious pretenses without authority to teach or preach or administer the sacraments of the church of Christ.

4. By being a Baptist I deny being a Protestant, and cut myself off from those pure men that have protested and do protest against the crying errors of Romanism, and assume the motherhood of all the wicked errors of the papal church.

5. In becoming a Baptist I enslave myself in a church that denies me the right of withdrawal or change of denominational relations without expelling myself to the disgrace of expulsion from its communion.

## Good Words.

The bird in the market sings.  
Wroughten daily by the gray's hand,  
And visible to every eye,  
Yet such a true tale he  
That no man's craft heart within  
Self is the name by which they call  
That soul-type of holiness.

—Translated from the Arab.  
"Be conscientious in little things; the conscience is as delicate as the sensitive plant until it has been blunted and blurred by frequent disregard of its admonitions. In what most men would regard as a trifling matter, it may seem of little moment whether the inward monitor is heeded or not; but, if you would keep the conscience clear, and make it always a ready and faithful guide, you must not disregard its teachings, even in the smallest matters."

—Giving is not only a duty, but also a means of grace. It not only blesses others, but becomes the means of blessing to ourselves. He that watered others shall be himself watered by the Lord. God will not forget our ways of faith and labor of love. Even a cup of cold water, if we have neither the ability nor the opportunity to do more, given to a disciple for love of the Master, will not lose its reward.

—The fly is my symbol of fortitude, while pure and royal, even as I have seen some dear children of God triumph, though in darkened chambers and on beds of pain. The mignonette, most unobtrusive, yet most tenderly subtle, of all things in the doral world, is my emblem of patience. Its perfume pervades its neighborhood. —M. E. Sangster.

—Sometimes a fog will settle over a vessel's deck and yet leave the top mast clear. Then a sailor goes up aloft and gets a lookout which the helmsman on the deck can not get. So prayer sends the soul up aloft; lifts it above the clouds in which our selfishness and egotism beget us, and gives us a chance to see which way to steer. —Spurgeon.

—Morality, taken as apart from religion, is but another name for decency in sin. It is just that negative species of virtue which consists in not doing what is scoundrelously depraved and wicked. But there is no heart of holy principle in it, any more than there is in the grosser sins. —Dr. Hurlinell.

—When we ask for strength for the day, our thought is usually of that which is needed for our most important work. We should not so limit it. The grace that shall save us from evil thoughts, hasty speech, a violent temper, or censorious spirit, is as much needed as the other. —Advocate of Missions.

—Pretend to make God thy last thought at night when thou sleepest, and thy first thought in the morning when thou awakest; so shall thy fancy be sanctified in the night, and thy understanding be rectified in the day; so shall thy rest be peaceful and thy labors prosperous. —Quarles.

—We should, every one of us, honor God with what we have, as well as he has prospered us. Our merchandise, whatever it is, must be holiness to the Lord. He must have his dues of it in works of piety and charity, the support of religion and the relief of the poor. —Henry.

—Piety is not measured by attendance upon public worship. All of the salt of the earth is not found in the pews of God's house. The adversities and afflictions that confine people at home often make the strongest faith and the purest life. —Pittsburg Advocate.

—If we would build high, let us begin low and dig deep. A true sense of sin will bring us nearer to Jesus. Once brought near to him, and living a life of faith in him, we shall bear more fruit to his glory.

—Don't be afraid of loving people too much, or throwing away too much kindness. It is just such things the world stands in need of, and they have the great advantage of enriching the giver.

—I believe that the way of our age is not more "free" handling of the Bible, but more "reverent" handling, more humility, more patient study, and more prayer. —Rev. J. C. Ryle.

—Not great faith, nor intelligent faith, but *faith*, saves the soul; for a touch connects us with Christ as well as a grasp. The fullness is in him, not in our manner of seeking him.

—Many do with their opportunities as children do at the seashore—fill their little hands with sand, and then let the grains fall through their fingers, till they are gone.

—Faith draws the poison from every grief, takes the sting from every loss, and quenches the fire of every pain; and only faith can do it. —Dr. Holland.

—Truth is the most powerful thing in the world, since fiction can only please us by its resemblance to it. —Shafsbury.

—The superiority of some men is merely local. They are great because their associations are little. —Johnson.

—In all our choices, this principle should overrule us: that this is best for us, that is best for our souls.

—Dark clouds roll up and obscure the sun, but we know that there is light above the clouds.



APPENDIX OF EASTERS.

"Faithful Unto Death."

But if the rage of hell grins horribly from the faces of these judges who sit condemned before God and conscience by the words of their prisoner, you may see heaven beaming from Stephen's face as it opens full upon the view. "Look ye, being full of the Holy Ghost, stood up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing at the right hand of God." Blessed vision of Jesus vouchsafed to this pure and bright beaming spirit. He had made good his early promise to the pure in heart, and now that his faithful witness had come to the gates of death and the powers of hell had got hold upon him, but yet in invincible and victorious in his faith, he sees his Lord, the Son of man, just as he had seen him on earth, rise from the dead and standing at God's right hand, and from that center of power look down on him with eager interest as engaged in pouring the full tide of the Holy Spirit into the soul of his heroic witness. No wonder his face beamed with such unearthly radiance.

Pastoral Visiting.—No. 7.

to their houses, and he knows how to find them when they are sick, dying or bereaved, and he must find them and visit them in these times of trouble, and he loses his cast as a shepherd, "as he searcheth for the sheep," and then his usefulness is no more with that family with that people. Could the self-sacrificing, martyred Foster come back to your city (New Orleans) who would be glad to see him and almost venerate and worship him, though he was dead in the first year of his ministry in Louisiana Conference, and yet in his youth. True, there is self-denial and sometimes danger in this "preaching the word from house to house," but it is the way to learn the wants of the people and their real spiritual condition, and he who visits them learns how to reprove, exhort or encourage and comfort God's people and others. He is commanded to do. "Comfort ye my people," says God to his ambassadors.

Learning where his people are during the week, and what their spiritual

### LOCAL ITINERANT.

### Studying the Minutes:

pay nothing. Again, if the preacher would visit the people more the streets would not have half the trouble get money for them, and would be rid to a great extent, of the burden of begging and begging for money. Every man, woman and child who is a member of the church ought to pay the preacher in person, and feel enough interest in him to see that he is paid. Faithful visiting and good, instructive gospel sermons will secure good pay. "Poor preach, poor pay." We hope our brother officials on DeKalb circuit will go to work "with laudable ambition" and "desperate effort," "panting for distinction," and send up at the next Conference the "cheering reports" of full collections.

Yours truly, AN OFFICIAL  
Phoenix, M168, March 7, 1883

## Universalists in Mississippi.

Mr. Editor: In a late issue of your paper there appeared a paragraph from the Ripley Advertiser in which a statement was made "that there was but one Universalist Church in Mississippi, and that was in Calhoun county. This may be correct, but, if so, the church is of recent organization. There are more Universalists at Sarepta than in any other part of the county. There is no church there. In 1877, while in Mississippi, at Sarepta, Rev. J. C. Burrens, Nottosulga, Ala., a Universalist of considerable note, visited the place and preached a series of six sermons. Two copies of his paper, published at Nottosulga, Ala., had preceded him, which, in the hands of two or three zealots, had prepared the minds of the unwary for the coming of this ecclesiastical Gladiator, who, it was published and commonly avowed, would soon

made sad havoc of the world—he orthodoxes of our place. His first sermon was a funeral discourse. It was a splendid oration of forty minutes. But his text was: "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." As he proceeded, from day to day setting forth his system, interlarding with seeming ease the plainest passages, those most relied upon to prove the eternity of future punishment, so as to make them teach a limited space of time, the people—many of them, were carried away with his doctrines. His eloquence, his logical powers and his seemingly wonderful familiarity with the Scriptures secured for him a large audience to the close. One old gray-haired sinner who had not heard a gospel sermon in fifty years was out to learn that the idea of eternal death was invented by the Romish priesthood—was never thought of by Christ or his apostles. At the close the impression made was, though not so deep, and; as evidence of it, he obtained fifty-three subscribers for his paper. But it took only twelve months to prove to the contrary, for he had not more than three renewals. A son of the gentleman whose funeral was preached is filling an important station in the White River Conference. His father used to say he was going to make a Universalist preacher out of him. The Lord has made an able defender of his gospel out of him.

The Old Home!

by butter to eat, though no cow to milk  
e- bread, but no barn; no eat, but no pig

I suppose no one will say a preacher has no interest in all these things, for to say so would be saying he has no interest in the people, or that the people have no interest in him. The truth is our people love the preachers "for the work's sake." They feel an interest in their welfare. They pay for the preaching they hear, and they want plenty of it—pure, plain and spiritual.

"I Only Want to Live to Do Good."

Mr. EDITOR: During the latter part of last year I was called to perform funeral services at the grave of I. H. Filmore Massey. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. He died in the parish where he was born and reared—Natchitoches parish, La. He was buried in the same parish, in the graveyard near Benton Church. His death resulted from the effects of an accidental shot received from another party while "driving." Although Bro. Massey was a young man, and known only within the narrow circle of a limited acquaintance, yet his latest hours he expressed a sentiment that should challenge the admiration of all, as it indicates a noble disposition that can but be excelled by the most deservedly exalted of world-wide fame. It constitutes the quintessence of all high and holy ambition is the index to the ruling principle

the development and conservation of the ideal mankind. His words were: "I only want to live to do good." He was confined to his bed of suffering eight weeks before "his spirit was released from his mortal tenements." A few days after he was wounded his soul was filled with an overwhelming sense of God's love, and he expressed a desire to "depart and be with Christ." But a short time before his death he said to those who watched by his dying bed that since he had studied the matter so over seriously, calmly and deliberately he did not want to die; but, rather, it was God's will he wanted to live. He did not want to live because he feared the agonizing pangs of death, for through the Spirit's power, he had already obtained a perfect victory. He did not want to live because he was afraid to meet his God, for he had the living witness within of the influence of the Saviour's love, and knew that he was ready to receive him to his arms. He did not want to live because he desired to enjoy the hallowed association of his devoted wife and two sweet, affectionate little children, whom he loved dearer than his own life, and who would be left almost helpless and destitute by his death, for he loved Jesus more than wife and children, and he had committed them into the hands of him "that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all," and would "with him also freely give them "all things." He only wanted to live to do good. As I stood at his grave my mind reverted to the history of the illustrious characters of the past, the wife, by indomitable will and unflinching zeal, have inscribed their names on earth's immortal scroll, and I wondered if the incentives which prompted them to these high achievements were not at sad discount with the all-absorbing motive which pervaded the generous soul of that young man of boundless fame. Then I thought of the famous men of the present, both in Church and State, those who receive the meed of praise for noble deeds and worthy aspirations, and I wondered at the high ambition which actuates them in their laudable pursuits is only to live to do good. I listened to the plaintive lamentation, bursting forth from the bleeding hearts of the father, a mother and wife and children at the loss of one so dear, and, though I wet with rain and chilled with cold, and the heavens overcast with lowering threatening clouds, Mr. Editor, did I do wrong in deciding the people that stood round the grave by exhorting them to imitate Bro. Florence Mackie? That the love of God and all mankind might so possess their minds and hearts that their motto in life might be his wish in death—"I only want to live to do good."

ALBANY, N. Y. March 9, 1853.

## Swain Voice

subscribers for it here. I liked  
"Pastoral Address" in the last num-  
ber very much. They will increase  
usefulness of the paper, which I hope  
will succeed beyond your most  
valuable hopes.

## Obituaries

George was the eldest son of Mr. W. Higglower, a well-known resident of this place, who died about twenty years ago and of S. G. Wall, daughter of J. W. Wallpage. He died March 19, 1879, at Handsbess, Miss. When he was two years of age, his parents moved to this place, where he had a host of friends to whom he had endeared himself by his affection and accompanying disposition, who sympathized with his sorrowful mother. George was a regular attendant at Sunday school and church and was a favorite with his teachers and we have the blessed and confident hope that he had learned to love the lowly Nazarene. As we closed the evening sister J. H. led the evening prayer and asked her if she thought he was too bad to get his heaven if he

full for words—shook her head. When a lady friend, who was standing by, said, "George, Jesus died for you; do you believe that?" he replied, "Yes," She said, "I think if he loved Jesus," he replied he did. He was conscious to the last moment that he thought only of comforting his mother, telling her not to grieve, that while there was life there was hope—thinking of her as he had ever done, proving himself a good son by a devotion and love which his children could show. In all his business perplexities, his mother comforted her by telling her he would soon be a man and would attend to all those things for her, and not worry, but take care of herself; for, if she should die, he could not live. Truly, she has lost a comforter and a helper, but she has gained faith, gain, and the love that has taken away the pain of bereavement of the Lord.

May our blessed Saviour comfort her by showing her George's happy condition, and may she feel, though God does not send judgments upon his children in wrath, it may be, he takes our best-loved ones away to draw our hearts away from life's cares and pleasures to those that are brighter and purer in an eternal world, is the prayer of one that loved George.

RICHARDSON—On Monday, January 14, 1884, occurred the sad death of JAMES G. RICHARDSON, eldest son, by previous marriage, of Mrs. Jennie Parish La., August 19, 1864, and died at the home of his step-father, R. M. Benson, brought Francis parish, La., of swamp fever, after an illness of twelve hours. This young man possessed a gay and happy disposition, was kind and affectionate to his mother and younger brothers, especially the little ones, and indeed to all younger children. He sought the company of girls, and was always ready to oblige them in any way he could, preferring their society to that of boys of his own age.

His death was very sudden and entirely unexpected, and a heavy blow to a loving mother, crushing in a few short hours, all the hopes that a mother's heart entertains for a son standing on the threshold of manhood. It was so sudden that he had a severe chill while away from home, and at intervals complained of some pain in the side, caused by being thrown from a rube in the previous Friday. Nevertheless, he attended school on Monday apparently feeling as well as usual. About ten o'clock he was attacked by another chill, which grew worse and worse, until, about midnight, he died, a chill having blown over him as a reed shaken in the wind. For two hours he seemed to be literally freezing to death before a good fire; yet he endured bravely and quietly, not a sigh escaping his lips then or later, and, when able, he went home to give up, in a few short hours, his glad young life. He was conscious to the last and knew that his son was dead, and how he felt his father lost he replied, "All right," and died in a short time.

Words are comparatively valueless  
from their very abundance while un-  
loved ones are with us; but such words  
gain a cheerful significance when we  
know they are the last spoken this side  
of the broad river. We trust and  
believe that it is "all right" with Jimmie  
forevermore, and that the young life  
so suddenly cut off here, shall bloom  
forever hereafter.

MCCORMICK—Mrs. CELIA MCCORMICK, wife of James, county Miss., died

the name of her son-in-law, M. Cook, near Paulding, Miss., February 15, 1853. She was born in Perry county, Miss., April 15, 1815, and was the daughter of Judge Irish Millsap, for many years a prominent citizen of Jasper county. She was married to Judge Henry Moninger, of Paulding, Miss., December 22, 1836, and by this marriage was the mother of nine children—one of whom is Rev. J. J. Moninger, of the Mississippi Conference. Judge Moninger died June 16, 1871, and she was afterward married to M. George D. McCordick, of Jasper county, who also preceded her to the grave.

Mrs. McCormick joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1840, and continued a member till her death. She was a woman of fine taste, good judgment, extraordinary modesty, and an enlightened mind. She was a good wife, and fully in sympathy and feeling with her husband, and who devoted herself to his interest and happiness. Her good judgment and devotedness made her a wise and safe counsellor to whom her husband most readily gave his entire confidence. She was a kind, prudent mother who will ever live in the memory and affection of her children, and the good fruits of whose labors are manifest in their lives and character.

As a Christian she was decided and firm, consistent and consecrated. She loved the church and was earnest and constant in her devotion and attendance. Her faith in Christ was evinced by active, constituting a vital bond between her soul and him, and appropriating the fullness of his grace. Her confidence in God, as a Father and Friend, was unwavering. Sorrows and trials sometimes came darkly over her life; yet, and them all, she was meekly submissive, never murmuring or complaining. She lived a long and useful life, quietly doing good, and blessing the world by her influence and deeds of love and mercy. She was honored and esteemed by all who knew her, and is now mourned by a large circle of friends.

Her last hours were calm, peaceful and hopeful, quietly falling to sleep in Jesus, whom she loved and honored as her Saviour.

R. J. JONES.

HOPSON—Whereas, In the dispensation of divine Providence, the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and the Woman's Missionary Society at Houston, Miss., have lost one of their pure and best members, in the person of Mrs. MINERVA LKONE HOPSON, who died March 3, 1883, in the thirty-fourth year of her age. We bow in submission to the Divine will, believing that "he doeth all things well." Yet we feel it due to the memory of our deceased sister to give some expression of our regret for her noble character and our esteem for her many virtues. We deeply deplore the stroke that has removed our beloved sister from our association, and the bosom of her family. A happy home has been darkened by the angel of death, and we deeply deplore how could we ever cherish the memory of our estimable sister. In the character of Sister Hopson we recognize all the traits of the devoted Christian and the true lady. As a society, we tender to the family our heartfelt sympathy and condolence in this their sad bereavement. We feel that "she is not dead, but asleep."  
 Resolved, That a copy of this memorial be sent to the family of deceased and also to the Nashville and New Orleans Christian Advocates for publication.

MRS. L. E. MORRIS, for Committee.







Christian Advocate.

No Election? No Salvation.

CHAS. B. GALLOWAY, D. D., Editor.

THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1883.

Mr. Spurgeon's Church has a membership of 5,427. Last year 444 were received, but, on account of deaths and removals, the net gain was only 117.

The Baltimore Conference lends the whole connection in subscriptions to the Anglo-Chinese University. The amount pledged on missionary day was \$6,000.

Rev. D. D. Moore has sold the Memphis Christian Advocate to Col. J. B. Bingham. With the next issue its name will be changed to Memphis Methodist, edited by Revs. S. A. Steel and Warner Moore.

There are twenty-five vacancies among the leading Congregational pulpits of New England, and, as many "leading" preachers without pulpits. And, stranger still, the pulpits can't get preachers and the preachers can't get pulpits. They need our Methodist system of ministerial supply. We have no idle pastors or unsupplied pulpits.

On our third page this week Rev. W. P. Barton pays a discriminative and worthy tribute to his honored friend, the Rev. Stephen Johnson. He was one of the giants in our Methodist Israel, and had early educational advantages been given him in the pulpit, he would have been a star of the first magnitude, and in ecclesiastical councils a statesman and leader.

Our Mission in Brazil continues to prosper, and is making creditable progress in the direction of self-support. The Santa Barbara circuit gives annually about \$100, Perleca station about the same amount, and Rio de Janeiro station is contributing for the support of the gospel at the rate of over \$1,500 per annum. Fifty-one members and probationers were received during the past year.

Harper's Weekly quotes with warm approval a sentiment from the message of Gov. Schuyler Crosby, of Montana, addressed to the Territorial Legislature. In recommending the passage of a registry law he says: "It is less a hardship than an honest voter should lose his vote than that a dishonest one should annul many honest votes by repeating." That is admirably said, and we heartily endorse it. Sin against the ballot, unparished and uncorrected, will soon destroy the best Republican government on earth. The integrity of the franchise must be respected and protected.

The twentieth anniversary of Dr. Howard Crosby's successful pastorate of the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, was recently celebrated. It was an inspiring, memorable occasion. The record of his two decades of labor reads as follows: In 1863, when he accepted the pastorate, there were 120 names on the roll, only 17 of which could be found in the city. There are now 1,413 members. The greatest number received any one year was 135. Four missions have been established and two carried on. There are three Sunday-schools, with 1,500 children. The amount of money raised by the church in ten years is \$300,000. Such a pastoral success deserves anniversary mention and celebration.

At the late session of the Mississippi Conference, a city mission was established in Natchez with Rev. T. L. Mellen as missionary. The time and appointment were auspicious and fortunate. A visit to the beautiful "bluff city" two weeks ago to feature in behalf of the mission chapel now in process of erection, encouraged us greatly as to the prospects of the enterprise. The building is now under contract and will be ready for dedication during the month of May. It will be a neat structure, most eligibly located and will cost about fifteen hundred dollars. Our brethren at Natchez deserve great credit for their zeal and liberality in this work. For years they have been heavily burdened with a large new church which has cost them many thousands. The building of factories, and the influx of a large population of mechanics and operatives, not readily harmonized with their church life, rendered the mission a necessity. We are indebted to Bros. Black and Mellen for kind attentions and warm hospitality. Under the leadership of that gifted pastor and his active collaborator, our cause is prospering at every point.

The leading editorial in the last Christian Observer, of Louisville, bears the above title. As a piece of theological performance it is a curiosity. For vague and illogical statement we have not met its like in so small a compass. The old Calvinistic dogma, for the sake of history, deserves a better championship. We have no taste for mere controversy, and have no blades to cross or lances to shiver with antagonists. But for the clearer discernment of truth and interpretation of God's word it is well to compare and contrast opinion. That our readers may not misunderstand the Observer, we quote the article entire:

1. The natural mind (which has never realized the pollution, or the guilt of sin) apprehends the doctrine of election to be that God chooses some men and takes them to heaven, and that he passes by others no less undeserving, and lets them go to hell. When viewed in this false light the doctrine does seem repulsive.

2. But when gospel light falls upon this world it reveals to us a vast multitude of condemned criminals. They are so polluted with sin that they are not fit for God's home, and (like Adam after his sin) they cannot bear God's presence, but would quickly run away from heaven or any other place where God is. Further, they love sin, they hate holiness, and they put off the act of repentance indefinitely. Can these persons be saved? Is there any plan, consistent with God's holiness and justice and with the true interests of the universe, that will save them?

3. Let us suppose that God should give free pardon to all upon condition of simple repentance and abandonment of evil—that would not save them. For sin has such control over their minds that they will not repent. They hate repentance and holiness and will have none of it.

4. Suppose that God should offer to every one of them perfect holiness at the moment, and without any effort except the acceptance of it. They would not have it, for it involves the abandonment of all sinful pleasures. And so they all would (and unless under the special influence of the Spirit, they all do) refuse it. They have all destined themselves to hell.

5. Then, unless God shall choose to exercise his love in sending the sweet, converting influence of the Spirit upon one and another and another—that is, unless he should "elect" men and send his Spirit to them—none would be saved.

6. Oh! let us bless God that when men were so wicked that they would not receive his pardon he has chosen not a few, but a great multitude, whom no man can number, out of every nation, has sent to them the saving influence of the Spirit, and has planted eternal life in their hearts. Without this gracious election all were lost; with it such a vast multitude is saved that God can say: "Where sin abounded grace did much more abound." God's precious election is the only way that we can see to make the offer of redemption effective to the salvation of any.

Upon the above we offer a few comments, and have numbered the paragraphs for convenience of reference.

1. His statement of the doctrine here, which, he says, "does seem repulsive," is according to the highest Calvinistic authority. The late Dr. Charles Hodge, whose able and voluminous work on theology is accepted as a Presbyterian standard, says: "The reason why one person and not another is chosen to eternal life is to be found, not in what he is, but in what God wills." So the "false light," according to the Observer, as the true light according to the great Princeton professor, "Repulsive" as it may seem to our contemporary and others, his standards do teach that "God chooses some men and takes them to heaven, and that he passes by others no less undeserving." Dr. Hodge further says: "All being equally guilty and unworthy, God, for the manifestation of his glory, and for the attainment of the highest ends, chooses some, and not others, to be vessels of mercy prepared beforehand into glory." We will leave our readers, if they can, to harmonize the differing doctors.

2. Whatever else may be said of this paragraph it is inconsistent with unconditional election. If, as Dr. Hodge says, "Augustinians hold that the ground of this election is the good pleasure of God," why does the Observer vainly ask: "Can these persons be saved?" Personal worthiness or unworthiness do not enter into the question. The election is sovereign and unconditional. So that "vast multitude of condemned criminals" have as good a chance of election as any others.

3. This passage contradicts itself and all Scripture. The self-contradiction is at once the supposition and denial of repentance in pardon. He supposes "God should give free pardon to all upon condition of simple repentance," and in the next sentence says, "they will not repent." The Scripture is contradicted in saying that if God pardoned, "upon condition of simple repentance and abandonment of evil, that would not save

them." Isaiah lv, 7, reads thus: "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." Let him settle that question with the "evangelical prophet." But the passage—strange freak of statement—is also at variance with Calvinistic theology. He supports the assertion that they would not be saved, on the ground of unrepentance, when, as the Observer ought to know, Calvinists teach that election precedes repentance and faith. Dr. Hodge is very clear on that point: "If it is election to salvation which secures repentance and faith, repentance and faith can not be the ground of election." The doctrine may be "repulsive," but it is, nevertheless, the teaching of our brother's church.

4. This is also a paragraph to be studied. The editor—fond of supposition—supposes an offer of perfect holiness and its refusal, which he says all do, "unless under the special influence of the Spirit." Then if the offer is made and the special influence of the Spirit withheld, and these are necessary to acceptance, it is manifestly illogical for the Observer to conclude: "They have all destined themselves to hell."

5. This sentence exposes the false conclusion of the above. It taught us that men destined themselves to hell by refusing offered holiness, while this teaches that salvation is not dependent upon accepting or rejecting the offer, but upon election. If "one and another and another" were not elected "now" would be saved. Therefore another and another and another are not elected and of necessity not saved, and according to the Observer's logic, "they have all destined themselves to hell."

6. With our brother's rapture over "this gracious election" we can not sympathize. We prefer the good old Methodist doctrine that God, of his boundless philanthropy, provides means for the salvation of the whole human race, gives grace to enable each man to appropriate that salvation to himself, and destroys none but those who wilfully refuse that grace.

Defective Flues.

In the construction of buildings to be heated by stoves, furnaces or grates, much depends upon the flues—the air passages for conveying smoke and flame from the fire. If they are improperly or carelessly built, danger and disaster will result. The fire record of the past few months has been saddening and alarming, and in most instances, the cause has been traced to defective flues. Magnificent structures have crumbled to ashes in a few hours, because in some secret, unseen place there was a defect in the flue which brought the flame in contact with combustible material. Before discovered, its destructive work had been wrought, and the building beyond hope of being saved. It may have been but an insignificant thing—the careless laying of a brick, the improper placing of mortar, an unwise stroke of the trowel, or a small aperture between the courses unnoticed—but it sufficed to lay in ruins the skill, labor and treasure of many years. A little fire can kindle a great matter, and an unappreciated defect can destroy a mighty temple. In church building special and minute care should be given to the flues. Extra pains must be used in their construction—the passages made clear and smooth.

But on this subject we want to moralize. There are defective flues everywhere, not in buildings of wood and stone. And the mighty conflagrations they occasion are far more destructive and disastrous than the crumbling of magnificent piles erected by human skill and labor. Two of these will be indicated and thereby point a moral or lift a danger signal.

There are defective flues in churches. The flue is necessary, but may be dangerous. It produces a draught, and supplies the materials needful to combustion. It also carries off the smoke and flame which would otherwise make the room unendurable. Without it we could not have heat and comfort. But, however necessary, if defective it brings disaster. So in human character ruin is wrought by defective flues. If the surplus flame of energy and ambition is not conveyed away through a well-constructed, legitimate air passage, it feeds upon the building itself, to its utter destruction. All the passions, appetites, purposes and energies, that give vigor and success to manhood, when wisely controlled and guided, often, alas! become the agents of its degradation and death. Ambition is a laudable passion, but, if directed in wrong channels, will imbrute manly principle and wreck the fair promises of an honorable

history. A taste becomes a vicious habit, and a man is degraded to a beast, because of a defective flue in character. Energies must have opportunity for display. If a young man, therefore, has no occupation—is not honorably, legitimately employed—this flame of animal life will seek its own ruin. It will find expression, and, if there be obstruction or defect in the flue, the superstructure will crumble to ashes.

There are defective flues in church life. The zeal and activity that ought to give glow and glory to the entire congregation and community sometimes become the too efficient means of disintegration and decay. He is the wise pastor who usefully employs every member of his flock. A church that has no aggressive work to do, commanding time, means, talent and energy, will soon turn upon itself and be rent by factions and estrangements. The fire of zeal is needed for life and vigor, but through a defective flue the flames may reach material that will produce disaster. We have known persons to be greatly useful in the church, full of enthusiasm and rich in resources for good, always ready for any service however burdensome or disagreeable. And then we have seen those same brethren become very troublesome and dangerous when unemployed in legitimate work. In character building and in spiritual architecture we must watch the flues.

Dr. Callaway's Mississippi Tour.

As will be seen by the list of appointments published on the fifth page, Rev. Dr. Morgan Callaway, President of Paine Institute, will soon visit a number of towns and cities in Mississippi to represent the great interest he has in hand. The wise and hearty action of the General Conference authorizing the inauguration of this enterprise gives it prominence in the church, so urgent and important were the claims of the negro race upon us for assistance. In securing an "educated" and trained ministry that the General Conference acted with promptness and unanimity. In so doing, we confidently believe it voiced the heart and conscience of the church. While we entirely sympathize with those who stress the great and self-sacrificing work wrought for the negro by Southern Methodism during the years of slavery, we also emphasize the importance of the measure and mission to which Dr. Callaway has been called. One of the grandest chapters in the history of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, is her record of missionary labor to the negro, amid the rice fields and cotton plantations of this sunny land. The thousands converted to God and brought into the church by the faithful preaching of Methodist itinerants can not be forgotten or depreciated. To this cause Bishop Capers consecrated his great gifts and best energies, and in this fruitful field Southern Methodism reaped her richest harvest. That circumstances and certain influences alienated any of them from us we much regret. Bound by the ties of spiritual kinship, we saw them follow other leaders with sorrow. But with the clearing away of war clouds and passions, we again see face to face, and in them is being restored the old confidence and appreciation of other years. They are glad to receive and profit by our pulpit labors. This writer has preached often to the colored congregations in every place he ever resided, and records with satisfaction their grateful response to his labors. At the close of a year's pastorate in Yazoo City, Miss., we were earnestly invited to preach the last Sunday afternoon in the colored church. We gladly accepted, and enjoyed the occasion. By previous arrangement, but entirely unknown to us, the congregation came forward and presented a thank-offering of forty dollars for services rendered them from time to time during the year. Not in all our history have we received a testimonial more highly esteemed than that from those humble, poor, warm-hearted negroes. Its memory inspires the hope that a closer relation will exist between the races in all Christian work. Paine Institute is its promise of fruition, and Dr. Callaway, the scholarly President, deserves our confidence and support. We bespeak for and promise him the hospitality of our homes and churches. We will hear him for his labors. From his history as an educator, his power in the pulpit and his spiritual consecration, we feel assured that the right man has been called to the headship of the Institute. We hope the pastors in the several places to be visited by the doctor will arrange for his coming and secure him a good hearing. The Chronicle and Constitutionalist, a paper published in Augusta, speaks some wise words, which we reproduce:

It seems to us that Southern peo-

ple should have much to do with the training of this huge illiterate population in our midst. Whether we help or hinder, their education will go on. Nothing is plainer. It will be greatly to the negro's advantage that those who best know him and his wants should teach him; and it is much better for the white people that the negro should find his teacher in the superior race in whose midst he lives.

With these facts before us, we have looked with interest upon the effort of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, to establish a school in this city for the special training of teachers and preachers. Both are important and indispensable. These people are greatly under the influence of their clergy; preachers must be taught before they can teach. This race, as a race, can never be lifted up except through its own pulpit and school house. And these preachers and teachers must, first of all, be instructed.

Paine Institute, as we understand the matter, its projectors design to meet in part this want. It is a worthy enterprise. We are particularly pleased that the establishment of this school has been committed to such capable and worthy hands. Rev. Dr. Morgan Callaway, the President of the projected Institute, has the rarest qualifications for this place. Born in Georgia, brought up as a slaveholder, a graduate of our State University, a gallant soldier in the Confederate army, a leading minister of one of the leading churches of the country, connected with one of the first of our Southern colleges, identified with the dominant political party in our section, Dr. Callaway is in a position to command confidence and respect and co-operation. We congratulate the friends of the Institute on their good fortune in securing Dr. Callaway, and we are glad that the institution is to be established in Augusta.

District Conferences.

The season of District Conferences will soon be upon us, and preparations should be made that the occasion may be marked with profit. This annual gathering of the pastors and active laymen of a district is of growing importance. And as the functions of the Conference are enlarged, its range of influence is correspondingly great. In the stimulus given the laity, and in the sympathy which binds workers together outside a local community, the District Conference is foremost in Southern Methodism. The occasion is now anticipated with an interest only less than the Annual Conference. And when old district lines have remained undisturbed for years, there has developed an esprit de corps in district work most helpful and commendable. Then again the interests of the entire district are better appreciated by each pastorate and long acquaintance ripens into cordial co-operation. There is less disposition to increase the burdens on every other charge, for a community of interest begets equality of assessments and sympathy. That is a point gained as every presiding elder will testify. A meeting of district stewards is a revelation, though not an inspiration. The District Conference may be, and often is, both.

But this Conference should be the means of yet greater blessing to the church. It ought to stimulate every department of labor. Missions within the district should be more carefully examined and fostered; besides giving inspiration and intelligent direction to missionary sentiment. The time spent in asking routine questions about insignificant facts in local church life hardly pays for the absence from home and expense of travel. All needed facts should be gathered, but so much time goes to waste. More of the session should be spent in considering important practical questions, that concern not only the district, but the general church. This also develops the connective spirit, so much to be desired in many brethren. As offering a good suggestion to presiding elders in our Conferences, we copy the following blank form, with a slight modification, from the Wesleyan Christian Advocate. This will elicit facts and economize time. The blanks should be filled by the pastors and be ready for the first morning session:

I. STATE OF THE CHURCH.

1. Number of members reported last Annual Conference?
2. Present number?
3. Sacrament of Lord's supper. How often? How attended?
4. Prayer meetings. How often? How attended?
5. Class meetings. How many? How attended?
6. How is Sabbath preaching attended?
7. How is family worship observed?
8. Are you troubled with dancing in the church?
9. Have you any liquor selling or drinking?
10. Have you had any conversions this year?

II.—SABBATH-SCHOOLS.

1. Number of schools? Officers and teachers? Scholars?
2. How many kept open all winter?
3. What literature used?
4. How many conversions?

III.—FINANCES.

1. Allowance of pastor?
2. Paid to date of pastor?
3. Plan of raising?

- IV.—MISSIONS.
1. How much is required of you (1) for foreign missions? (2) for domestic missions?
  2. How much raised to this time?
  3. What is your plan?
  4. How many auxiliaries of Woman's Missionary Society?
  5. How much raised for Bishops?

- V.—LITERATURE.
1. How many subscribers to church periodicals? NEW ORLEANS CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE. Quarterly Review. Nashville Advocate.
  2. How many received since Conference?
  3. What is your plan for increasing subscription list?

- VI.—EDUCATION.
1. How many students from your charge in college now?

From Trenton, La.

Mr. Editor: Pursuant to announcement from the pulpit yesterday, the ladies of the Trenton Church met to day and organized a Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. All present became members, and, adopting the Constitution and By-Laws published in the minutes of the Louisiana Conference, elected the following officers: Mrs. T. C. Standifer, president; Mrs. S. F. Head, first vice-president; Mrs. A. A. Kidd, second vice-president; Miss L. S. Parker, recording secretary; Mrs. Sallie Ashley, corresponding secretary; Miss Sallie Standifer, treasurer. Mrs. Wm. A. J. Lewis was appointed a committee to obtain subscribers for the Woman's Missionary Advocate.

I feel sure that the Trenton Woman's Missionary Society will do good work and have a fine report for Conference. May God abundantly bless them.

J. T. SAWYER.

MARCH 5, 1883.

I am just back from Colony, I came in on the hand-car, the train, having stopped running on account of the rapidly rising water. While there I organized the Colony Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, with the following officers: Mrs. Dr. W. Y. Cosper, president; Mrs. Bell Whitted, first vice-president; Mrs. Cella Packett, second vice-president; Mrs. Jennie Etheridge, corresponding secretary; Miss May Wimberly, recording secretary; Mrs. Cally Toombs, treasurer; and Mrs. Katie Whitted, a committee of one to solicit for the Woman's Missionary Advocate.

The ladies of the Colony manifested deep interest in the cause, and they will doubtless make a fine record.

J. T. SAWYER.

MARCH 10, 1883.

Is Conversion a Lost Art?

The following, from the Christian at Work, will surely awaken serious thought in every true pastor:

At the meeting of the Merrimack Congregational Association recently the question was raised, "Why are there no more conversions under the ordinary means of grace?" and the answer in substance was that both ministers and churches have lost faith in these appointed means because they are so ordinary, and are looking to new methods—to uncommon means as the ones which can be followed by a blessing. This is another form of the question, "Is conversion a lost art?" the answer to which is not in a categorical yes or no, but in a qualified yes. In some churches conversion is a lost art, in others it is not. Take churches where the minister preaches two sermons, pays social rather than pastoral visits, and lets matters drift off pretty much as the tide flows, very likely in that church conversion will be rare. On the other hand, where a minister throws his whole soul—his preaching, his ability as an organizer and an executive officer—into the work of harvesting souls—such a man is not apt to find conversion a lost art. Why, then, are churches all over the country that are as dry and as useless as a flint rock—probably these churches would bear testimony that conversion is a lost art? On the other hand, here is a little church in Maine where in six years a minister labored and gathered in eleven souls—just two and a half a year. But another brother came, and with all the force, fire and enthusiasm of his nature, threw himself into the work, and, as a result, two hundred and seventy-three souls were brought into the kingdom, and to-day, exceeding twelve who have died or moved away, all continue in the faith. The truth is—and it is often lost sight of in church work as in farm work, whatsoever a man sows that he reaps. A minister who sows the seeds of "fine" sermons addressed to the logical sense or to the literary perceptions will produce fine sermons and, perhaps, little else. A minister who says, "give, give, give," and labors unceasingly for money for a new chapel, organ or church, will doubtless see his efforts rewarded. And so it goes. One man says: "See our church; we raised \$13,000 last year." Another says: "See our church—packed every night, good music, splendid sermons, average attendance, 672, as against 276 under the old regime." Then another says: "Our church has averaged 35 conversions the past five years; the previous half decade the average was only 8." Each tells its own story, and no commentary is needed. So it is, the kind, degree and earnestness of work produce their own results. Some church trees bear dollars, only dollars; others are wild with the manuscripts of great ser-















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## GOD IS LOVE.

BY FANNIE CROSBY.

Poor, weary heart, wouldst thou repent,  
Lead thou confiding on his breast,  
Who feels thy sorrow, shares thy weep,  
And gives thy troubled spirit rest.  
Thou hast no other friend so dear,  
To hold the world or heaven above,  
Lean on him to faith sincere,  
For he is God, and God is love.

Though life temptations vex thy soul,  
And trials hedge thy pilgrim way,  
Though gathering clouds may darkly roll,  
Look up to him, look up and pray.  
Thy Saviour's voice will soothe thy fears,  
And every anxious care remove.  
Thy Saviour's hand will fill thy tears,  
For he is God, and God is love.

As through the crystal drops that shine,  
Just when the storm is passing by,  
In token of his love divine,  
The low promise appears the sky.  
So through the early tears we shed,  
His smile will beam from heaven above.  
Then cling to him, whose word has said,  
That he is God, and God is love.

## Our China Mission—No. 2.

BY REV. J. W. LAMBUTH.

Mr. Editor: Rev. J. S. and Mrs. Belton, of the Alabama Conference, sailed from New York City in May, 1854, and arrived in Shanghai, September 17, the same year. The health of Bro. Belton failed in 1855, and he sailed for the United States, November 7, the same year, and died in New York City, in the house of Bishop Jayne, March 17, 1856, and is buried in Greenwood Cemetery. He died a most triumphant death. Bishop Jayne remarked that "God had sent an angel to die in his house," so happy and peaceful were his last hours on earth. His wife still lives.

Rev. D. C. Kelley, M. D., and wife, of the Tennessee Conference, sailed from New York City in May, 1854, and arrived in Shanghai, September 17, the same year. Mrs. Kelley's health failed in 1856, and on March 17, of that year, they sailed for the United States. Two weeks out from Shanghai their little babe died and was buried in the Chinese sea. Mrs. Kelley died in Tennessee. Dr. Kelley is now Treasurer of the Board of Missions.

J. W. Lambuth and wife, of the Mississippi Conference, sailed from New York City in May, 1854, and arrived in Shanghai, September 17, the same year. He is now stationed at Shanghai, China.

Rev. Y. J. Allen and wife arrived in Shanghai, July 13, 1860, and are now residing in Shanghai.

Rev. N. L. Wood and wife arrived in Shanghai, July 30, 1860. Mrs. Wood died in Shanghai, March 15, 1864. Mr. Wood returned to the United States in the latter part of 1860, and is now connected with the North Carolina Conference.

Rev. A. P. Parker, of the Missouri Conference, arrived in Shanghai in November, 1875, and is now residing at Soochow.

Rev. W. R. Lambuth, M. D., and wife, of the Tennessee Conference, arrived in Shanghai, November, 1877, and are now stationed at Soochow.

Mrs. Parker, from New Jersey, was sent out by the Presbyterian Board of Missions, and arrived in Shanghai, December 14, 1877, and resides in Soochow.

Miss L. Rankin, of the Memphis Conference, arrived in Shanghai, December, 1878, and is now in Nay-zung. She was sent by the Woman's Board of Missions.

Rev. C. R. Reid and wife, of the Kentucky Conference, arrived in November, 1879, and are now stationed at Soochow.

Miss Dora Rankin, of the Memphis Conference, sent out by the Woman's Board of Missions, arrived in Shanghai, November, 1879, and is now stationed at Nay-zung.

Rev. W. W. Royall and wife, of the Virginia Conference, arrived in Shanghai, December, 1880. Mr. Royall is now residing in Shanghai, engaged in teaching in the Anglo-Chinese High School.

Rev. K. McLane and wife, of the

Georgia Conference, arrived in Shanghai, December, 1880. Mrs. McLane's health failed in April, 1881, and they sailed for the United States. Mr. McLane died in 1882.

Rev. G. R. Locher, of the Georgia Conference, arrived in Shanghai, December, 1880, and is at present residing in Shanghai, and teaching in the Anglo-Chinese High School. Dr. Park, of the Georgia Conference, arrived in Shanghai, November, 1882, and is now residing at Soochow.

Rev. D. L. Anderson and wife, of the Georgia Conference, arrived in Shanghai, December, 1882, and are now stationed at Nay-zung.

Rev. Mingledorff and wife, of the Georgia Conference, arrived in Shanghai, December, 1882, and are residing in Shanghai, and teaching in the Anglo-Chinese High School.

Miss A. Mace, of the Georgia Conference, arrived in Shanghai, December, 1882, and is now residing in Shanghai, and teaching in the Anglo-Chinese High School. She was sent out by the Woman's Board of Missions.

Native preachers and exhorters of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Shanghai, Province of Kiangsu, China: Liew-Tsok-Sung James Andrew, was baptized in 1851, but was never ordained. He died in 1857, after preaching the gospel for fourteen years in China.

Hui-pu-Tse was baptized in 1859, returned to Tientsin in 1860. Was ordained deacon in the English Methodist Church in 1873, in Tientsin, and died in 1880, after preaching the gospel more than twenty years, and seeing more than two thousand souls converted to God.

Wong-Kwa-Chung was baptized in 1860, was not ordained, preached the gospel for six years, and died in Nay-zung, November, 1868.

Yung Kyung-Lau was baptized in 1856, was ordained deacon in Shanghai, in December, 1876, by Bishop Marvin, and died in November, 1880, in Shanghai. He preached the gospel for sixteen years.

Dyung Yung-Chung was baptized in 1856, was ordained deacon and elder, December, 1876, by Bishop Marvin, and is now stationed at Soochow.

Dsun-Tse-Zeh (C. K. Marshall) went to the United States in 1859, joined the church in 1860, returned from the United States to China in 1869, and took work in Soochow in 1870. In December, 1876, he was ordained deacon and elder by Bishop Marvin, and is now stationed in Sankong City.

Lee-Tse-Kia graduated in the Presbyterian mission school at Hangchow, was transferred to our church in 1871, was ordained deacon, in 1876, by Bishop Marvin, and is now stationed at Nay-zung.

Hong Kwung-Hong was received into the church in 1873, was licensed to preach in 1875, elected to deacon's orders in 1878, and is now stationed at Shanghai.

Dzung Saw-Tsung was baptized in 1874, was licensed to preach in 1876, and is now stationed at the city of Tsin-poo.

Lee-Tse-Now was baptized in 1869, was licensed to preach in 1878, and is now stationed at the city of Karding.

Tsa-Voeng-Tsung was baptized in 1875, licensed to preach in 1878, and is now at Soochow on a circuit.

Tser-Tsing-Gee was baptized in 1877, and licensed to preach in 1880. He is now stationed at the city of Kwimsoo, preaching and practicing medicine.

Dzung-Tsing-Lau was baptized in 1879, and licensed to preach in 1882. He is now on the Chippu circuit.

Sung-Yun-Puh was baptized in 1870, and a graduate of the Episcopal school in Shanghai. Was transferred to our church in 1882, and licensed to preach in 1882. He is junior preacher in Shanghai.

Dong-Nyok-Lau is a graduate of Soochow, at our theological school, and was licensed to preach in 1882.

Kyung-Long-Bos graduated in the mission theological school in Soochow, and was licensed to preach in 1882.

Lee-Ping-Zung was transferred from the English Episcopal Church, and in 1882 was licensed to exhort, and is now at the city of Sung Kong.

Tser-Dsoong-Sz was baptized in 1879, and licensed to exhort in 1882. This finishes the list of both foreign and native preachers who have been and are now connected with our mission in China.

## The Higher Life Again.

Mr. Editor: I believe that, by the grace of God, I have been saved from any unholy ambition to have the last word merely for the sake of the last word; and I believe "Inquirer" has mislead himself and may mislead some of his readers by his "syllogistic form" of reasoning:

First, "Inquirer" assumes that "Gilderoy professed the sweet experience of Christian perfection for fifteen years before those good women prayed for him." This I deny, in part and in whole, as stated by "Inquirer." I said, "I had known, by sweet experience, for fifteen years the measure of grace prayed for by the good women." What they prayed for, as I understood from their prayers, and from frequent conversations with them, was far below my idea of

sanctification. This disposes of syllogism number one.

Second, "Inquirer" says, "Gilderoy professes to love God with all the heart, mind, soul and strength." I reply, Gilderoy never made such a profession in his life, either publicly or privately, through the press, or in the pulpit. I have said, and I say it again, "I am trying to love God with all my heart, mind, soul and strength," but I have not attained unto this state of "perfection in love." This sets aside syllogism number two.

Third, "Inquirer" assumes that it is the duty of all who enjoy the blessing of Christian perfection to make a public profession of it. This I flatly deny. In this "Inquirer" assumes the very thing in dispute in this controversy. Is it the duty of any man or woman to make a public profession of "Christian perfection"? Show me a "thus, saith the Lord," or even a clear inference to that effect, and I will openly and publicly confess my error.

I believe in the doctrine of "Christian perfection" as set forth in the word of God, with all my heart, and I have believed in this doctrine from the days of my early boyhood. I believe in the use of scriptural terms in preference to all other terms when speaking on this subject. I object to the "definition" of these terms, and the "interpretation" of the passages in which they are used, as they are defined and interpreted by some people. There are some people—real good people—enthusiastic, but not biblical, who cease of opposing the Bible when, in fact, I have only objected to their interpretation of it.

My interpretations of God's holy word may be wrong, hence I am willing to be generous to those who oppose my views. I do not like to be set down as an enemy of God and his word and work simply because I do not see things through other people's glasses. It is true that "Gilderoy" is often "in opposition to himself," and if wrong in this matter, and "Inquirer" will kindly show it to him, he will be in opposition to himself again.

"Inquirer" need not try to convince me of error by putting words into my mouth that I never uttered, as he has done in his "syllogistic form." There are comparatively few men so "perfect in mind and spirit" as to quote fairly and honestly from books and articles reviewed and criticised by them. It requires moral courage, good sense, careful reading, love of truth, and great grace to save most men from unfairness in this particular.

I am thoroughly convinced that my good and unknown friend, "Inquirer," has not intentionally and willfully misrepresented Gilderoy; but still he has done so. Except from my own writings are misquoting unless fairly made. Hasty, careless and sometimes thoughtless, reading lead both men into misrepresentation. Often men are misled by too great eagerness to reply, and sometimes by an unholy ambition for victory. Gilderoy does not reject this controversy in so far as it is personal to himself or to his unknown friend; but, if "Inquirer" wishes to join issues in the main question, as to the "duty of professing holiness, sanctification or perfection in love," why then I have no objection to expressing my mind fully, freely and fairly. My great trouble, and the great trouble of hundreds of devout men and women, has been about the "duty of professing Christian perfection." Is it a duty? Will the "Inquirer" answer? Show us the passage, book, chapter, paragraph, verse, phrase, word, syllable, letter, or even a fair, plain inference, that every mouth may be stopped.

## "Inquirer" in Trouble.

Mr. Editor: In your issue of March 15 "Inquirer" calls for "information" what to do in his "trouble." The call is to "you or any of your correspondents," and, as you did not respond, I suppose you referred the matter to your correspondents. Many of these are more competent than I to give advice in such matters; but, as the spirit moves me, I also will show mine opinion, and, if a better solution of "Inquirer's" difficulties is submitted, mine can go to the waste basket.

In this connection I will take occasion to say that placing the ministry in financial straits is the poorest sort of policy on the part of the church. Nothing cramps a man's genius and crushes his spirits more effectively than destitution. Poverty in the parsonage will invariably result in poverty in the pulpit. Many persons have an imperfect idea of the necessary expenses of a minister. The losses and expenses incident to frequent removals, the cost of books, the extra expense in the line of clothing, and the expense of hospitality to which a Bishop must be given—these are some of the items frequently overlooked in estimating what a preacher's expense ought to be. Place any minister in the condition of "Inquirer." No house, not a bushel of corn, not a pound of meat, four months of the Conference year gone, and "nothing as yet"—how can he be efficient? He can go through the forms of duty; but he carries in his heart a sense of neglect,

and his wings are clipped. There is a manifest waste of power, and the responsibility rests somewhere.

But I turn to "Inquirer." My dear brother, I do not know who you are. You may be a member of my Conference or of some other. You may be my junior or my senior. No matter, you are my brother, and if I can help you bear your burden I will gladly do so.

The difficulty you complain of has its origin away back in the appointment of stewards for your circuit. The Discipline directs: "Let the stewards be men of solid piety, who both know and love the Methodist doctrine and Discipline." Your difficulty could not exist under the management of seven men of the above description. Bishop McTearle, in The Manual of the Discipline, pages 62, 63, says: "A careless or inefficient steward may, without opposition, starve out the ministry in the midst of plenty and a willing people."

On the contrary, where energetic and liberal stewards are employed, the church partakes of the spirit, the congregation devises liberal things, poverty vies with wealth, and comparatively small and feeble societies amply sustain the institutions of the church.

But this does not meet your case. Your stewards hold over until next winter. You want to know how to get out of the difficulty now. I would make the following suggestions: Do the best you can on all occasions, both in the pulpit and out of it, trusting the Lord for results. Take your stewards into your confidence, and endeavor to them as possible. They are your counselors as well as your commissaries. Pray for them every day that God may baptize them with the Holy Spirit. Do not look on the dark side of things if you can help it. Remember the Saviour was poorer than we are, and not so well paid for his services. True, he was Divine and we human, but he never employed his Divine power for his own protection and support. The devil wanted him to do this in the wilderness, but he did not do it. He often had to place to lay his head, and went hungry and neglected. Yet he labored on and murmured not. Now if we endure hardness for his sake, as you are doing, then are we partakers of his sufferings.

"And if we suffer with him, we shall also reign with him." Blessed thought! My dear brother, look up and think of the crown you shall wear in heaven when your warfare is over. Having turned many to righteousness you shall shine as the stars. Then the hardships incident to your ministry will look less than they do now. You will rejoice in that day that you were counted worthy to suffer with your Divine Lord.

W. R. LEWIS.  
CHATELAIN, MISS., March 17, 1883.

## Christianity and the Modern Spirit.

In the Nineteenth Century, for October, Mr. C. K. Paul gives us an article on "Faith and Unfaith," whose inspiration might have come of a heavy diet of cheese and hard boiled eggs. There is a tendency in the human mind to associate religion with death; and when the soul becomes immured in gloom, thought instinctively turns Godward, and either finds consolation or not, accordingly as we have faith or not. And whether materialism prevails, or whether supernaturalism prevails, it is equally necessary to our well-being that the dignity of human nature be sustained by a belief in its hold on eternal life and of its merits being recognized by an infinite Ruler. This may be admitted by the evolutionist. But he may maintain that the necessity of such a belief explains its existence. If all phenomena are products of evolution, popular beliefs, as the teeth of squirrels, have come into existence because they are or were necessary to the well-being of the creatures to which they belong; and the evolutionist is committed to the task of showing that religion is no longer necessary to our well-being, and that it is necessary that it yield to that vague something, called "the modern spirit," which is ever taking form in some new speculative effort, and is ever losing it with some new discovery or revelation, proving, like Paddy's watermelon when he had boiled it down, to be "a great big nothing." Yet it is something—a sad, distressing something—an evil which needs to be cured.

This is an age in which the moral and intellectual forces of the human family are strained to their highest tension to the neglect of the physical man. It is an age in which "delicate health" is heroized. The hero or heroine of every novel—and novels make up the literature of the great bulk of mankind—must be pale and weakly, must have an ailment of some sort, before it is thought that great moral or intellectual qualities can be consistently ascribed to them. Frail health in women has become an element of beauty; frail health in man a necessary concomitant of high birth and good breeding; there are diseases of which men and women are proud to complain. The physical man is ignored. Is it any wonder, then, that ignored as he is in society, he should become of such vast importance in philosophy? Since we now carry our bodies, instead of our bodies carrying us as they should, is it any wonder that our attention

should be called, and that forcibly, to their great weight and their immense importance as a condition to our happiness? It is no surprise that the world begins to believe that there is no life without a body. It is no surprise that the wit and vivacity and innocent exultation which characterized the literature of the past has given place to the morbid sentimentalism which characterizes that of the present. He who has no surplus energy can indulge in no surplus expenditure; every sentence is likely to contain either a selfish plea or a cut of some sort. May not what is called the modern spirit be to a great extent the mere expression of that state of the human mind thus engendered?

Turning now to Mr. C. K. Paul, we are disposed to think that a narrative dose and a twenty-four hours fast might have led him to impart a different tone to his article, and have made his perceptions on some points a great deal clearer. His endeavor is to bring the charge of inconsistency on the church by showing that the ridiculous dogmas and rites of Roman Catholicism, which Protestantism condemns, follow logically from the fundamental principles of Christ's teachings. For example: "The majority of persons who go to church would give as one of their reasons for doing so, that God is in a special manner there."

Once let it be granted that he is in any degree, and under any condition, localized, the size of the particle is naught, and he who framed the exquisite meshes of the fly's wing, or the microscopic fibers of the lichen, may choose the smallest spot in which to show his greatest and divinest power. And hence that we eat the real body of Christ in the sacrament is a consistent dogma, so Mr. C. K. Paul would have us believe.

In this case, as in most others, Mr. Paul starts with an assumption, and proceeds to give us an example of what is called modern criticism. (God better it.) Religion was intended for man's benefit, and not God's glory; yet are we commanded to glorify God, because our own glory properly consists in so doing. We are taught to honor and reverence God, because whom we honor we imitate, and no other. We are taught to invest our property in the church, because such investments enlist and keep alive our interest in it. We are taught to meet together and to worship at such places as we choose, not because he is localized, but because intercommunion with one another is good for us, and for that reason he has promised to ever manifest himself on such occasions in order to encourage it. We must localize collective worship, though we preach that God is everywhere.

A thing is deemed right or wrong according to its effects, and things of moral significance must be classified by their effects; but Mr. C. K. Paul has another method, which we are sorry to say can neither lead him to heaven nor truth.

DUNFORD PICKELS.  
EOLA, LOUISIANA.

## Southwestern Bible Society.

By reference to the reports of this society it will be seen that, during the recent canvass of its territory, there have been distributed 71,183 copies of the Scriptures, costing \$21,825.98.

The most of these books have been granted made by the American Bible Society for the work, to help us in our need and to encourage us in our undertaking to supply Louisiana and Southern Mississippi with the "word of life."

There is still much destitution, and almost daily applications from different portions of our field for relief are received, which the Southwestern Bible Society, owing to its meagre contributions, is unable to meet. The Board of Directors have issued a circular appealing to the friends of the institution for means to aid them in the prosecution of their work. We hope these appeals will elicit favorable responses from churches and individuals sufficiently numerous and liberal as to speedily restore this important interest of Protestant Christianity to its former prosperity.

To allow the only Bible society in this part of the country to suspend would be a calamitous reproach to the Protestant Christianity of this community, the leading denominations of which are represented in its direction. Yet we see no other alternative with but about \$500 furnished per annum—furnished to keep it up. Is it not a shameful reflection that such an important interest should be so inadequately sustained? Can we hope for a healthy condition of Christianity or morals without providing an ample supply of the word of God, which is its lifeblood? If the many thousands spent annually flushing our streets, to promote the health of our city and community, is judicious and prolific, can there be any doubt of the policy and wisdom of spending at least a few thousands in flushing our territory with the "waters of life?"

This matter laid before all of the congregations of all the different churches represented throughout our field, even if the contributions were small, would supply us all we need for the prosecution of this work. Five hundred annual members from each denomination co-operating with

us—Presbyterian, Baptist, Protestant Episcopal and Methodist—paying the small amount of *three dollars each*, would furnish a sufficient supply to carry on our operations efficiently and successfully. Are there not this number of godly men and women in Louisiana and Southern Mississippi, who feel interest enough in this grand work, to make such contribution? I am persuaded that there are enough godless and churchless people who, if their attention were directed to it, could and would do this much in vindication of their faith in the Bible and its morality. Will not the pastors of churches and friends do this much in behalf of their own society organized to relieve first the destitution of our own community?

J. A. IVY, Agent.

## The Publishing House.

On my return from the Baltimore Conference, I learned with much surprise that telegrams had been issued from Charlottesville, W. Va., the seat of the Conference, indicating that the Southern Methodist Publishing House was in financial distress, and that efforts were being made to raise a "sinking fund" for its relief and future safety. How the idea was conceived, or what gave rise to the conjecture, I am at a loss to know, unless it came out of a misunderstanding of the Agents' Annual Report, which was read to this Conference. I have no thought there was any intention to make a wrong impression on the public mind; but some of our friends seem to have been alarmed, and are inquiring into the matter with some degree of anxiety. To quiet all such, allow me to state:

1. That the Report submitted to the Baltimore Conference is exactly the same presented to each and every Annual Conference in the Connection, the Baltimore being the last for the current fiscal year.

2. No facts were reported except such as were given in substance to the General Conference in May last.

3. There has been no change in the condition of the House since the adjournment of the General Conference, only that it has been more prosperous than ever. The circulation of our periodicals is increasing, our trade is enlarging, and our business very satisfactory.

The interest for July and January has been paid, so far as the coupons have been returned, and they are all, or nearly all, in. We have retired not less than \$25,000 worth of bonds, and have created no new debts. Our friends have no occasion for alarm. Our forthcoming report, up to April 1, 1883, will soon be made, and the exact state of affairs will be published, showing a better condition than ever.

All we ask is the hearty co-operation of the church and its friends. As I said at the Baltimore Conference, with proper management and hearty support the House is obliged to have a prosperous future.

J. B. McFERRIN, Book Agent.  
NEW YORK, TENN., March, 1883.

## Good Words.

17 years is appointed to convey  
The blessing God designs to give.  
Long as they live should Christians pray,  
They learn to pray when first they live.

—Joseph Hart.

In the Canton of Berne, in the Swiss Oberland, rushes a mountain stream toward the valley as if it would carry destruction among the villages below. But, leaping from a sheer precipice of nearly nine hundred feet in height, it is caught in the clutch of the winds and sifted in fine, soft showers, whose benignant spray covers the fields with perpetual green. Many a sorrow, Christian friend, may be such a torrent to you. It may bedew you with meekness, patience, heavenly-mindedness.—Advent.

There is nothing which is right for us to do, but it is also right to ask that God would bless it; and, indeed, there is nothing so little but the favor of God can convert it into the most and calamity, or his smile exalt it into a most memorable mercy.—J. Hamilton.

Perhaps the worst devil a man can be possessed withal is himself. In mere madness the man is beside himself; but in this case he is inside himself. The presiding, indwelling, inspiring spirit of him is himself, and that is the hardest to cast out.—George MacDonald.

Where the peace is that Christ gives, all the trouble and disgust of the world can not disturb it. All outward distress to such a mind is but as the rattling of hail upon the tiles of him who sits within the house at a sumptuous banquet.—Leighton.

Justification is the act of God as a Judge; adoption, his act as a Father. By the former we are discharged from condemnation, and accepted as righteous; by the latter we are made the children and heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ forever.

However early in the morning you seek the gate of access, you find it already open; and however deep in the midnight moment, when you find yourself in the sudden arms of death, the whinged prayer can bring an instant Saviour near.



Christian Advocate.

THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 1883.

For the New Orleans Christian Advocate, send to the Editor, P. O. Box 117, New Orleans, La.

BY H. M.

Arthur, called by the name of the Pharisees, having been set aside from the line of succession, refused to plunge England into civil war for the recovery of his rights, selecting for his rest the motto "God has willed it." He died in the tower of London, where, through the malice of foes and the treachery of friends, he had been imprisoned for holding the Protestant faith.

"This God has willed," said England's king. His noble heart submitted bowed. "My royal name, my lineage, proud, A cheerful sacrifice I bring."

He gave, he takes, his holy name. Be blessed all other names above. "I will be mine; his lasting love Is better far than human fame."

For me 'tis well while I abide, Though foes may hate and friends betray. Though rough the path and steep the way, So I but journey by his side.

I may not win an earthly crown, For no one monarch's name may shine. A heavenly diadem be mine. Earth's honors I for him lay down.

He chose for me, the prayer was heard. A crown for him God's love prepared. The martyr's crown of suffering shared. The brightest promised in his word.

No tottering strength of temporal throne, With sword's glow of royal state, Was counted meet to compensate The man who made God's will his own.

To his to reign with Christ in power, To see his foes his footstool made, The keys of hell he bore him laid, And share the triumph of that hour.

Sunday-School Lesson.

PREPARED BY REV. CHRISTIAN KESSE.

Second Quarter—Lesson I.

SUNDAY, APRIL 1, 1883.—ACTS—VIII, 14-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Thy heart is not right in the sight of God."—ACTS VIII, 21.

SIMON, THE SORCERER.

When Saul stood by, consenting to the death of Stephen, little did he think that he would be the next one who should see with his eyes the Son of man enthroned in glory. How far from his thought was the Holy Spirit's plan. He already had been chosen by the great Head of the church to spend his life in declaring the very doctrines of Stephen's apostasy. From the martyr's blood arose Saul to make havoc of the church, but ere many days had passed the Spirit overtook him and by his own wondrous methods reversed the impetuous current of his purposes and life and new-born Saul becomes Paul. The martyrdom of Stephen was the first taste of blood that only the more infuriated the Pharisees and Sadducees against the Christians. Their persecutions were especially directed against those Hellenistic Jews whose views of Christianity were wider than those of the Hebrews who looked not beyond the temple as the center of religious unity and Jerusalem as the religious capital of the world. The Grecians' want of reverence for the temple and adherence to the sentiments and teachings of Stephen made it dangerous for them to remain in Jerusalem, so that, as a measure of safety, they scattered abroad in the various provinces.

Philip, one of the seven chosen from among the Grecian Jews, and, no doubt, associated in work and doctrine with Stephen, made his home in Samaria, to escape the storm of persecution which was raging throughout Jewry. Thus the Holy Ghost made use of the bosom of persecution to sweep them out over the world, like the storm of wind scattering seed on many a foreign shore. No doubt the Spirit directed this Grecian Jew to go to the city of Samaria, to a people whose national antipathy would not have received a native of Judea. This entering of Philip into this accursed country was the first approach of the gospel to the Gentile world; it furnished the first bridge between Jerusalem and the world. He began preaching Christ unto them. It was like a skillful physician practicing medicine in a new country. The effect was wonderful; miracles were performed of marvelous cures; the coming of this gospel preacher was as a universal benefaction to that city. There was great joy over the civilizing and renovating effects of the gospel. But there is always a but to every good out-throw; it will ever be so as long as Satan roams the world unchained.

We may be sure that Satan kept his eye upon the various movements of the Spirit, and particularly this mission movement in scattering the word of life by scattering these Christians. Satan selects his agents, and through them he proposes to sow heresy in the church. This may account for the great number of magicians and men who claimed preternatural powers over the earth, air and nature generally, some going farther in their claims, calling themselves more than man. The Roman empire was never more infested with villains of this stripe than during the apostolic times. We may credit this unusual harvest of jugglers and infernal conjurers to Satan as an offset to the aggressive movements of the Spirit. At this time men eagerly gave heed to them, being, as they were, weary of darkness and yearning for light. Any one who appeared, making unusual professions of learning and light, could gain an audience. The Holy Ghost sent Philip, but Satan chose Simon to look out for his interests in Samaria, and to see that he suffered no loss.

Simon was a Samaritan, and knew enough of the Scriptures and enough of heathen notions out of which, with Satan's aid, to weave a most dangerous heresy.

This Simon was a sorcerer of no

mean reputation, and to this he joined a claim of special divine powers. He was the first anti-Christ we hear of in the gospel history. The people looked upon him as a sort of incarnation of belief. Philip, by the power of the gospel, soon detected his frauds and won over the people. This expose of Simon helped to extend and deepen the effect of Philip's preaching.

Simon was soon left without followers, and thought it best to join the man who had outstripped him, not without a touch of real conviction, but mostly to the sinister purpose of covering his defeat. He was baptized and continued with Philip, wondering at the miracles and signs done. What light Simon's case throws on what is called baptismal regeneration we leave for others to tell.

The news of Philip's great revival in Samaria reached the apostles at Jerusalem, and they sent Peter and John down to Samaria to investigate the nature of this work among the Samaritans. I suppose these apostles felt in their narrow Jewish souls that this move toward Samaria was a going down, physically, socially, religiously. The genuineness of the work done was a great surprise to them; the gospel had actually taken hold of these Samaritans, these accursed ones who knew not the law. They were Christians in all respects, excepting the gift of Spirit conferred. They only lacked this finishing touch. It was an affecting sight, and touched even Peter. The apostles saw that they had fulfilled all the conditions to receiving the Holy Ghost; they believed in the name of Christ for the remission of sins, and had been baptized. In prayer they presented their claim to Christ, laying their hands upon their heads, and they received the Holy Ghost. There could be no mistake about it, for they began to act and speak like those who were in the upper room on the day of Pentecost. It was a pity if Simon was not in this class, so that he might have been confirmed with the rest. Right here we find the origin of the church's use of Episcopal confirmation, the conveyance and transmission of the Holy Ghost through the hands of the Bishop. I wonder why Simon was excluded from this company of baptized believers? Was Peter and John discerners of spirits? or did Simon hold back to see the effect of this laying of hands on the others? or was Simon in the class confirmed? There is nothing to the contrary stated. And was his heart so false and hard that the Holy Ghost could not enter, and when the ceremony was over he felt himself still to be his old empty self. When Simon saw that those on whom the apostles laid their hands received the Holy Ghost he mistook the power of the Holy Ghost for some secret power in Peter's hands laid on. He would like to have that power; he could make it pay. He offered to buy it. This offer of money for the power to confer the gift, rather than to enjoy the gift, proved how completely Satan had possessed him. The apostles, in his eyes, were traders in spiritual powers and charms of a clover kind than those he wielded.

What a degraded and devilish estimate he put upon the gift of God. The devil himself tried to buy off the Lord Jesus by offering him the gift of God. This sin, so unique, finds illustrations in the present day, where *things* are regularly bought and sold. It is that dreadful sin of thinking that we can buy what is in its very nature a gift. Many men have this idea of God's free grace, forgetting that the redemption of their souls is precious, and that it costeth forever. This offer of money for the power to wield the priceless forces of the Holy Ghost was putting a most degrading estimate upon the ransom of a soul. This man thought he could purchase with perishing gold divine power to use for himself. His base offer but revealed the thought of his heart.

"Not a Bit of Religion in It."

The above is the language of an editor of a little secular paper published in a growing town, situated on the Chicago, St. Louis & New Orleans railroad, who, in conversation, a few days ago, with a Presbyterian divine, after speaking of the improvements, growth in population, social and religious status of his town, said: "It is the easiest place in the world to get up an excitement, but there is not a bit of religion in it." This remark he applied principally to the Methodist, though he did not entirely exclude the Baptist, and in the use of it he undoubtedly meant there was no religion in a revival, when there was sufficient excitement connected with it, to cause the convicted to weep and mourn on account of their sins, and the liberated captive to rejoice and shout aloud from a consciousness of possessing that peace of God in their hearts which passeth all understanding. But whatever was meant, he certainly exhibited a spirit common among the subjects of the kingdom of darkness, and in open opposition to the principle inculcated by our Saviour in his Sermon on the Mount, when he said: "Judge not."

It is sad to note the rapidly growing inclination on the part of the people of this age to cultivate and, indeed, cherish a disposition of decal against the primitive mode of the church in promoting the cause of Christ. This is a progressive age. "Old fogyism" is at a very great discount. The Wesley's, John Knox, Ashbury and Cook may have done very well in their day, when

saints were made to rejoice, and sinners convicted and converted, under the pentecostal power of their "old foggy preaching and singing; but that kind of preaching don't suit this progressive age; and those "old time" songs, whose heavenly melody softened and melted the hearts of our fathers and mothers, don't suit the high-toned taste of this advanced generation. No, no. They are far in advance of that non-sensical method of worship, and have brought to light the grand discovery that "religion is reason." And it seems they want only a "moderate supply" of this kind of religion, as they are not controlled by the reasons why they should be Christians. The religion of seventy years ago has gone out of style, and died away with those who enjoyed it. With a new generation a new profession of religion has been generated and disseminated. In order to enjoy this profession it must be popular. To be popular it must keep pace with the new discoveries and developments of all the sciences, and so pliable as to be adapted to the convenience and peculiar circumstances of every one who wishes to become a member of the church, and at the same time his own dictator. The advocates of this profession want the Conference to send them a first-class preacher, and they want him to preach every Sunday, but he must not make them feel so awfully uncomfortable by telling them of their sins so plainly, and that there is a hell for the wicked. Neither must he get excited while he is preaching. His sermons must be entirely aesthetic, and not exceeding thirty minutes in length. They don't care anything about homiletics and homiletics. As for singing they must have tune books of the latest improvement, with music on the operatic style. Such old-fashioned songs as "Come thou fount," "How firm a foundation," and "Jesus, lover of my soul" have served their "day and time," and must give place to more popular songs in order to meet the advanced taste of the worshipping people of the present day. And when they feel disposed to take dueling lessons, attend balls, sell whisky or get drunk the preacher and the "old foggy" members of the church must keep quiet about it, for they live in a progressive age, and don't propose to be controlled by persons who are entirely out of the fashion. There is no use in the church being so strict in her requirements, and there is no sense in such stir and excitement "nowhere." It may suit old women and weak-minded men, but there is "not a bit of religion in it."

Such is the "sing song" whim of a vast number of persons who would be considered as friends of Christ, and reputable members of his church, but at the same time occupy a friendly relation to the world. And these persons are numbered in the statistics of the church, and go to make up the grand total of Methodists in the South. As regards excitement in revivals much might be said *pro* and *con*. We do not propose to discuss the question. It may be said man is so constituted as to require a certain degree of excitement to accomplish anything, physically or mentally, and if so in these, why not spiritually? Why should men of the world condemn religious excitement, and say there is "not a bit of religion in it?" It is simply because of inconsistency of life with profession on the part of church members. Many make loud professions during the revival, but almost before the echoes of the last doxology have died away they are acting in a manner entirely contrary to the principles of their profession, and thus give the world a chance to sneer at and condemn their profession as a myth and their worship as a melodrama, with "not a bit of religion in it." This is lamentable. Oh! for some "old foggy," "old-fashioned," genuine, soul-stirring, lasting conversions—conversions which will permanently change the heart and life from sin to righteousness. Then the preacher and members would give more diligent heed to the requirements of Christianity, we would hear less complaint about inconsistency, the church would be more deeply pious, and there would be fulfilled the saying: "And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

CHEERFUL WORDS.

"The gospel is the 'power of God' unto salvation. It is to educate the world spiritually; and to bring man back to God. The church of Christ is to conquer all enemies, and her richest experience is the assurance that God has pledged himself to give success. It is a matter of peculiar interest that an unprecedented opportunity is afforded *now* for accomplishing its Divine mission; more especially does this appear true within our own borders. Never before has the gospel so squarely faced and so strongly rebuked the rulers of this world's darkness; never before has the angel of its presence been so prominent and powerful in national affairs; never before has the best thought of the world so completely harmonized with Christianity in its principles and purposes. The most powerful nations are practically utilizing the revealed wisdom at which once they were offended. Wonderful opportunity! All ages and all things have been working it out. The history of religious and political ideas can not be written. Schemes and enterprises, once vague and chimerical, have developed into actual forces, which harmonize

with God's plan of redeeming man. And there are upon us, as God's people, the urgent necessity and golden opportunity to go forth to victory. The *present* is the *best* time for an encouraging now. The better understanding, increasing fraternity and more enlightened and liberal dealing existing among the churches, the constantly increasing number of Christian families, co-extensive with our settlements in the West, the increasing facilities for intercommunication, the cheapness and prevalence of literature, the large sums turned into educational, eleemosynary and missionary channels, the princely donations from living men, who are laying up treasures in heaven, are all indications of a coming victory over the powers of evil, which the prophets have foretold and God has promised. There will be murmuring and complaining, timidity and unbelief, and sometimes an appearance of retrogression, but a little looking back and an estimate of the progress of a very few years will show such marked changes as ought to cheer every Christian heart. With our increasing forces Providence seems to widen the fields of work and the opportunity for delivering man from ignorance and misery. Whatever fault may be found with the administration of affairs it is easy to discern growing forces in our national body which some day shall cast off all offensive material, and endow the government with peculiar moral capacity. It is not a spread-eagle glorification to say that America to-day furnishes lessons of political freedom, brotherly love and genuine humanity to all the world. There are hopeful signs of such reform as shall perfect a national character which shall condemn alike sectional animosities and partisan politics, and shall reward true patriotism wherever found. Whatever may come to pass, it is certain the gospel shall have free course and be glorified, and that our safety and prosperity lies in dealing with all men according to its sublime principles, trusting God to adjust all social and political questions for the future as he has done in the past.

THOS. W. BROWN.

A Sub-Bishop Among Friends.

Mr. Editor: I have completed the first round on Winifred district and commenced the second. By a gracious Providence I have been enabled to meet every appointment, though the congregations have generally been small on account of bad weather. A good average attendance of official members; pastors all at their posts, and everybody in pretty good spirits up to the prospect for the ensuing year. While I think that we have gained some within the past year, yet a thorough revival is much needed. I think Bishop Pierce's stirring appeal is having the desired effect upon many who read the Advocate.

It has been a little more than a year since I moved to this place, and a kinder people I have never lived among. Ideally, they seem to act as though they would have us to feel that they were honored by having us in the community. And there seems to be no end to their kindness to me and my family.

The car on which our furniture was shipped arrived before we did, and was unloaded and everything in the house and the freight bill paid when we arrived, and we found several cords of wood in the yard. One day last summer a mother in Israel, indeed, as she is called to let us know that the children were coming on Friday to get up to aid them in organizing them into a missionary society. At the appointed time parents and children came pouring in, each one bringing something for the presiding elder and family—a barrel of flour, ham, sugar, coffee, drosses, and many other things too tedious to mention. And when we summed it all up we found enough to run a large family for more than a month. In the fall the same good lady said the presiding elder must have a new suit of clothes to wear to Conference, and in due time it was forthcoming.

Now, Mr. Editor, I frequently learn through the Advocate of the "pounding" and "storming" of pastors, but whoever heard of a presiding elder being treated thus?

We had a prohibition meeting last night, and an address from that indefatigable advocate of prohibition, Rev. Mr. Gambrell. At the close of his earnest and practical speech a number of our most influential citizens enlisted in the good cause. This movement is growing stronger in our State every day.

THOS. Y. RAMSEY.

DURANT, MISS., March 15, 1883.

From the Work.

TULLY CIRCUIT, LA.

Mr. Editor: My new work is progressing nicely. We have received the best of treatment from these people; who seem anxious to make us feel comfortable in our new home. The parsonage is being called up inside, and we are getting it well furnished. Thanks to the committee of noble ladies of Tully Church, who are working with all their might to this end, and to the many contributors. Our church in this village (Athens) is in a dilapidated condition. We appointed a committee of two to solicit subscriptions, who have worked most zealously, and already nearly the whole amount (\$250) has been secured. We hope to call and pay it before long.

Three of the churches on this circuit have had a missionary sermon, and a

collection has been taken up at each. About \$75 has been subscribed; of that amount \$25 has been collected and forwarded to Dr. Kelley. The fourth church will bear from me (D. V.) on this subject next Sabbath. I hope to be able to report \$100 collected by Conference, which will probably be double the amount assessed and the largest missionary collection ever reported from this circuit.

I do not forget the ADVOCATE. I have obtained nine new subscribers, and hope to get others. The outlook is certainly encouraging. Not unto us, O Lord, but unto thy name be all the glory.

WM. HART, P. C.

Mr. Editor: I am now comfortably situated at Fairfield, Ala., in the bounds of Hebron circuit, North Mississippi Conference, to which work I was assigned at our last Annual Conference, and the best news I have for you and your readers is that my family are not living in a hired house, but in a Methodist parsonage, regularly deeded to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and our for the time to come. The property that we have secured is in excellent repair, almost new, consisting of dwelling, with four rooms complete, store room, elstern, garden, crib and stable, and all nicely enclosed with sawed pickets and cedar posts, and valued at \$800. You will, I know, allow me through the columns of your paper to thank generous friends for the liberal amount given for purchasing and furnishing the parsonage.

(Want of space compels us to omit the long list of names and amounts given.) We congratulate Bro. Phillips on his good fortune in being so comfortably located after his long, unexpected and expensive move. May our Lord give him great success this year, and a good report in the ADVOCATE.—Editor.

Paid for parsonage, \$800; leaving a balance of \$52.50 to furnish the house. I have many good names on my subscription list, and others will subscribe, so that I hope to furnish the house in comfortable style before the year is out, and then I will report again.

H. F. PHILLIPS.

CARROLLTON, MISS.

Mr. Editor: I reached my present field of labor in December; was received with much kindness by the people, though they were much disappointed in not having my predecessor returned to them. Soon after my arrival the ladies of Carrollton purchased a commodious house for a parsonage, and furnished it. When the writer moved his family in, he found a bountiful supply of edibles, dinner even prepared. The temporal wants of the preacher and his family are carefully provided for by this noble people. Carrollton and Greenwood are the principal appointments, one the county seat of Carroll and the other of Leflore county. At Greenwood our people have finished a comfortable and slightly parsonage, and would like much to have the minister live there. I hope that they will obtain all that they desire. They are a cultivated, high-toned, generous people. My heart burns with an earnest desire for spiritual advancement in this charge. I am praying for a revival. I think I will send you some subscribers soon for the ADVOCATE.

J. M. HUGHES.

MARRIAGES.

WALKER-BAILLEY. At the residence of the bride's mother, in Bellevue, St. Landry parish, La., February 8, 1883, by Rev. T. J. Hough, Mr. William H. Walker to Miss Mattie L. Bailey.

KARSH-CARTER. At Shiloh, Meigs county, Tenn., March 20, 1883, by Rev. J. A. Karsh to Miss Minnie Carter, only daughter of Dr. L. E. Carter, all of Rankin county, Miss.

BLAKE-NECKLES. At the residence of the bride's mother near New Iberia, La., March 15, 1883, by Rev. T. J. Upson, Mr. Thomas S. Blake to Miss Louise Neckles, all of Iberia parish, La.

OBITUARIES.

CHAPPELLE—JOHN HAMILTON CHAPPELLE, son of Rev. G. A. and Eliza Adams Chappelle, was born in Columbus, Ga., June 25, 1839. His father, who was a member of the Georgia Conference, died while still young, leaving John, at the age of one or two years, an orphan. This mother, upon whose care his whole interest fell, was adequate to the task thus providentially imposed upon her, and succeeded in impressing upon his young mind and heart those great truths and noble virtues which have carried him so successfully through all the duties and trials of private and public life. His father, having been again married to Rev. Samuel Armstrong, "lived upon line, precept upon precept," was added, and he became, through this association, as well as from his extensive general information, thoroughly conversant with the doctrines and polity of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, which he loved, and which he served honestly, uprightly and zealously as long as he lived.

Bro. Chappelle entered Emory College about 1862, and, while a student there, attached himself to our church. In 1866 he graduated with the highest honors of that worthy institution. After four years of service in the Confederate States army, with the seventh regiment, Louisiana Volunteers, he recommenced his professional studies, and continued therein for several years with fine success. About 1870 he became a citizen of Louisiana. His success as a stump speaker of the highest order, soon brought him before the people as the eloquently-contested political battles of the parish and district. His whole manner was calm, his words wisely chosen; his logic convincing. No contest, however heated, could, for a moment, throw him off his usual course or cause him to swerve one iota from the rules

of true Christian courtesy in debate. It was so, too, in his religious life. Always ready, he was never called on in vain. I have heard him talk some very fine sermons.

It was the writer's privilege to be with him only a few hours before his death. For some time his wife had been unable to arouse him so that he would recognize her. I approached him and began to talk to him of his condition, asking if he knew this or that, and, calling his wife, I asked who it was. To this he answered, "That's my wife." I made inquiry in regard to his secular business, which, he said, he did not care to direct, but leave his property half to his wife and half to his children. I then made inquiry about his spiritual interests: "Do you realize the fact that you can not stay with us but a little longer?" To this he replied, "I am calm and trustful." To the question, "Is the future bright and clear to you?" he replied, "I have tried to live right—have made mistakes, but I am not afraid to die as a sinner." His reply was, "I made peace with God long ago." In all this (and much more) there was not the slightest sensation, but the same calmness of mind and thoughtful choice of simple words that made him conspicuous all through his public life.

He died of hematuria, January 27, 1883, after an illness of nine days. He has left his wife—Ella V. Wilson—and a little daughter and son (one, Sue Annie, went before to follow his goodly example and meet him in heaven. May the Lord keep them.

CRITCHLOW—The crown of immortality now rests upon the sainted brow of our much-beloved friend, Miss FANNIE CRITCHLOW, the last of a family of fourteen, and daughter of John and Mary Blow Critchlow. She was born, March 18, 1805, in Jerusalem, Southampton county, Va., and in the springtime of life entered her Master's vineyard, continuing a faithful laborer over fifty-eight years in the Methodist Episcopal Church. In 1836 she moved to Mississippi with a brother, Dr. John Critchlow, whose home and loving care she expected to share; but death, the reaper, in a short time gathered this brother and a sister to their eternal home, and it became her duty, and pleasure to assist a widowed sister in rearing the orphaned children. To these duties she added the care of an infant school, which she continued to teach in Clinton, Miss., until the close of the war. Since then feeble health and failing sight forced her to discontinue her feeble labors; but the gentle influence of her deeply Christian spirit has left its impress upon the hearts of all who have known her.

For years a cloud of darkness veiled her physical vision, but faith and hope of eternal sunlight flooded her soul with brightness. Impaired hearing deprived her of the sweet sounds of sacred music, of which she was so fond. Lameness, caused by a fall a few years ago, rendered her a prisoner to bed and chair. And yet all these infirmities were endured with the sweetest spirit of resignation—never an impatient word or look. Since the death of her sister, an orphan niece, Miss Minnie Gray, whom she raised, brought her to Austin, Texas, where she received all the affectionate care a warm and generous heart could prompt.

On the afternoon of January 21, 1883, after a short illness, she fell asleep in Jesus as quietly that the friends in the room knew not when the boatman paid her soul to the other side. There she lay as peaceful as a child at rest, so natural, that her eyelids scarcely seemed touched with the "seal of death." A fitting close to a life of gentle, quiet usefulness. "Earth has lost a Christian, heaven has gained a saint."

A FRIEND.

ATWOOD—Mrs. JOSEPHINE ATWOOD, nee Genella, died, at Atwood's factory, Miss., March 8, 1883. The summons was without a moment's premonition. She had arisen in apparently perfect health, and had gone out attending to her domestic duties, when suddenly she fell to the ground without a groan or struggle, save a few slight nervous jerks. The deceased was the daughter of Bro. Genella, of Vicksburg, so kind and so favorably known to that city and the church at that place. Of rare conversational powers, coupled with a kind heart and indomitable energy, she impressed herself upon the community in which she was placed in a remarkable manner. The poor and the sick had an active and helpful friend in her. If any one was sick and needed a competent and faithful nurse, Mrs. Atwood was ready, and would often sit all night watching the sick when her own health was feeble. At home she was irresponsible. Her husband's health being poor, much of her attention to business devolved upon her. This she did, not only bravely, but successfully. The preacher found a welcome there. She was never too weary to minister to his slightest wants. I never knew one more desirous of making everything comfortable. Yet, in the very midst of a most useful and, to human appearance, necessary life, she fell without time to say farewell to any. Her father, husband and four children could only wring their hands and cry: "It can not be! She is not dead!" Could I believe that the death of the dead was ever a mistake, I should say this was one. But no; God makes no mistakes. Though we know not now, we shall know hereafter.

T. A. S. A.

YANCEY—Fell asleep, in Troy, January 17, 1883, CORA ALICE, eldest daughter of Richard E. and Josephine Yancey.

The subject of this brief notice was born June 13, 1872, and, though scarcely eleven years of age, she was not unprepared for the summons into the great beyond. Endowed by nature with graceful manners and a brilliant mind, she was capable of the careful culture bestowed upon her by devoted parents. But, most estimable of all her virtues, true piety cast a sweet, subdued charm over her fervid nature, and rendered her daily life at home and abroad extraordinarily beautiful. She combined womanly dignity with childish innocence, and many a matured mind was delighted and refreshed by the delicate diction and artless expressions which flowed from the pure, ingenuous soul of the little girl woman. How sadly does the little face and tender clasp of hand that assured him of a warm welcome from the little heart that returned his attention with all the strength of its child-purity.

Her illness was a bright link in the chain of Christian testimony. She talked and sung of Jesus till the room seemed filled with immediate presence. "Uncle Jed" murmured, "little sufferer one day, 'when I get well, we'll go to the hills.' How typical of the long, long journey she was soon to take to the everlasting highlands of heaven."

Her pastor,

J. V. PENN.



## BY SALLY A. HUMER.

Old Age.

### A Beautiful Life

"Here, child, take your trimmings  
every inch of it," said her aunt, crowd-  
ing it into her hands with a kiss and  
hug.



## Christian Advocate.

ORGAN OF THE LOUISIANA, MISSISSIPPI AND NORTH MISSISSIPPI CONFERENCES OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

CHAS. B. GALLOWAY, D. D., Editor.

Corresponding Editors:

REV. T. A. S. ADAMS, REV. J. T. SAWYER, REV. W. L. C. HENRICHT.

THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 1883.

Bishop Hargrove is holding District Conferences on the line of his travels from the Pacific coast to the May meetings in Nashville.

That was a great maxim of Benjamin Franklin, so happily quoted by Joseph Cook in a recent lecture: "Endeavor to keep alive in your soul that little spark of celestial fire called conscience."

There is a revival spirit abroad in the land. All denominations and especially the several branches of Methodism are feeling its glow and power. The Methodist Protestant Church, as reported by pastors in the Methodist Recorder, had an addition of more than two thousand members during the month of February.

"Putting into the Lord's treasury on the Lord's day the Lord's portion" is the true and sure method of supporting the great agencies of Christianity. When that becomes the rule and practice of every believer the divine ideal of church financing will have been reached, and Zion will rejoice with an exceeding great joy.

A bill has been introduced in the English House of Commons amending the Parliamentary Oath Act so that a member, if he prefers, can make an *affirmation* instead of an oath, and omit the words, "So help me God." This measure, doubtless, is in the interest of Mr. Bradlaugh, the member for Northampton. He is an avowed atheist, blatantly and offensively denying the existence of God. The possible passage of such a measure may well excite apprehension and sorrow. The bill is prefaced by these, to us Americans, very formal and high-sounding words: "Be it therefore enacted by the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lord's Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled," etc. We are anxious to know what the *Lord's Spiritual* in the upper house will do when this bill comes up for consideration and passage.

At the Ecumenical Methodist Conference in London the Rev. Dr. J. H. Rigg read an admirable paper on the topic: "How to Avoid Waste, Idleness and Confusion, Arising from Different Methodist Bodies Occupying the Same or Contiguous Fields." If the discussion shall result in the general and cordial adoption of a practical plan that will reach the desired end all Methodism will rejoice. We see that our sister denominations are showing a like praiseworthy and fraternal spirit. The American Missionary Association and the (Congregational) American Home Missionary Society have each adopted resolutions not to enter on church work in any place where the other may have already opened a field, without first corresponding with its sister associations. How much waste, rivalry and confusion might have been avoided and might now be corrected, in some sections that we wot of, if a similar measure had been, or could be, the practice of American Methodism.

A story is going the rounds of the papers that a Canada man worth \$150,000 allows his mother to live in the poor house, and there is no law to compel him to support her. Such an inhuman creature scarcely deserves the rights and protection of citizenship. A man who will neglect or forget the mother who bore him and sacrificed the comforts of nights and days for the boy of her love and tender care, is destitute of manly virtue, and may well be avoided and suspected. Filial affection is a good test of true manhood. We once knew a young man who had been well educated and finely prepared for life by the frugality and unwearied industry of his parents to turn his back upon them as unfit to move in the circles he now sought and admired. Poor, miserable creature! With all his blandishments and accomplishments, he had the instincts of a brute. The young lady who came forth from boarding school and, amid the flattery and display of fashionable society, said, "I'm ashamed of mother; she is so old-fashioned," would scandalize the sacred relation of wife or mother, and ought never to have the attentions of manly young men. The commandment with promise is: "Honor thy father and thy mother," etc.

## National Aid to Public Schools.

The April number of the North American Review has a paper on this subject from the pen of Gen. John A. Logan, a Senator from Illinois. It lacks the grasp and spirit of a statesman and philanthropist. There is evidently in the Senator's mind an idea that general education is a good thing, indeed a necessity to the growth and perpetuity of a free government, but by what wise, equitable, practical system it is to be achieved is by no means well defined. True, he suggests a scheme which he says "can not be complained of as unjust and unequal," and yet it destroys the whole logic of public education. The plan, no doubt, was born of his discovery, if not of his fears, that the South would get an extra crumb or so, and then somebody's constituency would complain. A bill has been introduced in Congress appropriating fifteen millions of dollars for public education, to be distributed to the States according to the *per cent.* of illiteracy. This Senator Logan opposes, as unequal and unjust, and advocates a distribution according to population.

In studying this great problem one point must be ever kept in mind—that the theory of State or national aid to education proceeds upon the idea that illiteracy is dangerous to the body politic. Republican governments, in which all men are free and equal, must have an intelligent citizenship. The franchise is a deadly weapon in the hands of ignorance. In support of this theory startling statistics are produced, showing the relation of illiteracy to crime. Therefore, as a protective measure, in the exercise of its police power, a State taxes its capital for educational purposes. Striking and instructive figures are arrayed, showing the increase of crime with the increase of education. No other argument would justify the exaction of a dollar from a single citizen. As an act of beneficence a man might found a school or endow a college, but the State can not appeal to philanthropy as a reason for, and basis of, taxation. Education by taxation is tolerated, therefore, because illiteracy is the parent of crime, and the prevalence of crime endangers the life of the State. It would seem then consistently and logically to follow that where the greatest illiteracy prevailed there most care should be bestowed and the largest facilities provided. With that theory and statement in mind let us examine the argument of Senator Logan.

He objects to the plan of distribution according to the percentage of illiteracy, should the proposed measure ever become law, for two reasons: 1. The illiteracy of the negroes of the South is her own fault—"the result of the deliberate policy of these States in the past." 2. The illiteracy of the whites in the South is due "to neglect or want of appreciation of an education." These are the two propositions on which he bases his argument. That they are subversive of the whole theory of public education and unworthy of the supposed statesmanship of a United States Senator, the merest tyro in political economy or oratorical art can immediately discover. He shows the glaring, lamentable difference between the North and South by census figures, the most painful, is also the disparity of *per capita* contributions to public education in the two sections, and then draws the conclusion that we are ignorant because we choose to be—the result of a "want of appreciation of the value of education." On this deduction the Senator grounds his argument in favor of distribution according to population. He says: "For the government now to grant this help to States which have so willfully neglected to provide such means of education as are within their power would not only be unjust, but would have too much the appearance of rewarding the negligent who are unwilling to help themselves." So then the Illinois statesman would not give according to necessity—to aid the illiterate to a just appreciation of the high functions of citizenship, and thereby brighten the dark spots on our national atlas—but would rebuke our negligence and unappreciativeness in the South, and reward those "who have striven most to help themselves." This scheme would grant the largest amounts to those States where, according to the Senator's own figures, there is least need. The populous North, with its small per cent. of illiteracy—its boasted intelligence and well-organized and equipped school systems—would draw a lion's share as a reward to "well done," while the South, with its poverty and large masses of illiterate blacks, where there is urgent and imminent want, would be doted a mere pittance as a rebuke to the "wicked and slothful servant." And then the Illinois Senator will continue to deliver his lengthy and

literary (?) philippics against the ignorance, indolence, insolence, crime and disloyalty of Southern handiwork. Had the census figures been reversed, and the shading of the atlas been deepest in the West and North, doubtless there would have been a different line of argument.

This review is not a defense of the principle of national aid to public schools. Whether right or wrong is not the purpose of this discussion. But to show the logical inconsistency of the North American article.

## Our Brother in Black.

MR. EDITOR: It looks to one who has lived with large numbers of negroes for sixty years as if the Southern papers are giving themselves and their readers a needless amount of trouble about the negroes. Will they never realize that they were taken out of our hands some years ago, and we relieved of all further responsibility? I am sure we made of them a grand moral, intellectual, physical and pecuniary success. Now let us give their present guardians a fair show; if they do better than we did I for one will give all praise, and confess that I was wrong. I insist that we shall keep hands off, and give the present incumbents a fair show. When they fail, and yield up the charge, then will be the time for us to again take hold. Hands off, white men of the South, we have all we can, and I fear more than we will do, in providing for our own race.

W. S. GILMER, JR.,  
MOBILE, ALA., March 16, 1883.

## COMMENT.

Our duty to the negro is not determined or measured by what others are enterprising or accomplishing. It grows out of our local, civil and spiritual relations. If in *anti-bellum* days we wrought successfully among the slaves, giving them the gospel and teaching them the way of salvation, so much greater the reason why we should continue to be their friends and spiritual counselors. Though thousands were alienated from us in church relationship during the dark period of reconstruction, and bitter estrangements were encouraged by narrow, unmerciful partisans, now they are glad to receive our ministrations and sit at the feet of our educators. As we live together in the South, and here shall abide for generations, the best interest of the country is involved in our care for their religious and educational well-being. We understand them and they know us, hence we are their natural and best qualified teachers. The days of the little camp follower have passed. He can no longer rescue his name from oblivion by poisoning the negroes with the dread of re-enslavement and the horrors of kn-kluxism. As Christians, knowing their necessities in their new relations to us and the body politic, every consideration of philanthropy and duty calls upon us to guard their temporal and eternal interests with vigilance and fidelity. This is a work that ought to be free from passion, prejudice and an unseemly partisan spirit. We read, a few days since, an appeal from Bishop Warren to the old fathers and mothers of abolition in the North to build up colored schools in the South. The memories recurred and the motives appealed to are unworthy the cause and the man. Why call upon old party spirit from the grave to stimulate people to Christian liberality? They ought to give, but in the simplicity of gospel charity, and not as the champions of a certain cause. But whatever partisanship may be displayed here and there, our duty is imperative. As far as we may be able we should assist the negroes in their moral and spiritual development. What we did in other years—and it is the grandest chapter in the history of Southern Methodism—will not suffice for the present. New relations and exigencies have imposed new duties, which we can neither neglect nor relegate.

## Church Brothers-in-Law.

This is the title of a very readable article in the New York Christian Advocate from a good Baptist brother, Prof. W. C. Wilkinson. The character he describes is well-known, and the picture is true to life. We have seen many such, claimed and honored them as friends, but felt that their relation to the church was dangerous to themselves and perilous to others. In every community and congregation they are to be found. We would suggest to pastors to see that each one reads this description of himself and his influence by Dr. Wilkinson: "My dear friend—but at once I feel a difficulty. The friend whom I have in mind will by no means certainly recognize himself under this style and title of 'church brother-in-law.' Well, reader, whoever you are, not a member of the nominal church of Christ, but conscious, perhaps, of a Christian hope concerning yourself—at any rate, conscious of a lively interest in the prosperity of

the congregation with which you are connected, you whom people sometimes call, it may be without your knowing it, 'church brother-in-law,' did you ever consider that your present position, hovering, as it were, between the church and the world, makes you one of the great obstacles in the way of the advance of the kingdom of God among men?

"Why, no!" you exclaim within yourself, in perfectly sincere deprecation and horror; "God forbid! I wish well to the church; I work for the church; I am glad to be a helper of wood and a drawer of water for her cause. I in the church's way? Impossible! Nothing could be more opposite to my thoughts. Has not Jesus said: 'He that is not against me is for me?' Surely, I am not against him."

But, dear friend, you are. And let me freely tell you how. There is nothing more needed now by Christ from his friends than a sharp, clear, conspicuous line drawn between the church and the world. The present strategy of the devil is to blur and obscure this line all he can; and he uses you to help do this. If the church were, in evident character and behavior, distinctly different from the world, the world would be powerfully affected by the difference. There would be in this silent but visible, undeniable difference, a power for aggression and conviction, that no adversary of Christ could possibly gainsay or resist. The difference needed is, of course, a moral difference, not merely a formal difference. The church needs to be indisputably better than the world. However good the world may be, or appear to be, the church should be and should appear to be better.

As the case stands, the line between the church and the world wavers, becomes almost indistinguishable. This happens in two ways: The world approaches the church, and the church approaches the world. There are stragglers in all the ground between. You, dear friend, are one of these stragglers. You are, perhaps, a Christian at heart. But you do not appear to be a Christian. The world reckons you as one of its own. The world says of you: "Look at this man; he makes no pretense to be specially good; he is not a church member; he does not pray in meeting; he does not exhort in public or in private. He is just one of ourselves—does not set himself up for better than his neighbors. But look at his life. I would take his chances in the next state of existence, if there is such a state, rather than those of many and many a pious professor of religion."

The better you are, my friend, the more you make in this way against Christ. Your virtues, may, your Christian graces, if you indeed possess these, of the bounty of the Lord, are arguments to the world's heart and in the world's mouth against, instead of for, the Lord's cause. The world sets these down, not to the credit of Christ, but either to your own individual credit or to the credit of human nature in general. Your neighbor, the poor, tempted, oft-stumbling, less amiable Christian professor, is judged hardly of in contrast with you. You do what you will to obliterate the line of distinction between the church and the world. This is as the adversary of good would have it, but it is not as the Saviour would have it. "Be ye separate," is his word. "Your proper place is in the church, not out of it—that is, if you are truly a Christian. And if you are not truly a Christian, why, you ought to be, and the same thing may still be said. The Lord has no use for 'church brothers-in-law.' I mean he has no use for them outside. The true place of power, power to be exerted for Christ, is in his church. Come in, come in, beloved of the Lord; for if you are the Lord's he does love you, and he will save you, though he can not use you. But let him use you. Come within his lines. Do not straggle any longer. Close up the ranks. All that are Christ's should be visibly Christ's. Come, outside brethren, come inside. Let us have a dense, settled army. We need to move solid and swift and strong. Do not stand there between and act as buffers for Satan, to break and muffle the blow of onset with which Christ would yield his embattled hosts against the foe."

## Gudgeons.

This word is not a very pretty word, but it has its place in natural history, in the arts and in ethics. In the lexicon it has four significations, which, to all appearance, have no relation to each other. But a little reflection will put us on the track of the ancestry of this etymon. An entirely a good simple fellow, who could be employed to do chores and errands for almost any kind of pay (and often be cheated out of that without showing resentment) was called Good John, which by and by was corrupted into Gudgeon, just as St. Clair into Snelclair, and St. John into Shiden. Hence if any oneshowed over-credulity in regard to new schemes and claptrap methods his friends would call him a Good John. Often even when defrauded, he would prove his right to the appellation by allowing those who had defrauded him to wheedle him into good humor. The next meaning of the word, *i. e.*, a bait or lure, is very naturally explained in the same way, since this character is always employed to lure his kind into the trap. It also explained by the use made of the gudgeon fish in baiting larger fish. But I find myself faint to account for the connection of these meanings and that of an iron pinion which a wheel revolves, unless it be from the spinning around of the gudgeon fish when fixed alive upon a hook as a lure to the large fish.

Now in this sense the poor tortured fish is a Good John in the estimation of the fisherman, who knows that the more it moves in the water the better bait it is. So the iron pin is a Good John the more glibly it turns in its socket. (The public can appropriate this etymology gratis.) The world would be poorly off without its Good Johns. The greatest alliteration to a family that can befall is for every one of them to be gudgeons. The reader may have known some such family, and remembers how dreadful a place it was to him in his boyhood. As he heard that each one of the family possessed some faculty, which was an improvement upon Solomon or Alexander or Chatham or Milton or Mozart or Rubens, he vainly longed to be told that one of them was forgotten by Dame Nature, who had made him a good, easy, good for nothing. Horace tells us of some men whose only use seems to be that of whetstones for others to grow sharp on; and so it will occur to any one who has been thrown into a place where there are no mediocres. I once heard a preacher say "Thank the Lord" with great unction after a most deplorable failure by a brother to whom he had listened. "What for?" asked a friend who overheard it. "Because," was the reply, "I have found one man I can 'beat preaching.' Caesar realized this same fact when he preferred to be first in Gaul rather than last in Rome. I know of places where I do not want to live because there are no Good Johns—they are all sharp, and because they have no whetstones to give them new edge if blunted, they remain sharp by not cutting."

But Good Johns are needed for a better service. The small services rendered, though never noticed even in the ephemeral fame bestowed by the local reported, are nevertheless among the most valuable in life. They are fluxes in welding friendships, breakers of the monotony of society often loosening the tongue or furnishing a medium through which others can communicate. But in the real din and battle of life the man who has no better sense than to do exactly what he is told is more valuable than the one who claims the right of discretion in everything he does. Not long since I wanted some painting done. The painter came to look at the work, and walked round criticizing this and that part. At last I said: "I didn't send for you to criticize the carpenter, but to tell me what you would charge to paint it." If I know how to do my own work I ought to be a Good John as to others. The main trouble now to be met with is that education has thinned out the gudgeons. An educated man is disgraced to be found ditching, plowing, splitting rails and such like. All that part their hair in the middle can not be clerks, doctors and lawyers. They can not be gudgeons. Hence some become pickpockets, burglars, highwaymen, defaulter, gamblers and the like. If they are sons of close akin to the rich and great, offices must be created for them. This process has gone on until it would be a good investment of the Fish Commissioner at Washington to advertise all who have quarrels that he is now ready to ship to all who apply from ten to twenty thousand gudgeons newly hatched.

The world turns upon the gudgeon. The intellect, the heart and the body must have food points. He who occupies that point must be steady. If not naturally filling the socket he must have packing. They can not play here and there. Necessity is laid upon them. I once heard Bishop Paines say: "I must be King Log." Ah! the nerve it takes, not to speak of the humility and self-sacrifice to clip fancy's wings and shut out the cloying thoughts which strayed unbidden from the corral! King Log! Surrendering the pets of the intellect and the idols of the heart for purpose of serving mankind? Would that we could find such intellects and hearts more in high places—strong, swift couriers that hold down their heads till children climb upon their name, and then move off grandly with them upon their backs!

We sometimes say the gudgeon never moves. This is a mistake. You may be upon the rim of the wheel, but your relation to the gudgeon is the same whether you stand still or fly at the rate of a mile a minute. The world's hurry-scurry has not put it farther away from the gudgeon, either as to absolute space or angular measure. There he is and here we are, and thankful should we be that it is so. Woe to the world when its hardest and largest gudgeons belong to the world-breakers! Progress-shrinkers: "Away with them!" Last May a brother said of one of our new Bishops: "He is an obstructionist. I am sorry he is elected." He was a genuine gudgeon. He is solid iron, and well carbonized. He fits in, place without packing. Machinery runs steady where he is. Less steam is required. Friction is diminished,

and, what is better, the work done is more uniform if less fanciful. The driving wheel of Methodism will keep the track with that gudgeon.

The remains of John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," reached the United States last week, and have been placed in Oak Hill Cemetery, Washington, D. C. This was done by the thoughtful munificence of Mr. Corcoran, the aged Washington banker. Payne died at Tunis, while serving as consul of the United States. The story that he was poor and homeless—that he wandered abroad on foot, and, without friends or shelter, heard others sing his plaintive melody—is denied. He was a play-wright and actor, and died at last in the government service. But his only work which has made his name immortal was the authorship of "Home's sweetest song." Shakespeare has somewhere said:

"The evil that men do lives after them,  
The good is oft interred with their bones."

But surely the great poet was mistaken. John Howard Payne would have perished from the memory of men but for this one good deed—exalting the matchless worth and sacred sweetness of home. How many souls have been thrilled by the divine tenderness and beauty of those lines, and made to live holier lives! And until the earth shall grow weary in its march they will be sung and admired. America does not so much honor a man, as a spiritual song, born to bless and brighten our earthly homes, and make us meet for a home in heaven. After all, the *spiritual* is the truest and most potent fact in this great material universe. It is fitting that the author of "Home, Sweet Home" should have a home and shrine in the land of his birth.

Mr. Charles Stuart Parnell, the Irish agitator and leader in Parliament, is to spend some time in this country. Here he will find friends and admirers, more enthusiastic than patriotic, more fanatical than sensible. There has been much ridiculous sentiment indulged in Americanward—the land league agitation. Mr. Gladstone and the English Government have been wickedly and indiscriminately abused while drunkards and ignorant fanatics have given their money to relieve poor Ireland. Mr. Parnell lacks the elements of a great leader. He has dash and courage, but not the poise and wisdom of a far-seeing statesman. A few weeks ago he had a grand opportunity in the House of Commons to display his ability and to thrill the nations with the real story of Ireland's rights and wrongs. The galleries were crowded with lords and noblemen, and the Prince of Wales was present as an eager and interested auditor. But instead of meeting high expectation and rising to the height of the great argument he employed the time in fiery declamation and threadbare platitudes. Wonder if there is not another reason for Ireland's famines and pauperism besides landlordism? The ecclesiastical geography of the "land of shamrock and shillalah" might be studied to profit. It is notable that the potato crop fails and the stories of starvation occur in certain districts. In these sections American money is sent and from those sections "Petitioners" go to Rome.

We have received from Rev. Dr. C. K. Marshall, of Vicksburg, Miss., a copy of his pamphlet entitled "The Colored Race Weighed in the Balance," being a reply to the speech of Rev. Dr. Tucker, of Jacksonville, Miss., delivered before the Episcopal Church Congress in Richmond, Va., in October last. The address of Dr. Tucker has been published in pamphlet, numerously endorsed by "Bishops and other clergy," and citizens of all callings and professions, and widely circulated. The picture drawn of the negro's religion is deeply colored and quite discouraging. While stating many facts, they have a false setting, and the speech we could not endorse. He made scarcely a mention of the work done for the black man by other denominations, and suggested a remedy for the present, dreadful evil, which is little less than puerile. Dr. Marshall has made a vigorous answer. While some may think his style too aggressive, they can but be entertained and instructed. If we mistake not, his pamphlet will have a great run. We commend it to the New York Observer.

A grand jubilee service was held in the chapel of the Ohio Wesleyan University a few weeks ago over the conversion of two hundred students. Professors and students rendered thanks for marvelous grace. It was indeed a jubilee. Worthy is such an institution of abundant patronage. Where the spiritual predominates, there let our sons and daughters be sent.



Revival at Louisiana Avenue.

Mr. Editor: During our meeting we had eight, and perhaps more, converts. Some of whom were already members of our church; eleven accessions, nearly every one by profession, and three other applications for membership by letter, making in all for the year sixteen. The church has been greatly blessed. We have had quite an increment, both in interest and membership in our Sunday-school. The class meetings have been greatly improved. The Wednesday evening prayer meeting has become very encouraging. The morning and evening congregations on Sabbath now sometimes crowd the church. Yesterday, being Easter Sunday, we had services suited to the occasion. A splendid congregation at eleven o'clock. Just in front of the pulpit was a large handsome bouquet tastefully arranged on the communion table, the only floral decoration we had. Far better, however, we find a very pleasant and appreciative assembly of sons and daughters, who adorn the church by their daily "upright walk and godly conversation," among whom sat many of the dear little Sunday-school children, whose bright faces seemed to say, tell us the story of "the Risen Saviour" to-day. We are trying to have the Advocate a preacher in our homes. The present year's pastorate, thus far, has been most delightful.

A. C. COVEY.

The following statistical summaries of the Baltimore Conference are from the Episcopal Methodist Local preachers, 117. Members, 31,918; white increase, 51; colored, 52; decrease, 4. Baptisms—children, 1,254; adults, 1,019. Church edifices, 334; increase, 11; probable value, \$703,073; amount raised for building and improving, \$8,912; present indebtedness, \$8,447. Sunday-schools, 487; increase, 8; scholars and teachers, 4,597; scholars of all ages, 25,427; increase, 413; scholars in infant classes, 4,883; increase, 254; volumes in libraries, 5,214; decrease, 1,632; conversions, 112; increase, 14; expenses, \$11,107; increase, \$1,234.

Death of Rev. A. M. Barrington.

We are just in receipt of a letter from Col. R. Walpole, written from Cedar Keys, Fla., bringing the sad and unexpected intelligence of the death of Bro. Barrington, which occurred in Bay Port, March 21, 1883. Col. Walpole and another Mississippi man were in Bay Port, Fla., when he died, and no doubt greatly comforted the family in their sad affliction. Bro. Barrington was a member of the Mississippi Conference, but, on account of increasing infirmities, had retired from the active work. He had rendered long and faithful service, and has left many friends to lament the death of a sympathetic, considerate, prayerful pastor. Though among strangers, his last days were bright with the ministries of his loving family and the radiance of an immortal hope. He had reached the age of sixty-three years, and filled up the measure of a laborious, self-denying life. Bro. Barrington left Mississippi with his family for Florida some two months ago, and located at Bay Port as a temporary home; but, soon after reaching the State, was taken sick, and was unable up to the time of his death to attend to any business. Alas! how disappointing the plans of life! His temporary home became the permanent resting place of his weary limbs. We shall expect a suitable memoir from another pen. In the short space of three months two members of our Conference have been gathered home. God buries his workmen and carries on his work.

fare to the Mississippi Conference Workman's Missionary Society, at Madison Station, April 5, 1883.

The Illinois Central railroad will grant one-half fare returning from Madison for all parties presenting certificates of attendance, and purchasing tickets of the agent of said company at Madison.

The Natchez, Jackson and Columbia railroad will grant one-half fare returning to all parties presenting certificates, and purchasing tickets of the agent of said company at Jackson, Miss.

The Alabama and Great Southern—Vicksburg Division—will issue round trip tickets to Jackson and return at six cents a mile.

MADISON, Mississippi.

—Rev. C. J. Nugent, of Carlisle, Ky., reports a revival in his charge. —Dr. Talnage lectured three times in this city to small audiences. He didn't draw.

—Four hundred and twenty-five Baptist Churches in the State of New York reported no baptisms last year.

—The Episcopal Register calls the Rev. Joseph Cook, the distinguished Boston Monday lecturer, "this globe-trotting Gamaliel."

—The "Rosebuds" of Virginia have raised \$500 for the Anglo-Chinese University. Many mites make a mighty sum after awhile.

—There are 3,500 Christian ministers at work in India. What mighty results may be expected from their labors within the next decade.

—The Sanitary Council of the Mississippi Valley will meet at Jackson, Miss., beginning April 3. This will be an important gathering.

—There has been a great revival in the Methodist Church at Findlay, Ohio. After a four weeks meeting five hundred and thirty have professed conversion.

—The life of the late Rev. Egerton Ryerson, D. D., of Canada, will soon be issued from the press entitled "The Story of My Life." It is edited by Dr. J. G. Hodgins, his literary executor.

—Bishop Keener has returned from the Baltimore Conference and reports a most delightful session. He will be engaged in District Conference work until the May meetings at Nashville.

—At the recent semi-annual examinations at the University of Mississippi the young ladies, it is said, eclipsed the boys. The contest for the honors is becoming exciting in University circles.

—Miss Annie Oliver has decided to retire from the pulpit. Her church in Brooklyn is not now recognized by the Conference. The bar to recognition she says, will be removed by her resigning the pastorate.

—Small-pox has infected this city for some time, and recently has prevailed to an alarming extent. Every exertion is now being made to arrest the disease by isolating the cases and vaccinating the entire population.

—We notice the published statement that the practice of edging penitents to the altar originated in the Forsyth Street Methodist Episcopal Church, New York, the 33d anniversary of which was celebrated recently. Is that history?

—The Rev. Dr. J. J. Roberts, the oldest member of the Arkansas Conference, died at Dardanelle, Ark., recently. He had been a faithful, successful workman. It is estimated that over six thousand souls had been converted under his ministry.

—Rev. J. S. Gillespie, the Baptist pastor at Fort Worth, Texas, was presented by the ladies of his congregation recently with a \$50 pony and a saddle. It is said: "The old pastor mounted and rode home as gay and grateful as a prince." Very likely. We know old pastors who would be made "gay and grateful" by much smaller gifts.

—Cranks, free thinkers, independent, invidious, et al omnes, have no advertisement in these columns. Some men, like the wretch who burnt the temple of Diana, would be remembered if to be despised. They will get no reputation abroad by our assistance. If a crank sets himself up as the teacher of a new doctrine, he is never so happy as when refuted by the religious press. If let alone his name will soon rot.

—Mrs. Lucia E. Kimball, one of Miss Willard's co-workers, will visit the New Orleans Woman's Christian Temperance Union this week. She will be introduced to the ladies of the union at St. Charles Avenue Church, on Saturday evening, at half-past seven o'clock, where she hopes to address adults on the subject of religious education. On Sunday afternoon she talks to the children. Her specialty is Sunday-school work. Ministers and superintendents are specially invited.

—We see from a note in the Wesleyan Christian Advocate that the Florida Methodist has been suspended. It was a handsome paper and, in the hands of Judge Tucker, had decided ability. But in a field already so well supplied it could live only at a "poor, dying rate." How many newspaper graveyards there are in the church! And yet the cry is, "still they come!" The editorial *cavoches scribendi* is an epidemic in Southern Methodism. One Conference has six editors and "more to follow."

—We are indebted to Secretary Morton for a Catalogue of Architectural Plans for churches and parsonages. This pamphlet is valuable. By arrangement with Dr. Kynett, Secretary of the Board of Church Extension of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Bro. Morton can furnish plans at small cost. We are requested to say the following: "If you wish to build send three cent stamp to secretary, at 520 West Chestnut street, Louisville, Ky., and receive empty free by mail. If you do not intend to build send stamps and twenty-five cents to pay for catalogue."

—We are pained to record the death of Joseph Sumner Parker, son of our brother, Rev. J. D. Parker, of this city, which had event occurred in Baltimore, on Monday last, in the fortieth year of his age. He was a useful, devoted, consecrated Christian, active in all church work. As a class leader and church official, he had unusual tact, discrimination and intelligent piety. He leaves a successful business, a happy family and the promise of a most prosperous earthly career. For months it was evident that his end was near, but he contemplated it with the perfect resignation of faith. His aged father in this city, so long a useful, active local preacher, has the sympathies of a wide circle of friends.

—The Nashville Christian Advocate of last week contained a full account of the death and funeral services of Rev. Francis A. Owen. He died near Nashville on the morning of the sixteenth instant, at a very advanced age. He had rendered the church long and faithful service, and died in great peace. He was for years an Agent of the Publishing House—Southern Methodist's, first Book Agent—active, vigilant, painstaking and zealous in all his labors. The funeral services took place at McKendree Church on Saturday and were conducted by Bishop McVeyre, Dr. J. B. West, Dr. Kelley, Dr. Cunningham, Dr. Fitzgerald, and Revs. John F. Hughes and W. D. F. Sawrie. Addresses were delivered by Drs. Kelley and Fitzgerald.

—The "South American Evangelical Association" held its fourth annual meeting in January, at Santiago, Chili. This movement was inaugurated by the celebrated William Taylor, and he was present at this meeting. It will be remembered that the Missionary Committee at its last session in New York refused further responsibility for this work. When Mr. Taylor reported that action to his workers, they passed resolutions of regret, but determined to remain in their posts. The last resolution reads as follows: "Resolved, That we remain faithful and true to the doctrines, principles and spirit of the Methodist Church. While we approve the action of the committee under the circumstances, we admire the firmness and heroism of Mr. Taylor and his co-laborers."

—Just as we go to press the telegraph announces the death of a Vicksburg, Miss., of Mrs. Sarah Lane, in the ninetieth year of her age, widow of the late Rev. John Lane, of precious memory, and one of the patriarchs of Methodism in the Southwest. She belonged to the Vick family, after whom the city of Vicksburg was named, and was at her death the oldest citizen of Warren county. Her husband was one of the leading, heroic men of our early Methodism and to him she was a brave, intelligent, helpful, godly companion. A more beautiful, transparent, cheerful piety—adorning and glorifying a radiant old age—we have never known. Her presence in the sanctuary or in her own hallowed home, was a patriarchal benediction. She walked the high places and dwelt amid the translucent splendors of a full, rich, ripe, spiritual experience. A noble, blessed mother in Israel—meet for the inheritance of the skies—has gone to rest. A more extended notice will appear.

Books and Periodicals.

THE BATTLE OF THE MON, or HOW HELLAN GAINED HER INDEPENDENCE. Boston: Ticknor & Fields, publishers.

This is a rare book, something on the order of the "Battle of Horking," which created such a stir some time ago. It is visionary, but well written and entertaining. The narrative opens with the year 1892, in a period of strife in Europe. The march of events, battles, etc., are worked out with admirable skill. The heroes are all fictitious. The description of battle scenes is remarkably graphic and powerful. The little volume only costs twenty-five cents.

—The Sunday Magazine, for April, is our old friend. We are indebted to the publisher for an advanced copy. The leading article in the series on Religious Denominations in the United States is, What is Protestantism? by Rev. Moses H. Hoge, D. D., of Richmond, Va. This is an elaborate and excellent presentation of the history, principles and spirit of that great denomination. This is an unusually rich number, and we are glad to hear from the managing editor that the Magazine is increasing in circulation rapidly. The continued stories have a sustaining interest. Women's Missionary Societies, Sacred Mysteries in the XIX Century, "Fourgon's" Novels, as interpreted by the Political Movement in Russia, Traveling in the Mountains of Fremont, and many others are good to the eye of education. Mrs. Frank Leslie, publisher, 35 and 37 Park Place, New York.

—Lippincott's Magazine, for April, challenges attention for the variety, ability and interest of its contributions. "The American Barbizon," is the first paper, a description of East Hampton, Long Island, the summer resort of a throng of artists. "A Pilgrimage Down East," sketches many places and people—Newport and Concord, Holmes and Whittier, etc., in elegant style. One of the most instructive papers is on "The German Element in the United States," by E. V. Smalley. There is also an article on Wagner, one on "The Climate of the

and others of special interest. The serial stories are captivating. The editorial departments are full to overflowing. J. B. Lippincott & Co., publishers, 715 and 717 Market street, Philadelphia.

—The North American Review, for April, has its usual variety and well-known ability. The first article is most timely, and ably handled. Divorce, both in Scriptural and legal aspects, is discussed by Dr. Theodore H. Woolsey and Judge John A. Jamieson. "A Canadian View of Annexation" is presented by a distinguished citizen of the Dominion. "National Aid to Public Schools" is discussed by Senator John A. Logan. We have not read this article as yet, but hope that Senator Logan's whisky bill for national education may never become a law. "The Dangerous Classes," by Dr. Howard Crosby, "Race Education," by President Willing, "Street Begging," by Dr. Deems, and other articles make up a full and rich table of contents. Published at 31 Lafayette Place, New York.

—The Southern Pulpit, for March, is of high order of merit. We give in part its contents: "Taking the Stope Away," by Dr. Deems; "Inviting People to the House of the Lord," by Dr. J. B. Burrows; "Faith in the Visible," by Rev. J. C. Hildon; "On the Emotions in Preaching," by Right Rev. William Thompson, Archbishop of York; "Paul's Dying Testimony," by Rev. I. W. Carter, etc. Other departments are well filled. Price \$1.50 per annum. Address "Southern Pulpit," Richmond, Va.

—Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, for the year 1882. Southern Methodist Publishing House, Nashville, Tenn. We are indebted to the publisher for a copy. It is an octavo of 165 pages and filled with valuable and statistical matter. Our preachers, especially, should have this pamphlet. It has a new feature—a directory of the Conferences arranged alphabetically with name and relation of each preacher. Price fifty cents. No discount.

—The Illustrated Magazine, for March, is on our table, and contains much valuable information for those who are interested in the cultivation of vegetables and flowers. Amateur gardeners will find it a guide, well worth the amount paid for it. Price only \$1.25 per year. Address James Vick, Rochester, N. Y.

\$470 in Premiums.

To enable our friends and agents to replenish their libraries, as well as to stimulate their zeal in working for our paper, we make the following offer of premiums in money, the offer to continue good until November, 1883: For 10 new subscribers, cash, \$2.50; for 20, \$7.50; for 30, \$10; for 40, \$12.50; for 50, \$15; for 60, \$17.50; for 70, \$20; for 80, \$22.50; for 90, \$25; for 100, \$27.50; for 110, \$30; for 120, \$32.50; for 130, \$35; for 140, \$37.50; for 150, \$40; for 160, \$42.50; for 170, \$45; for 180, \$47.50; for 190, \$50; for 200, \$52.50; for 210, \$55; for 220, \$57.50; for 230, \$60; for 240, \$62.50; for 250, \$65; for 260, \$67.50; for 270, \$70; for 280, \$72.50; for 290, \$75; for 300, \$77.50; for 310, \$80; for 320, \$82.50; for 330, \$85; for 340, \$87.50; for 350, \$90; for 360, \$92.50; for 370, \$95; for 380, \$97.50; for 390, \$100; for 400, \$102.50; for 410, \$105; for 420, \$107.50; for 430, \$110; for 440, \$112.50; for 450, \$115; for 460, \$117.50; for 470, \$120; for 480, \$122.50; for 490, \$125; for 500, \$127.50; for 510, \$130; for 520, \$132.50; for 530, \$135; for 540, \$137.50; for 550, \$140; for 560, \$142.50; for 570, \$145; for 580, \$147.50; for 590, \$150; for 600, \$152.50; for 610, \$155; for 620, \$157.50; for 630, \$160; for 640, \$162.50; for 650, \$165; for 660, \$167.50; for 670, \$170; for 680, \$172.50; for 690, \$175; for 700, \$177.50; for 710, \$180; for 720, \$182.50; for 730, \$185; for 740, \$187.50; for 750, \$190; for 760, \$192.50; for 770, \$195; for 780, \$197.50; for 790, \$200; for 800, \$202.50; for 810, \$205; for 820, \$207.50; for 830, \$210; for 840, \$212.50; for 850, \$215; for 860, \$217.50; for 870, \$220; for 880, \$222.50; for 890, \$225; for 900, \$227.50; for 910, \$230; for 920, \$232.50; for 930, \$235; for 940, \$237.50; for 950, \$240; for 960, \$242.50; for 970, \$245; for 980, \$247.50; for 990, \$250; for 1000, \$252.50; for 1010, \$255; for 1020, \$257.50; for 1030, \$260; for 1040, \$262.50; for 1050, \$265; for 1060, \$267.50; for 1070, \$270; for 1080, \$272.50; for 1090, \$275; for 1100, \$277.50; for 1110, \$280; for 1120, \$282.50; for 1130, \$285; for 1140, \$287.50; for 1150, \$290; for 1160, \$292.50; for 1170, \$295; for 1180, \$297.50; for 1190, \$300; for 1200, \$302.50; for 1210, \$305; for 1220, \$307.50; for 1230, \$310; for 1240, \$312.50; for 1250, \$315; for 1260, \$317.50; for 1270, \$320; for 1280, \$322.50; for 1290, \$325; for 1300, \$327.50; for 1310, \$330; for 1320, \$332.50; for 1330, \$335; for 1340, \$337.50; for 1350, \$340; for 1360, \$342.50; for 1370, \$345; for 1380, \$347.50; for 1390, \$350; for 1400, \$352.50; for 1410, \$355; for 1420, \$357.50; for 1430, \$360; for 1440, \$362.50; for 1450, \$365; for 1460, \$367.50; for 1470, \$370; for 1480, \$372.50; for 1490, \$375; for 1500, \$377.50; for 1510, \$380; for 1520, \$382.50; for 1530, \$385; for 1540, \$387.50; for 1550, \$390; for 1560, \$392.50; for 1570, \$395; for 1580, \$397.50; for 1590, \$400; for 1600, \$402.50; for 1610, \$405; for 1620, \$407.50; for 1630, \$410; for 1640, \$412.50; for 1650, \$415; for 1660, \$417.50; for 1670, \$420; for 1680, \$422.50; for 1690, \$425; for 1700, \$427.50; for 1710, \$430; for 1720, \$432.50; for 1730, \$435; for 1740, \$437.50; for 1750, \$440; for 1760, \$442.50; for 1770, \$445; for 1780, \$447.50; for 1790, \$450; for 1800, \$452.50; for 1810, \$455; for 1820, \$457.50; for 1830, \$460; for 1840, \$462.50; for 1850, \$465; for 1860, \$467.50; for 1870, \$470; for 1880, \$472.50; for 1890, \$475; for 1900, \$477.50; for 1910, \$480; for 1920, \$482.50; for 1930, \$485; for 1940, \$487.50; for 1950, \$490; for 1960, \$492.50; for 1970, \$495; for 1980, \$497.50; for 1990, \$500; for 2000, \$502.50; for 2010, \$505; for 2020, \$507.50; for 2030, \$510; for 2040, \$512.50; for 2050, \$515; for 2060, \$517.50; for 2070, \$520; for 2080, \$522.50; for 2090, \$525; for 2100, \$527.50; for 2110, \$530; for 2120, \$532.50; for 2130, \$535; 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for 3240, \$812.50; for 3250, \$815; for 3260, \$817.50; for 3270, \$820; for 3280, \$822.50; for 3290, \$825; for 3300, \$827.50; for 3310, \$830; for 3320, \$832.50; for 3330, \$835; for 3340, \$837.50; for 3350, \$840; for 3360, \$842.50; for 3370, \$845; for 3380, \$847.50; for 3390, \$850; for 3400, \$852.50; for 3410, \$855; for 3420, \$857.50; for 3430, \$860; for 3440, \$862.50; for 3450, \$865; for 3460, \$867.50; for 3470, \$870; for 3480, \$872.50; for 3490, \$875; for 3500, \$877.50; for 3510, \$880; for 3520, \$882.50; for 3530, \$885; for 3540, \$887.50; for 3550, \$890; for 3560, \$892.50; for 3570, \$895; for 3580, \$897.50; for 3590, \$900; for 3600, \$902.50; for 3610, \$905; for 3620, \$907.50; for 3630, \$910; for 3640, \$912.50; for 3650, \$915; for 3660, \$917.50; for 3670, \$920; for 3680, \$922.50; for 3690, \$925; for 3700, \$927.50; for 3710, \$930; for 3720, \$932.50; for 3730, \$935; for 3740, \$937.50; for 3750, \$940; for 3760, \$942.50; for 3770, \$945; for 3780, \$947.50; 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for 4840, \$1212.50; for 4850, \$1215; for 4860, \$1217.50; for 4870, \$1220; for 4880, \$1222.50; for 4890, \$1225; for 4900, \$1227.50; for 4910, \$1230; for 4920, \$1232.50; for 4930, \$1235; for 4940, \$1237.50; for 4950, \$1240; for 4960, \$1242.50; for 4970, \$1245; for 4980, \$1247.50; for 4990, \$1250; for 5000, \$1252.50; for 5010, \$1255; for 5020, \$1257.50; for 5030, \$1260; for 5040, \$1262.50; for 5050, \$1265; for 5060, \$1267.50; for 5070, \$1270; for 5080, \$1272.50; for 5090, \$1275; for 5100, \$1277.50; for 5110, \$1280; for 5120, \$1282.50; for 5130, \$1285; for 5140, \$12







Christian Advocate.

Agricultural.

The investigation of the consumption and distribution of corn and wheat in March 1 by the Department of Agriculture, makes the stock of corn on hand at that date about 1,500,000 bushels, or 30 per cent. of last year's crop. Of this 350,000,000 bushels are in the States of the central basin, north of the Tennessee, and 160,000,000 bushels in the Southern States. Most of the remainder is in the Middle States. In comparison with the average stock of corn in five years at the same date, there is a very marked increase in the West and Middle States.

In the South the percentage of the crop remaining is 43 instead of 36; taking the States together the increased stock is about 2 per cent. The seven surplus corn States, from Ohio west to Nebraska and Kansas inclusive, had 33 per cent. of the crop on hand, against 27 per cent. of March, and 39 per cent. of the crop of 1880 on March 1, 1881, when the crop of 1880 was 113,000,000 bushels. The present total is about 1,500,000 bushels, against 200,000,000 bushels in March. In Illinois and Iowa the proportion on hand is less than the average of the previous five years. In Missouri and Kansas it is greater.

The distribution of the quantity already consumed illustrates the rural economy of the different sections. In the South, about one-fifth is used for the food of man, and the remainder for feeding swine and cattle. In the West half is used for feeding or meat production, 6 per cent. for the food of man, one-fifth for feeding swine and cattle, and the proportion, not much larger, is shipped to distant markets.

The proportion of wheat on hand March 1, is 20 per cent. of the crop, or about 140,000,000 bushels. The proportion of the last five years at that date, is nearly the same. In the States of the central basin, 20 per cent. of the crop is on hand, 101,000,000 bushels; in the Middle States, 22 per cent., 122,000,000 bushels; in the Southern States, 23 per cent., 123,000,000 bushels. The details of distribution will be given at length in the March report.

A correspondent of the Country Gentleman says: Several years ago I became a convert to flat culture for potatoes, and every season convinces me that this mode is preferable to the forming of hills around the plants. This season being a very moist one in this section, fully demonstrated with me that flat culture is the better of the two. Just across the fence from my potato patch was a field of my neighbors, of about four acres, planted about ten days before mine. The ground is alike on both patches—clayey loam. My neighbor sowed more liberally than I did. He adopted the hilling method of culture, and I the flat method. In the early part of the season his made a much more vigorous growth than mine. In fact the foliage in his field covered the ground before mine had apparently well begun to grow. As the season advanced mine gained in growth upon the flat, and maintained greater foliage vigor. His ripened about a week ahead of mine, but while his crop averaged 150 bushels to the acre, mine averaged 250 bushels to the acre. There was seventy bushels difference, upon soil alike; his having the advantage of more moisture than mine. I consider flat culture requires less labor than hilling, produces heavier crops, and the quality is just as good, with all other conditions the same.

General Bidwell, of Ohio, says the Pacific Rural Press, who has tested Bermuda grass on the loaves and as a very successful protectant to loaves, that it quickly forms an almost impenetrable turf against the action of water, and as for its spreading is commendable, the more it spreads and covers the ground in that dry country the better. All kinds of stock eat it with great eagerness, and it furnishes an excellent and abundant supply of green feed during the dry and wet seasons alike, except when killed down a short time by frost in winter.

Calculations for fodder crops should be made for the coming season. Where the winter is open, some ploughing may be done for these crops. Fodder is never so plentiful, and in the Southern States is the great need of the farmer. Fats and hogs of fates and barley furnish the heavy crops of green fodder, or dry hay if cut when in blossom. They may be sown as soon as the danger from frost is over. Four bushels of the mixed seed per acre is a proper quantity to sow. The richer the ground the better for a fodder crop.

Chop corn means to the farmer cheap milk, butter, poultry and good living, with small or no capital account at the end of the year. Now shall we be made cheap? In this way: Plant a crop of it, work it with improved labor, say, a mowing machine, which will enable you to do a great deal more to the land. Fertilize and improve the soil, thereby producing much more to the acre, and having made it preserve its good husks against rot and weevils.—The South.

It is not best to renew the orchard by planting young apple trees in the places made vacant by the decay and destruction of the old ones. To a certain extent, the material needed for the growth of the apple wood has been extracted from the soil, and many of the elements with which the apple has to contend have found a location there. It is better to supply the vacancy with a tree of some other fruit, or perhaps leave it vacant and plant a new orchard in some other locality.—Western Advocate.

To grow perfect cabbages, it is needful to sow the seeds in forcing beds or drills in the garden, and either to transplant them out into rows. When set out, put the plants down to the first leaves, so that the stem is all covered. In the autumn the stems will crack open. Set the plants two feet apart, and the rows three feet, and then they can be cut free from weeds more easily.

Many farmers have testified to the excellence of the Ontario potato. It is larger and more productive than the new ones, which it somewhat resembles. It is also earlier and a more vigorous grower than that variety.

The James Vlek, strawberry has been raised among the very primitive varieties by well known small fruit growers. For sale by James Vlek, Rochester, N. Y.

The Indians are said to have a maxim, "Plant your corn when the leaves of the oak are the size of a mouse's ear."

A Joyful Greeting.

Hello! How are you? I am glad at last your eyes have fallen upon me. Now that we have met, pray cultivate the acquaintance, for it is my purpose to interest and to serve you. Between you and I, though only a newspaper article, I am ambitious. Having a purpose, I am not easily discouraged. If it is my duty to reveal, I shall not be deterred by a world's benediction. I shall have no higher ambition you will admit. A misanthrope of ample means, devoted to his life by drowning himself. Going to the banks of the canal, I found the time not favorable for the purpose, a number of persons being in the vicinity, and daylight still present. He concluded to walk along the tow-path until it was dark. While doing so, he heard piteous cries issuing from the door of a house near by, and unconsciously walked over to the place, and found a poor family consisting of a mother surrounded by several children, who told him of their sufferings for food. He took from his pocket his wallet and handed it to the woman, reasoning with himself that he would not need it. The grateful thanks and praises that he received from the recipients of his bounty awoke emotion within his breast, of such a pleasurable character, that he changed his suicidal intent, and decided to live for others. His future life became purely one of good deeds, many a dark home and heart were made bright by his presence.

Well, my appearance in these columns, springs, simply from a desire on the part of those I represent, to benefit your views-discovering rice. My province is to help you, your friends, your relations, and even your mother-in-law, if that interesting lady be not already far beyond the pale of good influences.

I am sent among men to bear tidings of a discovery that marks an epoch as important to the health of mankind as Newton's apple and Franklin's kite were to natural science. The sick, the discouraged, the dejected, the broken down, and the despairing, may now all find a cure, certain as the Jordan proved to the Syrian leper. It is only necessary, as in the case of that sufferer of old, to follow directions.

The agent which I herald builds up the system, sweeps the cobwebs from the brain, and sends pure, invigorating blood dancing through the arteries, and the music of happy laughter. The gloomy, worn-out man of business, by proper use of this wonderful medicine, will be enabled to meet trouble and reverse like a lion. Then, in perfect health, he will not have abnormal views of the "vicissitudes of fortune, which spurs neither man, nor the proudest of his works, which buries empires and cities in a common grave."

The weak and nervous woman, just able to dress herself, in "moping melancholy," through duties of the day, may steal the blood from her cheeks, and have eyes bright and sparkling as the dew-drops nestling in their leaves; and the poor little baby, now disfigured with pimples and scabby sores, may be made sweet, cool, and wholesome as "that youngster of Mrs. Blank's, across the way, whose family is always in a glow of health." Don't you know the reason? "No." Then I will tell you. For years, your neighbor has never been without Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

This remedy is a medicine, not a beverage, and is to be taken according to full and perfectly plain directions accompanying each bottle. It is specific, but not a patent medicine, and contains no vile narcotics, or other liquor. It is a prescription, used for years by the well-known physician, Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., whose name is a household word in innumerable homes all over our own and foreign lands. The Golden Medical Discovery is prepared and offered to the public by the World's Dispensary Medical Association, a body of corporate standing by and under the laws of the State of New York; its president is Dr. Pierce, the great specialist in chronic diseases. The doctor has devoted the best years of a very busy and wonderfully successful life to the relief and cure of his suffering fellow-men, and at a time, when high political honors lay broadly open before him, Dr. Pierce resigned his seat in the Congress of the United States, simply from a sense of duty towards others. His assistance in the great sanitarium represented to the doctor that the immense business of their Association demanded that his personal attention should be paid to the great army of patients crowding upon them from every clime. Dr. Pierce is also the founder of the "Laval Hotel," at Buffalo, N. Y. This establishment, possessing all the comforts and luxuries of a first-class American hotel, has in addition the daily attendance of a large faculty of eminent specialists, whose practice collectively cover the whole range of surgery and chronic diseases. The laboratory in which Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is prepared is an object of interest and wonder. It has a frontage of one hundred feet, a depth of one hundred and twenty-five feet, and is six stories high. In this mammoth and palatial workshop two hundred persons are constantly employed in putting up Dr. Pierce's Medicines.

While the Golden Medical Discovery's curative effects are almost immediately felt, it is not merely a temporary stimulant, but is as certainly a safe and complete cure, in all cases for which it is recommended, as it is that certain misery and death will follow their neglect. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will not cure club feet, will not refresh armless or blindless unfortunate with new and perfect limbs, and it is not guaranteed that even a dozen bottles applied to any stray particle of a second-hand skeleton, will develop such member into an animate, human form machine. In brief, it is not essential that this medicine will, or can, counteract the decrees of Providence. But in all cases where a high state of civilization and cultivation has engendered disease and suffering, whereby God's natural man has become a nervous, artificial being, the Golden Medical Discovery will positively restore him from the strong, vigorous, self-asserting life, from which, almost unconsciously, he has drifted far, and perhaps hopelessly away. It is claimed, and guaranteed, and faithfully persevered in a reasonable time, it will permanently cure liver complaint, and the various blood disorders consequent upon torpor of the liver, in all their various forms and ramifications, including jaundice, indigestion, constipation, of the lungs, dyspepsia, catarrhs, and sick-headache, skin diseases, rheumatism, malaria, and other disorders arising from poisonous, self-absorbing filth, from which, almost unconsciously, he has drifted far, and perhaps hopelessly away. It is claimed, and guaranteed, and faithfully persevered in a reasonable time, it will permanently cure liver complaint, and the various blood disorders consequent upon torpor of the liver, in all their various forms and ramifications, including jaundice, indigestion, constipation, of the lungs, dyspepsia, catarrhs, and sick-headache, skin diseases, rheumatism, malaria, and other disorders arising from poisonous, self-absorbing filth, from which, almost unconsciously, he has drifted far, and perhaps hopelessly away.

This wonderful medicine cures all humors from the worst scrofula to a humorous blotch, pimple, or eruption. Erysipelas, salt-rheum, fever sores, scaly or rough skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood, are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and

invigorating medicine. Great eating ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing tetter, boils, carbuncles, scrofulous sore and swellings, white swellings, goitre or thick neck, and enlarged glands. Consumption, which is a scrofulous disease of the lungs, is promptly and positively arrested and cured by this powerful and God-given remedy. It taken before the last stages are reached. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, consumptive night sweats, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. For indigestion, dyspepsia, and torpid liver, or "biliousness," Golden Medical Discovery has no equal, as it effects perfect and radical cures.

To all suffering from lassitude, weariness, despondency, lack of vigor or ambition, be it man, woman, or child, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will speedily impart new tone, vigor, and life to the whole system. The languid face will grow round, ruddy, and beam with the expression of long lost confidence. The step will be firm and elastic, and the relieved sufferer will once more enjoy in common with fellow-men that feeling of proprietorship in earth, air, and being, only fully realized by those in perfect health.

The Golden Medical Discovery will not make drunkards or opium eaters, on the contrary, any unfortunate, driven by untold adversity or inherited appetite, to the use of insidious stimulants, will find the Discovery of great assistance in efforts to break the habit binding him to a shameful and miserable existence.

Those feeling only "out of sorts," with no predominant symptoms, and who, if asked, would find it difficult to explain their sensations, will find a sovereign remedy in the Golden Medical Discovery.

Those who are irritable, peevish, or fretful, ever seeing the gloomy side of life; who imagine "the time is out of joint"; to whom life is a heavy burden, not a blessing; who think the whole world is arrayed against them, and anticipate calamity at every turn; to all such let this message be full of encouragement and joy—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will radically cure them, when it will be found to their lasting benefit, that life and the world have not changed, but that disease had thrown clouds of misery and woe about them, through which all things were seen, as "through a glass darkly."

Let no sufferer be discouraged because he or she has tried other medicines without benefit. In fact, these are the cases the World's Dispensary Medical Association particularly desire to reach through this Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. When all other medicines fail let this be tried, and no one will be doomed to further disappointment.

The Golden Medical Discovery is a prescription of a physician with a wide-awake reputation and an honorable position to maintain. It is far beneath the dignity of Dr. Pierce to lend his name to any vile nostrum, or catch-penny preparation, whereby the public may be deceived. Having used his Discovery for many years, his unimpaired private practice, he is convinced it is indeed a specific in diseases mentioned. Desiring this marvelous cure shall benefit, not only those with whom he comes personally in contact, but that all mankind may be embraced in his grand plan for the amelioration of human suffering, the doctor, through the World's Dispensary Medical Association, earnestly and most confidently recommends his Golden Medical Discovery to the public at large, assured the most skeptical will be thoroughly convinced of its worth by a trial of a single bottle.

In stubborn, or long-continued affections, and where the bowels are very constipated, the gentle, though certain action of the Discovery, will be more rapid and satisfactory by supplementing Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pills in small daily doses of one or two. These pills (the original and purely vegetable) are coated, and very small, yet by the peculiar process used in their preparation, they possess the strength and virtue of larger and unpalatable pills. Pleasant Purgative Pills will speedily remove all ill and disagreeable effects arising from over-eating or drinking, and are recommended as a cathartic, at all times, being perfectly safe, sure, and unattended by the griping pains usually experienced in the use of purgative less carefully prepared. From root to tip, these Little Pills will radically cure indigestion, biliousness, and sick-headache, thus saving the patient from serious and lingering disorders. Dr. Pierce, the President of the World's Dispensary, and his faculty of twelve specialist, can be consulted by letter or in person in any case of chronic disease requiring either medical or surgical treatment free of charge. For those desiring more exhaustive information than can be imparted through correspondence, the doctor has written a book, called "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, in Plain English; or, Medicine Simplified."

This work alone is a golden harvest for an ordinary life, and stamps its author a profound scholar and a very remarkable man. The book contains nine hundred and twenty-two pages, illustrated with two hundred and eighty woodcuts and colored plates, and makes plain as a sunny day, physiology, materia medica, practice of medicine, hygiene, temperaments, psychology, etc., and answers in plain, easily-to-be-understood, terms all questions that may arise within their range, especially those questions the would-be inquirer is deterred by fear, or modesty, from asking the family or other physician. That all may be enabled to acquaint themselves with nature so vital to health, happiness, and success, the price of this great work has been fixed at one dollar and fifty cents, postpaid by mail to any address, while smaller and far inferior books, purporting to cover the same ground, have sold at five dollars a copy. It being the aim of the proprietors of the "Common Sense Medical Adviser" to reach not only the affluent, but also those in moderate, and even circumstances, the price of the work places it within the reach of all.

Dedicating the native Christians in Burmah and Ceylon, those in India alone amount to 17,372. The increase in such a short time shows the progress which the Christian faith has made. In 1851 there were 91,002 native Christians; in 1861, 138,731; in 1871, 224,298; in 1881, 417,372. This is at the rate of about 63 per cent. during the first decade; 94 per cent. during the second; and 80 per cent. during the third.

Several native Japanese Christians have forwarded an appeal to the American Bible Society, that native Christian scholars should be permitted to take part in the work of translating the Bible into the Japanese language. It is an evidence of the progress of Christianity among the intelligent classes of Japan.

MISCELLANEOUS.

# NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE

Is More Perfect, Costlier to Make, More Durable, and made of Finer Material than any other Machine, and SOLD FOR LESS MONEY

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: If you do not wish to buy the New Home, I advise you to wait until other machine companies make a machine equal to it. After twenty-one years experience in the sewing machine business, I find the poorest machine receive the highest praise from their manufacturers. But words are nothing when it comes to merit. Therefore, we will not attempt an accurate description of the superior qualities of the

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## BY L. M. LATIMER,

BY BISHOP PIERCE.

church needs a revival for the  
glory of her own unregenerate  
people. This is true of all the  
churches. We all have some hard  
hearted and unregenerate  
sinners, who are not. Many  
times, our charges are full of  
"the," making haste to be rich;  
women, devoted to selfish  
fashion, who would rather grieve  
spirit than to provoke uncharitably  
the young people, gay-  
and we have never actually re-  
baptized the original sinners of the  
city. Oh, brethren, we need a re-  
vival to be done in the church. Judg-  
ment must begin at the house of God,  
and their Must the revival built up  
in all these are washed and jus-  
tified. Nay, verily. Apath for the  
sinner, if this be so. Yet  
a tolling out of the waters of life  
would be all these obstructed  
must be removed. The world  
must be removed, and deep enough to float  
in, but we must take things as  
are, and do the most and best we

Eastward.

I and the Baltimore Episcopalian Minister in high favor and popularity, both with the preachers and the people. It has done some noble work for the missionary enterprise, and, in especial, for the Anglo-Chinese University. I am indebted to its officer, the Rev. W. S. Hoyle, for many kind attentions. He will not be surprised if I tell him that the Advocate of Missions brought away over one hundred new converts.

And Dr. Laibury came in upon us, gentle as the day on which he landed, and bright as the light he has done a hundred of the Old Testament on the

\* And his is the largest collection of the Conference for Foreign and Domestic Missions, and you have £11,000.

The Methodist Centenary—1784-1884.

The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, asks for the modest sum of two millions for education, missions, and church extending. The Centenary Committee, appointed by the last General Conference, called into consultation with their representative men from all parts of the church, and it was agreed that this should be the maximum. The nonpayment of the net of giving becomes simply inhuman when a willing church is back of it. Witness the Methodists calling a couple of years ago for a three per cent offering of a half-million and unable to stop short of three times that amount. \* \* \* Nor are there lacking signs of great promise among us, when, in a single year, at Georgia Con-

Religious Intelligence.

## MISSIONARY.

MISCELLANEOUS.

thousand saloons of Chicago pay each \$5 for license—a total of \$248,000—as the price of the privilege of robbing society of one hundred million dollars a year. To say nothing of thousands of human lives and blighted souls."

## TAKE CARE

From "Etta" to "Invalid."

a small contribution from me, which you will please forward to Hallam, in Mexico, for the use of adding her to her noble work. We feel a warm interest

St. George and the Lizard.

Bullons,

tion, "I sprang from a tree, soon with all my splendor of blue and purple wings, like the Aërie from the pine which the fishermen found on the beach. It is a miracle how I was packed away there!"—Mary N. Prescott, at St. Nicholas.



## Christian Advocate.

ORGAN OF THE LOUISIANA, MISSISSIPPI AND  
SOUTH MISSISSIPPI CONFERENCE OF  
THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL  
CHURCH, SOUTH.

CHAS. B. GALLOWAY, D. D., Editor.

## Corresponding Editors:

REV. T. A. ADAMS. REV. J. T. SAWYER.  
REV. W. L. C. HERRICK.

THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1883.

"Versifying mechanical fecundity" is what the Irish Christian Advocate calls the characteristic gift of a certain political genius.

The great East River Bridge, which connects the cities of New York and Brooklyn, is about completed and will soon be opened with imposing ceremony. It has cost \$14,429,000; is, not including interest on bridge bonds, the longest and widest suspension bridge in the world—having a total width of eighty feet and a total length of sixteen hundred feet, spanning the river between the two towers over which the cables pass. There will be room for two road tracks for carriages, two for railroad cars, and two for foot passengers.

In a volume entitled "The Church," published by the American Baptist Publication Society, and circulated by the State Mission Board of Mississippi, there occurs this passage:

The validity of an ordinance, however, does not depend on the administrator, but on the character of the recipient and the nature of the act performed; for in respect to the administrator there is no positive law, while in respect to the character, both of the recipient and of the act, the law is explicit. Hence the validity of baptism in the case of those immersed on a personal profession of faith is to be recognized, even when administered by men not themselves baptized.

Ah! but what becomes of old land-markism? Its "granite" is all dissolved, and there isn't a logical peg left on which to hang a shred of its old battle-axe.

We notice that the Governors nowadays have a way occasionally of granting conditional pardons. A man is allowed his freedom, for instance, on the express condition that he will abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors for a specified number of years. Gov. Cleveland, of New York, has recently granted such a pardon to a man in the Auburn State Prison, and several years ago Gov. Stone, of Mississippi, did the same thing. Whisky caused their disgrace and crimes, and the Governors very wisely made their pardons conditional upon total abstinence. But if such restraint is right and necessary for a few men who have been convicted and punished for crime, why not prevent liquor criminally by stringent prohibitory legislation? The principle of prohibition is conceded in the Governor's condition.

After the revival is the time to study its features and measure its genuineness. When the excitement is gone and the spirit of prayer and work remains, we may be sure the Lord was with his people. After a time of refreshing in one of our churches recently the stewards relayed the following letter:

"Dear Brethren: As we have received a double blessing—my wife and myself both happily converted—please double our assessment. We agreed to pay \$50; you may make it \$125. Fraternally,

There is no doubt about the spirit that prompted that note. Blessed, they desire to become a blessing. Receiving much, they feel a corresponding obligation. If every profession was such a conversion there would be no difficulty about supporting the institutions of the church and girdling the world with mission stations and workers.

That was a great truth tersely stated by Bishop Keener in his address to the deacons at the Baltimore Conference: "We want men not so much to lecture against sin, but to live against it." Lecturing is easier than right living, and censoriousness more prevalent than righteousness. A holy life speaks better things than wordy platitudes. A young missionary, in relating his experience before the Board that accepted and sent him abroad, said: "I passed through bitter years of skeptical unrest, hunting up every possible objection to the Christian system; but there was one argument I could never answer—the consistent, godly life of my father." The life has a voice more eloquent than human speech and a power as irresistible as eternal truth itself. The following beautiful words have in them more preaching than poetry:

Birds, by being glad, cheer their Maker  
By simply singing, sun and sea  
But we, whose law is love, serve less  
By what we do than what we are.

## Religion in Colleges.

The recent lecture of Rev. Joseph Cook in Tremont Temple, Boston, on this subject is one of the most practical and important of his remarkable series. He is doing eminent service for the cause of evangelical religion, and happily has the ear of nations as possibly no other public man. His lectures are translated into other tongues, and find a voice in almost every land. The lecture on the above subject is specially timely and suggestive. His burning words were fitly spoken, and his warning to young college students has the abiding power of a fire bell.

The temptations of college life are many and well known. They test manliness and Christian principle to the last fibre. A young man who resists successfully—preserving his faith and purity—will be very apt to make a success in life. On the other hand, as Mr. Cook says: "A young man who allows himself to be ridden over by the moral roughs of a college for four years is likely to be ridden over by the moral roughs of professional life, and most especially by those of politics and commerce. He is not likely to stand erect against the huge vices of time." It is a sad fact, however, that early home instruction and influence are often neutralized, if not destroyed, by the associations of college life. And it will not do to say with the distinguished college president, quoted approvingly by the Boston lecturer, that "if a young man is ruined in college it is, at least, possible that he is not worth saving." Every instinct of humanity and every impulse of Christianity rebel at such a declaration. The worth of men is not measured by worldly success or failure, but by what they ought to be under the tuition and development of the Holy Spirit.

We have a few words to say on the other phase of the question—college administration as related to religion. We speak not to students, but teachers and professors. Other things considered, that institution is worthless of patronage where the most healthful religious atmosphere abounds. However extensive the curriculum, and able the faculty and ample the facilities for secular training, if a positive and pronounced religious influence be lacking, such college or university is to be avoided. Mr. Cook says on this point: "I hold that any college that does not seek to give its students moral training in some such sense as to lift them up to the really highest ideals of religious culture is a one-sided affair, and should be criticised in the name of culture." Parents who are innocent of the honor and responsibility of parenthood as revealed to Christian faith may be the patrons of such institutions, but not those who hear and heed the imperious claims of spiritual nurture and culture.

Presidents, professors and instructors in our schools and colleges, State and denominational, should be examples of morality and solid piety. Their positions are too influential for good or evil to be filled by immoral and irreligious persons. They must manifest a "persistent aloofness" from everything weak and wicked, lest they ensnare and destroy young manhood and womanhood. In our denominational institutions this must be emphasized. It is not an open question: Religious education is a delusion and empty name, if students receive no spiritual and pastoral care. Our colleges receive preferred patronage on the supposition and implied promise that special attention will be given to religious culture. The records of some colleges in this respect are honorable and eternal. As before noted in these columns, Trinity College, in North Carolina, under the presidency of the lamented Dr. Cravens, witnessed the conversion of more than twelve hundred young men. Emory College, Georgia, has always preserved a positive religious influence and developed many honored ministers and missionaries. Her alumni in the ministry and in foreign fields are her crown of glory. A good revival history might also be written of Wofford, Emory and Henry, and Randolph Macon. Our own Centenary has not only been the *alma mater* of scholars, but Christians many and true. We doubt if any college in the land has such a record. Young men who enter reckless and irreligious, soon feel the positive force and influence of its atmosphere of prayer and piety.

We noticed recently a discussion in The Nation as to the advisability of conducting or omitting daily chapel exercises in colleges. A student of Harvard writes vigorously against it, albeit President Eliot says it is an important factor in the moral discipline of the University. On this we have only to say that every argument against chapel prayers in a college apply with equal force in favor of abolishing the family altar. As against the declamation

of the Harvard student we give the declaration of a distinguished Harvard alumnus, the Rev. Joseph Cook: "Her religious state is vastly better than it was a generation ago; immensely better than it was at the opening of the century. Thirty years ago only nine per cent. of the students of Harvard were professed Christians; to-day the proportion is thirty-two per cent." So in face of the young student's charge that enforced attendance upon chapel prayers makes hypocrites and infidels, there seems to have been growth in grace.

In our zeal for endowed and well-equipped colleges let us pray that they may be training schools of piety and Christian activity—endowed with money and endowed with the Holy Ghost.

## After Lent.

Lent, with its special pious exercises—its fasts, prayers and self-denials—has ended with bright, glorious Easter. Among some church people the forty days were spent in retreat. No fashionable calls, no balls attended, no amusement indulged—only prayers and fasts. To other sincere and intelligent Christians it was, no doubt, a season of sweet spiritual meditation and growth in grace. Lent as a time of published piety—a period of special churchly performance—we do not appreciate. It is right and necessary to have occasions and opportunity for quiet devotion—for retirement from the worry and care of business and public life. But to have the time with its limitations, prescriptions and prohibitions a subject of canon law makes it formal and perfunctory. Its piety is ostentatious and its exercises are according to ecclesiastical enactment.

But if the period has been wisely spent—if the people have given themselves to prayer and the study of God's word—we may expect to see large and gracious fruit. It is impossible for so many days to be spent in spiritual retreat—in secret and holy communion with the Lord—without a quickened zeal, stronger faith, broader charity and more fervent piety. When Moses dwelt forty days and forty nights with the Lord on the mount he came down with a shining face, bearing the tables of testimony. As well expect the stars refuse to reflect their silvery light when the sun pours upon them the wealth of his own beams as for Christians to spend a Lenten season in the Lord's presence without shedding forth his power and glory. There ought to be an increased Christian activity manifest everywhere. The practice of these days will become more or less the habit of the entire year. If we fail to see such fruit we are warranted in fearing that Lenten lessons have not been carefully learned and its spiritual meditations not very prayerfully indulged.

As a matter of fact, our observation corresponds with the fear. Lenten days are long and weary, and with Easter comes a sigh of relief. We heard of a punctilious young church woman saying recently: "To-morrow is Good Friday, Sunday is Easter, and then, thank the Lord, it is all over." It is quite impossible for her to have profited much by the season of statutory piety. The exercises were monotonous, the restraint intensified nervousness, and with Easter came a wild desire to plunge into all the gayeties and follies of society. Others have made elaborate arrangements during the fasting period for the social pleasures that were to follow. Another partisan church woman said: "You know after Lent we need some recreation." All of which makes us gravely doubt if Lent, as observed among us, adds much to our stock of genuine piety.

But why should this Methodist journal discuss a matter and measure outside its ecclesiastical jurisdiction? For this good and all-sufficient reason, the after-Lent recreation of our sister religionists furnishes additional temptations to worldliness to our young people. Small as they may be in local communities, they largely control the seasons of social dissipation. Their Lenten conscience is so far respected as to postpone contemplated gayeties until the forty days have passed. We urge our people, therefore, to special prayer. This is a good time for protracted services. Let our forces be marshalled, and an aggressive warfare against sin vigorously commenced. After Lent should be to us not a time of spiritual recreation, but faithful, tireless toil.

## Increase of the Negroes.

In the Popular Science Monthly for February Prof. E. W. Gilliam contributed an elaborate and thoughtful article on "The African in the United States." After a careful study and analysis of the census for 1880 he concluded that the negroes

were increasing more rapidly than the whites, and in years would largely outnumber them. With these figures before him, together with the admitted fact that there can never be a fusion of the two races, he became alarmed at the dangers and complications that must result. His treatment of both the social and political aspects of the subject is comprehensive and dispassionate. And, after painstaking effort to find a solution of the difficult problem, concludes that the only possible course is *colonization*. If he has correctly analyzed the figures of the census, the question would be momentous. But, fortunately, he may be mistaken. In comparing the two race populations of the South, he confines the inquiry to the States of Alabama, Arkansas, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina and South Carolina. These are large negro States, and make an unfair comparison. If we include all those usually known as Southern, the figures will be greatly changed. Then, again, it is admitted that the census of 1870 was grossly inaccurate and unreliable. The officers appointed to this work in the South were notoriously incompetent. When these facts are considered a different conclusion may be reached. In the Nashville Advocate Dr. W. P. Harrison has discussed the subject in a short article, which deserves consideration and elaboration. It is commended to alumni, political and ecclesiastical. We extract the following:

The only method by which we can ascertain the truth in this matter is by taking the census of 1860 as the basis and comparing the increase for two sets of twenty years, from 1840 to 1860, and from 1860 to 1880. This comparison will show that the negro population in the South has never equaled the white in the proportion of increase at any time. This will be seen from the following table of increase in the Southern States:

From 1840 to 1860	From 1860 to 1880
White population, 1840, 1,419,000; 1860, 2,147,000; 1880, 2,810,000.	White population, 1860, 2,147,000; 1880, 2,810,000.
Negro population, 1840, 1,065,000; 1860, 1,538,000; 1880, 2,000,000.	Negro population, 1860, 1,538,000; 1880, 2,000,000.

It must be remembered that this latter period included the four years of a destructive war, from which the negroes were entirely shielded, so far as the Southern States were concerned. Notwithstanding this war, in which the normal growth of the white population was checked, not less than twenty per cent. annually, the white race has increased in the two decades by more than six per cent, as compared with the colored race. This fact will show, at a glance, the correctness of the bills of mortality of our cities, in which the death rate appears largely against the vitality of the colored people. Relatively, the colored race is declining in the South, as elsewhere in the United States. The returns show, moreover, that the white population of the South has the largest normal rate of increase known among the nations. Without foreign immigration this population doubles itself in twenty-eight years and six months; the colored population in forty-one years.

## Dr. Callaway's Proposed Visit.

Our people should give Rev. Morgan Callaway, D. D., a hearty welcome and a patient and prayerful hearing when he comes to Mississippi in May in behalf of the Paine Institute, a training school for the freedmen. This school is not the private enterprise of Dr. Callaway. It was provided for by the action of the General Conference of the Southern Methodist Church at its last session in Nashville, Tenn. It is an enterprise of the Southern Methodist Church. If it is a wise movement the church will deserve credit for it, and if it turns out to be an unwise movement the church will be blamed for it. Dr. Callaway offered himself for this work just as men offer themselves for any and all work the church finds to do. The church was calling for a man to do this particular work, and Dr. Callaway stepped up and said: "Here am I; send me." He is a volunteer to do a work that his church and yours thought ought to be done. The doctor was not hunting a place, for he had a good one, where he was pleasantly and comfortably situated. He heeded the call of his church, which was to him, as it is to every true minister, the voice of God. He has shown himself to be a true minister, a real servant of the church. There is no time now to parley about the wisdom or unwisdom of this movement. As a church, we have entered upon this work, and Dr. Callaway is only the leader of our Methodist Israel in this part of a common field. Every man and woman among us should help, and not hinder. If half pull one way and half the other, only indifferent success will attend the work. If all pull against it it is sure to fail; but if all help it is sure to succeed. The wisest and best men among us believe we ought, as a church and people, enter upon this work for the glory of God and the uplifting of millions of immortal souls right here in our midst. A manly, Christian effort in this direction will do our own souls good, even if it should do the negroes no good. An effort to help others always lifts up him who puts forth the effort in the name of Christ.

Even a cup of cold water in the Master's name will not fail of its reward. God has pledged himself for this. We ought to do our best for the salvation and elevation of the worst men and women in the world; and if we fail the fault will not lie in our door. We must free our skirts from other people's blood. No matter now what other people, a thousand miles away, ought to do toward the education of these negroes in our midst. It does not matter now what we have done in the past. That is all passed. Let it go. Quit looking at the things behind you. Look around you. Look in front. Reach out after the things which are before. I don't know, you don't know, nobody knows what we can do till we try. Let us take hold of this thing in the fear and love of God, and give it one fair trial. If we fail we will certainly be no worse off than we now are, and if we succeed we will be infinitely better off. There certainly has been no danger growing out of the mental and moral improvement of any class or race of human beings on whom the experiment has been tried. The fruit has always been good in all ages and among all races and nations of the world. The man who dodges here shies at a shadow. He blinks against the facts of history and of human experience. Then hear Dr. Callaway, pray for him, encourage him and help him. He represents an important enterprise set on foot by the church in Christ's name. This is not a local affair; it is international. It is my work, your work, our work. God help us to do it.

G. L. HERRICK.

## Revival Already.

The appeal of Bishop Pierce is already bearing fruit. Brethren are even now singing the song of the harvest. There has been a general and hearty response to the loud call of our honored senior Bishop, and our hosts have gone forth to battle. Nothing in the history of a decade has been more timely and happy than these stirring, burning letters. What Dr. Callaway says of our case in the Old Dominion types the zeal and movement in other sections.

The Virginia Methodists are alive. We never saw them in such spirits. Every year marks progress in every direction. What church building, repairing, erection of parsonages, beautifying of God's houses all through our territory! What air in the cities! Lynchburg—how noble the race of Wesleyans in that Methodist city—is bent on a new and handsome church. What activity in the old burg by the Appomattox! Even Manchester, doing somewhat for a time, is now up and working. One new chapel in use, and with a revival. Another chapel in early purpose. Think of three churches in Manchester!

Go to the country. It is hard to find a single old, starchy church—the rickety, dingy concerns that sheltered the sheep in bad weather and the stinging suns on sunny Sundays. The rural edifice now vies with the town church in elegance and comfort. Organs of course, and they talk of bells at their salons and parlors.

## An Old Chinese Saint.

The following beautiful incident in a private letter from Dr. J. W. Lambuth, our veteran missionary in China, is worthy of wide publication. How strikingly it illustrates the power of the gospel to comfort and inspire the poor Mongolian as well as the civilized, enlightened Anglo-Saxon! If the words and name of Jesus have done so much for one, why not for the whole empire? And then how imperative and imminent is the call of God to send them preachers and Bibles!

"I preached last Sabbath to our native church on the subject of Christ, the bread of life and a more attentive congregation I never had. One old man is nearly deaf, and another, quite young, is blind. The old man sat and tried to hear what I was saying, but only caught a few words. After preaching he said, 'O! if I could only exchange one ear with my blind brother and he one eye with me how happy I would be!' and the tears rolled down his cheeks as he said this. He was told that by-and-by, when we get up where Jesus is, none of us will be deaf and none will be blind. We have to speak very loud to make him hear us. As soon as he understood he lifted up his eyes toward heaven, wiped away the tears and said: 'Yes, yes, I know that, and for this reason I am happy.' And thus the gospel leaven is spreading day by day, and sinners are being converted to God. It does my heart good to see how earnest these native Christian women are and how well they learn the words of Scripture."

Ex-Gov. Seymour, of New York, proposes, as a new rite for decoration day, that it shall be an occasion of tree-planting. Harper's Weekly approves, and says: "This pleasant work might well be done on the memorial holiday, and it would increase its beautiful associations."

It is proposed by the State of New York to purchase the land contiguous to Niagara Falls and make of it a great national park. Such a national wonder ought to be as free to every American citizen as the air he breathes. At present it is the revel of sharpers, extortioners and confidence men. There is a fee almost for opening one's eyes. Hackmen, gate-keepers, hotel clerks and boot-blacks form an unholy alliance to make every tourist pay the full penalty of his innocence. We spent one day at the Falls several years ago with two ladies, at the necessary cost of twenty dollars. The Niagara Park Bill has passed the New York Assembly by a vote of 68 to 40. It will doubtless find an easy passage through the senate and receive the Governor's approval.

The following, from the New York Christian Advocate, shows the folly of some narrow-minded, short-sighted people. Another generation no more respects such nonsense than the recent purchaser of a plantation its old family graveyard once so carefully tended. A man will make about as much headway binding "the sweet influences of Pleiades" as resisting the changes and vicissitudes of history.

The wealthy owner of a town, a suburb of Washington, D. C., which was laid out a quarter of a century ago, issued strict orders that no negro should ever be allowed to possess a lot. Now the old home of that owner, in the very center of this exclusively white town, is owned and occupied by Frederick Douglass, our distinguished fellow-citizen of African descent. This recalls the order of the late Mr. Gibbons, of Madison, N. J., that no preacher should ever enter his premises, which premises are now the seat of Brew Theological Seminary, where such preachers as Butt and Miles and Crooks and Upham reside in peace, and whence a score of preachers graduate annually.

It is neither our right nor funeral but we must submit that two General Conference officers in our great central organ engaging in a personal hate-pulling (not splitting) doesn't tend to the edification of believers or the conversion of sinners. That a learned discussion of the theology of the movement should degenerate into ermination, and re-ermination is the amazement of Christian charity. The grace vouchsafed through the atonement prompts to soft answers, the rulership of our spirits and "aloofness" from railing accusation. In this connection we reproduce, to emphasize, the words of Bishop Parker in our anniversary number: "The average contributor must be personal. He never thinks of writing unless he meets with an article to antagonize, and then the shaft is feathered for the heart of the writer more than for the subject in hand. The highest test of a contributor is the intelligence and grace to respond without a shadow of allusion to the personality of the writer whose views he opposes. Better still is the ability to write an article without being set off by the combative and polemical spirit."

The Quarterly Review of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, April, 1883, is on our table. Dr. J. W. Hinton has done a vast amount of hard work for this yearly periodical, and we are glad to know it is being rewarded with success. To the several departments in this number—Library Table, Views and Reviews and Editorial Notes—he contributes about fifty pages, and has gathered contributions from our ablest pens. The leading article on Horace Bushnell is by Dr. J. H. Carlisle, President of Wofford College. This is a clear, discriminative, scholarly paper. The great preacher and author is here presented with a practical hand, together with an appreciative analysis of his character and writings. Other articles we have not as yet had opportunity to examine. We will give, however, the list of subjects and their authors. And here we want to commend the editor's good taste in giving the authorship of each article: Matter and Its Phenomena, by Rev. Geo. T. Gould, D. D., Millersburg, Ky.; Temperance and Prohibition, by Walter B. Hill, Esq.; Methodism: Positive Christianity, by Rev. John B. Robins, Ancient Greek Education, by Prof. O. H. P. Cornew, A. M., Central College; The Bible Epic: Messiah, by Rev. R. J. Bowman; Dr. David Livingston, by Rev. A. S. Andrews, D. D.; The Jesuits, by Rev. F. M. Edwards; Bishop J. O. Andrew, by Rev. W. J. Scott. This makes up an excellent table of contents. Preachers could not spend three dollars more profitably than in subscribing for our Quarterly.











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# Christian Advocate.

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## ISRAEL IN EGYPT.

BY ALICE E. BROWN.

Nothing I stood amid the mighty host,  
Which had come out from Egypt. And then  
Of glad, contented freedom, swelled and roared,  
The Lord had led them with his mighty arm,  
Had gone before and shielded them from harm,  
Their bondage over, their cruel tyrant slain,  
They sang with streaming eyes, "The Lord shall reign."

Above them hung the monument of God,  
The women danced, the happy men were bowed,  
Behind them lay their slavery and their past,  
Before them hope was beckoning at last.  
The Lord had led them with his own right hand,  
And he would guide them to their promised land,  
Triumphantly they sang the great refrain—  
Moses and all the hosts—"The Lord shall reign."

They sang in rapturous chorus "Hail the Lord,  
Had triumphed gloriously, how his word  
Had led the plagues on Egypt, till the king  
Laid them dead—And how the Lord did lead  
His children through the depths of the Red Sea,  
Whose waters swallowed up the enemy.  
When he had dared pursue—And then again  
The hosts of Israel sang—"The Lord shall reign."

Nothing I stood with them and heard their song,  
And heart and thought were swiftly borne along,  
Could they be "redeemed and chosen of the Lord,  
Murmur and fear so soon, and doubt his word,  
And cry, "What shall we drink," and "Will the Lord  
Save us yet?"

And look to Egypt's death-pits with regret,  
Sorely one Sabbath after—And in vain  
Murmured they, "The Lord shall reign."  
Oh, faithless human hearts, whom God hath led,  
Be ready to sink, doubting and oppressed,  
What wonder that our wilderness is long,  
And weary wanderings to our life's ending,  
The hours of rapture for some answer'd prayer,  
Then he forgot our Red Sea and his care,  
We need, like Moses, tell our souls again,  
The Lord shall reign—"The Lord shall reign."

## Letter from China.

Mr. Editor: Following the account of the life and character of Nellyon, which appeared some time since in the Nashville Advocate, I will give in this issue an account of the conversion and death of little May. She was in the same school as Nellyon, a very gentle, lady-like little creature. She was so small, and always so pleasant and happy, that all the scholars loved her. The teacher was always kind to her, and the missionaries loved her, and she seemed to be a general favorite with every one. She was studious, but did not make the same progress that some of the girls did. She had neither father nor mother living, and having no relation to take an interest in her, she was given to us, and we looked upon her as our own little May, to be cared for only by us. She was happy in the school, and when vacation came she had no home to go to; but was quite happy to spend the time with some of the girls, or in our family, for she was very much attached to us.

The time came for us to return to the United States to seek for health, and she was left with others in the school. Up to that time she had not united with the church. It was not long after our departure before the school was closed, and it was something over two years before we returned to China. But what a change had taken place in our little May during our absence. She had fallen from some place and injured her spine. She was then in constant pain, and beginning to stoop. It was painful to see her in that condition. We had her brought to our home and placed under medical treatment; but she did not seem to improve, but rather grew worse. She bore it all without a murmur. Not a word of complaint was ever uttered as she moved about the house. We still hoped she would recover, but not many months after our arrival she grew so much worse as to be confined to her bed. She was removed to the home of our Bible woman. From that time she became a great sufferer, but so patient under all as to call forth from time to time words of admiration. She occupied the same room with two old Christian women. One, Mrs. Dang, was a very old lady, often confined to her bed, but looking forward with joy to her departure. I will speak more of her in this letter.

## The Christian is a Soul-Winner.

Every Christian's paramount business, I am sure, is to "work out" his "own salvation with fear and trembling," God working "in him to will and to do of his good pleasure." He must see to it that he has himself repented up to God's standard of thorough contrition of heart, utter abandonment of every sin and all-sweeping and public confession of guilt; that he has exercised a simple and saving faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; and that by prayer, constant effort, and the daily reliance on faith, he is himself living and growing in grace. God's Spirit bearing witness with his spirit that he is God's child; every day seeking in his own behalf to know more of God in Christ; himself possessed of the kingdom of God, which is righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost; enriched with all the riches of grace that are in Christ Jesus for those who believe on his name and keep his commandments; thus, having Christ, and with him "all things," though poor, friendless, unloved, and it may be, despised of men and counted as the very off-scouring of the earth, yet the saint of the Christian's life must be to win souls to the love and service of God. Having blessed him, he is sure that the glorious gospel of the blessed God is capable of blessing other men. The Christian has an experience of his own which to him is the strongest possible proof as to what the gospel can do for another. He can speak whereof he knows. There is nothing more real to him than his religion, for it is indeed his life. He may doubt the evidence of his eyes sooner than the fact of his acceptance with God and the life of God within his soul. In his efforts to lead others to the cross, he is commissioned of the Spirit to declare: "I was a wanderer from God, but I have been found, pardoned, adopted and invested with the riches of grace. I have a peace with God which passeth understanding and a joy that is unspeakable and full of glory. I have a hope beyond an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled and that fadeth not away—a crown of life reserved in heaven for me. I look forward to the harp, the crown, the bliss that is promised in God's book, with an absolute certainty that they shall be mine. My friend, what God has done for me, he can do for you. He tasted death for every man, and whosoever believeth on his name shall be saved. I tell you this, because I have done it for me."

The arms of love that compass me  
Can feel my hidden embrace.  
Thus, from experience, can the Christian speak, and with edict. A lawyer entered a love-feast and took notes of the experiences he heard. At the close he arose, and said, in substance: "My friends, I hold in my hands the testimony of no less than sixty persons who have spoken, and who, with one consent, testify in effect that there is a Divine reality in religion, they having experienced its power in their own hearts. Many of these persons I know. Their word would be received in any court of justice. Let them would not I know, and mistaken they are not at all. I have been skeptical in these matters. I now tell you that I have been fully convinced of the truth, and that I intend to lead a new life. Will you pray for me?"

Yes, there is a wonderfully convincing power about religious experience. A man may not be greatly learned—he may not be apt in discussion, and so may fail to argue for Christ successfully; but, if he is living a life that will not contradict his words, let him tell his experience—what God has done for him—and he will make the most powerful of arguments for religion. Thomas Blinney, an ardent young convert, did much for his Master, and, at thirty-one years of age, died for him at the stake. He went one day to see Hugh Latimer, who was a zealous Roman Catholic priest who preached against the Reformation. He told him the story of his conversion and conversion. The Spirit blessed the effort, and Latimer's heart was changed and his life given to the cause he had before opposed. I have known a number to be brought under conviction by the witnessing for Jesus in the Methodist class-room. One young man, born a Roman Catholic, and not having read the Bible up to manhood, was brought to feel his sinfulness and need of a Saviour at a Sunday afternoon class. The experiences impressed him, and, becoming serious, he read God's word, was led by the Spirit into the way of life, and is to-day a rejoicing, witnessing child of God.

The Christian must work for souls also, because his Lord expects it of him. "Let him that heareth say, 'Come.'" The great commission laid on the heart and conscience of the church is: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." The command is not to stay in Jerusalem, but, beginning at Jerusalem, to go, or send by paying others to go, throughout the entire earth with the story of the cross. The Master requires the Christian to tell of him to his children, neighbors, friends and all mankind. He is to live, not unto himself, but unto Him who died for him and rose again. He is to work, not simply feed, in the vineyard of God. By his prayers

of faith and labors of love he is to extend the kingdom of Christ among the children of men.

Convinced from his own experience that religion can help others, and knowing his Master expects him to make the effort, the genuine Christian will be found seeking in all possible ways to win souls to Jesus. Since the religion of Christ that saves a man is the constant going out of infinite love toward that man; so, if he have that religion in the power of it, he can neither sleep nor be at ease in Zion. There is that within him—the Divine nature—that must be always going out in the efforts of love and self-denial in behalf of others. The God-like in the Christian makes him a worker ever seeking souls. He will put himself to great personal inconvenience, expense, and even pain, in order to do his fellow-men good in body and soul. He will submit to a vast amount of abuse and persecution to show forth the spirit of his Master; and that men may note the spiritual power dwelling within him. When removed from active life, and laid by to suffer, he does so submissively, letting patience have her perfect work unto the glory of God. Good evidence of a man's being a Christian is his consuming zeal for souls, eating up self and forcing him, by every word and act, so to live that, speaking for Christ, men shall be drawn, not by words, but by words that are backed up by consistent living.

Now, then, as any man, with God's help, can live a truly consecrated life, the poorest of the poor may do grand work and be the instruments in God's hand of "making many rich." There is no true Christian so poor as not to have the right to say: "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I unto thee." Some of the happiest people in all this land are the poorest. While it is the hardest of hard lots to be poor and sinful, I am sure it always brings happiness to the poor to have God with them in their poverty. Who was poorer than was the dear Lord? It is written in Luke: "Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." Sanctified poverty is a much-trodden road to heaven, and Jesus has dignified, brightened and cheered by his presence the humblest Christian's lot. God gathers many of his choicest jewels from the houses of want, from the dark corners and neglected-spots of earth.

"Pious will palace prove,  
[Jesus doth dwell] with us there."

An aged saint, more than seventy years on earth, was called to pass her last days in the poor-house. Visited by a minister, he noticed, while talking to her, her beaming countenance and glistering eye. He asked why she seemed so happy. Her reply was: "Oh, sir, I was just thinking what a change it will be from the poor-house to heaven!" She was happier than if dressed in silk and satin, fed on dainties, food, soothed by softest music, and fondled by gold-bought hands. Her body in coarsest garb, her soul was dressed in the beauty of holiness, her dear Lord was her spirit's food, the Spirit's inner whispers of comfort and love made music in her heart, while, as an heir of salvation, she was ministered unto by the angels of God. Mighty change, indeed, would death make; yet not so great, for heaven had been with her, in her, and about her for a long time; yet still a mighty change; for, dropping her old body for the parish to bury, the bright, glistering band would convey her spirit to God, to be forever "cradled on the bosom of eternal love."

Poverty with Christ is, by infinite odds, better than to press a throne, the possessor of all worldly honor, human prowess and earthly riches, if that were all. The best riches of poor or rich is in telling of Jesus and his love, and this is the blessed privilege of every Christian. It is only now and then (I do not remember more than two or three in my ministry) that the rich Christian does much; the poor, greatly in the majority, have the work to do. An occasional rich man is found who gives according to the Bible standard and works for God with a will; but the most effective workers have nothing but Christ and poverty, yet, being rich in faith and labors, God helps them to make many, rich in the grace of his Son. It is a blessed fact that poverty need stand in no man's way; and, dear reader, if we are the Christians we should be, the love of Christ must and does move us constantly to bring men to the saving blood. Behold the multitudes rushing to destruction! Who too poor to give the warning, the hot exhortation, the loving entreaty, and the all-powerful "Thus saith the Lord?" Do you ever think how many souls are sinking to hell every hour? Are not millions of our fellow-creatures in hell now and millions more on the way? And yet, great God! how exceedingly careful and proper we are, and how seldom one warns up in the attempt to save souls, lest he should be branded as a zealot.

Bishop Doane and others are calling for a revival throughout all our borders. Oh, our God is now, as ever, ready and only waits the coming up of the laggard church. May the church of God and may each saved soul have rolled upon them the burden of souls, that the rich and the poor

preachers and people, may, in God's strength, sound the alarm and seek the lost! Pilot-boats go out far to sea, watching for sails and seeking to guide into the harbor the wanderers on the ocean. So those who know the way of safety must be on the watch for the souls that are tempest tossed and heading their way in from the sea of sin. Every Christian of us should go out after the lost and, carrying Jesus to them, help them to make the port of peace. While Christians linger, sinners are dying and "making their bed in hell." Dear brethren, ministers and lay, the night of death will soon close on our souls and our work-days will end. Though we may be old and gray-headed and enfeebled in body, yet, if red-hot for God, we may, pilot still another soul to Jesus; and we must not cease to work until we cease to live. If we are middle-aged or young, surely we should be in labors abundant, ever watching for souls, ever working for souls, ever bringing them to the only spot of help for guilty men—the cross of Christ!

Just look at the wicked and learn how they beat us in activity. In every conceivable way they try to draw our sons, daughters, neighbors and friends down to destruction. To this end they combine nature and art; they ply them through their senses; they draw them through their finer tastes; they even, as incarnate devils, assume the garb of angels and allure them from the very altars of God. Christians should be as active to save as others are to ruin human souls. And think, too, how we crown our Lord with honor when we bring a sinner to his loving heart. Not a Christian man, woman or child must be discouraged. We are apt to feel that we have no weapons meet for the Master's use, and so we fold our hands despondent and can only pray. Others, we say, have the money, the talents, the influence—we think so necessary to make a useful worker in the vineyard and a valiant soldier of the cross. God bless you, dear brothers, if we only serve God with the perfect heart and willing mind of loving devotion, we can every one be eminently useful to our Lord. We are poor and unlearned—well, what of that? Many of us can not build a church, or hospital, or by ourselves support a single missionary. We may not all preach to the great congregation. Nevertheless, may not we build each other up in the love and knowledge of God? Have we no audience in our home, and are all our neighbors the children of God? Do we never meet a sinner? Is it a fact that we do not know of a brother or sister who is wandering away, or is disheartened, and in need of the loving words we can give them, if we will? Is there really nothing for us, who have no money and no talents, to do? We must never forget that the Master preached to one woman sitting by a well. Let every follower of the Lord find his one soul every day, and tell that soul of Jesus. May God's Spirit so descend upon our beloved Zion that all her sons and daughters may be altogether God's; and, living Christ, speak to dying men and women on every side of the great love of him who, though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be made rich. God answered his servant of other days who cried: "Give us Scotland or we die." A church whose members will actually live Christ, and make such a cry, may go forth and take the land for Jesus.

## The Negro.

I have just finished the reading of "The Colored Race," etc., by my old friend, the Rev. Dr. C. K. Marshall, of Vicksburg, Miss., a pamphlet of sixty-eight pages, being a reply to a speech on that subject, recently delivered in Richmond, Va., before the Protestant Episcopal Church Congress, by the Rev. J. L. Tucker, D. D., rector of St. Andrew's Church, in Jackson, Miss.

This is one of the most extraordinary papers I ever read, not so extraordinary in itself, for, since we know the author and the subject, it would be extraordinary not to find something extraordinary. The political most extraordinary is in the speech to which it is a reply. What could have induced such a man to make such a speech on such an occasion as past finding out. The quotations made from the speech not only betray a lack of the ordinary courtesies and recognitions due by men of intelligence to the common intelligence of the American people, especially the church of this current century, but of such accessible information as would be naturally looked for in a gentleman undertaking to deliver public views on a subject so open to public observation. It seems to be a regular or irregular diatribe against the colored people in this country. And for what purpose? To what end? Who can imagine?

The vices and immoralities of the lower classes of the colored man, such as are common to such classes, are exaggerated beyond due bounds and spoken of as a negro peculiarity. It seems to be assumed that as yet they have had no religious instruction whatever because the Protestant Episcopal Church has furnished them none, and concludes that the time

has come when "something ought to be done" in that direction. Not having seen the speech, I allude only to such features of it as are made prominent by Dr. Marshall's reply. While the speech is treated with such becoming respect as is due to the public position held by its author, its matter is shivered and hewn into fragments. "The negro is protected as far as practicable, while history and surface facts are vindicated. The reply is eminently readable."

Dr. Tucker thinks the gospel ought to be offered to the negro helplessly, inasmuch as it has not yet been done, and that the way to do it is to build elegant and handsomely-decorated churches with large organs, not cheap chapels with only melodians. Well Mr. Tucker handles this plan of missionary labor, and, in doing so, he contrasts the power of the gospel with the power of painted glass in terms not at all difficult to understand. It will do the reader good to read it.

The laziness of Christian men is to Christianize the human family, and whether the better instrumentality for this purpose is the preaching of Christ crucified, or the exhibition of stained glass or high steeples, is a question on which Drs. Tucker and Marshall might be profitably consulted. At the present time it is the duty of the white races to teach the colored ones, rather than vice versa, from the mere fact that the former are more advanced in Christian civilization than the latter. Whether this difference is constitutional or incidental is a question not so easily solved as many might suppose. It was not always so, for we ourselves are descendants of wild savages not many generations back.

In this country, and in this age, the colored people are a Christian people nominally, and, therefore, are to be preached to as we would minister the gospel among ourselves. But why they should be held up to public gaze, wholesale, as peculiarly and especially suited to the laziest, criminally far below all other people, is not seen. The truth does not warrant it, nor does prudence allow it. Encouragement will do them more good than defamation.

R. A. AUSTIN.

## Good Words.

Rest and be still—For, faithfully listening,  
Patiently waiting, thine eyes shall behold  
Pearls in the waters of quietness gleaming,  
Treasures of promise that he shall unfold.  
Rest and be still—For Jesus is here,  
Gilding and stilling each ripple of fear.  
—P. R. HARRISON.

No Christian need fret, nor hurry,  
nor be tormented by vain ambition.  
When he sees Paul in labors more  
abundant, and many of his successors  
in Christian work enduring extra-  
ordinary burdens, and directing and  
accomplishing extraordinary things,  
the Christian need not strain himself  
to make his life equal to theirs. He  
will always be abounding if he use  
each faculty with which God has en-  
dowed him.—Deering's Birthday Book.

Be cheerful. It is better to live  
in sunshine than in gloom. If a cloud  
rests upon your heart, turn its silver  
lining to your friends, and the glow  
of cheer it will cast upon them will  
be reflected on you, and the cloud will  
give way before the brightness and  
joy its own light has begotten.

Sorrow overwhelms us, yet God  
finds music in everything. Our sighs  
and sorrows wait prayers to him that  
bring deliverance down. They are  
really songs of triumph in minor  
keys. From a bruised and broken  
heart God's touch causes melody to  
flow forth.—Dr. Arminger.

There is no soil which, under  
proper tillage, may not be made a  
garden. So there is no heart or life,  
however barren, that may not, by  
cultivation under the inspiration of  
Christ, be made productive of every  
good word and work.—Arkansas  
Methodist.

Mr. Spurgeon says "some quar-  
relsome members of the churches help  
to secure the other vessels, to keep  
them from becoming rusty through  
being peaceful."

There is but one road to lead us  
to God—humility; all other ways  
would only lead astray, even were  
they fenced in with all virtues.  
—L'Abbe Baillet.

I would not give one moment of  
heaven for all the joy and riches of  
the world, even if it lasted for thou-  
sands and thousands of years.  
—Luther.

Dark seasons are never pleasant  
to us, but they are always good for  
us. A cloudless sky could never pro-  
duce a rich and abundant harvest.  
—Conduct is the great profession.  
Behavior is the perpetual revealing  
of us. What a man does tells us  
what he is.—F. D. Huntington.

Those who had let anything  
take the place of Christianity must  
abolish sorrow from the earth.  
—Montenapier.

Let our lives be pure as snow-  
fields where our footsteps leave a  
mark, and not a stain.—Madame  
Swetchew.

We ought as much to pray for a  
blessing upon our daily rest as upon  
our daily bread.—John Owen.

Jesus is the purest among the  
mighty, the mightiest among the  
pure.—Richter.



## Christian Advocate.

THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1883.

## DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

IN FRANCIS HUBLEY HAYWARD.

What I tell you in darkness, that speak ye in light.—Matthew 13, 35.

He hath spoken in the darkness,  
In the silence of the night,  
Spoken sweetly of the Father,  
Words of life and love and light.  
Floating through the somber stillness  
Came the loved and loving voice,  
Speaking peace and solemn gladness,  
That his children might rejoice.  
What he tells thee in the darkness,  
Songs he giveth in the night—  
Lift and speak it in the morning,  
Kiss and sing them in the light!

He hath spoken in the darkness,  
In the silence of the night,  
Sympathy so deep and tender,  
Mighty for thy heart to feel,  
Speaking in thy night of sorrow  
Words of comfort and of calm,  
Gently on thy wounded spirit,  
Pouring truth and healing balm.  
What he tells thee in the darkness,  
Weary watcher for the day,  
Grateful thy life should utter  
When the shadows flee away.

He is speaking in the darkness,  
Though thou canst not see his face,  
More than angels ever needed,  
Mercy, pardon, love and grace.  
Speaking of the many mansions,  
Where in safe and holy rest  
Thou shalt be with him forever,  
Perfectly and always blest.  
What he tells thee in the darkness,  
Whispers through life's lonely night,  
Thou shalt speak in glorious praises,  
In the everlasting light!

## Columbus District, North Mississippi Conference.

Having recently closed my first round on Columbus district for the current year, some account of the work and the laborers may be of interest to the readers of the ADVOCATE. The district occupies the southeastern portion of the Conference. Its territorial limits are extensive, embracing, in whole or in part, nine counties in Mississippi and a part of Pickens county, Ala., comprising an area of about 4,000 square miles, and reporting 4,887 church members—no Methodist to the square mile! No room for boasting. There are sixteen pastoral charges, rendering occasional week day quarterly meetings a necessity. The eastern part of the district, traversed by the Mobile and Ohio railroad, and the Tombigbee river, takes in a large portion of the prairie belt of Mississippi. The middle and western portions present a diversified topography of flat woods, hills and table lands. In compassing the first round more than seven hundred and fifty miles were traveled, over five hundred of which were accomplished by the aid of faithful "hans." The sixteen preachers in charge were all at their posts, and onerous resolutely upon the arduous campaign of another Conference year.

Brooksville circuit, lying on and near the railroad, is served by Rev. H. D. Howell, now in the fourth year of his pastorate on this work. Bro. Howell is an earnest, strong man, one of the sons of thunder, fearless and faithful alike in his denunciation of sin and in his appeals to the church. He rides the best horse in the district, and travels through a great deal of prairie mud in the winter time.

Rev. J. S. Oakley, pastor of the church at Starkville, was appointed to this charge at the last Annual Conference. Bro. Oakley studies to instruct and edify his congregations; preaches short sermons, and is in favor with his people. It is surprising—this claim for short sermons—people can loaf around; while and gossip by the hour, but their preaching must be measured by minutes. What will come of it we cannot say. Bro. Oakley began preaching when about seventeen years of age, somewhere not far from City Road Chapel. He is one of the efficient secretaries of the Conference.

Starkville circuit, a very small work this year, is served by Rev. J. L. Futrell, who is a Kentuckian by birth. He is a man of quiet energy and of much work. Besides being a successful pastor, he is editor of the Youth's Visitant, a semi-monthly temperance and youth's advocate, special agent for the NEW ORLEANS CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE and general agent for Dutton's Vegetable Discovery. This medicine he recommends as a good liver cure, and a dead shot in chicken cholera.

West Point and Tibbee, a double-parished station, as Gildersoy would say, on the Mobile and Ohio railroad, has for its pastor Rev. T. Y. Ramsey, Jr., who, though Jacobine-like in stature, is yet courtly in manner, and of fine social qualities. As statistical secretary of the Conference, he brings up his work in handsome style.

Crawford circuit, Rev. Heslop R. Tucker, preacher in charge, has four appointments, two of them on the Mobile and Ohio railroad. Bro. Tucker, like Bro. Howell, must wrestle with much mud and small congregations during the winter months, as his work lies wholly in the prairie belt. He occupies the parsonage at Crawford, and comes well recommended to serve a refined and appreciative people.

Rev. J. H. Spriggs is pastor of the church at Columbus. Bro. Spriggs has never joined the fraternity of Bonedicts, but still rejoices, or otherwise, in a state of single blessedness. Appointed to Columbus at the last Conference, he was given up reluctantly by his former charge. He delights in philosophy and metaphysical disquisitions, but knows how to be practical. He has for his help a well-organized and efficient official board, a company of devout women, and Bro. Shaeffer's class

meeting of thirty years' standing, led of late by Dr. Lipcomb. He has begun the year well, and we shall expect a good report from him soon after the close of next November.

Rev. R. G. Kilgore is preacher in charge of Columbus circuit. Bro. Kilgore knows how to say amen, sing and shout, as well as to preach and pray. God's blessing has attended his labors on other charges. He is working this year for one hundred and fifty conversions, a parsonage and five hundred dollars. He enters upon his new field with accustomed zeal and hopefulness. A thousand dollar parsonage has been bought in Columbus—seven hundred of the amount already paid.

Rev. T. J. Lowry, of Timpico circuit, has seen much service. He is a veteran, lives at his own comfortable home, and serves the church at the end of a twenty-five mile tether. He excels in book selling and in circulating the literature of the church. He brings to the prosecution of his work much of the cheerfulness, energy and zeal of his earlier years.

Shuqualak circuit, on the southern border of the district, has the material for building up a numerically strong work, but it has labored under severe disadvantages. It is supplied by Rev. J. M. Massey, a local preacher. The spirit of the late Quarterly Conference was more hopeful, and the outlook brighter than usual.

Macon station, on the Mobile and Ohio railroad, is in charge of Rev. E. H. Moore, who, though following a pastor greatly beloved, is winning his way to favor with his congregation. We have here, in Hon. H. W. Foote, a Sunday-school superintendent of the third or fourth decade, in almost consecutive service. It is surprising what life and interest he infuses into his school. As might be supposed, the Sunday-school is prosperous—one of the best in the Conference. Our church here has suffered greatly by cyclones, fires and financial failures, and is even now in sorrow on account of the death of those two elect ladies, Mrs. Dr. Minor and Mrs. H. W. Foote.

Rev. B. F. Phillips, of Hebron circuit, leads the district in some particulars. His move from his former work was a long one, inconvenient and expensive. His report at quarterly meeting makes this showing: twelve hundred miles since Conference, forty or more pastoral visits, and a well finished parsonage, costing eight hundred dollars, bought and paid for, the deed for the same signed, sealed and delivered. I found him comfortably domiciled in this parsonage, located on a lofty limestone bluff of the "Bigby" river. Bro. Phillips generally "weds a wide row." But it does good sometimes to dig up even such a preacher by the roots and transplant him on the other side of the Conference. Hebron circuit has resources of strength, which we hope to see developed under the efficient administration of its present pastor.

Webster mission does not like to be called a mission, and a new name and relation for it have been suggested, to take effect after the present year. Bro. J. A. Leech, the pastor, was one of the two admissions at the last Conference. He is delighted with his new employment—preaching—and intends to achieve success in his difficult field by the help of the Lord and plenty of hard work.

Rev. G. W. Bachman, on Lobatch circuit, is one of the chief singers and hard workers of the Conference. Bro. T. A. S. Adams credits him with the endowment of a pair of "sole leather lungs." When Bro. Bachman falls at a camp meeting the service of song is in a bad way. He brings promptness and energy to the execution of his pastoral work, and, like Bro. Lowry, is a successful distributor of good books and religious papers. Under his faithful administration may the wilderness be glad and the desert rejoice.

Louisville circuit suffered some temporary inconvenience from a little friction in our itinerant economy. Rev. J. W. Gooch, the Conference appointee, considered this appointment a disappointment, declined to serve, and soon after joined the Baptist Church. The work is now well served by Rev. A. J. Foster, who is delighted with the appointment. He thinks the Lord has been very kind to him in giving him an excellent wife and a good circuit with a comfortable parsonage. His people are pleased, and have given him substantial tokens of appreciation. Our itinerant system has a wonderful machinery, readily adjusting itself, notwithstanding an occasional jar, and working on with its wonted efficiency.

Lagrange circuit is served by Rev. R. W. Rainey, assisted by Bro. Perry, a local preacher. Bro. Rainey, one of our veteran itinerants, is industrious and energetic, whether on his farm or on his circuit. The quiet of his rural home has been recently disturbed by the car of progress. The track of the C. A. and N. railroad passes through his farm, and quite near to his residence. The profanity of the road-builders has stirred his righteous indignation and called forth merited rebuke.

Chester circuit, so named from Chester, the county seat of Choctaw county, is served by Rev. E. H. Cacy. Bro. Cacy did successful work on this circuit last year, securing a parsonage and over one hundred accessions to the church. The brethren desired his return, and he enters upon his second year on this circuit under hopeful auspices.

And now, brethren of the district, we are yet but a little way within the

portals of the new year. There is much to be possessed, much work to be done. One Methodist to the square mile makes us appear a people scattered, if not peeled. Let us preach, pray, and look for a revival in every pastoral charge, and one additional member to every square mile throughout the district.

T. C. WIER.

STARKVILLE, MISS., March 27, 1883.

## Conference Statistics.

MR. EDITOR: I have been looking a little into the statistics as printed in the minutes of the last session of the North Mississippi Conference, and ask permission to submit the following facts and suggestions. The membership of the Conference, omitting preachers, local and traveling, numbers 29,048. The contributions to the cause of missions, from all sources and for all causes, aggregate \$5,838.02, making an average of a little over twenty cents per capita. The average by districts per capita is as follows: Holly Springs, seventeen cents; Sardis, twenty-nine cents; Grenada, fourteen cents; Greenville, twenty-one cents; Winona, nineteen cents; Columbus, twenty-eight cents; Aberdeen, twenty-eight cents; Corinth, eight cents. Six pastoral charges raised as much as one dollar per member. These are as follows: Prairie and Paine Chapel, one dollar and ninety-five cents per member; Macon station, one dollar and seventy-four cents per member; Como and Fredonia, one dollar and thirty-three cents per member; Columbus station, one dollar and thirty-one cents per member; Greenville station, one dollar and twelve cents per member; Sardis and Davis' Chapel, one dollar per member. The following paid less than one dollar and more than fifty cents per member, some of them nearly reaching one dollar: Grenada station, Oxford station, Starkville station, Bolivar, Concordia and Australia, and Aberdeen station. Many of the others raised between twenty-five and fifty cents per member, and the others ranged from twenty-five cents down to nothing. These are the facts. I would submit. Now as to the suggestions.

The first I would put in the form of a question: Is there any charge so poor as to be unable to pay anything? I will answer my own question with an emphatic No. The second suggestion I would put in the same form: Is there a charge in which there is no one willing to give anything? I would answer as above. I put the third suggestion in the same form: Why do any report nothing? It is not my time to answer. My third suggestion is that, as a Conference, we strike for an average of fifty cents per member. It is a rare thing to find a Methodist who is unable to give fifty cents to the cause of missions, and it is a rare thing to find one who is unwilling if the cause is properly presented, and for every one such you can find another who is willing to give twice that amount. What do you say, brethren? Shall we report fifteen thousand dollars instead of six thousand at Oxford next fall? How such a move would make the hearts of our foreign and domestic missionaries leap within them. This would do what Bishop McTear said in ridicule some of the reports read at Conference would do—"It would create a sensation in China." Allen, Hoyer, Patterson and Sutherland should have every man and woman they call for, and every dollar necessary to build all the churches and schoolhouses they need. (Quoting from Joseph Cook, Mr. Editor, you said, some time ago, "we are dawdling at daybreak.") So it seems to me. The long luminous streaks of the early dawn are seen on at least three sides of us, and shall we not, in response to the calls of those in charge of our foreign fields, say to the consecrated men and women who are ready and waiting, Go work to-day in the Lord's vineyard? And then our brethren on those hard fields which must be supplemented by our Conference board if they have preaching at all are looking to us. As I sat by and heard them read out to these mission fields at the last session of our Conference I resolved to work harder for domestic missions. Come, brethren, what do you say? Let us hear from you through the ADVOCATE, and especially at Conference.

J. D. CAMERON.  
SARDIS, MISS., March 19, 1883.

## Pastoral Visiting.—No. 9.

HOME WORK FOR ALL.

We have nothing to say against foreign missions nor domestic missions, but everything to say for them. Let everybody give money in abundance to send men of God, called to this work, to every acre of land on which a human being lives, and let this work continue till "there is not a dog to lift up his tongue in all of God's holy mountain," but then there is work at home for all of the clergy and all of the laity who are not called to go abroad or who can not go or who will not go.

"The heathen are at our doors." Every pious man, woman and child can reach them, warn them, snatch them as "brands from the burning." We are not to suffer sin upon our neighbor. We are not to see his fast horses carrying him over a precipice and not warn him. We are not to see his house on fire and let him sleep on till he is consumed in its crumbling walls. We are not to see him drowning without a desperate effort to save him. These obligations are upon us in view of temporal, earthly relations to our fellow-men. So also in spiritual things, spiritually he is asleep, and his house

is burning. The fires of sin are crumbling even his clay tenement, and already the spirit within begins to feel the fires of hell. These fires will be eternal if they are not extinguished by the blood of the Redeemer. The sinner must be aroused to a sense of his condition, and must beat himself, or perish forever.

Human instrumentality is used in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, and we are the instruments. If we neglect our duty "sin lieth at the door." My neighbor died yesterday. What will he say of me, as a man of God, who should love the souls of men, when he arrives at Heaven's court?

I have great sympathy for the heathen. I give liberally to send the gospel to them. I pray for them; all right. England had great sympathy for the servants of color in our South, while her millions of miners, factory operatives and Irish agriculturalists, all white, were starving in ignorance and sin beneath their load of only half remunerative toll. So do we often. We send some one to save souls yonder, while souls perish all around us. True, it is much easier to send, as there is no cross to take up; only a little liberality required. We should do both. We should send and have those fields cultivated, and then cultivate all of the fields about us ourselves. The missionaries abroad and at home are to publish this news of redemption and the possibility of salvation.

THU NO ONE CAN SAY  
OF THE CHILDREN OF MEN,  
THAT THEY EVER  
HAD TOLD ME BEFORE.

## LOCAL ITINERANT.

A CORRECTION.—Mr. Editor: In your issue of March 22 the last sentence of my article, No. 7, read thus: "We leave the inference to be drawn by the reader." It should read: "We leave the inference to be drawn by the reader."

## LOCAL ITINERANT.

Letter from Rev. G. F. Thompson.

MR. EDITOR: This is our mail day, and we always look anxiously for the weekly visit of your deservedly popular paper. We are trying to do something in the way of getting subscribers for the ADVOCATE, and have had some success, but we regret we have not done more. The people are highly pleased with the ADVOCATE and its editor; the trouble is the lack of money. I have no doubt if we have a good crop this year you will be able to increase your subscription list one-third this fall. "So mote it be."

Now, my brother, if agreeable to you I will give you some items from Marvin circuit. I was able to meet my first appointment after Conference. I was kindly received at each appointment. Steens Creek is the center of the work, and here is the preacher's home. We met a warm reception. We have a Wesleyan Society here, composed of a few noble ladies of the church; with the aid of brethren and friends they have bought a lot and built a neat little parsonage, and since our arrival they have completed and fitted it up in a very neat and comfortable style inside and out, a new well of water close to hand, and have decorated the yard with flowers, and given us many other tokens of their thoughtful regard. We have good congregations at this place and a good Sunday-school. They placed a very fine organ in Marvin Church a few days ago, which is quite an improvement in the way of church music. We have some noble workers in this charge. May the good Lord reward the noble workers in his vineyard. We have also a large Baptist Church here, and many of them have brought us under lasting obligations for many acts of kindness, which with great pleasure we acknowledge.

As to the state of the church, I think I rather encouraging. I have just finished my third round, had some delightful meetings, and we look for a glorious revival. We will greatly miss some of our oldest and most useful members—Sister Nancy Evans, of Marvin Church, who died, at her residence, on Friday, February 23; also Slater M. Hilton, of Harrisville, March 2, both leaving interesting families to mourn their loss. But they do not mourn as those who have no hope, for they both fell asleep in Jesus.

Our second quarterly meeting will be held at Harrisville. We hope to have our presiding elder with us, as there will be no water to obstruct. We would be delighted to have you with us also; it would be a treat for us, and you might do fine work for the ADVOCATE. May a benevolent Providence smile on you and the ADVOCATE.

Your brother in Christ,  
G. F. THOMPSON.

## From the Work.

MEADVILLE CIRCUIT, MISSISSIPPI CONFERENCE.

MR. EDITOR: This charge is the little end of the Vicksburg district, and I am "at the little end of the horn" by the unanimous voice of the Mississippi Conference. Well, it is the right end to work at for blowing, and the Vicksburg district trumpet must sound; let it blow from this end. Our noble presiding elder, Dr. Andrews, was in his place in the quarterly meeting, March 24-25, and from Oak Grove he proclaimed the "great faith" and the "resurrection" at the end of his first round on the district. It is cheering to the preacher in charge to have a live presiding elder to come along once a quarter and take his place in the pulpit at the right end of the trumpet. It was

so in this case. And then to have his counsel and support and the weight of his official position to back him in his work, how it stirs the official members. There were twelve present in the Quarterly Conference, representing six or seven churches, scattered round in the country. I believe Bro. Andrews said it was the largest attendance he had seen in the district, except at one place. The first quarter has been spent in efforts directed toward a better organization of the forces in the circuit and a proper preparation for the work of building up the churches. As means to this end we must have preaching, visiting, prayer meetings, Sunday-schools, family worship, religious literature, and all in the Spirit. I have eight regular appointments for preaching and two others to provide for as I may be able. I am gathering some subscriptions for the ADVOCATE. It ought to have a large circulation here, but too many of the people say they are not able to take it.

Yours truly,  
J. W. SANDELL.  
March 23, 1883.

## BOQUE CHITTO, MISS.

MR. EDITOR: "Honor to whom honor is due." I believe the good book says, I claim to have, within the bounds of this charge, the banner church of the Mississippi Conference. The church at Boque Chitto station pays the preacher and presiding elder this year \$110, with a membership of less than twenty persons, an average of a little over \$5.50 per member, all of which will be paid. I have already received, in cash and subscriptions together, a little over \$21 for foreign missions, an average of over one dollar per member, and I have good reasons to hope that I shall get at least fifty per cent more from them for this cause, besides other collections, as Conference fund, home missions and church extension, which I have not yet taken up.

But, best of all, they are building a new church edifice, which will be worth, when completed, at the least calculation, between fourteen and fifteen hundred dollars. They only lack now about \$180 to finish paying for same, and hope by the time it is completed, which will be in about two or three weeks, to have most of this amount raised. We are praying the Lord to send it. We believe he will. It has been a struggle for these people to build, but they were without a place of worship, entirely, and were determined to succeed. True, they have received outside help, but the praise and success is largely due to the untiring zeal and energy of a few of the members. If any friends from a distance are willing to help raise this last amount they can send contributions either directly to me or to B. E. Brister, Boque Chitto, Miss. The other churches in this charge are all doing well, among which is the celebrated Adams' Camp Ground Church, known far and wide for its numerical strength, membership 221; financial ability, and generous hospitality. But in this latter respect, while it can not be excelled, yet it does not surpass any one of the other churches in my charge. The church at Bethel is doing finely. They have the best Sabbath-school I have seen for years. Bro. King, "I nels Tommy," as he is commonly called, is always on hand, and his hearty "amens" are an inspiration to any preacher.

Yours,  
S. J. COTTON.  
March 27, 1883.

## MARRIAGES.

FREEMAN-STEWART.—At the residence of the bride's mother, near Fayette, Miss., February 5, 1883, by Rev. J. P. Drake, Mr. Clyde K. Freeman to Miss Mattie M. Stewart.

TERRY-BULLEN.—At the residence of the bride's mother, near Fayette, Miss., March 23, 1883, by Rev. J. P. Drake, Mr. Louis B. Terry to Miss Abbie M. Bullock, all of Jefferson county, Miss.

JOHNSON-ANGER.—At the residence of the bride, March 27, 1883, by Rev. Thomas J. Clayton, Mr. E. E. Johnson and Mrs. Eliza Anger, all of Iberia parish, La.

MONROE-CURRY.—At the Methodist parsonage, in New Iberia, La., March 28, 1883, by Rev. Thomas J. Clayton, Mr. Edwin Monroe, of St. Martin parish, La., to Mrs. William Curry, of Franklin, La.

BAXTER-BAXTER.—At the residence of the bride's father, Marion county, Miss., February 7, 1883, by Rev. N. E. Young, Mr. Calvin Baxter to Miss Sarah C. Hawles.

SPILL-HOFFPAUL.—At the residence of the bride's father, Preston, Mississippi, Feb. 29, 1883, by Rev. Lewis A. Reed, Mr. Columbus Spill to Miss Martha F. Hoffpaul, all of Lafayette parish, La.

HOLLEY-SIGLER.—At the residence of the officiating minister, Meridian, Miss., March 23, 1883, by Rev. James A. Godfrey, Mr. N. J. Holley and Miss A. J. Sigler, of Wayne county, Miss.

## OBITUARIES.

HARVEY.—It is with a sad heart that we have to record the death of our young friend and brother, JOHN H. HARVEY, which sad event took place on the morning of August 8, 1882. He was the oldest son of J. H. and Amanda J. Harvey, and was born in Lee county, Ala., June 18, 1858.

The circumstances of his death were heartrending in the extreme. In the afternoon of August 7, full of life and hope, he started to go to the election at Salem, three miles east of his home, having told his mother that he would hasten back and take her to see a sick neighbor. Alas! we know not what awaits us in the near future. On his way, about half a mile from home, he met one Thomas Hunt, who had previously threatened to kill him when opportunity presented itself. Hunt had been to the election, and was returning intoxicated, and had said before leaving that he wanted to kill some one. Bro. Harvey, without provocation, was immediately assailed by him with a heavy stone, throwing it with all the force he could in his intoxicated, maddened condition, and striking him in the breast. Bro. Harvey, greatly stunned by the unexpected blow, got out of his buggy as soon as

he could, when Hunt immediately fired on him with a pistol three times—one of the shots entering his abdomen and proving fatal. His father, who was riding along, hearing the report of the pistol, looked back only to see that his son had been murdered, and that his assassin was fleeing in haste to make his escape. The fatally wounded young man was helped into his buggy, and driven home from which he had but a few minutes before departed so full of life and health and with the fairest promise of a bright and useful future before him. A physician was summoned at once; but the shot had done its fatal work, and no medical or surgical skill could counteract it. He passed the night in great suffering. Early the next morning he asked for a drink of water, and when his father arose to hand it to him he said, "I want to get up and get it myself." He was helped to the water bucket where he drank, and, putting the dipper back into the bucket, he looked around earnestly upon the familiar objects in sight, as if bidding them farewell, knowing that soon his eyes would close to all earthly scenes. He was helped back to the bed, and there seated upon its side with his feet upon the floor, his hands resting upon the bed at his sides, and his head leaning forward and resting upon the hands of his uncle, he quietly breathed his life away, just as the sun was rising, and gilding the hills and the trees, as if to illumine the way for the passage of his spirit over into the mysterious beyond. He died calmly and bravely. During the awful interval of suffering between the time of receiving the fatal shot and the exit of his spirit from this life into the next, though standing face to face with the grim monster, Death, he did not have the slightest tremor of fear. We rejoice that we are able to find an explanation of his calmness and composure in the sustaining power of the Christian religion.

In the summer of 1877 he was converted and joined the Methodist Church, at Salem, during a protracted meeting held by Rev. L. P. Dowdell, of the Alabama Conference. Having made peace with God several years before, and lived and exemplified in his life the beauty and purity of the religion he professed, he could well afford to be calm and brave in the presence of death and in immediate view of the awful realities and solemnities of the spirit world. How sadly will he be missed! Well endowed, mentally and physically, generous in his impulses, and noble in all the traits of his character, his sudden death was not only a terrible affliction to his father, mother, brother and sisters, but also an extremely sad calamity to the community in which he lived. No one was more truthful, more free from profanity, or scorned with greater abhorrence a mean act, than he. He was especially devoted to his mother and sisters, and thought no sacrifice of personal ease too great to make for their comfort or convenience. He was a good, noble, large-hearted, devoted son. But alas! just as he was blossoming into manhood and began to grapple with the stern trials of life for himself, he was cut down, and it was hard to say good-bye. But we laid his body in the quiet graveyard at Salem, and uttered our farewell in hope of the resurrection and a happy reunion hereafter. May the Divine Comforter console the bereaved ones!

JOHN R. PEAVY.

TOOMER.—Died, at sea, off the southern coast of South America, on January 23, 1883, JANE SMITH, wife of Wiley G. Toomer. Mrs. Toomer was born in Columbia, S. C., September 20, 1812, and was married on May 10, 1836. She was a daughter of the late Rev. Isaac H. Smith, a Methodist minister. Her parents died during her childhood; her mother when she was only four years of age. She held to the faith of her father, and died a member of the Carondelet Street Methodist Church of this city. Mrs. Toomer was a noble Christian woman. It was her nature to love all of God's creation, from the greatest to the smallest, and she was beloved by all with whom she came in contact. Strangers were always impressed with her gentle sweetness of manners and pleasant bearing.

A sufferer for years, she was always patient and cheerful, bearing her pain in silence rather than others should see her suffering. Medical skill having failed to arrest the certain advance of death, or to alleviate her suffering, an ocean voyage was resorted to as the last hope for the preservation or prolongation of her life. In the providence of God, all of God's creation, from the great waves of water, released from their sufferings, say spring to a life of eternal bliss. Mrs. Toomer was aware of the approach of death and talked of it, and of the loved ones, kindred and friends, that she was leaving behind, with that beauty of language with which those who stand in the precincts of eternity seem to be inspired. She loved to look upon the foaming waves, and into the depths of the ocean, and often expressed the desire to be buried there. This desire was fulfilled, and the great ocean absorbed her well-loved and beautiful sepulchre.

The day was bright and lovely. Sunset at sea. A horizon unbroken and unmarred by land—continuous, save where the eye, arrested in its search by the resplendent brightness enthroned in crimson, gold and royal purple, sought in vain to find an end, emblemizing eternity beginning and ending only at the great throne of light. The air seemed still to hold in loving tenderness an unusual halo of light, as if illumined by the bright spirit that had lately passed, with its assign at half past nine, and of week.

On its dock a coffin, draped in the folds of a starry flag, is surrounded by a mourning group who, with bent heads and reverent mien, listen to the reading of God's word. A prayer is said, and then gently the weighted coffin is lowered into the blue ocean. It goes down, down, down, its occupant there to rest amid the beauties of the deep until the great day when God shall call all souls before his judgment seat to give account of the deeds done in the body.

New Orleans Picayune, Mobile Register, and Columbia, S. C., papers please copy.

DECKER.—Departed this life, February 13, 1883, at the residence of her father and mother, Mr. C. E. and Mrs. M. E. Decker, West Feliciana, La., MARTIN NORMAN DECKER, aged four years, one month and six weeks.

In her innocence, vivacity, brightness and beauty have faded in this world to bloom in heaven. We have faith in God and the future, and we hear the voice of the Redeemer, saying, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

We sympathize with the father, mother, brother, sister, and all the loved relatives, and hope that all will follow on and up to the glory land.

A. C. A.



## Christian Advocate.

THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1883.

## REST.

Long, like some dim shadow of the night  
We go along life's weary thorn-strewn way;  
With throbbing hearts and souls that crave for  
light,  
We hope and love and weep and mourn and pray;  
Ofttimes when joy would fain our spirits cheer,  
And shed her happy influence o'er life's way,  
We are thoughtful in shadows cold and drear,  
And passed unheeded all her pleasures by.  
Ah! human hearts are strange and curious things—  
Not more deep were mystic tones of old  
Than these sad hearts of ours, with all their  
joins,  
And to the end of time will remain unloved.

## In Memoriam.

MRS. SARAH C. LANE.

We have just closed the eyes of a precious saint, a pilgrim, indeed, and an Israelite in whom was no guile. Mrs. Sarah C. Lane passed away to her eternal rest and reward, this, the evening of Easter Sabbath, March 23, in the nineteenth year of her age. She was the eldest daughter of Rev. Nowel and Elizabeth Vick, a patriarch in his day, and she a model of womanly excellence, prudence, and piety. They both died at one time, of yellow fever, in 1819, near the city of Vicksburg, which was called after his name. They left thirteen children, nine of whom were daughters, and three of the sons were reared by Mrs. Lane. This young woman, one of the fairest, most gifted, and highly esteemed of her sex was called in this dark hour of domestic bereavement to the responsible and trying position of filling the place and performing the double duties of the late joint head of the family, and to this hour she has held the hearts of all that circle, though greatly narrowed by death, as a sister-mother, with the strongest attachment and affection and with marvelous success in forming and molding the characters and lives of the orphaned family. Some time after the death of her parents she was married to the late Hon. and Rev. John Lane. He was a man of great energy, intelligence and usefulness and contributed a full and valued measure of helpfulness to the general care of his young wife in rearing the family, providing for their education and fitting them for useful lives. He was a man of great worth, public spirited, wise, hospitable and very kind. Nor do we, for a moment, forget that he was largely indebted for much of all that constituted a life of rare virtues and public esteem to the womanly grace and supporting influence of his beloved wife.

The hospitable abode of this beloved family was the delightful resting place of the toiling and travel-worn soldiers of the cross for over forty years. There was no "little chamber on the wall, with a bed, and a table, and a stool, and a candlestick, that one might turn in at night," as the woman of Shunem said, but room upon room, and chamber upon chamber, with every comfort for the toil-worn, and not only a table laden with all necessary and many luxurious viands, but stables for horses, and servants in waiting, and more than all, a hearty welcome, and better than mere hospitality, or rather its crowning grace, an altar of prayer and an hour of worship, and a season of fellowship with God. Blessed forever be the memory of such saints of the Lord.

The memory of the good and just souls—seed and blossoms in the dust—Mrs. Lane was probably the oldest member of our church in this State, and it may be truthfully said that she was a true and sincere Christian for at least eighty-five years. For the very day she first caught the idea that there was an unseen, but loving friend of sinners, and of little children, her young heart turned to him with a loving trustfulness that filled her mouth with songs of joy, and her gentle spirit with thankful prayers. She never felt a pang of remorse. She heard the tenderest voice in all this universe whispering in tones of winning invitation, "Come unto me," and she at once obeyed. Not for a day was she disobedient to the heavenly calling. In the hands of the Good Shepherd, the little loving lamb had her undivided heart, and all her life long she was true and faithful to that early consecration. As a playful child, as a companionable schoolmate, as a blooming, graceful young woman, as a tendered sister, as wife, mother and friend, she was always a beautiful example of piety, always a faithful witness for the adorable Saviour. She was a pillar in the temple of God, "a burning and a shining light" among the thousands who did, as well as among the multitudes that did not, lay up treasure in heaven; but all classes, all colors, those of all creeds, alike, with those of none, held her name in high esteem and paid homage to her exalted character. Ninety, nearly ninety years! She had outlived several generations of those who have known and honored her in other days. Yet time brought few infirmities. Towards the last her vision grew a little dim, but her hearing was unimpaired. She had no sickness so to say, the complicated and heaven constructed machinery was worn out, and "the weary wheels of life stood still at last." Innumerable interesting facts might be related to illustrate the faith and zeal, the good works and pious deeds of the now-sainted matron. In referring

to the scenes and associations of early times, a few days before her death she called to mind the fact that the first Sunday-school ever opened and organized in Vicksburg was accomplished by Mrs. William Markham, Mrs. McChord, and herself. That was nearly sixty years ago. So we see in her the founder of our flourishing Sunday-school, and she was a most faithful and devoted teacher in it for many years.

Her own children grew up to honor and bless her, but all preceded her to the skies, save one son. And but few of the companions of her young womanhood remain, all gone before; and as she said, there were more of those she loved on the other side than remained on this. For her the grave had no gloom, death no terrors. She courted the one, and in the name of the great Conqueror, she defied the other. Often did she pray to be released and allowed to sleep in Jesus. The grand old favorite hymn was her solace and to the last they lent their inspiration to comfort, assure, and cheer her spirit. As the final hour drew near her sight became clouded. But she spoke of her happiness, and faith seemed with mighty pinions to be lifting her soul up to the vision of her long sought home. Her eyes were shut that she might truly see, a few hours after, her voice failed. In answer to questions addressed to her she would raise her hand in response, or grasp both her hands together expressing great satisfaction, or as a token of unutterable joy, as we believed. Dear Christian friends and kindred joined in singing her favorite hymns occasionally during the day. The Sabbath hush, and holy sweetness, of the hour seemed intensified, and made a fitting moment for the great event about to transpire.

Our beloved pastor, Bro. Woodward, had kindly ministered to her spiritual comfort, and near the last moments offered prayer and thanksgiving to God. How calm, how peaceful! We felt that a good fight had been fought, the faith had been kept, the course was now finished. We all realized.

"That the habiter where the Christian meets for  
14 privileged by the common walks of justice  
15. "He"

One asked her if she realized that she was almost home, when she instantly raised her hand. Later she was asked if she felt the blessed Saviour near, then she raised both hands and clasped them in an ecstasy of delight. Now the sun had gone down. All was quiet. She breathed softly. We often thought her gone, then she revived. Now the chariot had borne her away. "We thought her lying when she slept, and sleeping when she died." The funeral services were held in the church, where she had so often in the long sweep of years joined with the people of God in the worship of his name. Bro. Woodward, in a most beautiful and appropriate address to the assembly, delineated the salient features of her useful life and exalted character. The anthem sung by the choir was one of those greatly loved by the deceased. "There is rest for the weary." Then we laid the precious remains in the silent tomb by the side of her long-lost husband, and children. Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest.

C. MARSHALL,  
Missouri, Mo., Mar. 27, 1882.

## Cognitions.

BY BETTY CANNON.

Mr. Editor: Believing you to be a friend of womanhood, and of the human race at large, we venture to call your attention to the fact that a number of "Mormon missionaries" have lately been defunct to visit several of the Southern States, their express and avowed object being to undermine, if possible, the very foundations of society; and we hope you will not fail to greet them with every discharge of cannon ball, grape, canister and shell that your spiritual battery is capable of emitting. Drive them out of the South; and Gen. Jackson's victory at New Orleans will be small compared to that of the Advocate in repelling this foe of the entire human race from the area of our sunny land. Why, just think, these rascals, while here, will, in most cases, eat bread cooked by, and wear clothes laundered by the very women whose domestic peace they intend to destroy. Only let Mormonism become an established fact in the South and ancient headlions Athens and Rome were exemplary cities compared to the state of society here. Yes! we can find no parallel for such a condition of affairs except that furnished by the varied tribes who for their gross, unprincipled were driven out of Canaan by the hand of Deity himself, to make way for a people who acknowledged the supremacy of the Ten Commandments. We have all the material in our midst—when over this flood-gate of vice is thrown open upon us to make the veriest spiritual "Babylon" that ever the world beheld! Then let us begin, in time, to avert such a catastrophe. A fine article in a late *Plauter's Journal* shows there is danger ahead. Let our legislators declare all such enemies of public and private peace as "Mormon missionaries" *vagrants*, and expel them by law, or force of arms, if necessary, from the borders of our States. Let our Congressmen see that some general law is enacted which shall forever prevent the "Utah-Abominations" ever coming up for settlement from any other portion of the United

States. The laws of Mississippi now fully protect the financial rights of married women, i. e., of those who owned property before marriage. Girls are also allowed to enter the University at Oxford and the Agricultural College at Starkville, if they wish. Now, if our wise legislators will so frame a law as to protect the women who only bring their husbands the inextinguishable and unpurchasable dowry of health, intellect, industry, frugality, and business capacity—making it possible for them to accumulate something in their own right, married as well as single, while they infuse some of their own excellencies into the blood of their legitimate posterity—and exclude by law all emissaries of Satan against their domestic peace as "Mormon elders," *et cetera*—we may expect the daughters of Mississippi to greatly augment the now by no means maximum annual income of which her soil and various resources are capable. St. Paul was a very strict constructionist of woman's duties. Yet he does not fail to often acknowledge his indebtedness to her kindness and hospitality, as well as to that of man. He does not give "Bro. N." the credit of all that "Sister N." did, passing her by in perfect silence as though she had no individual existence or claims on his gratitude. He also taught the necessity of all Christians observing the "golden rule," to the exclusion of wine, and even of "meats" from our tables, if necessary, rather than we should "offend" any of the brethren. He also avows (Galatians iii, 28) that in those qualifications necessary to constitute a Christian there is no distinction of sex. Now suppose a band of fanatical "Yankee women" of the "True Love" persuasion were to arrive in St. Louis and publicly announce that they were on their way South as "missionaries" to the Southern women, to *convert* them, and to persuade them to adopt their peculiar views and practices. Would not the press—that hallowed work of Church and State from one portion of the country to another—throw out its anathemas against such a scheme of iniquity? Yes, would not the Southern women themselves feel called upon to hold public indignation meetings in which would be set forth their utter abhorrence of the presence of such benighted heathens among them? Or, if they remained silent, received and entertained these Satanic guests, allowing them access, as speakers, to their homes and assemblies, what would their husbands, fathers, brothers, and sons think of them? Would they not feel that an ineffaceable stain had been fixed upon their own honor? We believe so.

"Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets." All if every old bachelor in the land were such a man as St. Paul, and every husband and wife, father and mother, child, master and servant such as he advises what a millennium would burst upon America! And how soon would the whole world become Christianized by the missionary efforts of bachelors alone. An old gentleman, in Jackson Clarion last year, suggested that a law be passed making it the duty of every constable to visit each household in his "beat," and report for legal process, *conversion of law*, in order to cleanse society of all its present evils. And if this step be necessary in the "green tree" what will be the state of affairs in the "dry" when Mormonism shall have become engrained, either by law or general consent, in the body politic? But some will say you are a "sensationalist." So was Noah, a most unparalelled "sensationalist." Yet had he not "seen ahead" and acted accordingly where would be the human race to-day? Let was a "sensationalist," yet he escaped the general conflagration when the doomed and godless city fell. Whisky and Mormonism combined would overthrow the grandest nation ever known to the page of history. Eliminate these, *total suppression*, from Southern politics, and, instead of the white races being slowly "dragged down to heathenism," we may reasonably expect, in the course of years, the black race to become thoroughly civilized, refined, and Christianized. He is an enemy to both races, who farther complicates by encouraging other drunkenness or polygamy, this, the most intricate problem for statesmanship of the present century. Then let the leadership of public sentiment call a "halt" in the downward march of nations to ruin until they can survey the vast field of the world, upon which this Armageddon contest is to be waged, and rally their forces accordingly. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and 'young salters' may even sometimes lead their gray-haired seniors in moral reform when they set upon the wise men's Job, David and Solomon," suggestion.

"It is High Time to Awake Out of Sleep."

"This is a call from the great God to the sleeping church to awake from her lethargy and to put on her strength."

Awake simply means to arouse to sensibility. The term faintly illustrates, in metaphorical language, the condition of a lifeless and slumbering church. Sleep being a state of unconsciousness gives us a faint idea of a cold and inactive membership. A person in a state of natural sleep knows nothing of the dangers to which he is exposed. The same is true of one

in a state of spiritual sleep. Dangers may lie thick and fast around him and his frail and beaten barque may run upon the breakers, and of it all he is perfectly unconscious; and he is just as unconscious of the joys and pleasures of Christians around him. Many calm and peaceful hearts are enjoyed by true Christians that slumbering church members are not the least aware of. Do not I tell the truth when I say the church, in a general way, is too cold and lifeless, too inactive? Cold, not altogether because of the neglect of duty, but because too many members have gone after the world fashion and pleasure. Too many members dancing, drinking and engaging in the frivolities of the day. Hence the church has greatly lost her power, almost lifeless and asleep, insensible of her own overhauling interest. O, then the responsibility devolving upon us as members of the church. May we not very appropriately say "it is high time to awake out of sleep." Again, if I only possessed the ability of portraying to your minds the condition of a sleeping world, as it occurs to me and presses itself upon my mind, it seems that we could at once see the importance of the church being fully alive. The deep corruption of the sinner's nature seems to be hid from his view. He is certainly in danger every moment, exposed to the wrath of God and realizes it not, but acts as safe and secure. I do not think I have any disposition to represent the condition of the sinner any more than it really is, for be assured it is terrible enough when described in the very noisiest language possible. Let us see what the Bible says about his real condition; for if guided by the opinions and reasons of a sinful world, the sinner might say "a frail imperfect creature, guilty of some sins, but enough good deeds to balance that I may at last get home to heaven." Let the word of God, I say, describe his true condition. It teaches that he is corrupt and polluted, at variance with God, entirely depraved and very far gone from original righteousness, and without a change, as great powerful and mysterious as the new birth, he can not be saved in heaven. The word of God represents sinners as being without God and hope in the world. They are "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God," they are alienated from God. They know not God, are strangers and foreigners, are not seeking after God, there is no fear of God before their eyes, and by their actions they are saying, "What is the Almighty that we should serve him?" The world is so wicked we may very appropriately say: "There is none good; no, not one. This is a dreadful and affecting thought. While the sinful world sleeps, time moves rapidly on to eternity, to the great judgment. What awaits the wicked is forced upon our minds by express declarations of Scripture. "The wicked shall be turned into hell and all the ungodly that forget God," and our friend God will rain fire and brimstone. "The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with mighty angels in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ; who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord and the glory of his power." The dreadful sentence pronounced upon an irreligious world, Depart ye cursed into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels, there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth, gives us a faint idea of the destiny of the wicked: When we look at the exposed condition of humanity, and the final destiny of the wicked, and that God said in reference to the church and Christians, "Ye are the light of the world," "the salt of the earth," we can but exclaim "it is high time to awake out of sleep." Then may we all let our "light shine before men that they may see our good works and by constrained to glorify our Father who art in heaven."

CHAS. B. ANDERSON, Mississippi.

## Religious Intelligence.

## MISSIONARY.

1. The basis of missions.  
2. The basis of evangelism.  
3. The basis of secularism.  
4. The basis of Christian philosophy.

Three laws of missions.

1. Christianity must move from the East to the West.

2. Christianity must supplement the ethnic religion and not serve it.

3. Christianity must develop in order that it may stand.

Three motives of missions.

1. The motive of the divine command.

2. The motive of blessing the church.

3. The motive of saving the nation.

Three methods of realizing the ideal of foreign missions.

1. We must have renewed prayer.

2. We must have renewed faith.

3. We must have renewed system.

—Rev. W. W. Newton.

—The Outlook, of London, says:

"Morocco, which is peopled by perhaps the most Moslem race in the world, numbering eight or nine millions, presents a stern wall to the Christian faith. We understand that the Emperor will not permit a Christian to live in the interior of his country."

—In India there are twenty-six thousand schools, over eighty colleges, and nearly three millions of pupils. A large part of this educational work is pretty secular, but it is nearly all due, directly or indirectly, to the labors of missionaries. —The Presbyterian.

—Calvin Whitney, president of an organ manufacturing company, Newark, O., recently gave Chaplain McCabe \$10,000 toward the Methodist Church Extension Loan Fund.

## Our Young People.

## CHILDREN'S HYMN.

Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me  
Like a flower always near,  
Let me try to please him truly,  
There is naught that I can do.  
Jesus loves me—well I know it,  
For to save my soul he died,  
He is now gone away from here,  
Nailed hands and pierced side.  
Jesus loves me, night and morning;  
Jesus loves the prayer I pray,  
And he never, never leaves me,  
When I work or when I play.  
Jesus loves me, and he watches  
Over me with loving eye,  
And he sends his loving angels,  
Safe to keep me, till I die.  
Jesus loves me—O Lord Jesus,  
Now I pray thee by thy love,  
Keep me ever pure and holy,  
Till I come to thee above.  
—Southern Churchman.

## The "Parker Magnolias."

Mr. Editor: I have been thinking some time of joining the "Parker Magnolias," and of sending you my contribution. I raised chickens last year, but my missionary hen died this winter. I have another that I intend to give to the good cause, and make another effort this year to aid Miss Hallaran. Inclosed please find one dollar and a half which, added to what the other little cousins send, will, I hope, accomplish our object. I read all in the young people's corner with great interest, especially the sweet little letters. With kind wishes for all our little band and Miss Hallaran's school, I am, Your little friend,

MAMIE L. GRIFITH.

MARTIN, MISS., March 25, 1883.

## Old Mordecai's Cockerel.

"Grand old trees," said mamma, "a fine view from the piazza, and pleasant inside."

"I see no fault," said papa.

"Except that hideous little house at the foot of the garden," said aunt Amy.

"And that horrible old man, sitting all day close up to the fence," said Bob.

"Both his legs are shorter than the other," said little Lucy.

"He sits on his own land," said papa.

"And he minds his own business," said mamma.

"Nevertheless, he is a very Mordecai at our back gate," said aunt Amy.

But the summer went, and, despite the hideous little house at the foot of the garden, and the old man smoking his pipe so near the fence, everybody had seemed quite merry.

"He's Old Mordecai," said Lucy; "he hands me my kitten when she runs away." She had grown used to seeing the old man walking from side to side, on his poor old rheumatic legs, and felt kindly toward him.

Now, the weather had become so cold that Mordecai no longer sat by the fence, or walked in his little garden.

In awkward it would be Thanksgiving. The sky was gray and cold, and the tall trees waved their bare branches to keep warm until the snow should come to cover them.

"Everything looks awfully home-sick," said Bob, standing at the window. "This is the meanest place I ever saw."

At that moment a loud, defiant crow fell upon his ears.

"That's Old Mordecai's cockerel," he said angrily.

"Yes," said Lucy. "I can see him down at the pile of leaves."

"I told him never to crow on our side of the fence," said Bob.

Lucy laughed.

"You may laugh, but you just see if he crows on our side again, Lucy Jackson."

Once again the cockerel crowed, loudly and triumphantly. Once more Lucy laughed. Bob went out, and Lucy saw the cockerel scratching the leaves. Then she saw Bob creeping toward him with a bow and arrow.

Lucy did not see the arrow fly from the bow, but she saw Bob flying to the stable with the cockerel in his arms. She was so much excited that she ran out at once, bare-headed, to find Bob just drawing out the arrow from the poor fellow's breast.

"Oh, Bob!" she whispered, "that will hurt him dreadfully."

"Do you suppose he likes it that way?" said Bob, sarcastically.

"Oh, Bob!" she continued, "I didn't believe you could ever hit anything."

"Nor I, either."

She turned away her head while he drew out the arrow. The cockerel flapped his wings a little, then closed his eyes and lay quite still.

"It's going to die," whispered Lucy.

"That's just like a girl! Why don't you help a fellow out?"

"I will do anything you want me to, Bob."

"A girl ought to know more about such things than a boy."

"I know it," sighed Lucy. "I'm trying to think, but all I can remember is arsenicum, and arsenicum ginger. It's just as sneezed, so I don't believe it's arsenicum, he needs. Shall I go for some ginger?"

"Do you think it would do any good?"

"He opened one eye; maybe, if he had some ginger, he could open both."

"Well, go get it; we can try it." And Lucy went for the ginger.

"Hope you shan't long enough," said Bob, when she appeared at the stable-door with a cup in her hand.

"That mean cock wouldn't give me the sugar, and I hurried so I spilled the ginger in the closet. How is he?"

"He keeps on breathing, but he doesn't notice me."

Bob took the cup, and gave the cockerel a spoonful of the ginger. The bird staggered to his feet and flapped his wings. Lucy thought surely he meant to say again, on their side of the fence, but the next instant he lay motionless before them.

"He's gone!" said Bob, solemnly.

"I wish we had tried the arsenicum," said Lucy, sadly. "What will Old Mordecai say?"

"I guess I shall be Old Mordecai, if papa finds it out. How strong this ginger smells!—how much did you put in?"

"Five spoonfuls. I thought he was so awfully sick he ought to have a lot."

"Five spoonfuls! Then you killed him."

"Oh, Bob, don't say that!" she cried, "I'm in the house," said Bob.

"What shall you do?"

"I am going to hide him under the leaves. And mind you, it's my place to tell of it, and not yours."

"But you are going to tell, Bob?"

"You run in, and wait and see."

She went in and stood by the win-

dow, and saw him come carefully out of the stable and walk about the garden, then return with the dead cock and cover him hastily with leaves.

"When he came in, he said: 'Don't stand staring at that pile of leaves. It's done, and can't be helped. Nothing but an old rooster, anyway! No business crowing on our side of the fence. I gave him fair warning.'"

"But he didn't understand, Bob."

"Well, he does now," said Bob.

"As the days went by, little Lucy felt more and more uneasy, as she thought of what lay under the leaves. Still she kept quiet, waiting for Bob to speak."

She saw that Bob's conscience troubled him, and gained courage. "If you would only tell mamma, she would tell you what to do. Oh, Bob! I can't walk on that side of the garden."

Bob looked down into Lucy's face, and then went back to the kitchen and got a large bunch of raisins and gave them to her, with a pat on the head, which she understood very well.

"Too bad!" he declared, "that you can't go out to-day."

A few minutes later, Lucy might have been seen running toward the provision store.

"Anything wrong, Miss Lucy?" said the red-cheeked boy who drove the wagon.

"She went in timidly, and when she stood close by his side, she whispered, 'How would you ask for roosters?'"

"A hon' wouldn't do," he asked, laughing.

"No," she said, with a sigh, as she compared in her mind the proud strut of Mordecai's cockerel with the walk of any hen she had ever met. "No, I want a rooster."

"What's it for?" he said, confidentially.

"For Thanksgiving."

"Oh! Why not get a small turkey? Just the thing."

"Why had she not thought of it before? Perhaps that would help Mordecai to forgive them. (She had begun to blame herself with Bob, for had she not prepared the fatal ginger?)

The red-cheeked boy held up a plump little turkey.

"Is that a dollar?" she asked.

"That's heavier than I thought," he said, after he had thrown it down the scales. "That will cost, all told,—let me see,—one dollar thirty-eight."

She began feeling about her neck, as if she kept her money concealed somewhere about her jugular veins, and the tears came to her eyes.

The red-cheeked boy became again confidential. "Come, now," he said, in a low tone, "how much do we want to pay? What's just the little sum we were thinking of, when we came in?"

"I have only one dollar," answered Lucy, with her hand still guarding a jugular.

"A dollar is quite enough to pay for a small, nice, plump little turkey, if the right person comes for it."

Lucy hoped she was the right person. "If you please," she said, as she showed her another turkey, "I want one she had ever seen. 'Are you sure it's a turkey? I don't want a rooster, now.'"

"My word for it, Miss Lucy, yesterday afternoon that I sold 'Gob-bie.' Shall I send it to your house?"

"If you would do him up so he would look like a dress, I would be very much obliged to you."

Then she hurried home.

When Bob came in, she pulled him into a corner, and whispered: "I have bought a little turkey, the littlest one you ever saw, but a sure turkey, for Mordecai! Run out, before you take off your coat, for it's in the stable, in the out-box; and will you take it to Mordecai's house? Go quick, before it gets dark."

"I have carried the turkey down," he said to Lucy on her return. "Now, tell me where you got the money."

"I had to take my gold dollar," Lucy could not keep the tears from filling her eyes.

"Whew!" he said, "the one on your chain?"

She nodded.

"Born with it on, weren't you?"

"I don't remember when I got it," said she, a little more cheerfully. "I don't go out as much as I used to, so I suddenly toward the door, and she saw him run across the garden with his skato-bag under his arm."

He walked rapidly to Johnny Bang's house. The bell was answered by young John himself, whose eyes brightened as he saw the skato-bag; but he waited for Bob to speak.

"You said last night you would give me two and a half dollars, say three and three pence," said Bob.

"Do you suppose I made a half a dollar in my sleep?" said Johnny, with a grin.

"Can you give me three?"

"No, I can't."

"Jerry will! I came to you first, because you made the first offer. I must have three or nothing."

"You come in and sit down, and I'll see if I can't make up a note for you."

Johnny's mother proved a person easily "worked up," for in a few minutes he returned with three crisp bills in his hand.



## Christian Advocate.

ORGAN OF THE LOUISIANA, MISSISSIPPI AND NORTH MISSISSIPPI CONFERENCES OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

CHAS. B. GALLOWAY, D. D., Editor.

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REV. T. A. S. ADAMS, REV. J. T. SAWYER,  
REV. W. L. C. HUNNICUTT.

THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1883.

Read Dr. C. K. Marshall's beautiful tribute to the memory of Mrs. Sarah C. Lane, the matriarch of Southwestern Methodism.

The Christian Index has an editorial a little over two columns in length on "The Queen's Knee." The article is introduced by this very democratic sentence: "A fat little woman of German descent, and who will be sixty-four years of age on the twenty-fourth day of May next, slipped on the stairway the other day and bruised her knee."

An old lady up in Yonkers, N. Y., got in at the eleventh hour. The pastor of the Central Methodist Church received her on probation recently at the age of 100 years, and four months. It is hoped she will pass her probation creditably—resist the usual temptations to worldliness among probationers—and be received into full connection.

Dr. Lambuth's charming letter from China on our first page, giving an account of the life, conversion, sufferings and death of little May, will be read with intense interest. Nothing has so impressed us in a long while. Such triumph of faith in the little sufferer and sweet Christian resignation in the old saint leaning on her staff looking in the open grave, are worthy to be mentioned among the canonized saints of heaven.

Secular papers have a genius for getting things mixed when reference is made to ecclesiastical affairs. Our very readable exchange, the Mobile Register, reported no service at the St. Francis Street Baptist Church, March 25, "owing to the absence of the pastor, Rev. G. B. Eager." If there is anything an orthodox Baptist does detest it is rectorship. Rector means a ruler; a governor—an office not recognized in their pure democracy.

The New York Independent, of last week, contains a vigorous article on "Southern outrage practiced on Bishop Campbell, of the African Methodist Episcopal Church." A rude conductor, on the Western and Atlantic Company, forced him out of the ladies' car into the coach in front among the smokers. The Independent asks if this is "a general characteristic of white people at the South?" The South is not responsible for railroad officials, for nearly every road among us is owned and conducted for Northern men. Lecture your own capitalists, Mr. Independent, who operate our roads for us. We have no objection to your hostility, but be sure and give it proper direction.

Between this and the next session of the Northern Methodist General Conference may be expected no little discussion of the pastoral term and its modification. Already the subject is up for consideration. The Northern Christian Advocate has a leader on the proposed change, defining the issue and clearing the way for a fair and full discussion. There are two parties among the advocates of change—one preferring an extension of time, the other advocating an entire removal of the time limit of pastoral service. They argue in favor of a freedom that will allow a man to be reappointed indefinitely or removed at the end of the first year, according to the better judgment of the appointing power. We rather incline to think that this will be the leading question before their next General Conference.

Our neighbor, the Morning Star, rather apologizes for the "dynamite statesmanship" of the Irish agitators. After drawing a fearful picture of English misrule whose only mission is "deliberate, cold-blooded, skillfully-planned, persistent, pitiless extermination" thus concludes: "What wonder that it should result in a little dynamite imported from America—a country where religious ideas are not so predominant as in Ireland." No doubt Ireland's "religious ideas" are less predominant here, but we hazard nothing in saying that the exporters and importers of dynamite are in sympathy with those "ideas." Look up the religious pedigree of the "dynamite fiend" and see on what milk he was fed? Ireland is religious enough, but what of her plety?

## Elementary Education.

This subject is of such general interest that to reach another constituency we published the following discussion in the Jackson Clarion of last week, one of the ablest and most influential journals in the South-west. We now reproduce it in substance for the readers of the ADVOCATE.

The North American Review for March contained a symposium on 'Educational Needs' with contributions from distinguished and practical educators. They discussed physical culture, hygiene, technical instruction, professional training, etc., most learnedly and elaborately. These are important and deserve prominence. But the greatest and most urgent educational need of our time, and especially of our section, is elementary instruction. There is no lack of attention to collegiate and intermediate training—colleges, largely endowed and thoroughly equipped, are established everywhere and are doing much for the 'higher education.' Nor is there any want of appreciation of these superior advantages. There is an eager search for the amplest facilities. According to careful statistics, the significant fact is stated that for fifty years past the number of college students has increased more than twice as fast as that of the population. In 1830 there were only 1,021 college students in the United States; now there are 62,435. These are inspiring figures, and are at once a revelation and heritage of hope to the great cause of education in our country. The more educated men we have, education has the larger number of intelligent patrons and advocates.

But our imminent and urgent want to-day is elementary education. These higher advantages belong only to the few. The sons and daughters of the wealthier classes enjoy them, while the great masses of poor children have no such opportunity—or desire. They are a sort of Lazarus at the gate, and must be content with the crumbs that fall from the educational table. The most needy, they have least provision. From them come the great body of our citizenship—the voters who rule the polls and are the nation's voice. (How few college-trained young men in Mississippi and Louisiana, compared with the thousands who only have the doubtful privilege of the little intermittent common schools of the country? Two or three months of the year in an uncomfortable, poorly furnished house, with an indifferent teacher on small pay in depreciated warrants, is certainly getting an education under difficulties. And, so far as the State is concerned, it is simply playing at education—dawdling in the great daylight of opportunity and responsibility. Under this system, appropriations show but meager returns—the treasury is depleted of thousands without offering any adequate advantages. An English writer has recently well said: 'More subsidies are demoralizing if without conditions and reckless of results.' If the State gives, it should provide for wise expenditure. Liberal grants to public education is mere sentiment unless practically guarded and directed.

Common schools should be the chief care of the State. The illiterate poor are the educational wards of the commonwealth. Their wants make the loudest appeals, and should have just and most liberal attention. Indeed, it is a grave question whether the State can consistently make large grants to the higher education—to the establishment and maintenance of high schools and colleges. The theory of State aid to education proceeds upon one idea—that illiteracy is dangerous to the body politic. Republican governments, in which all men are free and equal, must have an intelligent citizenship. The franchise is a deadly weapon in the hands of ignorance. Illiteracy and crime stand related to each other as cause and effect. Therefore, as a protective measure—to fit men for the functions of citizenship, especially in the high responsibilities of the ballot, and to decrease the criminal record—the State taxes its capital for educational purposes. No other argument would justify the exaction of a dollar from a single citizen. Education by taxation is tolerated, therefore, because illiteracy is dangerous to the peace and life of the State. It would seem then consistently and logically to follow, that where the greatest illiteracy prevailed, there most care should be bestowed and the largest facilities provided. But the question arises how far shall these advantages extend? What point must be reached before the State has discharged its responsibility? When does a man attain unto intelligent citizenship? Surely there is a limit somewhere, or the whole theory of public education will be subverted. A strict construction of that theory on which a tax levy is based and defended would arrest appropriations so soon as a boy

had received sufficient rudimentary training to furnish him for the intelligent discharge of his duties as a citizen. It is not maintained by any extremist that one man should be taxed to give another's son a technical or professional education. If he wants to be a lawyer, physician, pharmacist, engineer, etc., he must pay for it. The State does not tax its citizens to give men professions. To do so is violative of the whole theory of public education. Then how far shall it go? How much of the classics and higher mathematics should be mastered? Would Homer and Euclid be in the curriculum?

"Without answering these questions, their statement alone will indicate that the State's first, highest, most sacred and imperative obligation is to the elementary schools. When the illiterate poor shall have learned to read and write we can show large liberality elsewhere. We conclude, therefore, that the greatest educational need of our State is 'the three R's.'"

## The Mississippi Conference Woman's Missionary Society.

This society met at Madison Station, a hospitable village on the Illinois Central railroad, twelve miles north of Jackson, on Thursday of last week. Nearly all the auxiliaries were represented, either by delegates or proxies. Mrs. E. R. Stedman, of Jackson, the first vice-president, occupied the chair and conducted the deliberations. Miss Annie Gibbs, of Raymond, sat at the secretary's table, and made a capital officer. The report of the ever-faithful, laborious corresponding secretary, Miss Annie Linfield, of Hazelhurst, was elaborate, beautifully written and full of missionary enthusiasm. Mrs. Annie DeMoss, of Vicksburg, the prompt and accurate treasurer, sent up an itemized report making an aggregate for the year of \$393.50 collected and remitted to the general treasurer at Nashville.

The reports from the auxiliaries by delegates present were very encouraging, many of them prepared with great care, giving interesting incidents of their meetings and labors. Two new societies have been organized during the year, one at Beauregard and another at Burton. Meridian had made the largest collection and Moss Point next. The latter society has two active and excellent members aged respectively seventy-eight and seventy-one years. Such mothers in Israel abide as a benediction to the church. A juvenile society at Madison, called "The Self-Denials," were present in a body, and, through one of the little members, reported their organization and collections. Mrs. Nannie Watson, corresponding secretary of the Memphis Conference Society, sent greetings to her Mississippi sisters, to which they responded through their corresponding officer, Miss Annie Linfield.

The hospitality of the community was most abundant. The neat little village church was handsomely decorated with flowers and mottoes, and a chastely written address of welcome was admirably read by Miss Lizzie Cully. A basket dinner of all delicacies and good things added to the social delight and freedom of the occasion. By invitation, during their proceedings, short addresses were made by Rev. W. B. Lewis, of Crystal Springs, Rev. P. A. Johnston, the faithful pastor, and this editor.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Miss Janie Petty, of Meridian, president; Mrs. E. R. Stedman, Mrs. Dr. C. G. Andrews, Mrs. Anna Middleton, Mrs. Ben. Jones, Mrs. J. M. Weems, Mrs. Belle Parker, Mrs. S. B. Watts, vice-presidents; Miss Annie Gibbs, of Raymond, recording secretary; Miss Annie Linfield, of Hazelhurst, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Annie V. DeMoss, of Vicksburg, treasurer; Mrs. James Ware, of Vicksburg, auditor. Brandon was selected as the next place of meeting, and the time fixed for the third Thursday in April, 1884.

This has been the most interesting and profitable meeting of the society. In attendance, enthusiasm, ease in the conduct of business, and in all other respects, the occasion was memorable. We look for a great forward movement this year.

## Journeys and Jottings.

After attending the delightful session of the Mississippi Conference Woman's Society at Madison we continued our journey northward to Kosciusko, to fill a lecture engagement on Friday night. This town has associations in memory dearer than any place on earth. Here we first saw the light, and spent the happy days of early childhood. But how many changes have been wrought in two decades! Kosciusko is now a railroad town, and when the line is completed to Aberdeen

will be on a popular highway of travel. Improvements have been made, the population greatly changed, children grown to man's estate, and many of the aged passed away; still the old town is the same. Every spot has a history, and awakens a troop of memories like angels from the cloud realms of the past. How joyous were those days, little reckoning the direction and responsibilities of the future. Blessed, merciful the wisdom that veils from our eyes the coming years! Childhood's glee would be a story, and its smile a leaden star, if the history of the future were ever present. Though a phenomenal rain-storm—a very flood of great waters—prevented the lecture, we had opportunity of seeing many old friends. We are especially indebted to Bro. M. T. Boswell, an esteemed school companion, and his excellent wife for kind attentions and generous hospitality. The night was spent with Rev. T. A. S. Adams, President of the Kosciusko High School, the versatile and accomplished scholar, educator, preacher, author and newspaper correspondent. He is a very cyclopedia of classical, literary and theological fact. His institution is enjoying the most prosperous term of its entire history, and the president is enterprising larger things. We regretted not seeing Bro. Stone, the new pastor, but in his absence enjoyed with some friends the hospitalities of the parsonage. Rev. G. W. Bachman resides here, and travels a neighboring circuit. He has brains and brawn, grit and grace—a devoted, tireless, reliable laborer. We hope to hear of his wife's convalescence, who was critically ill on Friday.

At Durant we shared the generous hospitality of Capt. Hays and Bro. Laird, and had a pleasant interview with Presiding Elder T. Y. Ramsey, Sr. His old Alabama friends will be glad to know he is happily located, in vigorous health, and ably serving one of the largest and most important districts in his Conference.

In answer to a telegram we stopped over a few hours at Pickett Station, and addressed the Woman's Auxiliary Missionary Society. This is a live organization, and will contest the banner with many larger communities. Rev. G. D. Wade, an honored superannuate of the North Mississippi Conference, resides here, revered by all for his wise counsel and spotless purity of character. His old age is a crown of glory, and his presence a benediction to the community. After tea at Col. Tye's, a prosperous merchant and active member of our church, we started homeward, reaching the capital at half-past ten o'clock on Saturday night. Two sermons, teaching a class in Sunday-school and holding a church conference filled up the Sabbath, and on Monday, nearly two hundred miles away, we are in our office at 112 Camp street.

## Glimpses of Texas and the Border.

BY BISHOP PARKER.

MR. EDITOR: Leaving home the second day of March I have moved through quite a variety of scenes. A few days in Houston, including a Sunday, enabled me to see much of that growing city, and the state of the church there. We have three churches belonging to the American work and one flourishing German church. Each of the former needs a new church edifice. Bro. Werlein, the pastor of Shearn Church, is raising subscriptions, and the way seems open now to build. Houston is the greatest railroad center in Texas, and must expand. The population is estimated at over twenty thousand. The streets are being improved, some good paving has been already done, and more is contemplated.

A Sunday, and some days, in Galveston. This is a city on the sea—"the Island City"—and its citizens can always be fanned by the breeze and hear the roar of the surf. They claim for the city thirty thousand inhabitants, and a large business in cotton and in general merchandise. There is capital and enterprise here, and Galveston is known and felt all over Texas, and in New Orleans, on the Mexican border and across the sea. Galveston is laid out regularly—wide streets and avenues straight and crossing at right angles. It has probably more street car lines than any city in the United States of its size. Nearly all the principle streets have them, running lengthwise of the island from east to west, and across from the bay to the beach. The business parts are well built up with substantial brick stores three and four stories high, and its commercial, wholesale and retail houses compare favorably in appearance with those of New Orleans. There are throughout the city many handsome and some palatial residences, and cosy and tasteful cottage homes are numerous.

Built upon the sand, things have a firm look. The most massive buildings have their foundations laid near

the surface, and experience shows that the heaviest structures here do not settle at all, and that the walls do not crack. Strange to say, a house built upon the sand here stands as well as one built upon the rock in Austin. The new hotel, on the beach, now nearly completed, is a very large and handsome structure, and will afford excellent accommodations as a summer resort. The beach is famous as affording one of the finest drives in the world. Twenty miles, smooth and hard as a floor, and the salt ripples washing the hoofs of the horses. One can ride to the beach and along a part of it on the street cars.

Galveston has three drawbacks: insufficient depth in the pass to the bay, liability to yellow fever and the Gulf storms. The first two may be counted out, as money and vigilance may remedy them. I found some signs of apprehension about the last, being there at the time Wiggins had set for a tidal wave. But all was serene. The great sea is, however, always rolling against this bank of sand, like some mighty monster crouched and ready to spring. Sometimes it has a sudden and ominous aspect, growling and bristling, and at other times it lies placid, as a mirror, or laughs in the sunshine, or gambols and plays in the caressing breeze. Will it ever rise in angry power and make havoc of this fair and beautiful city? It has not done it hitherto, and we may hope it never will. Taking the healthfulness of the situation into the account, the sand wall that is growing along the beach, and the general elevation of the grade of the city, Galveston may be rated as a safe and most agreeable home for those whose business calls them hither.

Our Methodism is fairly represented. St. John's is a spacious house, comely as to exterior, and comfortable and elegant within, with a good Sunday-school and a large congregation. St. James has reached only what was designed for a basement, but is roofed over, and affords a large and pleasant auditorium for worship and Sunday-school. Here we have a good congregation and an increasing membership. Bro. Sears, the new pastor, is doing well, and there is hope that the house will be completed perhaps this year or next. Bro. Briggs, pastor of St. John's, and the brethren there, are taking measures to liquidate the debt on that property. When St. James is completed, St. John's out of debt, and a new church built toward the West End, things will be in a shape to move forward. The Texas Christian Advocate is published here, and its editor and publishers are helpful to the church.

Gonzales is on a tip of the Sunset road, and there I spent two or three days on the way to San Antonio. It is an old town, widely scattered residences, and situated in a rather beautiful and productive country. The pastor here, Bro. A. Brown, is doing well as a spiritual people, and got all the preaching time would permit out of the writer.

At San Antonio, for several days, and Sunday. The old church was full morning and night, and a large and well-conducted Sunday-school welcomed the Bishop. The new church has gone up somewhat above the top of the basement, and the financial way is clear to finish the entire walls and roof and furnish the basement for use by October. It is hoped that the house may be entirely finished without stopping the work. When done this will be a most commodious and beautiful house, built of stone, and ornamented with a tower and spire of attractive style and graceful proportions. The pastor, Bro. Young, is doing a good work here.

Touched at Laredo on my way to Corpus Christi, preached for Bro. Corbin, and saw the town. It is Mexican, for the most part, and mainly of the adobe order of architecture. Here I saw the Rio Grande for the first time since, as a soldier boy in 1846, I marched through the region below here with knapsack and musket. Called at our mission school, and spent an agreeable hour with Miss Williams and Mrs. Burford and their pupils.

A Sunday, and three days altogether, at Corpus Christi. The view of the bay from the bluff or upper town is very fine, about the noblest sea view on the Gulf. There is a town here of two or three thousand inhabitants. The railroad from Laredo has, after some years of decadence, revived its business somewhat, and other roads projected, it is thought, will make it a prosperous city. This will be the case, without doubt, if the channel into the bay can be so jettied as to afford deep harbor, and a deep channel is the great need. The strength of our church here has suffered somewhat with the declining prosperity of the place, but there is here a neat church building, and a good congregation.

By the aid of some of the brethren and two old Mexican Methodists I found the grave of Alcejo Hernandez, one of the first and greatest of our Mexican converts and preachers. His grave has been utterly neglected. We placed boards at the head and foot, and I trust a plain marble slab may some time be set up to mark the place where the dust of this devoted man sleeps.

Back on the railroad to Laredo is a station called Pena. Here, with Sister Sutherland and her one-year-old boy, I take the stage, about sundown, for Rio Grande City, distant any ninety miles. The stage is a peculiar vehicle, called a "jerkie," and a jerking concern it is. The night was cold, progress slow, the country silent and desolate, and the only signs of life were the occasional howlings and yelpings of the coyotes. Passing through a country of the universal mesquite and prickly pear, almost without water or habitation, we reached Rio Grande City in the afternoon. Here I met Bro. Sutherland, the Superintendent of our Border Mission, preached at night, Bro. Sutherland interpreting; the next day crossed the river and went on to Camargo, baptized an infant, a large company being present, after that preached to a crowded congregation, Bro. Sutherland translating; and on Thursday, March 29, traveling twenty-five miles, we reached Mier, the seat of the San Diego District Conference. This is opened in due form, good attendance, and very fair reports, crowded congregations, and a very good time, closing up Sunday night with several baptisms and a number of members received. Mier is a Mexican city of six thousand inhabitants; only two or three English-speaking families in it, oriental in appearance. Most of the houses are stone, look like fortifications, courts inclosed with high walls, and built with reference to civil commotions and revolutionary disturbance.

But my time and space are out. The ways of living are strange here; houses are strange. Thick walls, few openings, brick or concrete floors. And the cookery? Curious dishes. Tortillas, of course, at every meal. Stuffed peppers, rice, with raisins, fried in lard, and onions, and garlic ad libitum. And many toothsome things withal. Coffee always good, better than anywhere out of Louisiana, and roast kid and light bread excellent. One large family room, and a big work-room or kitchen, is the middle class style. There was general neatness and taste in furniture and fancy needlework, and a marvelous skill in laces and crochet work and the like. Bro. Sutherland and myself had a whole rock house to ourselves, 40x20, with most delightful beds, and the interior coolness was all that could be desired. What shall I say of the cactus? It is in its glory here, various kinds, and with delicate and different colored blooms. One kind grows like a tree with an immense trunk. A dry and for the most part, sterile land, there are, nevertheless, many rare shrubs and beautiful flowers. Apart from the good time religiously, my jollings and hot and dusty journeyings have been compensated by the novelties among the people, and by new and entertaining aspects of nature. I write this from Rio Grande City, having to retrace our steps for lack of stage accommodations on the Mexican side of the river to Laredo. At Laredo the District Conference opens next Thursday, April 5. This evening, we—Bro. Sutherland, wife and baby, Fannie Florence and myself—leave on the stage for Pena. I am glad to say that little Fannie stands the trip well.

RIO GRANDE CITY, TEXAS, APR. 3, 1883.

## From Trenton, La.

MR. EDITOR: The following are the officers of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, organized March 25, 1883, at Fank's Chapel: Miss Narelissa A. Williams, president; Mrs. Ophelia Cann, first vice-president; Mrs. Davil Fank, second vice-president; Miss Janie Williams, recording secretary; Miss Lou Williams, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Ida Williams, treasurer; Mrs. Jane Faulk, committee of one to solicit subscriptions for the Woman's Missionary Advocate.

I feel certain that the ladies of Fank's Chapel will do a good work for missions.

MARCH 27, 1883.

J. T. SAWYER.

The Chautauqua School of Theology is organized for the purpose of home study—an outgrowth of the annual assemblies at Chautauqua Lake. We have received circulars outlining the plan of work, course of study, etc. It is a good enterprise, and preachers will find it a stimulus and help in theological study. Those who pass the examinations satisfactorily receive the degree of B. D. Dr. J. H. Vincent is the president. Information can be obtained by addressing the secretary, Rev. Alfred A. Wright, Lynn, Mass.











In the 7th century, when the world was in a state of confusion, two forces arranged in opposition: First comes the "magical power," with all its conjuration, combination; secondly, the gentile forces whose whole nature sends forth a tidal wave of evil influences upon the sons of men. Now, the magical power shows its superiority over the gentile kingdom through its *modus operandi*, or art of disposing. The gentile power undertakes the total destruction of its opponents, while, on the other hand, the magical power only endeavors to transform the exercises of its enemies' strength—it wishes to prove the royalty of good and the plebeianism of evil. In one word, the magician only wishes to extract the liberty from the wild horse-like nature of this malignant spirit power whose every labor places a yoke upon the hearts and minds of men, and whose every touch causes the hot tear to stain the face of the fairest child. And not only would it take away its liberty, but it would also make it become the carry-all servant of the human race. Dear friend, these old Arabian stories, bring us many aromatic messages—messages so full of the spices of common sense and true wisdom that the reader of them can almost imagine that he possesses the dishonored man's sea-cured casket. Look at the logic of this upper and lower strata theory. What is its lesson? As far as I can see, the moral of this logic goes to show us that the extermination of an opponent's existence is not of so much consequence as it is times as the converting of its evil-working capacity into a vehicle of usefulness, and I, for one, believe that this logic is the true motive force of all present good and lasting buildings. Because from the observation of our enemies' works we can learn how to avoid their defects and mistakes, and, at the same time, make good use of their adaptable points; therefore, we should, as a body, keep our eyes open and our minds constantly turned toward the bulwarks of that force whose every movement means a blow against our Protestant truth. We ought to find out where its strength lies, and whether we can or cannot turn its evil into good—making it subservient to the development of pure religion.

From history and observation we learn that Roman Catholicism is a mass of doctrinal variations, yet it brings forth the most perfect form of working-machinery the world ever saw. Strange as it may seem, this seeming mass of spiritual contradictions (whose every detail puts us in mind of the fabled Minotaur) practically demonstrates the presence of a union-pivot upon which all of this rainbow body can, with confidence, move on to universal action. Its center-point saves it from annihilation. Now, this center-point revolves itself into one small word, and that word is "papacy." Here then the searcher after Rome's power beholds the cause of her wonderful vitality. Papacy is the heart of the whole system. Now, surely Methodism possesses a union-center strong, and with as wide an influence, as this Romish idea of universalism? Yes, we have. Our central pivot, upon which all our universalism for united good revolves, lies, in the language of our Discipline, which reads, "by doing good, especially to them that are of the household of faith." Yes, it is at this point where we lift ourselves above the gravitation of the personal in every shape and form, and throw ourselves into the embraces of a common brotherhood, where every heart follows the center-point (Christ) of this love-extended home; and where all the individual lives of its membership flow on in a sweet-moving rhythm, never stopping until every action of every individual soul becomes lost in the great dominion of God's will. Friend, are you called a Methodist? If you are, never lose sight of the catholic ligaments of our spiritual nature, for at the point of every individual influence there lies some soul, spot or work which you may either help or hurt. Rome suffers from localism to absorb all of its own strength. Peter, at Rome, draws fishes from the hovels of the poverty-stricken Irishman as well as from the throne of Spain. The head calls, and all the members answer! Now, while I would not advocate all of Rome's plans, yet this central idea is worthy of our attention. Brethren, as we truthfully say that our church is this State developed according to its opportunities? I grant you that we have developed some places after the order of the "magnificent" but, alas! too many cases we stopped at the neighborhood spire, and from that day this we have spun round and round, like so many local weather vanes, while on every hand of us stood work marches perishing for the want of a little brotherly assistance! Now, the thread-worn excuse, "Charity begins at home," will not work well in the case, for wherever you find the little Methodist Episcopal Church, with you also, at that moment, find the claims of the highest form of rationality known among men. That not becomes a part of your home, and so people living there are your brethren—brothers in whose souls runs the same royal blood which enabled you to pass from death unto life." Brethren, we must smother the monster of individualism if we ever hope to reach a true point of our high calling; for, we possess the best form of religion, becomes our duty to place it in every neighborhood of this State, and, as a

means toward this end, we must be willing to visit our brothers across the way. The tall "I" must never lose sight of the fact that there are a great many "he's" and "they's" in this big world of ours. Or, if we must have our large "I's" and "my's," let us turn them into so many telegraphic poles across whose tops will fly sweet messages—messages whose every word will bring a new cause for action and a new reason for lifting up a loud song of joy. Our church is a grand army! Yes, it is indeed; but we must never lose sight of the fact that her army never comes within her reach on this side of eternity. Just as long as we hear the ticking of time's great clock, just so long must she pass on from glory to glory. Like her Divine Master she must be able to say, "It is finished," ere she passes into the Easter-life. Then let us pull down all those individual notions of ours, and, with united hands and hearts, let us go from place to place teaching the world, through the clearness and strength of our actions, that we are God's children, and that our only wish and desire is to spread the blessings of his gospel all over the world.

PAT. GALVIN, THIBODAUX, LOUISIANA.

#### Full Assurance.

Full assurance is often spoken of in the New Testament, and stands prominent as one of the doctrines of religious experience. The "full assurance of understanding," referred to in Colossians 11, 2, is a perfect knowledge and an entire persuasion of the truth of the doctrine of the Son of God. The "full assurance of faith," referred to in Hebrews ix, 22, is an entire trust in the sacrifice and priestly office of Christ. The "full assurance of hope," to which reference is made in Hebrews vi, 11, relates to the heavenly inheritance and must, necessarily, imply the full persuasion that we are the children of God and, therefore, heirs of his glory. From this passage it must be concluded that such an assurance is what every Christian ought to aim at, and that it is attainable. That the penitent sinner knows when he passes from death unto life—not simply from the peace he realizes, but because the Spirit itself beareth witness with his spirit that he is a child of God—is a most wholesome doctrine and very full of comfort. If we are conscious of possessing these characteristics, described in the sacred word as constituting the Christian, it is said, and doubtless correctly, that we possess the witness of our own spirit that we are adopted into the heavenly family. But many shallow, not to say, absurd, views are often held in regard to the witness of God's Spirit. Some would have us believe that this witness is conveyed to us in a vision, or by an audible voice from heaven, or in some extraordinary and sudden manner. But this is not the experience of the more intelligent Christians, who affirm that "the testimony of the Spirit of God is an inward impression on the soul." Mr. Wesley obtained the blessing of full assurance when, after reading Luther's exposition of a part of the book of Romans, and while he was walking in Aldgate street, he felt his heart "strangely warmed." Yes, he was then and there fully assured "that Jesus Christ did love him and had given himself for him; that all his sins were blotted out; and he reconciled to God." "The Spirit itself bore witness with his spirit that he was a child of God." The conjoint testimony of these two witnesses, to our adoption, should, and certainly does, bring to the confiding heart peace and joy and love. It is true there are many really good persons who do not enjoy this full assurance. The reason is, they perpetually nurse their doubts and starve their faith. They do not seem to believe the Bible when it says, "The Lord is not slack concerning his promise," or, if they believe it, their faith is not availed by their works. When the life boat, bearing them over the sea of time to the haven of eternal rest, in consequence of the raging billows, begins to rock, they immediately "cry out for fear," and insist that they are going to be lost. "Oh, ye of little faith; hope thou in God," and the full assurance is yours. This assurance should be not only full, but constant. There are those who feel well to-day, their business prospers, and they are jubilant on the mountain top. To-morrow, perhaps, their digestion is bad, their nerves untidy, bad news comes, and at once their spiritual barometer begins to sink. Call on them to lead in prayer, and what do you hear? Sounds, similar to the groans of the captive in his dungeon, greet your ear. Such Christians stand in need of a threefold supply of Divine grace. This God gives them, and, if they would not slight it, soon doubts and fears, the inmates of their hearts, would give place to perfect love.

Let us also bear in mind that the doctrine of full assurance is no new doctrine; that it did not spring up with theologians of modern times, but was proclaimed in paradise amid the rills of the fall; that it has been the distinguishing feature of every dispensation; that witnesses to this great truth have arisen and proclaimed it all along the march of the ages, and that no person should be satisfied with a Christian experience that falls below the evidence of acceptance with God.

M. C. CALLEWAY, LYNN, Miss., March 8, 1883.

It is time enough to examine, on the Sabbath, the condition of the weather after reaching the church door.—Western Advocate.

"We are indebted to Mr. F. O'Hanlon for the following sketch of a sermon preached at the quarterly meeting held at Foo Chow, China, Dec. 31, 1882. Our people can not fail to study with interest, so far as they have the opportunity, the character of the preaching of the native church in various foreign lands. Editor Missionary Department."

TEXT.—To-day is salvation come to this house.

I find this defect in the church; too little definiteness and assurance in our religious experience. There is a general tendency to look to the distant future for a certain blessing, to look forward to the day of death for assurance of salvation. I preach on this text to-day in order to bring the Saviour's work nearer to us—to help us realize it now. Christ's work is emphatically a present-tense work. Some denominations speak of foreordination and salvation in a way that would leave nothing for the Saviour to do at present. Before I had heard of Christ the Spirit on one occasion strove with me for six months incessantly, beginning with the sudden death of a dear friend. During all that time I felt that I could either accept or reject the Spirit's teaching, that I alone was responsible for the decision I came to in the matter. Believe and thou shalt be saved; at death? Yes, Now. Much more. The moment you believe, it is not necessary to wait until death. After I had heard and resisted the truth I felt the place of light this position as personal teacher of Rev. N. Sites) and found a situation in a village of darkness. Here by the curiosity of the people I was led, unawares to preach Christ. After every sermon my heart became more fixed and I realized that I could, if I would, accept Christ and be saved at once. In our natural state we are like one who has fallen in the water; we have ears but they hear not, eyes but they see not. Now you behold God's works; you hear God's voice telling you of death, of resurrection, judgment, heaven, hell. You have been drawn out of the water or you could not hear these things. I hear you talk intelligently about them; also of love and peace. How is it that we love the Bible and each other? Yes, even the foreigner, though we cannot speak to him, we feel "at home" in a strange place so soon as we see a Christian chapel; we like to meet with the people who worship in it though they may belong to another denomination and the order of worship different from our own. It is all because we have passed from death unto life. And why do we not find pleasure in reviling the stranger and drowning girl babies? Because we did not do these things before our conversion? No. Surely we would have followed those wicked customs just like our neighbors if opportunity had offered. But now we are saved. Human instinct may become so depraved as to fall below that of the brute. Buddhism acknowledges this sad fact. Its temples are filled with monstrosities, figures with the head of a man and the body of an ox or the body of a man with the head of a dog. In some you see little more of the human than the clothes. Man under the sway of sin is little more than a brute with clothes on. But see how Christianity exalts man, it makes him a child of God. He does not only cease to be the servant of Satan and idols but becomes the child of God. In order to be truly thankful we must know what we have received. How often we say: I thank God. Do we really know for what? Why Zacharias had not even entered the church when the Saviour said: "To-day is salvation come to this house." Why can't we say: I thank God for he has saved me? Why should we go on using the indefinite language: I hope God will save me. May our joy be full in believing that Christ is working in us to will and to do.

Cong. Sun Chiong, the local deacon, said: "I am very thankful for two things to-day: my brother-in-law who was sick has recovered; our Chinese doctors said he could not live; no one believed he would recover but the foreign doctors by the blessing of God cured him. Now we look upon him as one risen from the dead." You all know that my family consists of six girls. I want to see them educated. But whenever I approached one of our own schools with them I was simply reminded that they were girls. Now the church is planning for the higher education of women in China and my joy is great. When I think what has been done these last two years for us—the opening of the Anglo-Chinese college for the boys and now this new movement for the girls I can only repeat the words we have sung: "Praise upon praise." Northern Christian Advocate.

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### IT MAY NOT BE.

BY JOHN H. WHITTIER.

It may not be our lot to wield  
The sickle in the ripened field;  
Nor ours to bear, on summer eves,  
The reaper's song among the sheaves.

Yet when our duty's task is wrought  
In union with God's great thought,  
The near and future blend in one,  
And whatsoever is will be done.

And ours the grateful service, whene'er  
Comes, day by day, the recompense;  
The hope the trust, the purpose stays,  
The fountain, and the noontide shade.

And ours this life the utmost span,  
The only end and aim of man,  
Pursuing the will of God like those,  
Than waking dreams and childish fears.

But life, though falling like our grain,  
Like that which revives and springs again,  
And early called, how blessed are they  
Who wait in heaven their harvest day.

### In Memoriam.

#### JOSEPH SUMNER PARKER.

Joseph Sumner Parker, son of the Rev. J. D. Parker, of this city, was born in Dinwiddie county, Va., February, 1844, and died on March 25, 1883, in Baltimore. He professed religion when fourteen years old, in Cedar Street Church. He left New Orleans for Emory and Henry College, in 1858, with his brothers, Robert and Frank, where he continued his studies until, by the excitement of the war, the College was disbanded. Two of the brothers left for New Orleans, joined Capt. John Angell's command, and, in some six weeks after, May, 1861, were on the peninsula in Virginia. Sumner, then in his eighteenth year, remained at Emory a few months later, but returned to New Orleans in the early part of 1862, met Capt. John S. Angell, then at home on furlough, and joined his company—A, of the Fifth Louisiana. He arrived in Virginia just in time to be in the first engagement of the regiment, at Williamsburg, on May 4, 1862. On the twenty-fourth of the same month he was under heavy fire at New Bridge, near Richmond. On June 29 he was in battle at Savage's Station, and on July 29, at Malvern Hill, he was under heavy fire of artillery and musketry. After the seven days' fight around Richmond the brigade was placed under Gen. Stonewall Jackson, and was started out in the Valley campaign. On August 9 he was under heavy fire at Cedar Run, where Gen. Pope was defeated. Two weeks after, by a forced march on Manassas, getting in Pope's rear, they were in the second battle of Manassas—lasting three days. On the first day Sumner was wounded in the leg by a minnie ball, which prevented his being in the next few engagements. A kind lady in our city cared for him until he was well enough for duty. His company, meanwhile, was engaged at Manassas Junction; September 1, at Germantown; September 15, at Harper's Ferry; September 17, at Sharpsburg. At the next engagement, December 13, he was with the command at Fredericksburg, and, on May, 1863, was at the storming of Fredericksburg Heights. On June 13 and 14, following, he was in the battle of Winchester under Gen. Ewell, and in the battle of Gettysburg, on July 1 and 2, was under heavy fire. On the second day's fight his company was detached and put in Rhodes' Alabama Battalion of sharpshooters. While engaged he was wounded—the ball scraping his head and killing a man in his rear. After this the command retreated across the Potomac. Being unwilling to leave the command, and unable to keep with it, he took up his march in advance with his brother, Frank, whose limbs from exposure had become poisoned and greatly swollen. They were presently both captured by a cavalry detachment of the enemy, taken to Cherry Run, and on the following morning marched to Hancock, Md. While there they were kindly supplied with food and clothing by Miss Bridges. Thence they were marched to Cumberland and confined, but treated kindly. One of the guards was so pleased with Sumner

that he took him out in the town as a friend. An officer rode up and asked if this was a prisoner. The guard replied, No. He then asked Sumner, and he answered, Yes. The officer allowed them to continue the walk. From thence they were taken to Wheeling, Va., and on to Camp Chase, Ohio. There they remained eight months; part of the time on quarter rations. They were then moved to Fort Delaware, and remained there twelve months; the most of the time on half rations, in retaliation, it was said, for the condition of prisoners at Andersonville. Much of the time the water given the prisoners was brackish, from cisterns filled at high tide from the Delaware. But through Miss Bridges, of Hancock, and also Mr. Holmes, of New Orleans, who sent them ten dollars a month, they came through this trying period. Here Sumner became impatient, but maintained the integrity of his moral character. It was here, too, he made the vow, that, if God would spare him, he would give his life more fully to his service. He carried about him a small Testament which he retained through all the fortunes of the war. This he read closely and frequently. It was the gift of his father. On March 7, 1865, which was about a month before the surrender at Appomattox Courthouse, the two brothers were exchanged and sent to Richmond. In trying to get back to New Orleans they presently found themselves without resources, in the city of Baltimore. Only at night they were cared for by a kind lady, Mrs. Ransom, at 103 Bond street, and at the "Soldier's Home" food was furnished them, once a day, by the government. Presently Sumner found employment with Marriott & Gould, on South street. Frank, after filling a clerkship for a few months, left for New Orleans. Sumner remained in Baltimore and, in the course of a year, became connected with the "Lelbrandt & McDowell Stove Company." He continued in this company, became identified with it, and was its vice president at the time of his death. He possessed all the qualities which constitute the successful merchant. He had already acquired a good living, and had the promise of a bright business future.

It was directly after the war that he attended the Broadway Church, and, during a season of revival, became greatly quickened in his Christian experience. The severe trials he had just past through had tested, to the last degree, his spiritual life, without adding anything to its comfort. He now found himself braced afresh for that admirable career which presented itself to his mind as a fulfillment of his vow. He entered fully into every branch of church work. He united with the Madison Street Church, became a Sunday-school teacher and class leader, and was greatly beloved by all—from his pastor down to the little ones of his infant class.

The Baltimore Methodist has in a short notice of his death, from which we give a highly appreciative sentence or two: "He was a class leader and steward, and one of the most useful men in the church anywhere. He was a devout, earnest, lovable and lovely Christian, the most unselfish of men—a genial, happy, cheerful spirit. He was universally beloved. Not many so richly gifted in disposition, and very few have exerted so wide and deep a spiritual influence in his own circle of friends. One of the purest, sweetest and noblest of men has passed out of our midst."

Apart from religion, the elements of his character would have given him a high place in any community; but, added to all these, he had been strengthened and polished and beautified by the grace of God, until, looking at his completed symmetrical life, as we now do, he illustrates, in the highest degree, the elevating and harmonizing power of the Christian faith. He sought and obtained every day the Divine guidance, and had developed into most noble, lovable, useful man. He was an honor to his family, to his church, to his command, and to the State that gave him birth.

In 1873 he married a daughter of Mr. Woodward Abrams, of Baltimore, and leaves a wife and three children. He died of heart disease; was sick several months. He was intelligent to the last; full of faith and comfort, both for himself and others. When told that his end was nigh, he said to his wife: "The dear Saviour loves me, and is going to take me. I wish you to come and bring the children with you." And so lived and died this true soldier in the faith of Christ.

### Measles and Miscellany.

Does the same individual ever have measles twice? Unquestionably he does. In mournful testimony whereof I herewith subscribe myself. This letter is, in fact, part of the fruit of a second crop of measles, prostrate upon my bed, and prohibited from all ordinary work, for nearly a week past and for, perhaps, two more to come. I recall my promise to you and send these lines to the ADVOCATE.

Nashville is such a healthy place that a small amount of sickness produces considerable comment. Since

our small-pox scare we have had nothing to talk about in this line until recently when the measles, the roseola and bad colds have caused notable vacancies in working circles hereabouts.

Speaking of sickness brings one naturally to the subject of the death of that venerable father, the Rev. F. A. Owen, though that was rather a translation than a death. I shall not burden you with a repetition of the particulars which you have already printed concerning the funeral services in McKendree Church. The large and representative assembly present indicated the esteem in which the life and labors of the departed were held. The group of eminent ministers on the platform, showed by their solemn presence and profound sorrow the place of worth which had been accorded the map of God whose sixty years of ministerial life had just closed. The speakers—Dr. Kelley, first, Dr. Fitzgerald, afterward—spoke as you know they can speak. After a moment of profound silence, from the grand organ, under the touch of Mrs. Blandner, came a strain of music so soft and gentle as to be scarcely audible. "Shall we gather at the river?"—slowly and mournfully the words trembled themselves out into a question of melody; and when at last, gathering all its vast resource of compass and volume, the mighty instrument thundered forth the triumphant response, "Yes, we'll gather at the river," the smile of God came in on sunbeams and rested on the old hero's coffin, "and the people of the Lord were rejoiced that day."

I suppose you are all taking note of the controversy between Dr. Kelley and Dr. McFerrin. I have seen both of them lately. Dr. Kelley wears his usual winning smile, and Dr. McFerrin has the same kindly expression which always adorns his grand old face. They look peaceably enough. I do not think either wears a pistol. But, oh, that controversy! We younger preachers stand astonished, and wonder where will come the good of it, and what possible concrete form that good will assume.

We have been entertained recently with a lecture, from Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, on the "Battle of Chancellorsville," and one, from Dr. Talmage, on "Is the World Better or Worse?" From memory I give you a single extract from the former: "I rode to the top of a hill to reconnoiter. Unexpectedly I found myself within a few yards of the enemy's picket. This gave a new turn to affairs. We had not expected him here. Yet here he was just before me; his great lines stretching out endlessly, his men scattered in careless confusion behind the works, life or engaged in games of chance, while in the rear great herds of cattle were being driven up for butchery. All this confusion arose from the fact that he was as ignorant of my proximity as I had, a few moments before, been of his. I said to myself, 'Jackson must know of this,' and, turning, I rode back down the hill, along the road to his division of which my cavalry had been acting as advance guard. I met him in the road. I said: 'Ride with me to the top of your hill, and I will show you a picture worth seeing.' He said: 'Lead the way.' We reached the crest of the hill. Together we stood and looked down on that strangely thrilling picture. It had not changed a single line. As Jackson gazed upon it, the flush of battle was already on his cheek, and the light of victory was dashing in his eye. I expected a compliment for my discovery, a word of suggestion, a question, a command; but not a word escaped those rigid lips. 'I addressed inquiries to him, but he made no reply whatsoever. Yet I could see his lips were moving. I knew Jackson only slightly then, but from what I know of him now, of his history and of his character, I know what he was then doing. In full sight of seventy thousand Federal troops, the heart of the loved Confederate commander was uplifted in communion with the God of hosts. Stonewall Jackson was praying.'"

At the Publishing House things move on like clock-work. Walk in at the front door, and you find Manager Palmer carrying on things with his usual promptness and dispatch, while Dr. McFerrin is sitting in the Agent's chair, having just returned from the Baltimore Conference. Walk up stairs, and you find Drs. Fitzgerald, Harrison, Cunningham, Young and Kelley all engaged in their pious duties.

At Vanderbilt University things move on rapidly. The end of the session draws near. Students may be seen making diligent preparation for the approaching examinations, while professors seem to look on with grave apprehensions. Bishop McFerrin is at home just now looking well and strong. Chancellor Garland is not looking so well. He was compelled to leave church yesterday on account of a slight congestion of the brain, and has been unable to meet his classes to-day. Mr. Barnard, the astronomer of Nashville, has recently been elected to, and has accepted, a fellowship in the school of astronomy and physics, thus giving us five fellows in the University. He is a young man of some prominence already—the discoverer, as perhaps, you already know, of three comets. The campus is putting on its spring dress, getting ready for commencement.

Liberal things are being devised by the management of the University for its career next year, and you will be safe in giving it hearty recommendation to your patrons.

W. R. SIMS.

NASHVILLE UNIVERSITY, APRIL 2, 1883.

### Letter from China.

MR. EDITOR: In this letter I will write of the conversion, life and character of old Mrs. Dzang.

She was received into the church, many years since, by a missionary of the American Board of Missions, and was afterward transferred to our church when, in 1858, that board removed all their workers to Peking. She was always faithful in attending church as long as she was able to come, though she was very feeble. She died in the same house with little May, and always took a deep interest in her. When near eighty years of age she could not forego the privilege of attending preaching and our prayer meetings, though she lived some distance from the church; and, when but few persons would attend, she would express very great surprise to see so few present. It was very encouraging to us to see this aged pilgrim come, leaving on her staff, over the rough roads to the house of God. She would often have to pause by the way to rest on her staff and gather more strength. As she grew weaker, and not being able to go any more to the house of God, we often had meetings in the house where she lived. Whenever she was able she rose from her bed and would take her seat among those who came to worship, and we were always glad to hear the pleasant remarks of the old lady. She often spoke of her departure from this life with much joy, saying, in the most pleasant manner: "I am so happy, for I am going soon to be with Jesus. I am not afraid to die. Why should I be?" The light which seemed at times dim, would brighten and show to us a spirit strong in faith and in the love of Christ.

Sometimes she would seem to be a little restless, and say: "I can't get about like I used to do. No, I have to lie here, laid aside for awhile, but I will be better and stronger up yonder." And then, with a sigh, she would say: "Lansien Sang, where is the sister who joined the church when I did? I can't go to see her now as I did once, and I do not know where she lives. Do you think she will be saved?" And then she would wipe away the tears which had gathered in her eyes. The woman of whom she spoke was once a member of the church, but she did not continue steadfast. As long as old Sister Dzang could do so she went to see her, and never failed to exhort her to look to Jesus and be faithful, and, whenever she could, she prayed with her. Sometimes she would say to me: "I know it is her husband who keeps her away from church, for he is so wicked." And then she would say: "Poor thing, I will try and be quiet and pray for her, and this I will do as long as I live." And I believe she did.

She often talked with little May on religious subjects, and always seemed to enjoy the prayer meetings we had in her room. It was not many weeks after the death of little May until we were called to see old Sister Dzang, who was fast sinking and greatly distressed by her cough. She was able to speak a little. When we entered the room she said: "I thank you for coming. It is almost over now, my sun is about to go down; but all is well." I asked her if she was willing to die, and she replied, in a feeble voice: "I am not afraid to die. God knows all about it." One of the passages of Scriptures she used often to repeat was: "Ask, and it shall be given you," etc. These precious words of the Saviour, with many others, were a great comfort to her when called to pass through the deep waters. A few native Christians assembled to witness the death of this aged Christian, who had been waiting until the blessed Saviour should say, Come up higher. We sang together the beautiful hymn, "O, sing to me of heaven," and then joined in prayer that God might sustain her in this hour. She was too weak to join with us in this song, but she gave us sufficient evidence that death had no terror for her. The love of Jesus had taken away the "sting of death," and given her a blessed hope of eternal life in heaven. We watched by the bedside until the happy spirit left the body, and we felt truly thankful to God that we had witnessed so peaceful and triumphant a death of one who had been redeemed by the precious blood of Christ. On the next day many native Christians, and not a few heathen, attended the funeral at the house and the grave. She was buried by the side of little May. Her last days were peaceful, and I believe she lives in the Kingdom of God.

In my next I will give an account of the conversion, life and death of old Bro. Quan.

Your brother in Christ,

J. W. LAMOUTH.

SHANGHAI, CHINA, March 2, 1883.

### Pastoral Visiting by Another.

MR. EDITOR: I understand that some of your readers suppose that I am the writer of those very readable and valuable articles, on "Pastoral Visiting," that have lately appeared in the ADVOCATE over the signature of "Local Itinerant." This you know is not so. Nevertheless, I am fully on the side of "Local Itinerant," and trust he will continue to stir up the gift of God which is in him to write about what Methodist pastors ought to be and do in order to fulfill the solemn vows they have voluntarily taken on themselves, on entering the ministry in our church. I trust the majority of our ministers feel the weight of these solemn vows, and are endeavoring to meet their claims; but, I am sorry to say, I know some who seem to ignore this part of their pastoral work almost entirely. They seldom visit the families of their members except when it is convenient to eat a meal or stay a night, or when they are specially invited to dine or take tea with the family, and it is too often the case that there is nothing like pastoral visiting seen in connection with these merely social visits. Our church is suffering great loss in some places because the pastor does not visit his people pastorally. I often hear members of respectable and worthy families say that their pastor has not been under their roof for years.

I know a church which was once very prosperous, and from whose bosom half a dozen young men sprang into our itinerant ranks, that is now almost desolate and disintegrated, and the reason assigned by the faithful few is, that, for many years, they have had little and, in many cases, no pastoral visiting at all. The preacher would come to his appointment, go through the usual services, and, as soon as the benediction was pronounced, turn his horse's head homeward, not to be seen again until the next appointment. He did not visit his members, and talk and pray with them at their homes, and the result was they felt themselves neglected and gradually fell off from his congregation until it dwindled down to only a dozen or two where once scores, and even hundreds, assembled.

Too many of our members suffer themselves to become alienated from their pastors because of their neglect to visit their families pastorally, and will not hear their preach. A clever member of our church once said to me, that she was about even with her pastor; that he had never been to her house, and she had never been to hear him preach. I say, unhesitatingly, that this neglect to assemble in the house of God to hear the gospel is wrong. Whether our pastor does his duty or not, our duties are the same. We are to go to the house of God for the sake of its Owner, and hear the gospel for the sake of its Author, and not forsake the assembling of ourselves together, because it is enjoined on us by apostolic authority. We encourage our people everywhere to obtain and read our Discipline, and, however dim eyed they may be to their duties as members of the church, they are eagle-eyed to the duties of their pastors, and, when they read the solemn vow that every pastor takes "to visit from house to house, to search for the sick, poor and impotent, that they may be visited and relieved," and then see them habitually neglect the fulfillment of these solemn vows, it is well calculated to weaken their confidence in the integrity of their pastors. When a pastor in our church has discharged all his duties faithfully in conducting the public worship of God, his duty is only half done. The people have a right to demand his pastoral services in connection with his pulpit labors.

Bardeen me, Mr. Editor, "I only set out to make a few remarks and to place my vote on the side of my good brother, 'Local Itinerant,' whoever he may be. I hope to hear from him often on this and kindred subjects. Let the righteous smite me; it shall be a kindness; and let him reprove me; it shall be an excellent oil, which shall not break my heart."

J. A. JONES.

HAZLEHURST, MISS., April 8, 1883.

### Simon, the Sorcerer.

BY REV. L. CABLEY.

MR. EDITOR: Will you allow a few words in defense of poor Simon? He is charged with being an arch hypocrite during the time he professed to be a Christian. In looking over a number of comments on the narrative of his experience, as given by Luke in the eighth chapter of Acts, I find none that do not bring this charge. That he was a bad man before and after his experience, as recorded by Luke, may be true, and yet the charge of hypocrisy be without foundation. Was he not converted, and did he not afterward apostatize? Such seems to be the case for the following reasons:

1. It is expressly stated that he believed. "Then Simon himself believed also." Yet in the face of this the question is asked: "Did he believe?" And the answer given is virtually a denial of Luke's statement. It is true, a person may give an intellectual assent to a statement, and his heart remain unaffected; and it may be said that Simon believed with his head, but not with his heart. This may have been the case; but is there any proof of it? Is there not a strong intimation to the contrary? The language used is that he "believed also." The word "also" indicates that Simon's faith was the

same in character with the faith of the others who are mentioned in connection with him, and surely there is no doubt as to the genuineness of their conversion.

2. Then, again, when Peter exhorted Simon to repent he makes no reference to his past life in general, but to the one sin of offering the apostles money that on whomsoever he laid hands they might receive the Holy Ghost. "Repent therefore of this thy wickedness, and pray God, If perhaps the thought of thy heart may be forgiven thee." This was the "wickedness" and the "thought" of his heart that had put him in the gulf of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity. Because he is now in bondage to sin must we, necessarily, conclude that this had been his condition all the time? By no means. The one sin with which he is charged was sufficient to produce this result.

Now, when we remember that these two events—Simon's believing and his sinning—did not occur in rapid succession, the opinion that he apostatized is somewhat strengthened. It was under Philip's preaching that he believed, and it was not until the apostles, who were at Jerusalem, heard that Samaria had received the word of God, and sent them Peter and John, that he committed the sin with which he was charged. The joyful excitement of his conversion had had time to subside, and, when the apostles came, and, by the laying on of hands, conferred the Holy Ghost, what is more natural than for the thought to have occurred to Simon, that, if he could go back to his old profession with this new power, his influence would be unbounded. The temptation was too great, and he yielded. Apostasy was the result.

I have written the above because I have frequently seen Simon called upon to give testimony in cases with which he was not concerned. These cases will readily occur to those who have used him as a witness, and need not be mentioned here. They are based upon the assumption that, during his profession of religion, he was a base hypocrite—an assumption, I think, unsustained by sufficient proof.

To Those Who Wish to Be Applicants for Admission on Trial into the North Mississippi Conference.

DEAR BRETHREN: The committee appointed by this Conference to examine such applicants feel constrained to call your attention thus early in the year to the subjects upon which you will be examined at the session of the Conference. Paragraph 339 of the Discipline, will give you these subjects. You will find there mentioned, "The ordinary branches of an English education," and it is our special object in this note to point out to you what we conclude is the narrowest limit we can, with propriety, give to that item in the disciplinary requirement, viz Orthography, reading, English grammar, arithmetic and geography. We think that we should urge upon the minds of applicants the importance of the most thorough possible preparation on these topics. This language may seem to indicate that very young persons are expected to be applicants; but experience teaches us that this note may be of service to the eldest. Moderate attention to these studies during the year will secure a competent preparation, and no applicant ought to allow himself to do less. In examination we will require a fair knowledge of each subject.

Applicants must bear in mind that the examination to which they are subjected by the presiding elder before the Quarterly Conference answers for that occasion, and is a criterion for the committee; success before the Quarterly Conference is not assurance of success before the committee. The books found current in our schools will answer our demand. What we require is little more than the upper primary of a common school, and can not be thought severe.

W. T. J. SULLIVAN, Chairman.

### Good Words.

Behind the dim unknown,  
Standeth God within the shadow,  
Keeping watch above his own.

—Feelings come and go like light  
troops following the victory of the  
present; but, principles, like troops  
of the line, are undisturbed and stand  
fast. —Kitcher.

—The block of granite which was  
an obstacle in the pathway of the  
weak, becomes a stepping-stone in  
the pathway of the strong. —Carlyle.

—The same Bible that gives as the  
Ten Commandments enjoins that  
charity which believeth all things,  
hopeth all things. —Guthrie.

—When a man comes to like to  
hear himself talk in the presence of  
other people, he speedily becomes a  
talking misanthrope.

—Cast forth thy act, thy word, into  
the everlasting, ever-working uni-  
verse; it is a seed grain that can not  
die. —Carlyle.

—Only what we have wrought into  
our characters during life can we  
take away with us. —Humboldt.

—God's treasury is absolutely inex-  
haustible. He can never fail a true-  
ing heart.



## Christian Advocate.

THURSDAY, APRIL 19, 1883.

For the New Orleans Christian Advocate.

GIVEN FOR THE

N. &amp; T. H. H. French Congregation Hymn.

Translated by F. M. M.

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preacheth the faith which once he destroyed. Immediately after his conversion, when he had recovered from the physical prostration of his three days' fast, he spent a few days in making the acquaintance of the disciples at Damascus, in a very different way from that he or they anticipated. His stay there could not have been more than a few days. His soul was still trembling under the shock of conviction. He needed to be alone with God, that in solitude he might trace to their hidden source the fatal errors of his past, that he might pray for the light of heaven to enable him to understand the mysteries of his own being, and wait for the healing of the deep wounds of his soul by the Hand which in mercy had inflicted them. Between his introduction to disciples at Damascus and his preaching Christ in the synagogues there is a lapse of nearly three years of unrecorded history, which is afterward illumined by Paul's own experience. We learn from Galatians that he went into Arabia, and from that retreat returned to preach that Christ is the Son of God. So Paul went to Arabia. It has been thought, and with good reason, that his sojourn in this ancient country was in the Sinai peninsula under the very shadows of Sinai. That holy ground, where the bush had glowed in unconsumed fire and the granite crags had trembled at the voice of him who uttered the law. In the presence of this awful mount, that might be touched and that burned with fire, where, amid blackness and darkness and tempest, the sound of the trumpet and the voice of words could be heard, he felt that he could the better realize that he had indeed come to Mount Zion and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to Jesus, the Mediator of a new covenant.

From this pilgrimage, where for many days he was closeted with the God of Sinai, he returned increased the more in strength. One has wisely conjectured that these many days of his stay about Sinai were occupied in writing the Epistle to the Hebrews, that wondrous reconciliation of the Levitical with the Christian dispensation in which he so triumphantly demonstrates the inherent superiority of the Christian over the Levitical dispensation. Paul's whole mind and nature were charged with the transition from Judaism to Christianity, and this Epistle was but a written experience of what his soul passed through during those years of voluntary exile.

## Philosophy of the "Missing Link."

In the Advocate of February 22 I tried to distinguish between the questions whether God produced or brought into being the existing things, and how he did it. Recent treatises on natural science assume that the Bible teaches that material substance came or was brought into being in a certain way or manner, or by a certain process which they technically call "creation." They then raise what they call reasonable belief that matter did not originate in this way, but in some other; so the Scriptural "account of creation" is incorrect. Whereupon the theologians, some of them, take fire and looking, as it seems to me, at the verbal surface of things only, considering the Scriptures assailed, give us arguments in support of what they call the Bible or "Mosaic account" of the manner in which the thing was done. This I believe, is a fair statement of the Darwinian controversy. This I stated, and repeat the statement with emphasis, is not an argument on the question of whether God created, but how absolute origin came about. They are very different questions.

Here the subject presents a large field for elaboration, but this newspaper column does not; so I will dispatch this branch of the subject with a very few theses in carefully measured terms.

First. The Bible gives no account of creation, long or short, good or bad.

Second. The Bible says nothing about creation, i. e., absolute origination, except this one, single, unexplained, dogmatic fact, viz: that God created.

Third. A mode or manner of creation is inconceivable. If such a thing ever happened or occurred it is utterly incapable of proof; being absolutely unique, with no relations or parallels in nature, its truth rests solely on the divine dictum.

Fourth. We know nothing of matter, except its present existence and such changes in form and appearance as we see it undergo. Science has to do exclusively with these changes, not with its origin.

Fifth. Origin resulting from change is absurd.

But I suggested something about the origin of man. This was not a primary creation, but a change of some kind of pre-existing matter into human animal form. It was made out of something. And here again the argument continues, not, however, about the whether, but about the how. How did human origination come about? This question furnishes abundant food for wrangle and dispute, but little or none for debate. The question is not debatable, for the reason that neither divine revelation nor human science gives us any information as to the mode or manner of any life-producing changes. How inert-matter comes to have life, if it ever does, or how animal life was originally produced, or is reproduced, we know nothing. We see some of the mere gross, external agencies by which both animal and vegetable life are reproduced in succession, but as to the

principle or vital force, which causes the young to grow out of the old, we know nothing, absolutely nothing. And if, away in ancient times, a man, a horse, a fly or a tree came into being without parental or sexual agency, or how such abnormal origination came about, if indeed there ever was any absolutely non-parental man, horse, fly or tree, we are totally ignorant. On such a question science is dumb as a stone, and the Bible says nothing.

There is a vulgar easy-going sort of theory, half assented to popularly, about the mode of man's origination, for which neither science nor the Bible is responsible, and which I will try to describe briefly, as well as I can.

Perhaps it is Mr. Huxley who calls it the "carpenter theory." It first invests the Almighty with human organs and attributes, giving him special and exclusive location as to a particular place or spot on which to operate. Thus prepared, God, about six thousand years ago, at a particular place, somewhere in the East, perhaps under the shade of a spreading oak, set himself to work to make a man. He first selected about a bushel of redish clay, then handled and shaped it artistically, and with great skill and dexterity shaped it, finished it, and breathed into his nose till he stood up and walked. "Good morning, sir!" In other words, but no better ones, it was a local, mechanical, performance in the nature of a piece of skillful workmanship, begun and finished in an hour or a day. And in a day or so after he made a woman in the same place. This was in the nature of a surgical operation, but also highly artistic, and a skillfully performed piece of handicraft. This is man manufacture.

Now it is this local, mechanical, artistic theory that is the subject matter of controversy between "the scientists" and the theologians, or some of them. They shall fight it out. If at leisure I may occasionally turn and look on.

"Well," says a good brother, "don't you believe that the first man and woman were made in somewhat about that way?" I reply that when my mind is Scripturally and logically healthful I do not invest my Maker with human organs, faculties or skill, nor assign to him particular time or place. How he works I have no knowledge. I ought not to suffer myself to believe without data. If asked my opinion as to the color, density or fluffiness of the cubic foot or yard of matter in the exact center of the north star I would reply that I had no opinion about it. If told that it is black and solid like coal, or white and fluid like milk, I could not contradict the statement, but could see no evidence of the truth of it.

So when "the scientists" tell me that man originated in the course of natural, sexual, animal generation by long processes I am not able to contradict him, because I am unable to set up an opposing theory, but could not consider it impertinent to suggest that he furnish me some proof that that was the mode of the divine procedure in that part of God's limitless providence. For it must not be lost sight of that this question of mechanical skill on the one hand and generative process on the other does not relate to the whether, but to the how. If the generative process was the process then that was the divine process. If the quicker mechanical process was the mode then that was the divine mode. In any case there is no issue or dispute in sight as to whether man derived his primal being from God, but how he derived it.

It is conceded on all hands that there was a first man, or a primal human racehood. Huxley sees and identifies the first human pair, but does not admit that they were named Adam and Eve. He does not tell us their names. So, since there was a first pair and all before that was inert matter and low animal or brute life, the only question seems to be: From which of these departments did primal man derive his being? Is that a question of any importance? At most it is a question purely scientific, in which the mere Christian has no interest.

A "missing link," or a thousand of them if we had them, could not prove what is not in issue. All that it could possibly prove would be that in some way, or by some means utterly unknown and unknowable, God used animal matter or animal life, whatever that may be, in bringing man into being. Suppose that God, in his infinite and inscrutable wisdom, in some way inconceivable to us, in any one of ten thousand possible ways, by some processes or without process, in whole or in part, used animal matter or animal life in forming or making man, what would that prove about the Christian religion? It would prove just as much as a similar inquiry as to how he made the first fly.

Talk about a missing link! Where will you find listeners? The cost of the candle would be an important factor in such a "debate."

YALOG CITY, Mississippi.

## Pastoral Visiting.—No. 10.

YOURSELF.

In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred in all of your pastoral work you will be kindly received and most kindly treated. All of your wants will be supplied, food, fire, water, and if you are far from home downy beds, if you need them, for your comfort and happiness. You are pious and intelligent, a man of clean lips, chaste, affable, discreet; in a word, you are a Christian gentleman, and all of the people will be pleased to

have you call and glad to entertain you. They know that your conversation and example will refine, elevate and bless every member of the family; all this in addition to your direct labor for the salvation of their souls.

Colleges educate, academies, high schools, private and public schools educate. So do newspapers and periodicals, but social intercourse, the company we keep, does more than all of these in forming character, good or bad. Sensible people know this, and are always anxious to entertain intelligent, virtuous company, and the religious love plety in their associates and in the frequenters of their family circles. And then a good man, in the way of his good influence, pays his way in his intercourse with his fellow-men, and need not feel that he is a tramp or a dead-head, as he "preaches the word from house to house."

My parents were frontier farmers; that is, when their neighbors became too thick around them from time to time they sold out and moved West, thus keeping abreast with the front flood-tide of emigration, as it crowded the deep, dark forests of this continent. They were Methodists, and our house was the home of the preachers. I see him now, the lone itinerant, as he winds his way through the forest in search of our double log cabin. He lights from his weary steed, and there are his saddle-bags, full and heavy. They contain but a scanty wardrobe, but are nearly bursting with religious books. He enters, and then I hear his readings of the Scriptures, his songs, his prayers, his pious conversation, as in the days of my childhood. He goes his way, but the readings and prayers and songs remain! They linger in the hearts of the hearers long after the itinerant has been lost sight of, as he sinks out of sight into the deep woods in the opposite direction from that in which he came.

These good men sowed good seed, that produced more good fruit in the family than all other sowings. The result was a crop of preachers, teachers and lawyers, that have lived, labored and are dying, from the Northern lakes to the Southern Gulf. My parents, in entertaining these itinerant strangers, and in buying their religious books, sowed to the Spirit better than they "knew or thought." In entertaining these they had entertained angels, or, as the Bible has it, "angels unawares." The motto of the family became "Good company or none." Pious company was preferred, and the preachers were more than welcome when they would call or when we could get them to tarry with us a little, and the results were every way glorious.

Heretofore I draw from the testimony of Bro. John G. Jones on this subject, as published in the NEW ORLEANS CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE a few weeks since, which shows how the people feel on this subject of pastoral visiting—how parents and penitents feel:

"A good brother said to me, not long since, that he regretted very much that his late pastor had never visited his family, and assigned as his main reason that he had a family of children that he was endeavoring to bring up for God and the church, and he sensibly felt the need of the pastor's help. Our own experience and observation brings to our remembrance that children have strong religious emotions in early childhood. No doubt there are many precious little hearts in our pastoral charges to-day feeling strong religious emotions, and wishing that they could have a quiet talk with their preacher about their spiritual interests."

"I shall never forget an occurrence in my boyhood that has reminded me of my duty, times unnumbered, since I have been in the ministry. When I was a chubby-faced boy I was most deeply impressed under a sermon I heard one Sunday, and felt at once a strong desire to converse with some experienced Christian about my spiritual state. A venerable local preacher went home with us to spend the night. I rode out with him in hope that he would say something to me about my religious condition, but not a word did he say to me; he spent the ride conversing with the older people. When we got home I kept near him most of the afternoon, and when he went out in the evening to attend the feeding of his horse I was with him, literally longing for him to speak with me on the subject of religion; but not a word did he say. I was sadly disappointed. I knew my former instability, and I desired in some overt way to commit myself into seeking my son's salvation."

## LOCAL ITINERANT.

## "Baby's Mission."

O! the sorrowful silence,  
And the yearning deep and sad,  
That came when our baby left us,  
To come back again!

The beautiful, earnest eyes that watched our every movement, and the dear little hands that knew so well how to open the inside door of our hearts, proved to us how truly

A little child shall lead them.

It has been nearly four years since those blue eyes were closed for the last time, and the little hands folded in death's embrace, yet they have not lost their power. The eyes of that angel babe seem ever watching us, and influencing the thoughts and acts of our lives. Those little hands beckon from heaven, and are leading us on to work for that Saviour who has our darling so safely sheltered from the storms of life, safe in his fold.

When we watched beside the little

sufferer's couch we felt she had entwined herself so closely around our hearts that taking her away seemed tearing our hearts in twain. Simbournly we tried to hold her back, praying only that this bitter cup might pass. The dear Lord saw his way was best, and took from us our treasure. For a time I walked in earthly darkness, beneath God's tread, and even the heavens seemed hung with clouds of night. But, O! that wondrous power which soothes our sorrows, heals our wounds, and enables us to say: "Thy will, O Lord, be done." Then came a sense of peace and hope and trustful rest. We are satisfied now that we had to pass through that dark valley, and hope its passage may lead us safely home to our Father's house, where the sweet smile, which was the sunlight of our existence here, will welcome us at the beautiful gate. There is left in my heart a sorrow which only mothers know, but I have ceased to wonder why my precious jewel was taken from earth to heaven. Her mission on earth was accomplished, and the loving, tender Shepherd took her to rest in his gentle bosom, where, safe from pain and sorrow, she might still lead two wanderers here below to seek her in heaven.

"Am welcome, precious can his Spirit make  
My little drop of suffering for his sake."  
Father, the cup I drink, the path I take,  
All, all is known to thee."

MISS POINT, Mississippi.

## Marriages.

GIGER-WALL.—At the residence of the bride's mother, Loggins, April 18, 1883, by Rev. J. T. Heard, Mr. Nathan Giger and Miss Rachel D. Wall, all of Hancock county, Miss.

BUTLER-JOHNSON.—At the residence of Mr. George R. Butler, near Fayette, Miss., April 4, 1883, by Rev. J. T. Heard, Mr. Butler and Miss Rachel D. Wall, all of Hancock county, Miss.

JAMES-NARSTON.—At the residence of the bride's father, near Coahoma, La., April 18, 1883, by Rev. G. M. Livingston, Mr. M. W. James and Miss Lizzy A. Narston.

## Obituaries.

HANEY—MRS. NANCY C. HANEY, nee Warner, daughter of Judge Thomas E. and Tabitha Warner, was born in Orangeburg district, S. C., January 19, 1802. She came to Louisiana with her parents in 1805, living with them until her marriage to Rev. John P. Haney, a member of the Mississippi Conference, November 15, 1827. Five years before her marriage she was converted under the ministrations of that wonderful pioneer preacher, Thomas Griffin, and from the day of her conversion she was a loving, growing, working Christian. So bright did her light shine on all around and about her that soon its learning influence began to work and tell, resulting in glorious fruits: the conversion and addition to the church of her choice, her then aged mother, her father, mother, brothers and sisters, twelve in number—all of whom save two sisters preceded her to the shade beyond the river and were ready and willing to welcome her home to the enjoyment of her rich reward. Since her marriage she settled near her father in Washington parish, La., assuming and faithfully performing all the duties and responsibilities of an itinerant Methodist preacher's wife, partner and helpmeet. In those days a circuit was as large, or larger, than a district now, requiring four weeks to complete a round—preaching once, sometimes two or three times, each day, besides riding on horseback from ten to forty miles a day, leaving but three days in the month to spend at home—consequently devoting most of the home duties and responsibilities upon the wife. These she performed with willing hands and Christian fortitude, attending to the little farm, spinning, weaving, and clothing her family—all of which had to be made at home, as a Methodist preacher's salary was then so meagre as to be almost nothing. She was fortunate enough to collect it. Thus employed, four years the happiest and brightest of her life, blessed with the love, the devotion, the admiration, and sweet association of her worthy and loving husband and her dear little, humble, but happy, home passed away; but her hallowed memories, sweet and sacred associations, were treasured in memory and lived and revived again and again during her after life.

On October 3, 1881, her loved and idolized husband, the partner and sharer of her joys and sorrows, her stay, her comfort, her all—was called by the Master from labor to rest, leaving her, with two little helpless children, to battle through life as best she could, and, though smitten and heart-broken, her heart's idol gone, left lonely, oh! so lonely, she at once devoted herself to raise and train her two little children for future usefulness. In less than ten years after the death of her sainted husband, her father passed away to his reward, leaving her more lonely, more desolate, more dependent, but her trust was fixed upon him who had promised to be an inheritance to the widow and a father to the fatherless, and the promise was verified to her. Boldly and fearlessly she went forward in the discharge of her every duty, and from infancy taught her babies, both by precept and example, to love and fear God. Well do I remember, when a little toddler, how she would take sister and I, morning, noon and eve, into her room and, on her knees, read us a chapter in the New Testament, explaining and illustrating it to us as we read, forming impressions and sweet memories that will never be forgotten.

She lived with her mother until 1841, when she went to Covington, La., to live with her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Ellis, to educate her babies. With this loved brother and sister she made her home during their stay in Covington, and with them moved to East Feliciana parish in 1845 the same year her father was married to Mrs. Thomas Price, of the Mississippi Conference. She then made her home with her daughter, going with her wherever







Christian Advocate.

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CHAS. B. GALLOWAY, D. D., Editor.

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REV. T. A. ADAMS. REV. J. T. SAWYER.  
REV. W. L. C. HURRICUTT.

THURSDAY, APRIL 19, 1883.

Waste-Basket Grace

This is a distinct, if not phenomenal, experience, and is only attainable by special prayer. That it is worthy of all attainment is beyond question, because of universal necessity. In all the lines of life, and amid the varied activities of men, it is in constant demand. It is a grace that will preserve temper and charity when our works or ourselves are really or seemingly depreciated. Men may have spiritual courage and fortitude that would adorn the rolls of martyrdom, and yet lose patience and Christian sweetness of spirit when co-laborers disagree as to the merits of their plans and achievements. A man may be ready to die for his faith, and yet be stung with unholty passion under the kindly criticisms of a brother.

We are apt to put an extravagant estimate upon our own performances—to think more highly of ourselves than we ought to think. The child of our own brain is the fairest of all the prodigies of mind. When we have spent hours in the patient study of a subject and have carefully constructed every sentence, until, to us, it is quite a perfect piece of mosaic, and then have some stupid editor refuse it admission to his columns, is a real or seeming depreciation that sometimes provokes rash speech and a disquieted temper. Indeed, we have known a serious personal estrangement to result. To have his carefully-conned and penned thoughts consigned to the waste-basket is beyond the endurance of the ordinary or special contributor. When he placed upon it a premium to have another discount it is a disappointment that provokes personal pique. He can not see why other less worthy communications should be admitted, and his mind is way to "Botany Bay." Any other affront can be borne except an impeachment of one's ability. We knew a man once to take satisfaction in the reflection that though charged with every sin in the decalogus nobody ever accused him of being a fool. His pride of intellect and vanity of literary attainment threw a mantle over all other sins. There is a pride of intellect that is quite as hurtful spiritually as pride of heart. It begets personal differences that degenerate into animosities. For the newspaper contributor we have some encouraging words. The waste-basket is not always or necessarily an offense. Sometimes it is a friend warm and true, however unappreciated.

1. An editor has no friends to lose, and has no occasion or reason to provoke estrangement. He would always rather accommodate and please. If, therefore, a communication fails of publication it must not be set down to personal spite or depreciation.

2. The most successful writers and authors have been acquainted with the waste-basket. McCauley's first articles sent to the Edinburgh Review were rejected. The leading literary writers of America had many ambitious manuscripts thrown into the waste-basket before finding their way into our popular and excellent magazines and reviews. Benjamin Harwell's first ventures at authorship were pitiable failures, but at length he ranked among the crowned leaders of the world's literature. The waste-basket ought to be a stimulus to harder and better work, and not an occasion of unfriendly complaint.

3. Again, manuscripts are withheld, not because of any lack of merit or ability, but the discussion, in the editor's judgment, is not best for the mass of his readers. He has to consider not a few persons, or localities, but the wants of an extensive constituency. Others are laid aside on account of their great length. The very slight of a manuscript eight or ten pages in length is enough to condemn it without reading. However exhaustive the discussion, it prevents the necessary variety of a family paper.

4. Again, an editor is not infallible, but very liable to mistakes. He may err in judgment, and fail to appreciate the excellences of a very valuable contribution. The waste-basket, therefore, is not of necessity the condemnation of the world. Possibly many readers would have hailed the article as most timely and profitable.

5. On the other hand, the waste-basket is often an invaluable friend. What mortifications it has prevented! What blushes concealed! If all contributions were printed exactly as written their authors would pray for a waste-basket under their own desks, and thereby save their pride and postage. A religious newspaper writer needs to understand orthodoxy as well as orthodoxy—etymology as well as ecclesiasticalism.

These observations may aid in cultivating a waste-basket grace. But as this grace is needed for others than newspaper correspondents, we may extend our observations.

Preachers need it in the pulpit.

Even so sacred a thing as preaching the gospel may be an occasion of vain-glory. Indeed, it is history that some men highly appreciate their homiletic gifts and pulpit performances. So much is this the case that they are impatient of the slightest criticism. This sensitiveness, born of pride, becomes morbid. To intimate that a predecessor or other member of Conference is a great preacher stings and offends. To prepare laboriously a sermon, and preach it with "liberty," and have nobody praise it, requires genuine waste-basket grace. The after experience of preaching, if written out, would be a revelation. Through the long hours of Sunday night many a preacher has tossed on a restless pillow for lack of grace in the waste-basket.

This grace is needed in the pastorate. However zealous and faithful, every pastor will find those who tolerate rather than esteem, and talk extravagantly of some predecessor who did all things in the right way and at the right time. He must expect his best endeavors to be consigned to the waste-basket by some people. And if he gets annoyed and mortified every time such experiences occur, his years will be a continued annoyance and mortification. But, above all, he must have grace to treat those as kindly and labor for them as zealously who carry for him a waste-basket, as those whose extravagant admiration would publish him and his works in displayed headlines.

Whisky and the Public Schools.

The proposition is made by the Aberdeen Examiner, a paper up in North Mississippi, to remedy, either by legislation or constitutional amendment, the inequitable distribution of the liquor license fund. According to existing law the fund is distributed to all the counties in proportion to the number of educable children. This the Examiner says is "glaringly unjust," and insists that the money from liquor licenses should be disbursed where collected. If a county prohibits the retail of liquor its public schools should not share the saloon revenues of another county.

Let us examine this proposition, and see whether or not it will stand the test of sound political wisdom, laying aside for the while other and higher considerations. The underlying principle of public education must be ever kept in mind in determining all measures for its promotion. Free schools are established and maintained by the State for the benefit of the illiterate poor. This illiteracy is considered dangerous to the health and peace of the body politic, hence, to remove it, the entire property of a State is taxed for the maintenance of public schools.

The fund is distributed, therefore, not according to the social, moral or political sentiment of a community, but the number of children needing an education. The proposition, then, to disburse this free school revenue only in the counties where collected is subversive of the foundation principles of public education. On that theory the State would have to close every schoolhouse in the land. It proposes to educate not as necessity requires, but according to the number of saloons licensed and maintained. By what logic such a doctrine is to be defended has not yet transpired. Again, it is manifestly obnoxious to the spirit of our government in exciting local prejudices and antagonisms. The revenues of a State are appropriated where the general interests demand, without regard to the immediate locality from whence derived. Sufferers in the overcrowded districts have been relieved from the general treasury. According to the doctrine above, the hill counties might justly complain of such expenditures. In a word, it is introducing class legislation that is subversive of Republican government. So much, then, for the argument from that standpoint.

But another objection is more potent. We are unalterably opposed to the special appropriation of liquor license revenues to public schools. That saloons should be the patrons of education is revolting to moral sense and the truest political economy. Whisky, the foul drug that makes drunkards, lunatics, paupers and criminals, is thus sanctified as the benefactor of free schools. Not a dollar of such revenue should ever be expended in providing facilities for education. It should be scrupulously devoted to repaying the waste and ruin wrought by liquor—supporting prisons, asylums, poor-houses and penitentiaries—and in the rigid prosecution of criminals. The very fact that liquor is in any way connected with our system of public education is a reflection upon any State, in that it dignifies and sanctifies an evil. But it is argued that if these revenues are not so appropriated the schools will have to close—the people are unwilling to bear

the direct tax. If true, then they do not deserve the privileges of education. But we will not admit such a declaration—not to say aspersion. The people should feel this direct responsibility, and provide for it. If education is worth the fostering, benevolent care of the State—if the highest patriotism and soundest political wisdom demand it as some argue—then the entire citizenship should share directly in its promotion. To build schoolhouses and support teachers by licensing dens of death, and then boast of a growing educational sentiment, is the sheerest mockery. We can never conquer illiteracy by a league with the saloons.

"Stress in Methodist Theology."

Commenting on an article with the above title, from Dr. D. H. Wheeler, late editor of the late New York Methodist, the London Watchman makes some points that merit reproduction on this side the sea. We have taken no part in the recent discussion on standards of theology among Methodists. Much of what has been published was irrelevant and unedifying—a play upon words and an evident desire to win a victory. We have no sympathy with theological adventures and creed makers; nor have we any war with them. If they have outgrown Methodist doctrine, let them seek pasture elsewhere. We believe in both liberty and limitations—boundaries without bondage. As the Watchman happily phrases it, we have our standards "not imposed on, but reposed in by Methodists." We invite attention to the following extract:

Personal freedom must be sacredly observed, but limits may be and must be laid down by every community. It is as right to set limits for boundaries and formulate standards for tests as to make laws for regulation. As an individual every man is free, but as a member of a church he sustains new relations. There every man can not say and do what is right in his own eyes. Each man, however, must be left free to come and free to go, free to accept and free to reject both the recognized polity and doctrine of the community; but shall the community be denied a similar freedom and right? If he can reject it can not it reject him? And is not the one act as justifiable as the other, providing, of course, that he has changed, and is no longer true? Is not this frequently overlooked?

The Bible is the "Rule of Faith," and the only one, but of that "rule" the expositions and interpretations vary, and amid the varieties Methodism must select that exposition and classification of Scripture teaching which commends itself as the most consistent and true. That selection exists and constitutes the view taken of the Creed of Christendom, viz: the Bible. This does not involve Methodism in an assumption of infallibility, nor in the restraint of personal research and study. The standard is such as to maintain unity, and to allow diversity, and the line between essentials and non-essentials is sufficiently, but not too bindingly, drawn. If, then, Methodism has her standard—not imposed on, but reposed in by Methodists, not accepted because enforced, but because it appeals to them as worthy their acceptance—why should her right to protect herself against intrusions or against being subverted by changes going on within be denied? or the expediency thereof? She is open to conversion, but not to subversion. Ample scope is afforded for the necessary and due exercises of freedom, but not for wandering speculations in public and unlicensed teaching. Inside Methodism is freedom, and if dissatisfaction or change arises the way out is always as open as the way in. She is averse to bondage, but not to boundaries. She loves liberty and welcomes limits. A "stress" point must be somewhere, and that she puts out as wide as possible.

The Treasure in the Field.

Perhaps this field was a common. It may have been cultivated. We are left entirely to conjecture as to the manner of its use. We do not know whether it was public domain or the property of a private citizen held in reversion for minor heirs. We are not informed as to whether it was large or small, low or elevated, rocky or loamy, clayey or sandy, wooded or stripped of trees. But it seems to me the most natural conjecture—that it was an old, worn-out field, not considered valuable for anything, both unproductive and too far from any trade center to make it worth anything as either a business or building lot. The man who was there does not seem to have come there with a view to purchase. He may have been a hired man, but this is improbable since he was himself an owner of property. How he came upon the ground seems, therefore, to have been fortuitous or Providential. His discovery of the treasure certainly was a surprise to himself.

Let us notice:

1. The treasure was *hid*. Whatever specious forms the objections to mystery may assume, it is both necessary and wise that precious things should be concealed. Further, it is both physically and intellectually impossible for all things to appear instantly. And, lastly, since inves-

tigation is the normal exercise of the mind in all true development or storing, the Deity has put his great truths all around us in physical embodiments, and has left us to discover them. These discoveries have been going on for ages, and yet how many of them are so amazingly simple that we wonder how man succeeded so long in not seeing them!

2. The treasure was so intimately connected with the field that it was necessary that the field should be bought first. This necessity may have been caused by the fact that taking the treasure out of the field without buying was theft, or that the treasure was still in a mine which had to be worked and the precious metal separated from the ore. Whatever the reason we have this moral: The treasures of God are not to be had apart from their surroundings. Man must take that which is valueless for the sake of the valuable contained in it. The good must redeem the bad. The light must shine in darkness. The hills of life are necessary, not because God wills man's unhappiness; but with his present constitution very few virtues or graces are possible in him without the warnings administered by the hills of life.

3. Who did the hiding is left untold. The reason is at hand and satisfactory: All antecedent agents or agencies are providences to us to whom the ages fall as a heritage. There might be romance in that hid treasure and its hidden history. The mind pictures highwaymen at dead of night with dark lantern giggling; or the miser with anxious stare first this way then that; or the refugee before the approaching enemy laying this way to be dug up when the war is over. The mind goes further, and sees the highwaymen caught and executed, or the miser die, or the fugitive slain by the enemy, and the secret of the treasure lost. How much might be imagined! But the tale is untold—the long hiatus does not close. Nameless years of darkness and silence intervene, across which no line of communication is stretched. Yet here the mind stands and grasps two facts—the treasure hid and the treasure found—the buttresses of a bridge strung as those that bear the enormous weight of that over Menai Straits and the enormous freight borne upon it. Let the antecedent lie beyond all conceivable periods of time, yet the hiding is just as evident as the discovery. If hidden then there was a hider, and showing at least as much intellect in the act of concealing as the discoverer shows in finding.

4. Haste and secrecy seem to mark the conduct of the buyer. Haste is necessary to the securing of the treasure, because of the limited time and power under human control. Many a man has died poor simply because he was too slow, either through indolence or excess of caution. In 1858 a brother of mine traveled through North Alabama, near where Birmingham now stands. He told of the coal and iron he saw cropping out on the hillsides, and said that the land could be had from twenty-five to a dollar and twenty-five cents an acre. He suggested to our father to sell out his plantation and invest in those lands. Our father was cautious; he said he had a good living as it was, and he could not afford to speculate. There was his error. There was no speculation in that trade. It was investment of capital in a certainty. The time has long since passed for buying those lands cheap.

5. Secrecy was necessary to the discoverer of the hid treasure, because there are always enemies on the alert to thwart one's plans. The devil suggests so many things to prevent us that we almost feel that we dare not deliberate with ourselves. We have too many into our secrets. Better have no secrets than half a dozen confidants. Better dispose of half our secrets and six of our confidants. Many things that are not wrong ought never to be told, simply because there is nothing to be gained and much to be jeopardized by telling them. We have no right to harm a good cause by unnecessary talk. If it is nobody else's business what use in telling everybody about it?

6. The old field was familiar to everybody; it was, perhaps, of considerable value, but still for sale. Yet that field possessed a treasure which the owner never would have surrendered had he known it. The old familiar scenes of earth contain a treasure we would never part with if we knew it. Heaven lies under the galled hillsides or along the worn footpath. The old associations, the old things which men would reject for the novel are but the worn-out field where heaven is to be found. Our spiritual air-castles have too much fog and sunshine, which sometimes we take for pearl and gold. But neither is so solid or so valuable as the old scenes or experiences where Providence has concealed

treasures richer far than we shall ever find in those imaginary realms that fade into leaden night clouds with the setting sun.

T. A. S. A.

There seems to have been a sort of jubilee in the Conference room on the occasion of Dr. H. A. M. Henderson's formal going over to Northern Methodism. He and a colored brother stood side by side at the chancel and presented their credentials. The scene was so novel up there—an ex-Confederate and a negro entering the same Conference—it provoked long and loud applause. Well, there was really more sentiment than good sense in the performance. We have sat often in a pulpit with a colored preacher and expounded to his congregation, but never felt any need for applause in so doing. Dr. Buckley's third moral, printed below is of doubtful taste in that connection. The following is from the New York Advocate:

The Newark Conference witnessed an unusual scene on the evening of Monday, April 2. Bishop Foss had called the seventh question, "Who are received on credentials from other churches?" In response the credentials of the Rev. William H. Rogers, of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, were presented, and immediately afterward those of the Rev. Dr. Henderson, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. The Bishop said he would request the brethren to come forward, in order that they might be examined as to their willingness to conform to our church government and usages. Down one aisle of the long church came a tall, stout, well-formed and fine-looking man, in color of the densest black, while down the other came a short and slightly built white man, an ex-colonel in the Confederate army; and the two, meeting at the altar, stood side by side, amid the applause of the Conference and the large congregation which crowded the church, and together expressed their allegiance to the government and usages of our church. This remarkable occurrence illustrates two or three things: 1. The established fact of fraternity between our church and the church South. A crowded Conference of our church opens its doors heartily to a preacher from the church South who comes to fill a leading appointment. 2. The full equality of colored men with white men in our ministry. 3. The overcoming of prejudice by our Southern brethren against such equality. Dr. Henderson manifested no repugnance to entering a "mixed Conference," and in company with his able-bodied brother of the colored race.

Death of Rev. C. W. Calhoun

Mr. Editor: Our dear brother in the ministry, Rev. C. W. Calhoun, ceased to live this morning, April 17, at half-past twelve. His disease was consumption. His house has been my home for several months since Conference, and I have been with him some portion of each week. I have seen in his case, as in many others, the triumph of trust in God over acute suffering. Several times during the last two months we thought he surely would pass away in some of the repeated prostrations attendant on his disease. And then especially his faith exhibited its power. Sometimes in conversation about his experience he would tell me that his was that of peace; peace that filled his soul. When I would pray that God would bestow a grace of perfect submission to His will, and would manifest His presence in all the circumstances, which His Providence surrounded, he would heartily respond, as though that was the special state of soul and blessing which he desired. Bro. Calhoun, at the last session of the Mississippi Conference, was placed on the supernumerary list. This at the age of forty-three God removed from our midst a good man and useful minister. A few days before he died he told me that, though his work was accomplished on earth, he would have employment to engage all his powers in that better world. He leaves a wife and six children. A suitable obituary will be prepared.

THOMAS PARKS.

From Woodville.

Mr. Editor: When I was appointed to this work one of the preachers said: "Now that you are in that quiet little station, with less to do, you will write more for the Advocate." I said perhaps so. But it seems otherwise. I have plenty to do, and have written nothing for the Advocate. I will furnish you now a mere brief of the situation here. The parsonage is quite roomy and very comfortable. The church edifice, recently repaired, is in the condition. The congregations are large both morning and evening. The prayer meetings are well attended some of the members living six or six miles out in the country are quite regular at the Thursday afternoon prayer meeting. The Sunday-school says the superintendent, "is larger and more interesting than it has been for years. We have had ten accessions to our church this year and three children baptized. The



—The Hon. Oliver H. Horton, of Chicago, possesses the only bust of John Wesley known to be taken directly from life. He purchased it from Mr. George John Stevenson, of London, during the Ecumenical Conference in 1881.

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## Household.

**MEAT.** The importance of meat for the family is well known, and it is a very common error to eat only one day a week. Many families use it only once a day, or dinner. I heard a gentleman say he did not see what any one wanted with meat. But tastes differ, and most families use it twice a day at least.

There is no doubt we would have better health, less indigestion, less dyspepsia and many other ailments if we ate simpler. If we could banish the everlasting frying-pan and pot of grease, which nearly everyone seems to think is absolutely necessary to cook a breakfast, and which entirely ruins it? It seems as if nearly everything in our country now-a-days had to be fried. Fried steak, fried potatoes, fried eggs.

The butcher says they must keep up the price of meat to suit people who insist on having the whole animal cut up into beefsteak. There are plenty of nice pieces that are tender, and can be fashioned into very palatable dishes if they are properly boiled, which, after being served once that way, can be afterward sliced down and made into a delightful meal very near saying hash—but I must say, Mosaic, that the new name, and it sounds a great deal more, does not like it. Well, some one says they don't like it. Well, that's because you have never eaten it cooked in the proper way. Pieces of meat can be had cheaper than other parts, and one should take into account how many meals can be had from the piece. A nice roast of beef, costing from seventy-five to eighty-five cents, will furnish us with about five meals, and then using the bones for a soup. Beefsteak for that many meals would cost all the way from one dollar to a dollar and a quarter.

Chopped beef makes a very nice dinner, and can be used afterward cold.

We use calves' tongues sometimes prepared in this way: Boil till tender in salted water, then remove the skin, place in a tall jar, and pour over them hot vinegar with a little sugar in it, cover close, and they are ready for use the next day. If you wish, the tongue can be put away in pickle, such as is used to preserve beef, and a number can be fixed in this way; then when they are wanted, soak over night in cold water and prepare as above.

A dried beef can be made of a very nice breakfast can be made of dried beef. Break into small pieces the amount necessary for your family, turn on some hot water, let it simmer a few moments, then pour off the water, put a small piece of butter in with the water, and let it simmer until well-beaten in a pint of milk. Just as soon as it turns to a cream, take it off the stove and pour over slices of broken toast laid upon a hot platter. This, with a dish of oatmeal, new coffee and bread and butter, makes a very nice breakfast.

Round beefsteak can be made into a very nice dish in this way: Remove all the fat, spread over nicely a dressing made just as you prepare it for turkey, only it must be a little thicker. Then heat at one side and roll it up, tie with string, and put salt, pepper, flour and hot water over the top, and put into the oven and bake; it should be baked frequently. About three-quarters of an hour would be long enough to cook it in a brick oven.

Thinned head is prepared as follows: Purchase of your butcher, and have him chop fine, three pounds of veal and a small amount of pork chopped with it, put into your bread bowl, season with salt and pepper and a little sweet margarine, a dozen crackers rolled fine and one egg beaten; mix thoroughly and form into an oblong loaf; put into a large meat-pan and put over a dust of hot and some water. When done, it should be brown on top and slip out nicely on a platter.—(Christie Irving, in Farm and Fireside.)

**REMEDY FOR CHOLERA.**—The following sensible letter to "Hattie" we find in the Cincinnati Enquirer: "For the benefit of those who do not know how to cure the cholera, I will send a never-failing remedy. I have always doctored my own children when they had the cholera, and I have never lost one. Immediately after the first symptoms, take the child on your lap, and wrap it in a warm blanket, putting it snugly around the sufferer. Then have a warm fire built, and sit as close to it as possible. Next give a double dose of castor oil; put then about a quart of strong vinegar in a coffee-pot, and make it boiling hot. Now open the lid, and let the little patient inhale the steam. This will soon give relief. Indeed, they will grow for a while, and they will be cured. I have cured many a cholera case in this way, and everything else has failed. But no time should be lost in commencing, and as soon as the child is moist with sweat, and wants to sleep, put it to bed."

**LAMP FILMNEY.**—Kerosene oil is generally used in lamps in the country, and the cleaning of lamp chimneys is quite tiresome, but must be attended to every day. The burners often get out of fix and it is very vexatious to keep them in running order. When they are clogged and will not turn up or down, and are all covered with soot and gum, do not throw them away, but take a little from kettle and put in a pint of wood ashes and a quart of water; put in the burners and let them sit on the stove and let them boil for ten minutes, and take them out, and with a soft rag wipe them, clean and dry them well. They are then as good as new, and will do trouble six months. It is very little trouble to do it, and saves much vexation. After one has tried it, once she will not be apt to forget it. Nice looking, clean lamps are quite ornamental, while smoky chimneys and bad-smelling burners are not agreeable.—National Druggists' Journal.

Every housewife should know that sugar boiled with an acid, if it be but three minutes, will be converted into a glucose, which is the form of sugar found in sweet apples. One pound of sugar has as much sweetening power as two pounds of glucose. In other words, one pound of sugar stirred into the fruit after it is cooked, and while yet warm, will make the fruit as sweet as two and a quarter pounds added while the fruit is boiling. Save your sugar by a chemical knowledge. It is an established fact that if the fruit is sweetened when it is hot it requires much less sugar than if sweetened when cold.

**PREPARING CURRANTS.**—To swell the currants for cakes, after they are picked, pour boiling water over them and let them stand covered over with a plate for two minutes, drain away the water, throw the currants on to a cloth to dry them and do not use until they are cool. Or, after being picked and washed, put them on a dish in a cool oven with the door open, turn about occasionally. Currants are to be prepared for cake in the same way.

## Scientific.

**THE VAMPIRE DELUSION.**—Some international superstitions have a symbolic significance. The vampire-fable, for instance, typifies the insufficiency of human life, the sleep-disturbing consciousness of its unattained purposes, like the visits of the White Lady, the number of the passing night, night-walker have generally a definite object, the gratification of revenge or desire, or of some special craving, like that of the Turkish horse-goblin mentioned by the traveler Kohl, who amused himself by galloping the race-horses of his former master. Mental aberrations can become epidemic, and the vampire-delusion seems to be contagious as the witchcraft insanity. In Transylvania the "vampire of opinion" appears to affect even foreigners. In 1859 an Austrian notary of Klausenburg recorded the testimony of forty-eight deponents of various nationalities, who attested the post-mortem appearance of one Fedor Radzuek, a brevet captain of the *Grenadier Corps*, or Military-Frontier Guards. About two years after the funeral of the brevet captain, the neighbors attended a birthday-party at the house of his widow, and toward evening some of the guests, being taken to task for the eccentricity of his conduct, he had the good sense to re-ride on the spot, and not his fate like a well-behaved corpse, when a couple of priests took him in charge and hustled him off the premises.

Vampirism prevails all over Russia, Persia, Greece, Bohemia, and Poland, but especially in the Danubian Principalities, where the wealthy families of the last century often buried their dead in sheet-iron coffins of the heaviest cast-iron plate, while the poor would sometimes fetter or even hamstring their deceased relatives, to prevent them from abusing their feet for posthumous excursions. It is one of the few domains where the Moslem shares with their Christian neighbors.—Dr. Felix H. Oswald, in Popular Science Monthly.

In warm-blooded animals the heart's action ceases in a very few minutes after the destruction of the nervous centers or after the circulation of the blood in its own vessels is completely arrested. Not so with cold-blooded animals, however, as the heart of one of them may continue to beat for many hours after it has been deprived of blood, and even after it has been cut out of the chest. The pulsations of the heart of an eel have been seen to continue for six hours after separation from the rest of the body; of a torpido, for nine hours; and of a salmon, for twenty-four hours.—The South.

According to a writer in the British Medical Journal, the opium habit may be discussed with perfect safety and without disclaimer by gradually reducing the doses of morphia and substituting bromide of potassium in increasing doses. The point is to keep up the proper proportion between the two drugs, and hence the necessity of medical supervision. It has been said that such modes of cure simply substitute one bad habit for another; but it should be borne in mind that a morphia habit is easily cured, while the opium habit sticks considerably closer than a brother.—The South.

There are few persons who deny the advantage to humanity of vaccination, and Pasteur's introduction of the method of inoculating live stock as a preventive of disease is thought to have afforded as much relief to animals as Jenner's discovery has to the human family. The loss of cattle, sheep and horses in France has greatly declined during the last year as the result of his work, and it is believed that the ravages of disease among domestic animals the world over will not be more than one-tenth as great as it has been heretofore.

The St. Richard Tunnel is described as diverting the bulk of the Italian trade into the hands of the Belgians, Germans, and Hollanders with startling rapidity. Without breaking bulk early fruits are taken from all parts of Italy to Ostend, Antwerp, and Rotterdam, whence they are carried by fast steamers to London and other English ports. But on the other hand, Germany is something of a large quantity of coal from Belgium, copper, and other articles of which the latter received nothing before. In two months alone the Italians imported 1,439 tons of paper.

The proposed ship canal between the Baltic Sea and the German Ocean is again engaging attention. It will save a journey of 1000 miles for a vessel making a trip between either of these waters, as the circumnavigation of the Peninsula of Jutland will be unnecessary. But the possession of this canal will necessitate Germany bearing the first-class naval power, with all the expense and responsibility which that involves. In all, the proposed canal will be only fifteen miles, or half the length of the Suez Canal, and it will extend from Glückstadt to Kiel.

The existence of coal in the Arctic region, and the nature of its composition, constitute one of the most remarkable discoveries in modern geology. This coal seam, it appears, is found in the side of a narrow mountain gorge, the prevailing rock of the surrounding district being a shingly claystone of very irregular arrangement, but mainly dipping to the westward, devoid of fossils, though the vegetation presents no less than sixty-nine species of plants.—The South.

There can be no doubt, says the Engineer, that the inventor who could supply in a really portable form a machine or apparatus which could give out two or three horse-power for a day would run an enormous fortune. Up to the present time, however, nothing of the kind has been placed in the market. One is held out to most houses now, and gas engines are plenty enough, yet they do not meet the want which a storage battery may be made yet, perhaps, to supply.

The Scientific American condemns the use of camp stools and chairs by undertakers who take these seats from house to house, thus disseminating disease. The carrying round of tea boxes is deprecated for the same reason.

The National Academy of Design will open its fifty-third annual exhibition April 2.

Erection of buildings at night by means of the electric light is becoming quite a common thing all over the country.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

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A. H. HANSON, Gen. Passenger Agt., Chicago.

J. W. COLEMAN, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt., New Orleans.

C. M. SKEATE, Superintendent.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**THE GREAT JACKSON ROUTE!**

Illinois Central Railroad.

The Great Through Line for Passengers and Freight to All Points NORTH EAST AND WEST.

THE ONLY LINE running PULLMAN PALACE SLEEPING CARS THROUGH FROM NEW ORLEANS TO CINCINNATI, ST. LOUIS AND CHICAGO WITHOUT CHANGE OF TRUCKS.

ONLY ONE CHANGE TO NEW YORK AND EASTERN CITIES.

THE ONLY DIRECT ROUTE TO ST. LOUIS, CHICAGO AND ALL POINTS NORTH AND WEST. Many miles shorter and many hours quicker than any other line.

STANDARD GAUGE, ALL STEEL RAILS, ELEGANT COACHES, CLOSE CONNECTIONS, AND QUICK TIME.

**SPEED, COMFORT, SAFETY.**

RATES AS LOW AS THE LOWEST.

On and after Sunday, April 8, 1883.

DOUBLE DAILY TRAINS leave and arrive at Calcasieu Street Depot as follows:

LEAVE. ARRIVE.

Exp. No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

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C. M. SKEATE, Superintendent.

**AGENTS** WANTED to sell Dr. Chase's Blood Purifier. See at Sight. You double your money. Address Dr. Chase's Printing House, 100 Arbor, Mich.

**CARDS** New Style. Gold-embossed. Edge-embossed. Chromo-lithing. Cards, fine quality. Copying and printing of all kinds. Send for sample copy. Address: J. H. Chase, 100 Arbor, Mich.

**Perry Nugent,**

Formerly of NUGENT & LALLANDE, ALLEN, NUGENT & CO., and T. H. & J. M. ALLEN & CO.

**COTTON FACTOR**

Commission Merchants.

37 Perdido St., NEW ORLEANS.

**Crop and Market Reports.**

FULL AND RELIABLE. Published weekly in FARMER'S "EVENING" one thousand a year. Reports of the Western and Southern States. Send for sample copy. Address: Farmers Review Co., Chicago, Ill.

**THE DINGEE & CONARD CO'S BEAUTIFUL EVER-BLOOMING ROSES.**

The only establishment making a SPECIAL BUSINESS OF ROSES. BOLLAGE HOUSES for ROSES alone. From Pot Plants outside of the city, and from the best of the country, 500,000 roses, your choice. All sizes. \$1.00 to \$2.00. \$2.00 to \$3.00. \$3.00 to \$4.00. \$4.00 to \$5.00. \$5.00 to \$6.00. \$6.00 to \$7.00. \$7.00 to \$8.00. \$8.00 to \$9.00. \$9.00 to \$10.00. \$10.00 to \$11.00. \$11.00 to \$12.00. \$12.00 to \$13.00. \$13.00 to \$14.00. \$14.00 to \$15.00. \$15.00 to \$16.00. \$16.00 to \$17.00. \$17.00 to \$18.00. \$18.00 to \$19.00. \$19.00 to \$20.00. \$20.00 to \$21.



## A Welcome.

The first name was suggested by a friend, I was the first and, up to this point, the only person who has made an effort to introduce it west of the Rocky river. Two years ago experimenters with roots and seeds of this grass in Mississippi have been attended with success, and the fact pretty well established that it will flourish in any temperate country when suitable care is taken to plant and propagate it.

The second name is the literal, and expresses nothing that indicates its nature. The words mean "a grass

A Stranger Dying Among Strangers.

WING-FISH.—In the sea there are many things that really, from the aspect of their flights, deserve the name. One of our readers who have been here, especially in the South, may have seen the common flying fish, with brilliant blue-and-silver body and like, sheety wings. From the crest of a blue wave they dart, singly or in flocks, fluttering along, rising and falling, turning in curves, and so going to the water with a splash—perhaps, to fall a victim to some water-snake or dolphin that has been following them beneath the surface. These privators of the sea are the greatest enemies, as they rise in order to follow them under water, emerging just in time to catch the less flyers as they descend. This fish will take great leaps of twenty or thirty feet in following the poor fish, which, notwithstanding long wings and wonderful power of flight, is helpless in the absence of air. They travel in shoals or schools at night, perhaps attracted by lights, or, it may be, caught up by and from the crest of some curlew, and carried high in air at theulls.

Turned, though it has also long, like this, presents it otherwise in a different apperiture. Its head is covered in a heavy armor, from which two sharp spines. Some of fish are of a rich pinkish red, while others are of a bright red and yellow, and as they fly along over the water, the sunlight falls upon their

The best way to start an orchard, though not the most convenient, is to plant the seeds where the trees are to grow, in its place in the orchard. Plant less than two pits in a place. If you make up one can be drawn as soon as the seedlings are up, and if they are not in the rows four or four inches high, it is not out in the missing places, if any. If the pits may be planted in the rows, the young plants drawn and transplanted to their proper places. The first advantage, and it is a great one, is that this plan lies in the fact that the *fruit*, as well as the complete system of pits of each tree is preserved. Each tree is planted without the slightest mutilation; and in the place where it "ought to grow."

Each pit from last season's crop could have been kept in shallow boxes or in with sawdust, loam and the soil buried just beneath the surface and cool and yet secure from frost, and before corn-planting time they could be taken up for planting or sowing. — *Christum Index*.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

# LEMONS VS. MEDICINE

AND  
All Kinds of Job Work,  
executed in the best style and prices as low as any  
in the North or West.



Ayer's

PREPARED BY  
C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,  
Chemical and Analytical Chemists.

**THE DISEASES OF THE LUNGS**  
**HOW THEY CAN BE CURED,** which  
 is sent free post paid to all applicants. It  
 contains information for all who suppose  
 themselves afflicted with any of the  
 diseases of the lungs.

**BUNDS**  
 Bought and Sold by  
**New Orleans National Bank**



PRICES CURRENT.

REVISED AND CORRECTED WEEKLY.

ADVOCATE OFFICE.

New Orleans, Monday, April 16, 1883.

Our readers should bear in mind that our quotations represent prices for round lots, and that in filling small orders higher prices must be paid.

SOUTHERN STAPLES.

Cotton, P. B.	To-day.	7-day.
Low ordinary	10 1/2	10 1/2
Ordinary	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good ordinary	10 1/2	10 1/2
Low middling	10 1/2	10 1/2
Middling	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good middling	10 1/2	10 1/2
High middling	10 1/2	10 1/2
Extra	10 1/2	10 1/2
Receipts since our last	3,500 bales	3,500 bales
Stock previously	1,500 bales	1,500 bales

GROCERIES.

Coffee, P. B.	To-day.	7-day.
Low	10 1/2	10 1/2
Ordinary	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good	10 1/2	10 1/2
High	10 1/2	10 1/2
Receipts since our last	3,500 bales	3,500 bales
Stock previously	1,500 bales	1,500 bales

GRAIN AND FEED.

Corn, P. B.	To-day.	7-day.
Low	10 1/2	10 1/2
Ordinary	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good	10 1/2	10 1/2
High	10 1/2	10 1/2
Receipts since our last	3,500 bales	3,500 bales
Stock previously	1,500 bales	1,500 bales

PROVISIONS.

Beef, P. B.	To-day.	7-day.
Low	10 1/2	10 1/2
Ordinary	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good	10 1/2	10 1/2
High	10 1/2	10 1/2
Receipts since our last	3,500 bales	3,500 bales
Stock previously	1,500 bales	1,500 bales

ESSENTIALS.

Butter, P. B.	To-day.	7-day.
Low	10 1/2	10 1/2
Ordinary	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good	10 1/2	10 1/2
High	10 1/2	10 1/2
Receipts since our last	3,500 bales	3,500 bales
Stock previously	1,500 bales	1,500 bales

BAKING STUFFS.

Flour, P. B.	To-day.	7-day.
Low	10 1/2	10 1/2
Ordinary	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good	10 1/2	10 1/2
High	10 1/2	10 1/2
Receipts since our last	3,500 bales	3,500 bales
Stock previously	1,500 bales	1,500 bales

MEATS.

Pork, P. B.	To-day.	7-day.
Low	10 1/2	10 1/2
Ordinary	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good	10 1/2	10 1/2
High	10 1/2	10 1/2
Receipts since our last	3,500 bales	3,500 bales
Stock previously	1,500 bales	1,500 bales

VEGETABLES.

Onions, P. B.	To-day.	7-day.
Low	10 1/2	10 1/2
Ordinary	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good	10 1/2	10 1/2
High	10 1/2	10 1/2
Receipts since our last	3,500 bales	3,500 bales
Stock previously	1,500 bales	1,500 bales

FRUITS.

Apples, P. B.	To-day.	7-day.
Low	10 1/2	10 1/2
Ordinary	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good	10 1/2	10 1/2
High	10 1/2	10 1/2
Receipts since our last	3,500 bales	3,500 bales
Stock previously	1,500 bales	1,500 bales

DRUGS.

Medicine, P. B.	To-day.	7-day.
Low	10 1/2	10 1/2
Ordinary	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good	10 1/2	10 1/2
High	10 1/2	10 1/2
Receipts since our last	3,500 bales	3,500 bales
Stock previously	1,500 bales	1,500 bales

TOBACCO.

Tobacco, P. B.	To-day.	7-day.
Low	10 1/2	10 1/2
Ordinary	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good	10 1/2	10 1/2
High	10 1/2	10 1/2
Receipts since our last	3,500 bales	3,500 bales
Stock previously	1,500 bales	1,500 bales

WINE.

Wine, P. B.	To-day.	7-day.
Low	10 1/2	10 1/2
Ordinary	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good	10 1/2	10 1/2
High	10 1/2	10 1/2
Receipts since our last	3,500 bales	3,500 bales
Stock previously	1,500 bales	1,500 bales

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

SALE LARK, April 10.—The Moscorot News, is filled with congratulations upon the adjournment of the Mormon Spring Conference. Harangues were made at the conference yesterday upon the intervention of Providence to prevent further anti-polygamy legislation. It was declared that the Mormons were never before so prosperous and numerous, despite the wicked in the press, in the pulpit and in Congress. President Taylor said that their settlement was 15,000 miles in circumference and was extending. Apostle Thatcher said that more than half of the representatives who put aside the principles and rights of this people to satisfy popular clamor were not elected. God was in politics and had swept the country. Even the Democrats could not account for the turning of the tide in their favor. The usual number of missionaries were called, and the authorities of the Church were re-elected.

Financial or statistical reports were not made, it being claimed that they gave too much information to outsiders. The Mormons are unusually triumphant and the Gentiles are correspondingly depressed, but hope for a great influx of Gentiles over the new railroad.

OPOLUKAS, La., April 10.—A perfect flood fell during all Sunday night, and the whole face of the country is covered with water to-day.

CANTON, Miss., April 11.—The annual Council of the Episcopal Church convened here to-day. Bishops Green, Thompson, Adams, and 15 other clergymen, and about 30 or 40 lay delegates, were in attendance.

WASHINGTON, April 11.—W. Loo Chang & Co., Chinese merchants at Waynesboro, Ga., have petitioned the Chinese minister, through their attorney, for redress from the United States government for wrongs done them and grievances committed by a mob at that place. They claim that the cause of the twenty-fourth article of the treaty between the United States and China of 1854 is applicable to their case, and that they are entitled to damages.

Postmaster General Gresham was sworn into office to-day, and passed the day in making the acquaintance of his subordinates.

WASHINGTON, April 12.—Secretary Frothingham has replied to the Chinese Minister that as the Waynesboro, Ga., Chinamen were not injured in their rights of person or property through any act of the United States the department can do no more than it has already done, that is to request the Governor of Georgia to instruct the local authorities to investigate the alleged outrage upon Chinamen, with the view to securing for them the same rights of protection to person and property which would be accorded American citizens.

TALLADEGA, Ala., April 12.—A four-fall cyclone swept over this place last night after midnight, unroofing in part the Talladega College for colored pupils, destroying one dwelling and a number of out-houses, and leveling fences. Many trees were uprooted and some stock killed, but no person was injured as far as heard from. Confusion was in the air as farmers in planting corn and preparing cotton ground in this section.

CANTON, April 12.—At the opening session of the Church Council this morning, Bishop Green took his seat and began the delivery of his annual address, but from feebleness was soon obliged to turn over the reading of it to the Rev. Dr. Sansom.

The Bishop reported 25 baptisms, 150 confirmations, 2 churches consecrated, 2 priests ordained, 5 lay readers licensed and 2 marriages performed. He commended the movement in behalf of temperance, the proposition to provide a fund for the women of the South, and of the Church News, published at Natchez by the Rev. Mr. Marks.

At the evening session Bishop Thompson made an address of great power and eloquence on the difficulties and needs of the diocese, the duty of earnest and united work, etc. Speaking of his own position and responsibilities, he said he was encouraged by being in the midst of people whom he had tried for years and never found weary. He said they might spread him out as widely as they pleased. A large congregation of citizens, besides the members of the council, listened to this address with the deepest interest. After much miscellaneous business, the council adjourned to meet in Columbus, May 7, 1884.

MARSHALL, Tex., April 12.—A very severe storm struck this section about 2 o'clock last night, and was certainly a very peculiar one. The wind blew at a fearful rate. The lightning flashed in every direction. In fact the air was filled with electricity. A dark cloud overhung everything, and all was darkness; but, strange to say, no one drop of rain fell, nor, near here, as far as heard from. A great deal of timber was blown down, and houses were unroofed throughout the county. The loss will be considerable.

LEWIS, Del., April 12.—The long James Miller, from Mississippi, Hayti, confirms the report of a revolution headed by Hayti. He said that the March 31 two steamers arrived with government troops, and a large number of United States troops being scattered with a loss of 8 killed and 30 wounded. The loss of the revolutionists was slight. On April 1 the government steamers left, apparently driven away by the arrival of a Spanish frigate. The shipping in port was not disturbed by the revolutionary party.

WASHINGTON, April 13.—Postmaster General Gresham to-day placed on the ground his "Industrial World," of New Philadelphia, Pa., and the "Union Trust Company," of St. Louis. These firms will hereafter be the chief factors of the United States mail, as far as money orders and registered packages are concerned.

MOBILE, Ala., April 14.—Judge W. W. Foster died at his residence in the city at 1 o'clock this morning. His death was not unexpected, as he has been in declining health for some time past. His funeral will take place to-morrow evening.

PINE BLUFF, Ark., April 14.—Judge Wm. H. Crawford died at 2 o'clock this morning. He was an eminent jurist, an accomplished scholar, a planter, and a Christian gentleman. His death is a loss to the State. His father was the late Wm. H. Crawford, of Georgia.

COLUMBIA, S. C., April 15.—Rev. George Howe, D. D., 115, D., president of the Southern Presbyterian Synod, died at his residence in the city, of this evening from the result of an accident received a few days ago by being thrown from his carriage. Dr. Howe had been a professor in the seminary for the past 50 years. He was one of the most

FOREIGN.

DUBLIN, April 11.—The trial of Joe Brady, on the charge of murdering Caycedo and Burke, began this morning. Notwithstanding that it was known that absconders would be summoned, many of the jurors on the panel failed to appear. Swearing in the jury occupied one hour, counsel for the prisoner having the right to challenge 20. The case for the Crown was opened by Porter.

LONDON, April 11.—A sample of the auto-glycerine seized in London last week at the time of the arrest of Norman, Gallagher, Dalton and Wilson, was exploded to-day in Woolwich in order to test its quality. The explosion was terrific. The ground for a distance of several yards was torn up.

DUBLIN, April 13.—The trial of Joe Brady continued this morning. The judge finished his charge at 3:13 o'clock, when the jury retired. They were absent but a short time, and on returning to the court-room, announced that they found Brady guilty of the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke. Brady was immediately taken to the prison to be kept in custody until he can be removed to the United States.

How much successfully to help our daughters to a full preparation for their life work, is a problem that takes earnest thought and sound wisdom to solve. We all have some sort of an ideal woman in our minds. We wish our daughters to become like her. The manner in which they are to be accomplished, and this result is often but a vague idea, and too often we fall far short of the ideal we have set before us.

This home training of girls has been to me a subject of serious thought. I know how much easier it is to give good advice than to work out in our own homes and for ourselves this important problem.

While a knowledge of music or languages or mathematics or science is very desirable and in fact essential to thorough culture, yet the growth of character in a young girl, the development of heart, the awakening to a consciousness of what life means, and the great possibilities for usefulness which she holds, and withal a tender thoughtfulness for others are the true graces of womanhood, and are best cultivated at home under the care of a wise and loving mother.

This education of our girls can begin as soon as they can walk and talk. Nothing makes the little one happier than to be asked to help mamma in some way. The little feet run eagerly on an errand, and very proud is the little one at the thought of doing something useful. I have never yet seen a little girl who would not leave her toys and dolls to help mamma bake or dust, or in any domestic employment. Save, very rarely, what the mother saves, these little ones have put a love for these employments into the hearts of our girls, and it we begin early it will not be a difficult matter to foster this natural taste.

The mother herself should endeavor to be as near as possible to the model she would have her daughters copy. Some one has said that "a young lady is a sort of walking advertisement of her mother. Seeing the one, we can imagine, very nearly, what the other is. Of course, there will be little differences and perhaps great contrasts in temperament, but in the main a girl is just about what her mother makes her; and in the broad principles which underlie the character, the one will be the other's counterpart.—Exchange.

FEAR AND LOVE.—A Christian is one who loves God here and just, and just here and just. He is not only for his benevolence, but loves him at well for his justice and his holiness. Paganism is a religion founded on the fear of God in the sinister sense of that word, viz, a fear of offending him in such a way as to bring punishment on the offender. Christianity is a religion founded on the love of God in his higher sense, the sense of offering to give thanks to the one whom we love above all others. Paganism looks to the effect of sin upon ourselves. Christianity to the effect of sin upon God. Paganism has reference to the pain which sin may give the sinner. Christianity has reference to the pain which sin may give the Heavenly Father. Judaism is an intermediated religion; it trained mankind, through fear, to be ready for the consummation of the religion in love. It shows the end, calvary the other.—Rev. Dr. Deems.

After his round of Southern Methodist Conferences this year, Bishop McIntyre says: "The Methodist standard of moral life is not a high one, yet holds good income of our Conferences. I fear the number of those reporting more adult than infant baptisms is increasing. Is this a good sign? Can he be called a Methodist who reports a baptism three or four hundred members, and not a single infant baptisms during the year? This should be considered. It might be well for the committees that examine under-graduates to stress this point. There is a great principle here. Infant baptism indicates itself deep down in the covenant of grace, as we interpret it. We rejoice that 'adult baptisms' are growing more numerous among Methodist brethren; and to keep the baptism of infants in the light of this point will be reduced to practice—for in proportion as thought is given to the question will be the rejection of infant and the acceptance of 'adult' baptism. We thank the bishop for his generous help to our cause!—Christian Index.

MISSISSIPPI CONFERENCE.

BRANDON DIST.—SECOND ROUND.

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# Christian Advocate.

VOL. 29.—NO. 17.

NEW ORLEANS, THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1883.

WHOLE NO. 1395.

PUBLISHED FOR THE LOUISIANA, MISSISSIPPI AND NORTH MISSISSIPPI CONFERENCES, METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW ORLEANS AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.

## Christian Advocate.

CHAS. B. GALLOWAY, D. D., Editor.

CARVER & JAMIESON, Publishers.

OFFICE—112 CAMP ST., NEW ORLEANS.

Subscription, \$2 per annum.

Ministers and wives of deceased Preachers half price.

All Preachers of the M. E. Church, South, are authorized Agents to whom payments may be made.

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### I AM WITH THEE

"I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."—St. Matthew xxviii, 20.

"I am with thee." He hath said

In his truth and tender grace

Kept the promise, grand and true

With how many a faithful soul

Of his love and faithfulness.

"He is with thee," with thee, always

All the night and all the day

Never failing, never frowning

With his loving kindness crown

Turning all thy life to grace.

"He is with thee," shine own Master

Leading, loving to the end

Brightening joy and lightning sword

All today, yet more to-morrow

Kiss and sorrow, God and pain

"He is with thee," yes, forever

Now, and through eternity

Yea, with him, forever dwell

Thou shalt share his joy, exulting

Thou with Christ and Christ with thee

—T. C. H., in Southern Churchman.

## China and Her People.

BY REV. J. W. LAMMUTH.

### (Continued from last)

My dear Young Friends: The Chinese are not an ignorant, savage people without any literature. No; they are a reading people, and think they are the only people who have a literature and are at all learned in the arts and sciences. The books which the Chinese think of most value are the writings of Confucius and Mencius. Every year there are public examinations in all towns and cities throughout the empire, and multiplied thousands go there to be examined. Every three years there are examinations in all the provincial cities for the higher degrees. The students are not asked by the judge, or official appointed to examine them, how much they know, but are shut up in little cells without any books. Each one has his pen, ink and paper, and the officer gives them a subject taken from the works of their sages. If he makes a single mistake, or a single stroke is left out of any character, the whole is rejected, and his name is passed up as one who has failed to get his degree. The young man goes home very sorrowful, for he has to tell all his relations he has failed, and must go through another year's hard study. If he again gets the first degree, he begins to work for the second. When he gets the second degree, which corresponds to our Master of Arts, then he begins to work for the highest degree, Doctor of Laws, for which he has to go to the city of Peking to be examined. If he succeeds in getting the third degree, the emperor then gives to him some high office, as governor of some province. Many hundreds of work and study to pass the first degree, until they are sixty, and even eighty years of age, and never succeed. Rich men often buy their degrees, but it is not considered honorable.

There are numerous schools in China for boys, and they are supported by the people, for there are no government schools except one, and that is what is called the Hanlin College, which is in Peking. There are no girls' schools, for the Chinese think it quite unreasonable and unnecessary for a girl to learn to read a book. She is supposed to attend to house and kitchen duties and, therefore, would not stand in need of any book knowledge. There are no school-houses in China, as each school is held in a room of some private family or in some village temple. Each parent must pay the teacher for the instruction of his own child. Occasionally you may see free schools supported by some benevolent society. Little boys are sent to school at the age of seven and eight. They live at home and go to school every day. There are no boarding schools in China. Schools are not large; seldom ever see over thirty boys.

Generally ten and twelve. The school room is often in a dark and noisy street, or in a hot and close upper story of some home. Chinese boys have no playgrounds like boys in America, and are very seldom taught at home. Even if the father is a learned man, he very seldom instructs his sons, and very few Chinese

mothers can teach their own children to read. The mothers in China are generally very superstitious and readily believe all the vile stories of the priests, and these stories they teach to their sons and daughters. The father never teaches the child any religion; this is all left to the mother. How sad is this! and to think, too, that so few foreign Christians try to labor for the salvation of these poor women.

In the better school rooms only two boys sit at a table. Before each is paper and ink and pen, and a stone on which to rub the ink. Each boy makes his own ink as he wants to use it, and so for every day, or each time of writing, he has to make his ink. Their pens are made of hair and brushes, the hairs being fastened into a hollow bamboo reed. The teacher has the same before him, except that he has red ink; this is to mark the pupils' writing, to show which is good and which is bad. The school teacher in China never uses a whip or switch to punish bad boys with, but uses a rule instead. There are no holidays given in a Chinese school, except the public festival days and a short time at the New Year, when all shops are closed and no one works. I will tell you all about the Chinese New Year in my next letter, and all about their strange customs at that time.

There are no Sabbaths in China on which the people may rest; the first day of the year being the only day which looks anything like a Sabbath.

When a boy begins school the teacher gives him his A, B, C on square red paper. The Chinese have no alphabet as we have. A little book called the "Three Character Classic" is given to a boy when he has learned three or four hundred characters. These characters are whole words. A distinct sign or character represents a word. There are about forty thousand in the Chinese language, but only about six or eight thousand in common use. The teacher repeats over the character, and the pupils all follow him and repeat after him until they get the proper sound. Then the children go to their seats and repeat it at the top of their voices until they know it by heart. When the boy is ready to repeat he goes to the teacher, puts his book on the table, and turns his back to him while reciting. The language in which the book is written is not the same as that spoken, so that without being explained, it would not be understood, and is never explained. He has to commit to memory a string of unmeaning sounds which he does not understand. The does not know his lesson he is likely to get a few strokes of the ruler, or he is sent to stand in the corner of the room, knee at his seat. The boys have no playground, but must go home for their dinner. If a boy is at all disposed to be idle, and throw stones on his way home, the teacher writes a few characters on the walls of his right and left hands, so that if they are destroyed in any way is not to be read by him, and is punished with the ruler, for the teacher is quite sure he has been his own mischief.

No geography, no arithmetic, no foreign language, and no music or drawing are taught in Chinese schools. Very little history even of China, and none of other countries are ever taught. A man is thought to be well educated if, after ten years of hard study, he can read fluently the nine books which are greatly revered by the Chinese. Any other book or any other subject would greatly puzzle him. The Chinese have great respect for their language, and do not like to see printed paper trampled under foot. In some places there are stands for burning paper, in order that it may not be treated with disrespect. Some men are employed to go around and collect all this old paper with written characters upon them, and these are taken to sea by sea-faring men and burned in flames of a storm to quiet the waves and the troubled sea, or to appease the god of the sea.

When writing, the pen is held upright by the thumb, first and middle fingers. When a boy begins to learn a copy is put underneath his paper, which is very thin, and he marks over it. The pen, paper, ink and inkstone are called the "four precious things of the library."

I will continue about schools in my next, and the Chinese New Year in the one after that.

From Mexico.

No church, or form of religion, can be universally established and permanently sustained through political or money power. In the history of no country, perhaps, is this truth more apparent than that of Mexico. Cortez drew the sword in the great conquest of this country in the name of the Holy Catholic Church of Rome, and he fought under the ensign of the cross. Whatever may have been his ultimate motives, he professed a zeal for Christianity, and in the name of the Catholic faith, he hurried from their homes and ground to powder the gods of the Aztecs, and put in their stead the crucifix and images of the saints and forced the people to bow before these and worship them. Determined to subjugate the whole land to Roman rule, he visited

cities, towns and villages—everywhere breaking down the altars erected to heathen gods, and compelling the people to conform to the requirements of Romanism. So zealous was he in this work that the Aztecs in their hieroglyphics, which still exist, represent the great conqueror as going forth with cross and sword, and binding the people and bringing them to the priest to receive the sacrament of baptism, slaying such as resisted. Though drawn in rude hieroglyphics by the heathen's pen, it is a very fair representation of Rome's policy.

After Cortez had succeeded by military force in abolishing idolatry, and in establishing Romanism as the religion of the country, then came wealthy and mighty sects, such as the Franciscans, Dominicans, and others, with their millions of money. They built gorgeous temples, cathedrals, convents and monasteries, and introduced the most pompous and imposing forms and ceremonies to dazzle and captivate the untutored heathen. They practiced every kind of deception, and made every possible appeal to the superstition of the people, to win them from idolatry and beguile them into Romanism. Upon the other hand, they established the bloody inquisition to deter such as could not be attracted.

But with all this might and power, pomp and show, Rome has shamefully failed, and that failure mocks the men and means employed in her conquest. True, for more than three hundred years she succeeded in holding the people in subjection and extracting from them a formal service at her shrine; but her reign was never a peaceful one. Internal wars, revolutions and various disturbances indicated a restless and dissatisfied spirit among the people. This restless, unconquered spirit at last found an exponent in the person of Benito Juarez, a man of pure Aztec blood.

It is a debatable question whether the aborigines of this country were ever truly converted to the Catholic faith or whether they ever gave a willing assent to it. They were crushed and awed and forced into its service, but never fully gave up their former idolatry. Many of the old Aztec customs and festivals were incorporated into the church, and are observed to the present day. It is stated, on good authority, that on these Aztec festival occasions votive garlands are not unfrequently dangling on the huge Aztec idols in the courtyard of the National Museum, while in the Indian towns, in the mountains, the people retire to caves and worship the gods of their ancestors.

This state of things prepares us, in part, to anticipate the work of Juarez. The "Laws of Reform" could not have been committed to safer hands for execution. An Indian of pure blood, a statesman of no mean ability, and possessed of a vindictiveness, engendered in Indian blood by three hundred years of oppression, he was ripe for the work. The ideas adopted for this reformation were powerful and not such as are pleasant to describe, but it is to be remembered that the evil he dealt with was powerful, and less violent means would most likely have failed. "They that take the sword perish with the sword" has come true in the case of the power of Rome in Mexico. When the common laborers and mechanics had, from fear, refused the order to open up the convents and monasteries, Juarez, at the head of his Indian troops, with picks and bayonets dug into the doors that for ages had hid the darkest crimes of which fallen humanity is capable and turned the wretched inmates upon the streets. He did not stop here; but, carrying out the "Laws of Reform," he confiscated all church property, which amounted to no less than \$3,000,000,000 worth of real estate, besides heaps of hoarded silver. He effectually crushed the church power, and made it subject to the civil authority. He divested the clergy of all official power, put an end to public processions, forbade church officials appearing in any distinctive dress, and regulated the very ringing of church bells by law. Truly the humiliation and shame of Rome even surpasses her exaltation and glory.

Romanism has not only failed to hold its position and power, but it has also failed to elevate and enlighten those trophies which it has apparently gained from liberty. The truth is, apart from the old Spanish blood from across the sea, that is to say, among the real Indians, the legitimate descendants of the Aztecs, Catholicism is no more than a form of idolatry, and a very gross form. During the long night of oppression, through which they were caused to pass, many of them were weaned from and forgot their former gods; but they never lost the spirit of idolatry. They worship the crucifix and the images as really as they ever did golden stone.

If this beautiful land is ever won for Christ, it will not be by human might or power, but by the Spirit of the Lord. It will not suffice for Protestantism to come here and build churches and introduce a mere formal service and gather people promiscuously into the church. Rome has done all this and failed. Certainly, if any people need to feel the Spirit and power and purity of Christianity,

these do. Unless the people are genuinely and radically changed by the power of regenerating grace, the work will fail. It is an easy matter to convert people from Romanism who are galling under its oppressive yoke; but it is not enough that they should renounce Romanism; they must know experimentally the power of saving grace. The Spirit of the Lord must do the work. "Unless the Lord build the house they labor in vain that build it."

R. N. FRICKMAN.

CITY OF MEXICO, APR. 18, 1883.

## Public Morals.

Moral sentiment is the seed-principle of moral practice, and practice the culture of principle. Here is, therefore, a degree of mutual dependence between sentiment and practice. Hence the higher and stronger the sentiment, the better and happier the people, the sounder and stronger the government. Moral sentiment is more than mere thought or passion. It is more than conviction. It is the living embodiment of moral law. It is the intelligent embodiment of the law of God found in the Holy Scriptures. It is such an embracement of this law as to require the life to be conformed to the same. It not only requires the life of him holding the law to be conformed thereto, but it embraces the lives of all others, and requires that they be conformed to the same standard. Nothing lower than this can be allowed as the sentiment of the law which commands a man to love his neighbor as himself. When this is done the man is happy. All like-minded men are happy; otherwise, unhappy. Therefore no man can be at ease in Zion while seeing and knowing that the moral law is being publicly violated—violated by public men.

This law requires a man to be honest—honest in all business transactions—just, upright, truthful, fair, contract-keeping, debt-paying, regarding his word as his bond or oath. It denies him the right to go beyond his reasonable and probable ability to pay. It commands to go to rags and live on "dry bread" rather than so great a jewel as honesty be lost. In this respect it knows no difference among men. With equal justice and authority it commands presidents, senators, draymen and foot blacks, is this virtue conspicuous in the lives of all public men? Are there not some whose promissory note is not worth the keeping? When such men are elevated to positions of trust and honor it is a premium upon dishonesty.

The moral law holds men accountable for time, for days, as well as business integrity. It says: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." This is as binding as that which says, "Thou shalt not steal." It is found in the moral code. It has never been repealed. It has been amplified and strengthened. It is, therefore, in fuller force than when enacted and written by Jehovah. Is it observed and kept? Do not legislative assemblies, State and Federal, enact laws directly contravening this law? Do they not authorize and legalize railroads to run freight and passenger trains on Sunday? This so-called Christian land is filled with the sound of trains and other forms of immorality on Sunday.

The code which commands honesty and Sabbath-keeping also enjoins sobriety. The penalty of drunkenness is eternal banishment from the presence of God and his kingdom in hell. Is this truth believed? Do the facts warrant the declaration that it is believed? Is drunkenness regarded as a sin? Does it disqualify anybody in this country for office? Are not some Federal and State Senators and Representatives known to be drunkards? Do not some judges of lower and higher courts get drunk? Are they thought any the less by the masses because of this? Rather, does it not add to the standing and popularity of some to go from the bench to the bar, as so many go from the bar to the bar? No wonder it is proclaimed, with a grand flourish of trumpets, all over this land that prohibition does not prohibit!

Following in the track of this feature of public morals comes the terrible and bloody one known as murder. The moral code says: "Thou shalt not kill." It would seem that the very nature of this deed, to say nothing of its penalty, would effectually deter man from its performance. But, not so. Public sentiment is so vitiated that many are inclined to glorify the murderer as a hero. How some civilized mortals love to dwell in rhapsodies upon the courage of such a bloody monster. Stranger still, some weak-minded females, called women, seem to swoon in admiration of such men. It is incomprehensible to some for female non-combatants to be such enthusiastic admirers of male combatants. Perhaps there is nothing more difficult for many young women to do than to reject an invitation to and participate in a "military" dance. Murderous sentiments considerably pervade the highest and lowest grades of society. This country has never known murder more frequent and hanging less frequent. All the blame for not hanging murderers does not belong to the courts.

At one more point the sentiment

of public morals needs a better tone. The code says: "Thou shalt not commit adultery." At this point law makers are to blame. The civil statutes are much stronger and usually more rigidly enforced against loose stealing, in proportion to the crime, than against female seduction. A horse thief is universally denounced and skinned. Is an adulterer? Which does public opinion regard with severer condemnation? Does adultery in this country disqualify a man for the highest office in the gift of the people? No wonder, therefore, the adulterous and corrupt Mormons can send missionaries, by the score, to this country and find employment and make converts and take them to Salt Lake. Who denounces the Mormon missionaries? Are there no civil statutes against such conduct? Are they enforced? So much for public morals.

The whole country needs law and gospel.

ANALYST DOWLING.

RAKER, APR. 18, 1883.

## What Are We to Do About It?

MR. EDITOR: In the above question I refer to our congregational singing. What are we to do in order to recover it and restore it to its former grandeur, power and usefulness? In many churches where I have worshipped of late years it is almost wholly lost, and we have in its place an organ with from four to a dozen vocalists who, in and out of the music and singing we have. Often when the minister rises up in the pulpit and announces the hymn, I see our oldest and best members put on their spectacles and turn to the hymn announced, only to return to their seats and close their hymn books by hearing a tune struck up by the organists and choir they know nothing about. Thus in their own church, which they have loved and patronized and built up from their youth, they are deprived of the much coveted privilege of lifting up their voices in the praise of God.

During the past year it was my privilege to worship in one of our popular city churches, and, when the minister announced the hymn from a little book he held in his hand, I commenced a diligent search in my old standard hymn book, but the hymn was not to be found, and presently the organist and choir raised a tune I knew nothing about, and I considered myself squarely ruled out, for the time being, by the united authority of the preacher and a small choir. So I concluded I would spend the time of my last chance to sing by making observations. I faced the congregation and looked in detail all over the huge audience, and not a lip did I see move in singing the first hymn except the few young people in the choir. And what I saw that day I have often witnessed elsewhere. A worthy old member, complaining to a cultivated young lady, who took an active part in the church choir, that they sang tunes the congregation did not know, and hence we had no congregational singing in our church any more. To which the young chorist replied hastily: "We don't want the congregation to sing, because their noise would drown our performance."

She, perhaps, did not intend to let the choir's secret out, but here it was in plain language. The high sounding and earnest voices of the congregation, in the use of one of our grand old hymns, in the praise of God was nothing but a noise that would drown their performance. So it was a performance they were engaged in, and not a pious effort to assist the congregation, in singing the praise of Zion from whom all our blessings flow. By this time some of your readers, perhaps, have said, "Oh, he's an old fogey" or "He's behind the age," to which I have no reply to make except to deny the ungenerous imputation. As these terms are generally used I am entitled to a "fogey" or "behind the age." I still believe, with Job, that "with the ancient is wisdom, and in length of days understanding." I know a great many young people who, without any special fault, are a long way behind the age from the simple fact that they have not lived long enough yet to overtake the age. They may come up later to life. But, as I do not wish to be misunderstood about this matter of church music, I will give you the outlines of my theory.

I believe that God is the Author of all music, and he has filled the whole earth with it. He has so constructed our vocal organs that, with a little training and practice, we can reach every note in the scale, and so combine, harmonize and modulate them as to evoke the sweetest and most thrilling music. And as God is good to us all, and his tender mercies are over all his works, every human being should use his or her voice in praising the Author of all good. Then I say, let all the people praise God with a loud voice. It is both their duty and privilege to do so. Loud, earnest and thrilling vocal music has been kept up as an important part of the worship of God in all ages of the church, and thousands of sinners have been brought to Christ through its instrumentality, and millions of Christians have been led to the borders of the promised land

by its thrilling strains. I heartily endorse instrumental music also in the house of God when it is employed solely in his praise. Away back yonder before the flood God, in his good providence, led one of our illustrious ancestors to invent, and "handle the harp and organ," and from then until now, so far as I know, instrumental music has always been employed, more or less, in the worship of God; and, from what is said in Revelation xiv, 2, it seems it will be perpetuated in heaven. I know that instrumental music has been often and grossly abused to the vilest purposes, but this is no reason why we should despise and throw away the gift of God.

Music, both vocal and instrumental, belongs to the church of God, and it is our duty to utilize and use it exclusively in his worship. And now, to conclude this theory, sketch of what I would like to say about our church music, permit me to say that our standard hymn book, with its 1063 psalms, hymns, spiritual songs and doxologies, in my opinion, the best hymn book in Christendom. At the General Conference of 1881 a committee of the best hymnologists in our church was appointed to revise our hymn book, and after a year of close application to the task assigned them, our present standard edition was the result of their labors and, I believe, ought to be used exclusively in all our regular congregational worship, and our pastors and church conferences should see that it is done. I have no objection to our people buying and using to their heart's content the little abridged and unadorned song and hymn books, but do please let us have our grand and glorious standard edition in all our regular congregational worship. I admire the thriftiness of some of our preachers who only use the standard edition and, where books are scarce, draw out the hymns as in days of yore.

J. O. JOHNSON.

U. C. Churchman, Miss., April 1, 1883.

## Good Words.

I often say my prayers,  
But I never pray?  
I never see the light of heaven  
Through the words I say.  
I never see the light of heaven  
Through the words I say.  
I never see the light of heaven  
Through the words I say.

We are kept from doing great things, not because they are great and difficult, but because we know that we must do them, but because we exaggerate the difficulties as compared with the resources of Christian faith. To him that believes all things are possible. It is possible and history, we should not strive to avoid by post-mortem. Dr. Deems.

The damps of autumn sink into the leaves and prepare them for the necessity of their fall; and thus incessantly are we, as years close around us, detached from our transitory life by the gentle pressure of recorded sorrow.—Baylor.

The ground of your working for men is not their deserts; you teach them, not because they deserve to be taught, but because God has given you his truth, and has sent you to save them.—Bishop Simpson.

Blessed is the man who has found his work, let him ask no other blessing. Know your work, and do it; and work at it like Hercules. One monster there is in the world, the idle man.—Caryl.

Better fall a thousand times, and in everything else, than attempt to shape for yourself a life without God, without hope in Christ, and without an interest in heaven.

If thou hast a Christ in thy heart, a cross on thy shoulder, a world under thy feet, and a heaven in thy eye, then art the happy man.—British Evangelist.

Be as a little child. Children have no cares; all is arranged for them, and they rest safe and happy in their father's arms.—St. Francis De Sales.

He who is false to the present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will see the effect when the weaving of a lifetime is unraveled.

Our path is to be upward from the start; there is no grade downward on the road that leads to find. He falls to rise from above.

Every religious habit, gone through life-longly, multiplies to harden the heart and deaden the evidence of things not seen.

How can we expect another to keep our secret when it is more than we can do ourselves. La Rochefoucauld.

Let friendship creep gently to a height; it rises to it, but its own root is itself out of breath.—Faber.

The similarity of wisdom is to do those things living which are to be desired when dying.—Johnston.

There are many shining qualities in the mind of man, but none so useful as discretion.

A friend can not be known in prosperity, and an enemy can not be hid in adversity.

He that pryeth into every cloud may be stricken with a thunderbolt.—Joseph Cook.



Christian Advocate.

THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1883.

FATHER, TAKE MY HAND.

BY REV. S. L. FLETCHER.

The way is dark, my Father! I stand upon a hill,  
Looking up to thee, my Father, and my hand  
Is reaching out to thee, my Father, and my hand  
Is reaching out to thee, my Father, and my hand

The way is dark, my Father! I stand upon a hill,  
Looking up to thee, my Father, and my hand  
Is reaching out to thee, my Father, and my hand  
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Looking up to thee, my Father, and my hand  
Is reaching out to thee, my Father, and my hand  
Is reaching out to thee, my Father, and my hand

Sunday-School Lesson.

PREPARED BY REV. CHRISTIAN KEEFER.

Second Quarter Lesson V.

SUNDAY, APRIL 29, 1883.—ACTS 13: 1-12.

PETER WORKING MIRACLES.

The power to work miracles was greatly prized by the apostles. It was a valuable adjunct to their first preaching of the gospel.

We can see that there was a great need for some such grant of supernatural power. In this period of transition, when the dispensation of *light* was giving away to a dispensation of *heaven*, it was necessary, for the speedy introduction of the new dispensation, that the *heaven* of the word of the gospel be mixed with the *secular* of the power of the word. We find accordingly in these first steps of the progress of the gospel, much dramatic teaching—a gospel delivered upon the body with many spectacular phenomena. Spiritual doctrines were brought to light by working on flesh and nerve—that ye may know that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins. I say unto thee, take up thy bed and walk. Nearly all the great revivals of these first preachers were started by some miracle. This drew the congregation, and furnished the preacher with a text for his sermon.

It will be observed that just as the new order of *faith* cometh by hearing, became the better established in the same degree spectacular miracles as adjuncts to the preached gospel continued to cease, until in our day they disappear altogether.

It was a dangerous power in the hands of men. They were liable to wound themselves with so mighty a weapon. It led them to presumption and to an undue exaltation of spirit, which sooner or later would bring them to fall. It was greatly coveted by the apostles. How chagrined they were when upon a certain occasion they essayed to cast out a devil and failed. Why could we not cast him out? they asked. Nothing was more admired in their Master than his never-fading power to do whatever he would. They failed sometimes, but he never. One day, when they came to him exultant over their power over devils, he warned them not to rejoice over much on account of this miracle-working power, but rather rejoice that their names were written in the Lamb's book of life.

This power was not given indiscriminately to all, and to none unreservedly. These Sampsous were frequently shorn of their strength. It would seem that to some this power was never bestowed; not every David can wield the sword of Goliath. Christ only could wield this power perfectly, and to him it was given "without measure." He never abused it.

The great end for which this power was granted was to teach spiritual truth to an unspiritual race, whose spiritual faculties were all but extinct. There was no open door to their darkened souls save through that of the sense. Peter was early trusted with this power. He made good use of it, and set great store by it. There was much in the make up of his character which made him worthy in the eyes of his Lord to receive and wield this gift. After Pentecost he used this power on the lame born man with mighty results. During his rounds visiting the churches he found occasion to use this powerful arm in furthering his gospel. When he came to Lydda he began his work with a miracle, which at once gave him the attentive ear of the whole multitude. There may be more force than we suspected in this words: "And there he found a certain man named Eneas, which had kept his bed eight years, and was sick of the palsy." Was this man sought out by Peter, by divine suggestion, in order that he might inaugurate his evangelistic labors by some miraculous demonstration of the power of Jesus' name, and

thus give his preached gospel a mighty impulse. Did Peter, by seeking and implying, find him? or was the meeting of the two the arrangement of the Holy Ghost? However, it may have been, this cure of Eneas was a most wonderful introduction of Peter to a congregation of ready hearers. This miracle is without preface. The apostle does not mention his own name, but, with the intimation of his two first words, brings the name of the sufferer and the name of the healer together. Eneas, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole; arise, make thy bed. His immediately getting up proved that his legs were restored. His spreading up his pallet and rolling it up proved his arms were all right; he was whole. What a sight! It won the town. All the people who saw Eneas sound and well turned to the Lord. What an opening for a sermon. Peter had once nightly captured the whole of Jerusalem for his audience by such a triumph. You may be sure he did not let this opportunity slip. One miracle leads to another, which, in its turn, leads to another advance step in the progress of the gospel. The news of this miracle reached Joppa in time to defer a funeral. We will not halt to repeat or attempt to add one word to the graphic and minute account of Luke's record. We might mar the air of charming reality of the narrative; read it.

We only call your attention to the increased power of this second miracle, and its increased effect upon the people who witnessed it. The first "turned" them to the Lord, the second "caused" them "to believe on his name."

In all this the Holy Ghost was only getting Peter ready to do a greater work, namely: the opening the door of faith to the Gentile world. We leave Peter wending his way through the streets of Joppa, to find his lodging-place with one Simon, a tanner, whose unclean trade banished him to the outskirts of the city, by the seaside. Peter's intense and narrow Judaism must have been giving away that he would consent to lodge with a tanner. Yes, giving way; and the vision of that night's slumber was destined to broaden his soul till he would see in every man a fellow-sharer in the gospel and a fellow-heir of the unsearchable riches of Christ.

Doubt.

MR. EDITOR: Apropos to the subject of your "leader" in the ADVOCATE of March 15, I have jotted down some thoughts on "Doubt," which you may publish if you think fit. The illustrations about "pictures" was suggested by my recollection of our Dr. McFerrin's sermon at the Vicksburg Conference, December, 1881. We thank you heartily for your well-timed and timely reply to the *champion* defender of "Job's Comforters," Huxley, the Moleculist, "Tyndall, the Sadducee," and *other* genus. I doubt if a doubt ever did anything but destroy. Its province is to tear down and never to build.

Let the propagators of doubt about the religion of Jesus furnish, or at least propose, some better solution of the great problem of human life, and we will hear them. But before they begin to pull down over our heads the substantially comfortable, Heaven-titled house that has so safely sheltered our fathers and ourselves, promising peace and sweet repose to posterity, let them fit up some other dwelling-place. We demand at least a cottage in this wilderness.

If they would, but give us plans and specifications of a better building, we might stand silently by and hear them vindicate the antique style of architecture and the old-fashioned furniture. We might even bear to see them ruthlessly hurling the sacred timbers off their rock foundation, and stand mute-eyed at their vain efforts to tear up the granite underpinning that is imbedded deep in the heart of the earth. But meanwhile they must show us some likely picture of what can be put in its place.

So long as the "Leaders of Advanced Thought" can only give us unsustained theories of vague unrealities, while they bedizen our ears and muddle our brains with "evolutions" and "protoplasm," we'll still stand by the old house. Let them suggest who or what started this evolution evolving, and who first formed the protoplasm. Their high-sounding, "elemental" words, "fire-mist," "star-dust" and "primordial formless fog" are well calculated to dry up the dew of heaven-born love and burn our lives to the core. They can throw dust in the eyes of our understanding, and launch our souls on a shoreless sea, full of rocks and reefs, enveloped in "faithless fog." The drift of teaching by these would-be philosophers reminds us most of a November midnight on the mighty Mississippi. We stand among the willows on the bank impatiently waiting the approach of a floating palanquin. But through the misty darkness we can only see the high up headlights and flames from furnace rods. We can only hear the push of a flutter-wheel as it moves first forward then backward, the thud of the lever, the noisy escape of steam, like the throes of some monster water-wizard. But hark! through the startling stillness of the dusk night air breaks in the fog whistle. So she warns all smaller crafts not to run against her feet that she wrooked. Happy the crew that takes warning! Our great steamer is belied belogged. Let us keep our craft near the shore till the "Sun" arise and

give us light. But rather, brethren, "children of a heavenly King," through all darkness and tempest our faith will look hold with that anchor steadfast which is caught within the veil and riveted to the throne of God. So shall we safely ride over the waves of life's fitful sea, pass peace, fully into the harbor of fair haven's land, and amid the golden glories of never-fading day we'll together praise the God of our salvation.

FAYETTE, MISS., APR. 3, 1883.

From the Work.

NOTES ALONG THE LINE.

MR. EDITOR: Myself and wife began our evangelistic tour on February 23. We were detained in Hermanville on Sunday, the twenty-fifth. I called the people together and preached in a new store; two empty pork barrels with a plank across served as a pulpit; the gospel never seemed sweeter. It was the first sermon ever preached in that town.

Arrived in Port Gibson the next day. This is a thriving little city of 2,000 population; the spirit of progress is manifest. The Mississippi Valley (Wilson) road is pushing forward rapidly with its work of grading. The Natchez road (Little J.) runs within eight miles, and the Mississippi (Father of Waters) within ten miles; a railroad runs down to the river, and telegraph lines link them to the outer world. The cotton seed oil mill is in full blast, running night and day. The cotton factory is reared and roofed; its capacity will be about 400 spindles and 100 looms, and will cost, when ready for the cotton, near \$85,000. All these are home enterprises. Parties are buying up property, and the railroad shops will probably be located here. The leading denominations are represented here; the Methodists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Catholics, Baptists, and two colored churches, Methodist and Baptist, all have churches. The people are cultured, hospitable and refined. They captured this preacher; also a lady who sits near by.

Under the auspices of our Conference we have a female college located here, presided over by Rev. T. C. Bradford and his excellent wife. I learn the school is in good condition, and some improvements in the buildings have been made. The Presbyterians also have a school for boys, the Chamberlain-Hunt Academy.

The meeting began February 26. At first everything was cold and formal—spiritually dead—and a chronic dread of religious excitement; no class meetings, no praying members. But I preached away for fifteen days without flinching, relying on the promise: "Lo, I am with you always." A few penitents came to the altar, but not a church member would come to pray for them. On the sixteenth night the warm gulf stream of grace melted the in-bound coast, and there was a general breaking up and thawing out, and from then to the close Jesus won "all along the line."

The meeting was somewhat union in character. Bro. Planck, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, preached twice, and labored in song and prayer. He likes the Methodist altar. Bro. J. P. Bradford preached once. Bros. J. A. B. Jones and T. C. Bradford rendered hearty service in the altar. All praise to old-time Methodist singing; the organ was too far back, near the door, for any spiritual purpose. I hope they will get it up to the altar or out one. Bro. Ballard, the pastor, attended but little till the last of the meeting. He has been quite sick, and has preached but little since Conference; but "Praise the Lord."—II Chronicles xx, 21. He is now better. A prominent feature was the children's meeting. Three Sabbath afternoons I preached to them in the Presbyterian Church, and the dear little lambs were greatly rejoiced to come to Jesus, their Shepherd, and many were saved. This melted the harder hearts. There is no better entering wedge to a revival than this. Jesus would soon have no lack if it were not for the lambs. The Sunday-school had done its work, and when the Holy Spirit touched their hearts these little ones came to Jesus.

The meeting closed March 28, lasting thirty-one days. The Lord gave no bodily strength and power to the word. The results are forty-seven accessions and over fifty conversions. This does not include the work among the negroes. Thirty-one joined the Methodist and sixteen the Presbyterian Church. The community was deeply stirred by the power of God. Much work is yet needed. We only enrolled these as soldiers for Jesus. They must be drilled. The class meeting is the drilling field of the church.

By invitation of Bro. Abby, the pastor, I preached for the colored Methodists on Easter afternoon. They were old aristocratic negroes of the old regime, but the Spirit came upon them in power. Three were converted and eleven accessions. So the total foots up fifty-three conversions and fifty-eight accessions. "Praise the Lord."—II Chronicles xx, 21. The negroes were protracting when I left. On March 29, with keen regret, we left Port Gibson. The Lord opened their hearts and hands to us, and we learned to love them. We arrived at Benton, via Jackson and Vaughan's Station, on Friday, the thirtieth, and began our meeting the same night. Bro. I. W. Cooper is the pastor. The rock has already split here, and some souls have been saved.

W. W. HOPPER.

BENTON, MISS., APR. 2, 1883.

PROVIDENCE CIRCUIT, MISSISSIPPI CONFERENCE.

MR. EDITOR: More than three months ago I moved from Holmesville, Pike county, Miss., where I had lived twelve years, to the parsonage on the Providence circuit, some twelve miles east of Beauregard, Miss.

I have been an humble member of the Mississippi Conference since the fall of 1857. Conference met that year in the hospitable town of Brandon, and Bishop Early presided. Of the thirteen who were admitted on trial I am the only one left in this Conference on the effective list, whose connection with the Conference has never been broken. My experience as an itinerant preacher has been varied. I have traveled missions, colored and white, circuits, small and large, and one district for three years, but I have never occupied a regular parsonage during these twenty-five years until now.

The parsonage on the Providence circuit is conveniently located in one of the best communities I ever lived in. It is well finished and tolerably well furnished. It is "hard by the synagogue," though in the country, about one hundred and fifty yards of Bahala Chapel, one of the best churches on my circuit. Here we have one of the finest Sunday-schools that there is anywhere in the country. It does not belong to the hibernating tribe. We also have a good day school, taught by Capt. J. H. Byrd, a first-class teacher.

I find the membership of this circuit considerably scattered. Some are in Beauregard, some in Bogue Chitto, some in Claiborne county, some in Brandon, and other some I know not where. Among the latter class is a local elder. I find also a number of people recently moved within the bound of my work who claim to be Methodists, but who have come without certificates of membership. Some of them I knew as Methodists, good and true, fifteen years ago, but they are here now without positive evidence of their good standing in the church. Why do our people move without taking their church membership with them? Echo says, *when?*

Our first quarterly meeting was well attended, though the weather was inclement. It was held at Bahala Chapel, February 24-25. Bro. Jones, our faithful presiding elder, was with us in the spirit of his work, though he had to wade through deep waters to get here.

The people of this circuit know how to take care of their pastor. They have many ways of showing their interest in our welfare besides paying their quarterly dues. These expressions of kindness let into our home many cherished rays of light, and this makes me feel like working this harder for a people who show such appreciation of my feeble efforts to do them good. I love to preach to them, and I love to visit them at their homes, and my heart's desire and prayer to God for them is that they and their families may be abundantly blessed in both temporal and spiritual things.

Our camp meeting association will meet in a few days to fix the time for holding our Providence camp meeting. And I now cordially invite you, Mr. Editor, to be with us on that occasion. You shall have a free ride in a comfortable hack from Hazelhurst to the camp ground and back, and you will see a beautiful camp ground, and be greeted by a large congregation of us clover people as the State of Mississippi can boast of who will highly appreciate your visit and ministry. And no telling how many subscribers to the ADVOCATE you will get by coming.

Yours, Mississippi.

W. C. LEWIS.

BOZEMAN, WISCONSIN CIRCUIT.

MR. EDITOR: Supposing that a few dots from this part of the Conference would not be objectionable to some of your many readers, we will tell you something of our new home. We arrived January 3, and were kindly received by the people. Any one who is not acquainted with this work would, from looking over the minutes of the Conference, conclude that we were living in a paradise; but not so. It is a hired house, and was furnished, to some extent, by some brethren and sisters whom we have learned to love. Our first quarterly Conference was held at Hazelhurst, March 18. Rev. J. A. B. Jones, our presiding elder, was with us, and preached a sacramental sermon on Sunday to a large and appreciative congregation. Our delegates to the District Conference are Bro. M. J. Marble and Bro. H. F. Burkin. Sunday-schools are being organized, and the treasurer of the Sunday-school board will see some money from us in a short time. We are among good people, and many of them are deprived of one good thing; that is, the ADVOCATE; there being no postoffice nearer than twelve or fifteen miles. Rev. C. W. Campbell is among us. He once belonged to the Mississippi Conference, and traveled about twenty years in the work. He is now serving the people in another profession—"rolling pills." We have lost three members since Conference; one was a faithful father in Israel, and also a member of the Masonic fraternity. He was buried entirely by his Masonic brethren. His funeral was preached at the grave, by Bro. C. W. Campbell, to a large congregation. We are looking for subscribers for the ADVOCATE.

VIRGIL D. SKIFFER.

MARTIN, MISS., APR. 6, 1883.

Hard words have never taught wisdom, nor does truth require them.

Obituaries.

MINOR—The proceedings of the Macon Methodist Sunday-School on the death of Mrs. MARY A. MINOR.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with the bereaved family in their irreparable loss, and pray that their great affliction may be sanctified to their eternal welfare; that God's grace may comfort and sustain them while they linger on this side the river, and that finally they may join their loved one in that land where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the records of the Quarterly Conference journal, of Lauderdale circuit, and that a copy of the same be sent to the bereaved family, and also a copy sent to the ADVOCATE for publication.

idence. We feel that what God wills is best, and that our loss is his gain; that the peaceful vision of his consistent and exemplary life should afford abundant consolation to his sorrowing friends and relations.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with the bereaved family in their irreparable loss, and pray that their great affliction may be sanctified to their eternal welfare; that God's grace may comfort and sustain them while they linger on this side the river, and that finally they may join their loved one in that land where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the records of the Quarterly Conference journal, of Lauderdale circuit, and that a copy of the same be sent to the bereaved family, and also a copy sent to the ADVOCATE for publication.

D. C. LANGFORD, for Committee.

PETTIT—Obituary of another father, husband, and friend of Christ, J. COVINGTON PETTIT, formerly of the neighborhood of Vicksburg, and son of the venerable Pettit family, now no more, though lately residing in Yazoo county, where he died on January 3, 1883, in the forty-first year of his age.

Bro. Pettit was married to Miss Georgia A. Powell, the daughter of the late Rev. George W. Powell, who survives him. More than four years before his death he gave his heart to Christ and became a useful member and active officer of our church, at Short Creek, Yazoo county. Bro. Pettit was no more nominal member of the great Methodist family. He had been soundly converted. He could say, I am saved through the blood of the Lamb. The woods and walks in solitude near his residence were sanctuaries of worship for him as well as the family altar, and often at the setting of the sun, or on the moonlight night, did those paths, unfrequented by the thoughtless and profane, witness his devotions and resound with his psalms of joy and praise to God. He was, in fact, he studied God's word daily, yes, daily—not as many do, monthly or semi-annually; but every day he found delight and instruction in God's holy book.

All who knew him will remember how he was not merely joyful in faith, but abounded in good works—works of mercy, charity and Christian zeal. He died calmly, trusting in the risen Lord. Bro. Pettit was three years in the Confederate Army, and proved himself a brave soldier of his country as he subsequently allowed himself a brave soldier of the cross.

Two orphaned, fatherless children and their bereaved mother now tread the lone path of their pilgrimage alone. May Heaven fold them in his bosom!

CYRUS.

HUFFMAN—JOHN HUFFMAN, the son of John and Elizabeth Huffman, was born on September 26, 1840, in Shepherdstown, Va. He, in the days of his early manhood, John learned to set type and became a printer, and soon after removed to Pike county, Miss., where he abandoned type-setting and adopted agriculture as his new and life-time vocation. Here he met and soon married Miss Mary, daughter of Frederick and Elizabeth Glass. This was a happy union of hearts and lives, and resulted in the birth of five daughters and three sons—five of whom survive.

John Huffman professed to have found God, in passing away, about twenty-six years ago, and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, about the same time. His religion was not demonstrative, but quietly and consistently he served God until the close of his earthly life. He was often heard to say that he desired to die, if it was the will of God to take him. He suffered more than thirty years from disease of the heart, which confined him to his room and home much, and deprived him of the benefits of public worship at the close of his life, and with the people of God. But he was resigned to the will of God, and on January 2, last, his spirit passed from its earthly clay to God who gave it, and his remains consigned to the silent home of the dead to await the resurrection trumpet. Christ is our redemption, as well as wisdom, righteousness and sanctification.

Bro. Huffman passed through a long life of eighty-two or eighty-three years, and was loved by his kindred and friends, and respected by all as an honorable and upright Christian man. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord," say they rest from their labors, and their works follow them!

WILLIAM D. HINES.

LEWIS—Mrs. EMILY B. LEWIS died in Vicksburg, Miss., April 9, 1883, in the seventy-third year of her age. She was born in Virginia, September 20, 1810, and was an orphan in her early infancy, and was reared by her grandmother, who was a woman of culture, elegant refinement and consistent piety.

Sister Lewis could trace her ancestry back, with accuracy, for eight generations, and often referred to it with innocent pride and grateful estimation. She possessed by inheritance and culture a refined nature, a nicely discriminating judgment, indomitable energy and perseverance, a remarkably retentive memory, combining most happily piety and literature in domestic life with the love of literary pursuits, all of which was crowned with a beautiful uniform, consistent life of faith in God and devotion to his church. She was three married, and was the mother of eight children—six of whom survive. To them she has left the rich heritage of a pure and apostolic life, which is as "ointment poured forth."

Her life was truly an eventful one, and so full of incident that the pen of the biographer might reach the portions of a book replete with interest and profit to the reader. But she did not desire extensive eulogy at her funeral nor in her obituary. She only wished it said of her: "She hath done what she could." And we may add: "She lived dead, yet speaketh." She still lives in the devotion and Christian work of her three noble daughters—Mrs. Randolph and Mrs. Gilliam of Vicksburg, and Mrs. W. B. Barton, of the North Mississippi Conference. Her last illness was short, but the messenger found her ready.

R. S. WOODWARD.

CHILD—MARY MAUD CHILDS, infant daughter of Dr. W. M. and Mrs. Mary Childs, died in St. Landry parish, La., on March 5, 1883, aged four months and five days.

As the gardener plucks the sweetest flowers to set in his wreath, so the Lord takes the precious children to graft in his mansion above. Heaven would lose one of its greatest charms without children.

T. J. HODGON.

WELCH—JULIA F. WELCH, eldest child of Patrick and P. A. Welch, died January 16, 1883, aged two years, three months and thirteen days.

N. A. YOUNG.



Christian Advocate.

THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1883.

WAITING.

Learn to wait! life's hardest lesson.  
Control, perchance, through blindfold tears.  
While the heart throbs sadly echo  
To the tread of passing years.

Learn to wait—hope's slow fruition!  
I can not, though the way seems long  
There is joy in each condition—  
Hearts, though suffering, may grow strong.

Constant sunshine, however welcome  
Never would ripen fruit or flower;  
Glean one's own half of the harvest  
From the waiting time of power.

This soul untouched by sorrow  
Alas! not at a higher state;  
For seek not a brighter tomorrow  
Only sad hearts learn to wait.

Human strength and human greatness  
Spring not from life's sunny side  
Heroes must be more than drilled  
Fighting on a wretched tide.

—Victoria Magazine.

A Vest-Pocket Edition.

BY DR. J. W. HARMON.

Now, that public attention is somewhat aroused, and noble efforts are being made, and are now progressing in several States, to secure clauses in their constitutions, as well as in the constitution of these United States; to prohibit the manufacture, sale, transportation and importation of intoxicating liquors, except under stringent legal enactments; we take pleasure in issuing through the Advocate, a compact, vest-pocket edition of statistics, that this gigantic power may be well understood and wisely combated.

We shall deal with verified official data, which ought to carry conviction to every honest, as well as prejudiced mind, because something effective ought to be wrought out quickly, in order to lift off this destructive and killing sin, from the suffering commonwealths; as well as to rescue from perdition, thousands of human souls, and bring unparalleled prosperity to our country. The entrenched power against which we have to contend, calls for the wisest measures, the highest wisdom, the broadest statesmanship and unflinching effort.

Only look at the marshalled lines, the fortified fortresses and the numerous outposts of the whiskey army of occupation; with its waste, destruction and bloodily carnage, as it lies encamped in our great towns and cities, and *hounded* along our great-paved highways.

Fortunately for us, we have captured his army reports, and know his strength; and now we published them. There are *seven* liquor distilleries at work night and day, not even excepting the Sabbath. And these licensed manufactories pour out and flood our towns and cities and commonwealths with 3,000,000 gallons of intoxicating liquor. To this black, seething and turbulent river of alcoholic death may be added the millions of imported liquors; to carry on the inevitable waste, destruction and bloody criminality engendered by this amount of intoxicating liquor; the enlightened wisdom of the several Legislatures, license by legal statutes *seven* persons to deal over the counters, and portals of 10,000 places, saloons and shops, over 3,000,000 drinks a day.

Will it, therefore, appear incredible when all this thundering fiery machinery, instigated by the devil and supported by an intense depravity and the criminal greed of gain turns out annually 1,000,000 of drunkards from the ranks of the 20,000,000 who indulge in the use of intoxicating beverages out of our 1,000,000 of population.

What an appalling, but not incredible spectacle for the public eye, and for legislative assemblies to behold annually; the photographs of *seven* drunkards, shovelled away in the grave victims to the licensed traffic, under the sanctions of a Christian government.

The result, in dollars and cents, of these chartered whiskey institutions, these national whiskey mills, sanctioned by Congress and the State legislatures, is to impose upon the people a ruinous taxation in various forms of \$1,000,000,000 against only \$75,000,000 revenue. And this is the open, tangible cost to the citizens of these commonwealths. It is sapping and mining at the very foundations of education, of religion, of justice, of liberty itself as shown in startling truth that eighty-seven per cent. of the crimes in the whole country is chargeable to this source! And to punish the whiskey-produced crimes alone in these States, fifty per cent. of the cost of maintaining the courts is expended. This fact ought to create a moral revolution in these States.

If we were to pile Ossa on Pelion, in piling the cost of the paupers, imprisoned sufferers, the demoralization and deterioration of labor, the loss of days, months and money squandered, not for our year only, but for fifty years; and then witness all this vast hellish machinery, still grinding out its victims and taxation, it would paralyze education. Justice would turn pale and cry out for prohibition.

rice crops, which aggregate \$10,000,000. The intoxicating beverages therefore, drank by the people of the United States, amounts to \$15,000,000,000, nearly three-fifths of the national debt.

With these great blazing headlights of gospel temperance shining upon our understandings and consciences, does not every consideration of humanity, every impulse of the heart and all the attributes of the soul urge us to rise up in all the majesty of distressed innocence and virtue to save the perishing souls who have been set upon by the whiskey Philistines.

Shall Christian ministers, called of God to save souls, father here? Shall the ten thousands of our Christian laity, count the cost when both temporal and eternal life are in the balances, and falter in pushing this battle to the overthrow of the traffic? The best hopes of our people and country are imperiled by this wicked consuming traffic. Religion and liberty are in danger. The danger is infinite, the results of this work are eternal. Oh, ye men of moral might and religious power and intellectual strength, must this mighty contest for the right, for truth, for souls, for Christ and God, linger along another twenty years, because of the apathy of the religious and moral manner of our people? God forbid.

Looking at the Advocate.

DEAR ADVOCATE: Here you are fresh and crisp only a few hours from 112 Camp street. As I came in my room from my evening duties last night my little daughter was perching over the children's column. I said, when she had laid it down, "I can not read it tonight, but I will just look over it." So I sat down to look, and when I next glanced at the clock I found I had been looking just two hours. And of what a happy two hours that was. Then I looked for the "pin of a ready writer" that I might jot down my happy thoughts, but the lateness of the hour admonished me not to attempt it then. This morning I am constrained to look over last night's happy hours with the Advocate again.

The poem, "Israel in Egypt," by Alice E. Brown, is a gem. None of the standard poets ever wrote a better. This blessed faith is ours, "The Lord is our refuge." "Letter from China." How cheering to our devoted land in China, to be able to send its such soul inspiring fruits of their labors as was the conversion of that little heathen girl. We almost wonder at the measure of grace vouchsafed to that little heathen in her dying moments. But who can measure the love and power of God? God bless Bro. Lambuth and his co-workers and may these "tokens for good" multiply.

"The Christian is a soul winner." Is so full of soul searching questions, so helpful and encouraging, so emphatic in speaking to the conscience of each individual, and brings home to every heart the fact that we are all "soul winners" and should be about "our Father's business." God bless Bro. Lambuth. Bro. Abbey edifies us in the next article as he always does, when he speaks. "Good Words" reminded me of a drink of beads. I never tired of stringing over and over again when I was a child, so "Good Words" never tire us in the reading. Page 2, "Darkness and Light," another fine poem by a true Christian. In "Columbus District, North Mississippi Conference" is some fine pen portraits of the church and Joshua's that will not leave the "pious" in the middle of the field. "Conference Statistics" is one of our motto for the mission cause. "Pastoral Visiting" is an answering note of spiritual freshness for the home work.

Letter from Rev. C. F. Thompson, very interesting. "From the Work," cheering words indeed. "Marriages," cheering also. "Obituaries," too uncommonly sad ones, and one dear little one" gathered home. Look up, beloved ones, through the rift of the clouds you will see the glint of the glory beyond. Page 3, "Another Gem," and then "In Memoriam," Mrs. Sarah C. Lane, by Bro. Marshall, brings drops fall fast as we read of the beautiful life just gone out down here, but lit again to shine forever and ever up there in the sweet and blessed country that eager hearts expect.

"Cognitions," by "Kitty Candor." Candor compels me to say that those cognitions is one blow that will set the ball in motion that will eventually crush this hydra-headed monster that is creeping slowly but surely into our midst. But if every man, woman and child do not lend a hand to keep the ball rolling the monster may, in an unguarded moment, leap upon his prey and bear away to that abominable of abominations, Utah, the fairest lands from every flock in all this sunny land. No, "Kitty," you are not a "sensationalist," but you have put forth some "facts" that the "Gracings" who are "at ease in Zion" may well be startled with. Let every one pick up the "sword of the Lord and of Gideon" and "halt" those Norman wolves, and that immediately. There is no time to lose. "Cognitions."

We turn a new leaf and—well it is useless to add too or take from one lot of interest from this honored fourth page—it would be like tying a

sunflower to a magnolia branch in full bloom and calling on the spectators to admire its aesthetic appearance. But we must say we never before knew that our dear Bishop Parker was ever a "soldier boy." He was then marching against Santa Anna. Now, a "soldier of the cross," he marches against a willer foe.

March along and you will gain the victory.  
March along and you will gain the day.

Interesting items on the fifth page. Page 6, "Honscheid" and "Scientific," always good and useful. Page 7, And we come to "Union Versus Individualism." We never run over anything over this signature with haste. We read and reread. Bro. Galvin always hits the *Roman wall* square on the head and the blow is felt, but here he shows where even Methodists may go to "Peter" and learn one good thing. God bless you and your labors, Bro. Galvin. "Full Assurance," so full of good things, another drop would overflow "the life boat," so we leave it full. And then that "Present Tense Salvation," sermon from Little May's countryman. And then the old, old story is walled back to us by the winds that blow and the waves that roll until the "sea of glory" by faith is seen "and our souls are all aflame with the love of Jesus' name." And so we come to the eighth page and read the news. And then it was ten o'clock. Long after retiring happy thoughts kept us awake and we felt the influence of the happy hours we had spent in looking at the Advocate of April 12, 1883.

Apathetic Sunday-Schools.

Looking over the Conference reports one can not help noticing the humiliating fact that the Sunday-schools are not as energetic as they should be. With your consent I propose to notice a few of the causes of this baneful apathy, and, perhaps, suggest some remedy that may be of service to some. The first cause that I would call attention to is the shameful indifference of a great many parents who not only do not go themselves, but do not make their children attend.

I have heard some of their flimsy excuses, such as this, "I do not wish to go," "my child to attend Sunday-school," and giving as their reason for not forcing them to attend, that it would be to go while young they would very naturally revolt as soon as they reached an age to "shift for themselves," and that compulsory attendance while young would only make the reaction greater in after life. Mr. Editor, can any theory be more preposterous than this? Have these sophisticated souls entirely blinded themselves to the facts of history and the invincible arguments of reason? Have they scorned the import or questioned the veracity of the familiar adage, "The way the twig is bent the tree will be inclined?"

Why look at the inconsistency of this darning theory? Suppose we apply it to everyday life and see the glorious results it produces in the social world. A has a bright son whom he intends to educate with a view to his becoming a lawyer, just suppose A sits down and says to his friends in the presence of this bright boy, "I will not compel Johnny to go to school, because I know that if I make him study when he is under my thumb, just as soon as he arrives at an age that he can do as he pleases a reaction will take place, and all my labor will be in vain."

Do you think that Johnny's chances for distinction in legal world would be promising? Why, the verdict of popular opinion would at once pronounce that man to be a demagogue who would assert such a supremely ridiculous theory!

Then upon this fallacious idea, our young, candid parent, ground the eternal destiny of the precious, immortal treasures that have been committed to your charge? Can you, conscientious father, thus tamper with the giant intellect that lies dormant in your boy, awaiting the touch of the master hand to bring it into life? Can you, sweet mother, out of mistaken affection for your precious boy, thus vainly hug this delusive phantom, this devil-inspired theory until at last you will wake to the astounding fact, that contrary to your hopes and prayers, your darling treasure has been lured away by the dazzling, salvaging, godless, young man who, while you were indifferent to his spiritual wants, had been slowly planting seeds that germinate and develop in amazing swiftness?

Then, in the light of these incontrovertible facts, it behooves every parent to finish this baneful opinion and see to it that their children attend regular the Sunday-school; let the parents take more interest in this matter themselves, and, instead of saying to Johnny or Jimmy, "Son, get ready and go to Sunday-school," say to him, "Come and let's go to Sunday-school." Explain the lessons to them, don't make the exercises too long and dry, but intersperse the recitations with anecdotes concise and to the point gleaned from your reading and observations; get up plays and excursions for the little ones and afford them ample means of innocent sport by taking them out in the wild woods by the wagon load on some bright day and let them enjoy themselves. Thus, and by thousands of other means, an energetic superintendent can keep up an interest in the Sunday-school.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKER.

Religious Intelligence.

MISSIONARY.

The most influential paper in Japan, edited by a native Buddhist, nevertheless had the frankness to say, in a recent editorial on "The Jesus way," as Christianity is called in that land:—"See what blessings this religion confers! Open the map of the world and look at the nations of the earth; there is not a Buddhist nation among them that knows what liberty is. The weakest and most insignificant Christian countries have more liberty than the most powerful Buddhist countries. Is it not time for Japan to advance?"

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society have three schools in Montevideo, with one hundred and fifty children, and expected to open school No. 1, March 1. The school receipts for two months (Dec. and Jan.) were \$170.36 Uruguay gold, \$185.67 United States currency. In No. 33 our teacher is paid from receipts of the school. These are all Spanish schools and have grown out of Sunday schools. Besides the above they have a Sunday school of sixty children.

The following is regarded as the nearest estimate that can be made of the number of Mohammedans in the world: Turkish Empire, 20,000,000; Persia and Caucasus, 12,000,000; India, 41,000,000; East Indies, 23,000,000; China, 5,000,000; Egypt, 8,000,000; Morocco, 2,750,000; Algeria, 2,000,000; Tunis, 2,000,000; Tripoli, 750,000; Sahara, 4,000,000; Senegal, 35,000,000; Zanzibar, 800,000; Central Asia, 11,000,000; total 173,800,000.—Foreign Missionary.

The gospel was planted in the Island in Peru in the Samoan group eleven years ago. Now there is not a heathen on the island. The people have built good chapels and school houses, support their own preachers, and are beginning to contribute for the support of missions in other fields. The mission work is yielding a noble harvest.—Texas Advocate.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Baptist Annual for 1883, gives these facts respecting the Baptist Church in the State of New York: The total number of churches is 874, with a membership of 113,545. Twenty-four associations report a decrease of church members. The number baptized is 1,257, more by 702 than in the preceding year. The Greenwood Church, Brooklyn, reports the largest accession by baptism—4,000—the four next largest are the First Baptist Church, the Central Park, New York, 32; the Wilkesbury, Albany, 22; the Brooklyn, 17; the Calvary, New York, 12. The next highest are the Glover, 11; the German, South Brooklyn, 10; the Calvary, Albany, 8; the First, Elmira, 5; and the Albany, 13. The Norwich, Mary Avenue and Washington Avenue, Brooklyn, report 42 each, the First Auburn and Waverly 41 each, and the Babylon, Binghamton, Cedar Street, Buffalo, and East Avenue, Rochester, 31 each. The Association reporting the largest accession by baptism is the Southern New York, 50; the smallest the Union and Yates, eight each. The number of churches reporting no baptisms is 142. The three churches reporting the largest membership, with the exception of the Abyssinian colored, New York, are the Calvary, New York, 1,074; the Binghamton, 992; and the Strong Place, Brooklyn, 901. The churches with over 500 members are 32, and the number having no pastors or stated supplies is 181.

The Methodist Episcopal General Book Committee held its annual meeting a few weeks since in New York, and revealed a prosperous condition of the publishing business of the denomination both in books and periodicals. In New York and its departments, the amount received for sales and periodicals during the previous year was \$81,378.91. The net profit for the year was \$83,063.97. In the Cincinnati branch of the business the total sales have been \$743,501.17; net profit of the year's business, \$33,387.31. By the new arrangement of not charging the rent of the building to the Boston Depository, its deficit for last year was reduced to \$8,141. Its sales reached the amount of \$75,218.75; nearly twice as much as either of the other depositories; but being largely at wholesale prices, the net profits are necessarily diminished. The committee appropriated \$15,000 for the conferences, as last year. The Methodist Advocate at Atlanta, Ga., was discontinued. An amount equaling one and a quarter per cent. upon the brethren's claims was appropriated to the conferences for the support of the bishops. The subscription lists of the principal periodicals stand as follows:

Christian Advocate	1882	1883
Methodist	1,000	1,200
Northern Christian Advocate	1,100	1,300
Western Christian Advocate	1,200	1,400
Southern Christian Advocate	1,300	1,500
General Christian Advocate	1,400	1,600

Ily request we republish the summaries of the Protestant Episcopal Church for 1882: Number of dioceses, 48; Missionary districts, including Africa, China, and Japan, 15; Bishops, 66; priests and deacons, 3,510; whole number of clergy, 3,576—Increase, 72; parishes, 2,417—Increase, 123; candidates, 396—Increase, 5; ordinations—deacons, 122; decrease, 17; priests, 12; decrease, 1; churches consecrated, 95—Increase, 21; communicants, 314,388—Increase, 312; Sunday-school teachers, 31,075—Increase, 412; Sunday-school scholars, 308,591—Increase, 8,809; contributions, \$8,002,101 31—Increase, \$71,619.40.—N. Y. Advocate.

The Chaplain of the Hampton Institute says that there has been a noteworthy revival among the students, more than fifty of whom have been recently converted.

Our Young People.

For the New Orleans Christian Advocate, TO "LAMBIE" ON HER BIRTHDAY.

BY ALICE LORETTA.

This day of all days to-day "Lambie,"  
The day that us day to day to another,  
Is the day that the blue eyes will notice:  
As the absent one thinks of her mother.

The birthdays were always remembered.  
The "they should forget every other."  
Where? "Lambie" and "Tollie" and "Birdie."  
And "Blackhead" did dwell with their mother.

And "Lambie," the fair haired, was eldest.  
Then auburn curls—"Tollie," the bother,  
And "Birdie," with golden ringlets.  
And "Blackhead," that's so like her father.

This quartette, when birthdays were coming,  
With love-gifts aspired each the other.  
And now they would be broken-hearted,  
If they were forgotten by mother.

So well I make this day as a joy-day,  
The day like as one day to another,  
And we'll send this poem to "Lambie,"  
Because she's away from her mother.  
FEBRUARY 11, 1883.

From "Etta" to "Invalide."

(Continued.)

DEAR "INVALIDE": Now I shall try to tell you about God's way of leading me to repent and join the church. I presume this will make this more lengthy than I first intended; but you are well aware that I do not possess the gift of expressing myself in a few words.

While residing in New Orleans with a widowed aunt I felt a longing to visit Opelousas, the home of my childhood, my parents' residence. Several years before my father and oldest sister had gone back to live in the old homestead. I left New Orleans early in February, 1879, and arrived at Opelousas at the end of three days. Rather a strange season to visit the country, but I was strongly impressed to go. While up there I was invited by an old friend of my mother to spend some weeks with her, also to attend a protracted meeting to be held in her immediate neighborhood. I left home to go to Plaquemine, Louisiana, twenty miles distant, with no real thought about my soul's salvation, but merely for the pleasure of the visit.

When I arrived the meeting was already in progress. Every night penitents were invited to the altar. I felt an earnest desire spring up in my heart to go and be prayed for; but, as my seat was so far back, I felt a timidity in facing the large congregation, for we were seated under a large shed built especially for camp meetings. The minister said all who did not feel like going to the altar, and who wished the prayers of the church, to kneel at their seats. Several did so; I among the number. The night but one before the last, penitents again being invited, I saw so many presenting themselves for prayers—even little children—that my heart was touched. All my past rose up before me like a huge mountain. I felt myself a guilty sinner; I felt, too, that everybody was looking at me and wondering what kept me back. The thought came to me: "It little children can go, why can't I go?" I felt that everybody knew how wicked I had been when I saw little children falling on their knees around the altar. I can never describe the feelings that came over me, such loneliness in that vast crowd, like I was standing alone in some lonely desert. The thought came to me: "It may be, it I go to the altar and have some one pray for me, that God will have mercy and pardon me."

My reflections were deep and serious. I thought of death and judgment. What if I were to die then, what would become of me? I rose to my feet with a longing desire to go to the altar—an irresistible feeling within urging and impelling me to go forward; another voice saying: "Don't go, don't go." "The evil one" was trying with all his powers to keep me back. I was about to yield to the suggestion: "Don't go," when the other voice bade me go forward.

At that time I knew nothing of the Holy Spirit—that it was his hand then leading me. I did not know how to pray, but I asked, in my ignorant way, for courage as I started alone for the altar. I could do nothing but weep most bitterly over my sinful past. I felt confident that many prayers were ascending in my behalf. The more I tried to pray the harder grew my heart, as if made of iron. I said nothing to my friends about my secret wish to join the church, but all knew I was seeking pardon for my sins. Early Sabbath morning I opened my mind to Mrs. Lyons. I wanted to be good and to unite with the people of God. She gave me much good motherly advice and encouragement, for which I hope God may bless her. She was a strict member; in fact, nearly everybody in that neighborhood were Methodists. I read over the Discipline to see if I could conform to its rules, for to join the church was now my whole heart's desire. I had no rest day or night. The more I thought on the subject, the more I was impressed to do so, although I felt that I would meet with opposition from father and sister.

At the close of the evening service the doors of the church were opened, and I felt this to be my last opportunity. I again experienced the same feeling as when approaching the altar. I arose—then sat down. Just then the Rev. C. C. Frazee, who had assisted in the meeting, and whom I had known from childhood, stepped outside of the altar, advanced a few steps toward me, and looked earnestly at me, as much as to say, "Come on." I then deliberately walked forward and gave him my hand. I and five others that night—August 20, 1879—were numbered with the people of God. It was a solemn and impressive scene, as each member shook us by the hand and invoked God's blessing, bringing tears to many eyes, while many hearts were made to rejoice. I know there was rejoicing in heaven! All this made a deep impression upon my heart which will never be forgotten.

The following Monday morning a gentleman from town came out to lecture on temperance, in the midst of which I saw my father ride up. After the close of the lecture I walked over to where my father stood, kissed him, and said: "Pa, I joined the church last night. What have you to say about it?"

"Well, my child, if you think you are right, I have nothing to say about it. You are old enough to judge for yourself."

I think God influenced his heart, and those words gave me such relief that my heart went back to its right place.

On my return to town I met much encouragement and sympathy from my pastor, Rev. S. H. Schroeder, and all the members joined with me; but I saw that my sister was displeased, though she said but little on the subject.

From Austin, Texas.

DEAR CHILDREN: My daughter has been a spectator of the Advocate for several years, so, of course, I am a constant reader of that interesting paper. I have often been tempted to write and ask of the editor the privilege of addressing a letter to the children of Louisiana and Mississippi, and thereby make an effort to organize, through the columns of the Advocate, a juvenile missionary society, just as we have done through the kindness of the Texas Christian Advocate. I will, as briefly as possible, give an imperfect history of my little missionary society, "Coral Builders."

More than a year since I became seriously impressed with the great need of church buildings in our missionary fields, and especially in our Mexican border work. So, taking that as a call to myself, I made an effort to inaugurate a plan by which I could stimulate the children of Texas and other States to go to work in earnest for the grand missionary cause. As Laredo, a prominent railroad town on the Rio Grande, was calling loudly and earnestly for help, I turned my eyes in that direction. I wrote a plain, unpretentious letter to the children through the columns of the Texas Christian Advocate. I told them that I had a missionary society, called "Coral Builders," that my object was to try and collect from the little missionaries at least \$50 to aid the pastor, Rev. A. C. Briggs, in building a church at Laredo; that any little boy or girl, who would send me any sum of money, could become a member; that I would carefully keep a list of the names and amounts, and, once a month, would send a complete report of the Advocate for publication. To our astonishment, sweet letters, containing different sums of money and showing true missionary spirit, came pouring in from all portions of Texas.

The editor not only published our reports, but gave us repeated publicity in a specially arranged column, were accomplishing grand things for the cause of missions. Many of the little boys and girls turned out to be real workers for Christ, sending me nice large sums. One little boy, at Harlingen, collected \$3; another, at San Saba, sent \$5; and a young friend, at San Marcos, kept working till he raised \$75. Time and space would not allow me to undertake to do justice to all my little co-workers. In a few months the "Coral Builders" numbered 200 members, and sent \$50 to Laredo.

Just at this time we found a good brother struggling to build a Methodist Church at Eagle Pass, another magic railroad town; so I called on the children to give the "Coral Builders" \$50, to aid Rev. T. C. Bryce in building a church at Eagle Pass. Responses again came crowding in from many little missionaries, eager for an opportunity to give their times and talents to the Lord instead of spending them for selfish indulgence. I can not express to you how much I enjoy these delightful missionary letters. Sometimes receive from the dear little friends, not the pleasant efforts to reply to them. In a short time we will have \$50 to forward to Eagle Pass.

Now we propose to embark in another enterprise. We have a call from Central Mexico. My niece, Mrs. Anna F. Norwood, is engaged with her husband, Rev. Joseph Norwood, in mission work in Toluca, Mexico, and she is calling to us to *come over* and help her build a church in Toluca. I shall ask the Texas children for still another contribution for this church. Now I come to the point to which I have been steering all along this tedious journal. How many of the Sabbath-school children, who read the New Orleans Christian Advocate, will join up in this noble undertaking.

Do, my little friends, bear yourselves and send us a liberal contribution for the Toluca Church. You have no idea how much good your money will accomplish, and then your example will influence many others to do likewise, and so the ball will roll on till scores of children will bask in the sunshine of your good deeds. I see that some liberal-hearted ones are sending contributions to the Advocate for Miss Halladay's school. That is all right, dear children. But, ah me! how many of the readers of the Advocate are doing nothing at all for the cause of missions. Only think how many undeserved blessings you are enjoying, and shall we not put forth new energies as expressions of gratitude to our heavenly Father for all his gifts to us?

Be up and doing, dear children! Now is our golden opportunity. Send on your money for Sister Norwood, and I will ask the kindness of Bro. Galloway to report monthly, and Bro. John will give us a place for the report of the Texas children. May God grant unto us all a liberal heart and open hand.

Your friend and sister,  
—MRS. A. M. IRKLAND.

APRIL 10, 1883.

How rare, and taste its fragrance pure,  
How gentle, and reap the harvest bright!  
How sweet the oil on the neck and arm,  
And find adorning house of light.

—Diana.



## Christian Advocate.

ORGAN OF THE LOUISIANA, MISSISSIPPI AND NORTH MISSISSIPPI CONFERENCES OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

CHAS. B. GALLOWAY, D. D., Editor.

Corresponding Editors:

REV. T. A. ADAMS. REV. J. T. SAWYER.

REV. W. L. C. HENRICHT.

THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1883.

Our letters from China, written by Dr. J. W. Lambuth, are growing in interest. We hope every one will be carefully read. This week his column is full of facts and incidents connected with Chinese education.

We verily believe there is an awakening in our Southern Methodist. The usual season for protracted and special services has not arrived, yet all our exchanges report great and gracious revivals. There is a turning to the Lord, and an eager waiting for a pentecostal baptism. The people are praying, and the preachers are making the pulpit a throne of power. We bless the Lord for every favorable token. What mighty results would follow a general and thorough revival!

The New York Baptist Ministers Meeting listened to an able paper from Rev. Dr. Elder, in which he stated that the number of Baptist ministers was only three-fifths the number of churches, and that more Baptist ministers die annually than are graduated from theological seminaries. The subject of pulpit supplies is also agitating the Episcopal Church in Canada. Many parishes are vacant and the men to supply them are not forthcoming. The good old Methodist system is without peer or parallel. We never have an unsupplied pastorate.

The first Methodist Conference was composed of only six persons. It met in the Old Foundry on the twenty-fifth of June, 1744, and the following were present: John and Charles Wesley, John Hodge, Henry Pieris, Samuel Taylor and John Meriton. How marvelous the growth of one hundred and thirty-nine years! The little company has become a great army. Methodism's morning drum beat is now heard round the world. In all lands and mull the idea of the sea her standard is planted, and her heroic sons are pushing the battle to the gates.

Under the title of "Methodist Fairness" the Morning Star, of this city, has an editorial article of a half column on our recent reference to Romish influence in New York politics. A bill has passed the New York Legislature appropriating \$20,000 to the Catholic Protector, and is now in the Governor's hands for veto or approval. On that we commented, which, alas, has reflected upon us the ghastly light of our Star of the morning. The article is rather more curt than courteous, and indicates more gastric juice than Christian grace. Such terms as "a gratuitous, offensive and slanderous assertion" are neither nice nor modest. What we wrote about Jesuitical influence in New York City politics was on such authority as the Christian at Work, the New York Independent, the New York Observer and the New York Christian Advocate. Such testimony we would accept rather than the purblind partisanship of our Romish neighbor.

On the subject of church collections, and how best to take them, Bishop Grabberry speaks wisely in the Wesleyan Christian Advocate. We quote his words below, and commend them. Facts are better for practical results than sound theories and principles, however defined, and eloquently elaborated. Read what he says.

Two thoughts have impressed me in reference to collections. We need greater boldness in pressing them. We should not assume that the people are either unable or unwilling to respond. Let us cultivate and manifest confidence in the cause, and also in the readiness of the congregation to give when convinced that the object is deserving. The other thought is the importance of entering into details of stating facts in our appeals. It is right to lay down general principles, and enforce the obligation of missionary work. But with these should also be presented specific, concrete cases, to take hold of the imagination and of the heart. It is easier to interest men in persons and places than in an abstract discussion. This is one reason why there has been more enthusiasm in giving to the Chinese college than to the general treasury. Bro. Morton can get more money by naming certain towns in the great West where churches are now needed, and the preachers in charge who are struggling heroically amid many hindrances, than by the most elaborate and weighty argument on general principles without specific facts. Hence we ought to read about missions, and fill our mind with interesting incidents which show their necessity and the success which has attended them.

## Two Lessons from Peter Cooper.

The distinguished citizen of New York who passed away recently, having watched the changes of well-nigh a full, checkered century, mourned by an entire nation, left behind a heritage of worth and achievement for the emulation of his countrymen in all generations. His long and eventful life was a well-directed purpose. If he did not originate much, he utilized and gave wise direction to the great ideas of others. He represented the best characteristics of an American citizen. Rising from humble life to great wealth and influence, he illustrated what may be accomplished by heroic purpose. In this broad, free land of ours the highest places are attainable by the poorest and most obscure. There is an open field and an unending reward for energy and enterprise. Without considering in detail the incidents of his history, or enlarging upon all the salient points of his character, two lessons are worth careful study and ever-fresh remembrance—his *manner of making money* and the *use he made of it*.

He achieved a fortune by honest industry. Every step was marked by a conscientious regard for the high claims of an unquestioned integrity. His was not a legal honesty, but a pure principle, born in heaven, and the guide and gauge of all his business career. He was not a speculator of the modern school, and was never consumed by a greed of gain. He never figured as a "great operator" in the stock market, and was therefore neither a "bull" nor a "bear." His fortune was the growth of years, and not the quick and questionable result of a "corner," or in "bulling" or "bearing" the market. Aloof from the wild operations of Wall street, he was neither an unscrupulous speculator nor a "shorn lamb." To take advantage or grind the poor for gain was repugnant to his lofty nature. In these days of millionaires—when fortunes are won and lost in a day—it is well to emphasize the old homestead methods of Peter Cooper, who, in getting rich, preserved a good conscience. Great wealth, in the eyes of the multitude, seems to atone for all suspicions or unholiness in its acquisition. A fortune gained by distilling, brewing, liquor-selling, lottery dealing or stock gambling is as much respected by the unthinking as if achieved by manufacturing, merchandising or cultivating the soil. And when a little of this ill-gotten gain is ostentatiously given to charity, a great benefactor has suddenly been born, and is worthy to be canonized. It is not enough in the eyes of God to wisely dispense riches; they must be honestly acquired. What an impudence there is in every community to gain wealth in a day! Making haste to be rich is the curse of many a man. Make all you can, but, in the name of virtue and salvation, make it honestly, however slowly.

Again, Peter Cooper made a wise use of money. This is the prominent, shining fact in his history. He used wealth to the best advantage. It has become almost a fashion for millionaires to dispense their treasures by bequests. At death they establish or endow institutions, which are to perpetuate their name and fame. Peter Cooper gave his money in life—was the almoner of his own estate. Much of the money-giving in our time is denigrating, and encourages pauperism. He had true benevolence without sickly sentiment, and therefore gave with careful and studious purpose. The success of the great institution in New York City, his munificence founded, and his practical eye watched in its development, is a monument of true wisdom and discriminating benevolence. In all our gifts, however small, as the Lord's stewards, we should be guided by prayer and principle, and not by sentiment or impulse. The treasury of the church must ever be alighted with fluctuations—sometimes plenteous and then "cleanness of teeth"—until principle and purpose shall prompt all our offerings. We need the enthusiasm of knowledge in Christian giving. If there be any rich among us we commend the example of America's typical philanthropist.

## A Fatal Church Raffle.

This resort to raise money for church purposes is in itself wicked and most pernicious in its influence. It begets a thirst for games of chance that will soon degrade a Sunday-school scholar to a black-leg and jailbird. Lotteries are patronized over the country and protected by law because the church in some places approves the principle. A chance in a raffle and a ticket in a lottery are in morals one and the same thing. There is already a vicious public sentiment on the subject. We remember several years ago to have read a full column eulogy in a prominent secular paper on a poor tailor who

had drawn fifteen thousand dollars in a lottery. The editor rejoiced in the fact that his long years of hard labor had been at last happily rewarded. With such teachers for our children, and church raffles to sustain them, it is well to read and preserve the following incident, taken from the *Gleaner*, of Fayetteville, N. C.:

As the heavy prison bolts turned on the minister he looked sadly on the prisoners in their garments, and thought with more and more anxiety of his errand. He had come to see a young man of his congregation convicted of forgery. The heart-broken parents had begged him to visit the prison, hoping the peace of the gospel might reach even his gloomy cell. As the minister kindly greeted him, the youth scarcely replied, but gazed on him with the mother's tender message, with the interest all the church felt in his welfare. At last the prisoner broke out: "Do you know you was what done it?"

"What have I done?" replied the pastor, striving to understand his strange language. "I began the business," returned the youth, speaking very loud, "in your Sunday-school. 'Don't you remember the Sunday-school fair, when they first set up raffling, and hid a gold ring in a loaf of cake? Just for twenty-five cents, too, I got a whole box of little books. I was pleased with my luck, and went in afterward for chances. Sometimes I gained and sometimes I lost. Money I must have for lotteries. I was half mad with excitement, so I used other folks' names, and here I am. Don't let the church come blubbering around me. They may thank themselves. Their raffling was what done it! It ruined me!"

## Post-Mortem Probation.

During these days of theological sentiment, when a new philosophy is attempting to refine away the plain teachings of the word of God, it is well to recur to the old doctrines on which the church has securely rested for the centuries past. If our new teachers are to be heeded, the amazement is that the cause of truth has borne the burden of a fossilized orthodoxy so long, without utter destruction. Now it is proposed to rewrite our creeds, revise our ideas of God, the Bible, inspiration, probation, and every doctrine that affects man's relation in the universe. On the vagary of an after-death probation we quote the tersely stated words of the Christian at Work:

1. The advocates of future probation insist that God is bound to give every one an equal chance of salvation. But even admitting that he does so, in writing his laws on every human heart, it is not admitted that God is under any obligation to save any one at all. Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right? 2. If there is a second chance there is no necessity or justification in declaring that now is the day of salvation; there need be no hurry in the matter. 3. Philosophically and experimentally, the doctrine is fallacious. (a) No man, had he his youth renewed with his past experience, would live any better than he will live to-morrow, the next day, and so on to the end. (b) The second trial of an infant without previous experience, and bringing him into contact with sin to fight the old fight in another world, is an awful absurdity, and involves still further conflict with Satan, which is equally against the declaration of Scripture and abhorrent to human thought and feeling. (c) No innocent sinner entering the other world as a child, but simply as the continuance of what he has been on earth, with all his sinful desires, while there is no reason for believing that a man will do any better in a second chance than in a first; without additional inducement he would hardly do so; but why should not the additional inducement, if necessary, as well be offered in this world as in another? (d) If a man may have a second chance, why not a third, a fourth, a fifth, sixth, and so on? Or why should God require two chances to save men? And why limit the probationary period to a second cycle?

## Some Further Glimpses of the Mexican Border.

BY BISHOP PARKER.

MR. EDITOR: In my manuscript I believe we parted at Rio Grande City. I was then retracing my steps from Mier. The stage trip back to Pena was rather more fatiguing than going down, as the weather, always dry, had become more intensely hot during the day, and the dust more annoying. Except a cup of coffee at a ranch, there was for me neither food nor drink for nearly twenty-four hours. Bro. Sutherland, wife and little Florence were along, and good company helps to make the roughest ways smooth. It seemed to me, however, that our jerky had lost what little elasticity it had the week before.

For twenty-five miles before reaching Pena the road is through deep sand, and must be traveled in a walk. During the morning the monotony was somewhat relieved by the jack-rabbits scampering away, by an occasional coyote reconnoitering from a safe distance, and by troops of antelopes too far away for satisfactory inspection. The trip from Pena to Laredo on the train was luxurious and restful after our experience in Bro. Armendariz's hack, from Mier to Comargo, and in the jerkie. I must here, however, make acknowledgment

ment of debt to Bro. Armendariz. Those animated skeletons did wonderful service, especially Raton. His bones seemed to rattle as he jogged along. Shall I ever forget the inspiration of that *ramos*, and the still more emphatic *ramos*? After their sixty miles, going and coming, I saw the last of that skeleton team alive and drinking in the Rio Grande, their first drop in nearly twenty-four hours! The horses in this country evidently adjust themselves to their environments, and seem to live and labor almost without food or drink.

Our Mexican District Conference at Laredo was a pleasant one, the work on the whole doing well. On Monday, April 9, I took the train for Monterey. The trip was made possible and pleasant by the kind offices of Bro. William Headen, the long-time friend of our Border Mission work, who accompanied me on this journey. Bro. Headen is now connected with the road, is well acquainted with the Mexican people, and speaks the language perfectly. Such a man for a guide and companion was a treasure indeed. May the Lord reward him for his generous and untiring service.

Our road is a part of the same road, narrow gauge, from Corpus Christi to Laredo. On the American side it is the Texas Mexican, and on the Mexican side it is the Mexican National, and known as the Palmer-Sullivan Cession. The cars are very comfortable, and the road, one of the smoothest in the world. Leaving Laredo at half-past eight A. M., we reach Monterey at six P. M., say about ten hours. Our passengers number some Americans, the greater number being Mexicans, who seem to take to railroad travel with decided enthusiasm. The first forty miles is over much the same country as that which makes up this entire border belt, a flat arid region covered with scrubby mesquite, and abundance of cactus. In a distance of one hundred miles we crossed two streams of some size, the Salado and the Saltillo rivers. Water is very scarce, and for the first fifty miles none that is fit to drink. At the dinner stand at Bustamante I tried it, and found it flavored strongly with salt and other minerals.

Some thirty miles from Laredo the horizon shows occasional forms which may be mistaken for rising clouds; as they become more distinct we perceive that they are mountains towering in the distance. After passing Lampazos, nearly fifty miles from the Rio Grande, we discover that the road is running up a valley or plain with mountain ranges on either side. In some places this valley may be twenty miles wide, narrowing in places to two or three miles, until we reach Monterey, where the ranges come nearly together, but opening out from that point into a valley extending to Saltillo. The valley is flat, sterile for the most part, with here and there one of those tomb-like Mexican towns, and, once in a while, the scene is somewhat enlivened by a group of donkeys, a herd of sheep or goats or a cluster of people.

The mountains appear to have no foot hills, but seemingly rise like pyramids from the level of the plain, and, like trees, having their roots beneath the surface. In the clear atmosphere they stand out in perfect relief against the sky, mostly as solitary cones, with higher sierras behind looking over their shoulders. The surfaces from top to bottom are ploughed into groined arches and buttresses and deep fissures. Their transparent drapery of blue disguises much of this ruggedness, and is varied and brightened by the changing lights and shadows of the passing day. The coloring is sometimes exceedingly rich and delicate, and the whole effect fine. As we enter Monterey Saddle Mountain rises closely up on the east, and the Mitre and the Sierra Madre on the west, the streets of the city apparently ending abruptly against their sides. From almost any of the streets or plazas you look up and out upon what might seem to be a dark thunder cloud. It is a mountain. As we entered the city a little before sunset, the Mitre was dark in shadow, except the gilded pinnacles; and Saddle Mountain was bathed in a flood of ruby and gold, while on its top a weary cloud of white and pink had laid down to rest. The next morning I noticed that this beautiful traveler of the sky had disappeared.

The city is seventeen hundred feet above the level of the sea; and thirteen hundred feet above the altitude of Laredo, the distance from Laredo being one hundred and sixty-eight miles. The distance from Monterey to the City of Mexico is about six hundred miles, and the Mexican National railway, now nearly finished to Saltillo, will probably reach the capital of the Republic in the course of two years. Monterey has an estimated population of forty thousand.

As the site of the city is flat, and

the buildings low, you seem to be approaching a cemetery rather than a town of living people, and you are in the city before you have had any intimations of it. The mountains make the city look small, and the largest and finest edifices, in the shadow of these huge and lofty masses, have the appearance of mere toy-houses. It is a Mexican city, Spanish and Moorish and oriental. The streets are generally straight, very narrow, and paved with rubble, with flagged sidewalks. The houses are mostly one-story, of massive stone, stuccoed and white, with here and there a front in ornamented work, and raised figures, and brightly colored. The front wall is always upon the street, with few openings, and these protected by iron grailings. On the streets the appearance is that of a solid and continuous wall, as house joins house as closely as stone and mortar can unite them. The wealthier classes have inner courts, elegant and shaded verandahs, and trees, shrubbery and flowers. An occasional glimpse through the large and heavily paneled gateways revealed some delightful spots, arbors covered with flowering vines, and refreshing fountains. Through the openings, in many very plain looking exteriors, handsome furniture could be seen, fine carpets, excellent pictures, and all the comforts and some of the luxuries of a pleasant home. The main plaza reminds me of our Jackson Square in New Orleans. It is full of trees and flowers—a profusion of roses especially, now in full bloom. Besides two small fountains, there is one very large one in the center, which pours forth a copious stream night and day. The water is supplied from a spring in the mountains, and is pure and cool. The city gets its water supply almost entirely, however, from wells. It is clear, and agreeable to the taste, but wells in a city so large and compact can not, of course, afford wholesome water.

Our company, as is usual with visitors here, ascended to the Bishop's Palace, and the mountain rising immediately back of it. The Bishop's Palace is very old, used long ago as the palace of the Bishop, and is a massive stone structure, with some pretensions to architectural effect. It is better known to Americans as the stronghold taken by Gen. Taylor, and by which he compelled the city to surrender. The palace is now used as a military station, a few soldiers having their quarters there, and a half-dozen brass cannon, mounted and ready for service, have their muzzles pointed across the valley and toward the city. The view of the city, the valley and the mountains round about from the heights behind the Bishop's Palace is very grand indeed. The climb under a burning sun, severe as it was, was well-rewarded. In a visit to the hot springs, four miles out, we found a copious fountain of hot sulphur water, temperature one hundred and six degrees Fahrenheit, and probably as good as our hot springs in Arkansas. They are visited by people from the city, but the facilities for bathing are rude and inadequate. In the suburbs are some farms and gardens, made productive by irrigation, and green with barley, young corn and vegetables. They still use a plough which is little better than a sharp stick, though the one I examined did have an iron point. Agriculture here is in a very primitive state, and the implements of the rudest kind. Elisha probably did a better plough than can be found in the valley of Monterey.

What this country subsists on is a mystery. The people generally have no visible means of support, and I saw altogether not more than a dozen men at work in the fields. In fact, the people generally are poorly fed, and in getting laborers the railroad men have to give them two weeks of good feeding before they are strong enough to do fair work. There is little stir and no bustle in the streets of Monterey. Nevertheless, there are many stores of dry goods, hardware and notions, carrying large stocks, and the merchants, as a class, are said to be prosperous. There is a street railway just completed running from the depot to the main plaza, which for the moment creates quite a sensation. American enterprise will doubtless act in many ways as a stimulant upon this very conservative people. But there is a Bourbon element in Mexico, as in other countries, and changes will not come without opposition. Americans can not buy land within sixty miles of the border without obtaining permission from the President and Congress, and there is some jealousy felt, lest the Texas annexation should be repeated. An American visitor, however, meets with uniform courtesy everywhere. The Mexicans are a people of good manners. A boy with only a shirt on is as courteous as a Spanish Don. The mistress of a thatched jacal speaks in low and musical tones, and the politeness of

the poorest and roughest is in strong contrast with their circumstances.

While in Monterey I spent an agreeable hour with Rev. Thomas M. Westrup, a Baptist missionary. He has been in the country for thirty years, and for the last twenty years has resided in Monterey. He has a day school of over thirty pupils, and a pastoral charge of fifty-five members. He informed me that there were nine other Baptist societies or churches in this section, and three missionaries. The Northern Presbyterians have a church of sixty-five members in Monterey, and are also at work in Saltillo. It will be seen that the Protestants of Monterey, in a population of forty thousand, number a little over one hundred. It is as yet the day of small things, and this after many years of labor. If our Southern Methodist Church were planted here I think we would move faster; but who can tell? The whole land is open to us, and only the men and the money are needed. Mr. Westrup thinks that a brighter day for Protestantism is dawning, but the work must needs be comparatively slow for years to come. He informed me that spiritism was a spreading infection in Mexico, and that large quantities of publications, chiefly translated from the French, advocating this delusion, were being distributed throughout the country. Catholicism seems to be regarded by the people generally with indifference, but he believes the Romanists are biding their time, and waiting for the reaction which they imagine is sure to come. Will there be a reaction? Partially so, he believes, but not to any serious extent. Romanism is one of the political factors, and will throw its influence where it will tell for Romanism. He further thinks there is much political discontent among the people, now hidden beneath the surface, but that the prostration from previous revolutions, the influence of foreign capital, and increasing intelligence, will prevent violence. Political changes for the future he expects will be quietly and gradually effected.

Of my journey back to Laredo, San Antonio, Valde, I will not say much. Valde is about one hundred miles west of San Antonio, on the Sunset railway. It is a town of fifteen hundred people, adorned with beautiful groves of live oak, and altogether a most beautiful and pleasant place. It is, however, a rather dry country, as a brother informed me that they had not had a good rain there in two years. Wells, however, are excellent, a small stream flows not far off, and the Spruce is within six or eight miles. It is a stock country, and its wealth and resources are in cattle and sheep. The atmosphere is pure and invigorating, and the climate good for lung troubles. The District Conference was a delightful one, reports generally encouraging, large congregations, a lively love-feast, splendid Sunday-school mass meeting. Bro. Thrall is the presiding elder, Bro. Fisher pastor, both abundant in useful labors. The new church, a very tasteful and commodious structure, and handsomely furnished, with no debt was dedicated on Sunday morning.

A cyclone that swept over Tennessee, Georgia, Mississippi and Louisiana left behind a track of desolation, possibly never known in this New World. Its greatest and most destructive force was expended in Mississippi and upon the towns of Western, Hattiesburg and George-town. Here the loss of life and property was phenomenal and heart-rending. Two hundred and fifty people or more were wounded, and fifty or more killed by falling buildings and dying timbers. At Georgetown our pastor, the Rev. H. P. Lewis, was preaching to a large congregation when the cyclone struck the church, driving in one of the walls and wounding several persons. Bro. Lewis had his skull fractured, and when last heard from it was feared he could not recover. A faithful, useful, true itinerant, we can ill spare him from an active ministry, and earnestly pray that his injuries will soon be healed. Alas! how sad and strange such occurrences! In the midst of which, how weak and helpless is feeble man! He has no strength to grapple with such a power! May our helplessness make us lean upon Omnipotence. Weakness is strength! If it leads us to prayer.

The first session of the South African Wesleyan Conference met, on the tenth instant, in the "Metropolitan Church," Cape Town. That was indeed a noteworthy gathering. After eventful years of missionary labor an Annual Conference has been organized with twenty ministers. Wesleyan Methodism has given some noble men to that South African work, and it is an inspiration to all missionary faith, to see the rich fruit of their toil.











A Revival is the Demand,

ing." The rain is over, the sun is brightly, all nature smiles, the birds sing so sweetly, hop from limb to limb on the pecan, and China trees in the yard, their sweet carols praising their God and elevating the thoughts of the beauties of nature to the peace and mercies of nature's God. Your meditations are continually stirred by the sound of the saw and hammer, erecting buildings in every part of the town, but especially in the harbor, and occasionally by the far sound of the whistle of the motive of the construction train

given no hint of revealing, Nature indifferently wasteful in the matter of ration. She creates a thousand eggs she intends to make use of one. She filled by maternal instinct, the incubated casts millions of eggs upon waters, expecting them to return many days as troops of interesting thing. Instead, half the embryos are almost immediately devoured by water-eaters, hundreds of thousands by the fish-bait, and hundreds of thousands more succumb to the perils attending ichthyic infancy, leaving but a score to attain to adult usefulness, as an honored old age, with the grace of the well-aged life, in a couple of years.

One flower down ten thousand seeds, each capable of producing a tree. Three-fourths of them are

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**HOW THEY CAN BE CURED,** which  
is to send free post paid, to all applicants. It  
is a valuable information for all who suppose  
they are afflicted with, or liable to, any disease of  
the lungs. Address  
**H. SCHENCK & SON, Philadelphia.**

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ery apparatus, drives out the poisons  
it produces these complaints, and  
restores the system to a vigorous,  
healthy condition.

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to directions.

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Lowell, Mass.

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[illegible]



## PRICES CURRENT.

REVISED AND CORRECTED WEEKLY.

ADVOCATE OFFICE.  
New Orleans, Monday, April 23, 1883.  
Our readers should bear in mind that our quotations represent prices for round lots, and that in all small orders higher prices must be paid.

## SOUTHERN STAPLES.

Cotton, 50 lb.	To-day.	Lat.
Low ordinary	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good ordinary	10 3/4	10 3/4
Medium	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good medium	10 1/4	10 1/4
Medium fair	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good medium	10 3/4	10 3/4
Medium to good	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good to choice	10 3/4	10 3/4
Choice	10 1/2	10 1/2

Corn, 50 lb.	To-day.	Lat.
Low ordinary	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good ordinary	10 3/4	10 3/4
Medium	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good medium	10 1/4	10 1/4
Medium fair	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good medium	10 3/4	10 3/4
Medium to good	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good to choice	10 3/4	10 3/4
Choice	10 1/2	10 1/2

Wheat, 50 lb.	To-day.	Lat.
Low ordinary	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good ordinary	10 3/4	10 3/4
Medium	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good medium	10 1/4	10 1/4
Medium fair	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good medium	10 3/4	10 3/4
Medium to good	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good to choice	10 3/4	10 3/4
Choice	10 1/2	10 1/2

Barley, 50 lb.	To-day.	Lat.
Low ordinary	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good ordinary	10 3/4	10 3/4
Medium	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good medium	10 1/4	10 1/4
Medium fair	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good medium	10 3/4	10 3/4
Medium to good	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good to choice	10 3/4	10 3/4
Choice	10 1/2	10 1/2

Oats, 50 lb.	To-day.	Lat.
Low ordinary	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good ordinary	10 3/4	10 3/4
Medium	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good medium	10 1/4	10 1/4
Medium fair	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good medium	10 3/4	10 3/4
Medium to good	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good to choice	10 3/4	10 3/4
Choice	10 1/2	10 1/2

Flour, 50 lb.	To-day.	Lat.
Low ordinary	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good ordinary	10 3/4	10 3/4
Medium	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good medium	10 1/4	10 1/4
Medium fair	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good medium	10 3/4	10 3/4
Medium to good	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good to choice	10 3/4	10 3/4
Choice	10 1/2	10 1/2

Wheat, 50 lb.	To-day.	Lat.
Low ordinary	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good ordinary	10 3/4	10 3/4
Medium	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good medium	10 1/4	10 1/4
Medium fair	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good medium	10 3/4	10 3/4
Medium to good	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good to choice	10 3/4	10 3/4
Choice	10 1/2	10 1/2

Barley, 50 lb.	To-day.	Lat.
Low ordinary	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good ordinary	10 3/4	10 3/4
Medium	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good medium	10 1/4	10 1/4
Medium fair	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good medium	10 3/4	10 3/4
Medium to good	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good to choice	10 3/4	10 3/4
Choice	10 1/2	10 1/2

Oats, 50 lb.	To-day.	Lat.
Low ordinary	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good ordinary	10 3/4	10 3/4
Medium	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good medium	10 1/4	10 1/4
Medium fair	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good medium	10 3/4	10 3/4
Medium to good	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good to choice	10 3/4	10 3/4
Choice	10 1/2	10 1/2

Flour, 50 lb.	To-day.	Lat.
Low ordinary	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good ordinary	10 3/4	10 3/4
Medium	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good medium	10 1/4	10 1/4
Medium fair	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good medium	10 3/4	10 3/4
Medium to good	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good to choice	10 3/4	10 3/4
Choice	10 1/2	10 1/2

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Good medium	10 3/4	10 3/4
Medium to good	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good to choice	10 3/4	10 3/4
Choice	10 1/2	10 1/2

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Low ordinary	10 1/2	10 1/2
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Good medium	10 1/4	10 1/4
Medium fair	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good medium	10 3/4	10 3/4
Medium to good	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good to choice	10 3/4	10 3/4
Choice	10 1/2	10 1/2

Flour, 50 lb.	To-day.	Lat.
Low ordinary	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good ordinary	10 3/4	10 3/4
Medium	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good medium	10 1/4	10 1/4
Medium fair	10 1/2	10 1/2
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Good medium	10 3/4	10 3/4
Medium to good	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good to choice	10 3/4	10 3/4
Choice	10 1/2	10 1/2

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Low ordinary	10 1/2	10 1/2
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Medium	10 1/2	10 1/2
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Medium to good	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good to choice	10 3/4	10 3/4
Choice	10 1/2	10 1/2

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Medium fair	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good medium	10 3/4	10 3/4
Medium to good	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good to choice	10 3/4	10 3/4
Choice	10 1/2	10 1/2

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

## DOMESTIC.

MARSHALL, Tex., April 18.—Mayor Sturt says the gamblers must go, and has started a war against them. Over 50 bills of indictment were found against the offenders to-day.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., April 18.—Ex-United States Marshal J. T. Brown, Jr., was to-day convicted of perjury in the United States Court.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., April 20.—Kate Kane, Milwaukee's only female lawyer, threw a glass of water in the face of Judge Mallory, in the Criminal Court, this morning, and was fined \$50. She claims that the judge insulted her, but will not say how. She refuses to pay the fine and will go to jail, unless friends intercede.

CHICAGO, April 20.—The associated coal operators at Braidwood, Ill., have announced a reduction of one cent a ton on all coal mined in that district. The miners declare they will not submit to the cut, and a strike seems likely to follow.

WASHINGTON, April 20.—Mr. Paul Tulane has written a letter to Senator Gibson, in which he says that he is watching the suit at New Orleans involving the question whether his donations for educational purposes in Louisiana are to be taxed or not. He will make another donation, he says, unless the decision is that the donations are not to be taxed.

DALLAS, Tex., April 20.—Mrs. M. M. Potts recovered \$7000 from the Central Railroad for the death of her husband, who was killed in a wreck last January.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., April 20.—A company was formed here yesterday with a capital paid up of \$50,000, with the privilege of increasing to \$150,000, for the purpose of exporting whisky to Bermuda. The corporation represents heavy whisky interests.

DELHI, Ind., April 20.—An extensive conflagration has occurred in this city. Two hundred houses were destroyed. A great number of families are destitute and homeless.

MISSOULA, Montana, April 20.—Mrs. W. J. Stephens, wife of the justice judge of Missoula county, last night shot and killed a man named Smith, who was attempting to enter her room through a window. Her husband was away from home at the time.

BRANFORD, Minn., April 20.—Yesterday a crowd of armed tramps took possession of the bridge near the city and stopped all comers. The sheriff, with a posse, captured six of the party, and lodged them in jail. The remainder took to the woods. Two of the sheriff's officers were wounded. The sheriff then armed his men, and they proceeded to the bridge, where they found the tramps. Two made fight with revolvers. One of them was probably fatally wounded. Eight are now in jail. They all pretend to hail from New Orleans, and say they have been working their way gradually thence up the river.

SACRAMENTO, Cal., April 20.—During the progress of a fire here early this morning, on K street, the roof of a building fell, burying a number of persons in the ruins. Mr. Isaac Berger, keeper of a saloon in the building which fell, and an unknown man, were taken from the ruins, dead. Twelve men were taken out badly hurt, some probably fatally. Several more persons are known to be in the ruins, but it is believed all of the wounded have been recovered.

WASHINGTON, April 21.—It is said that five of the jurors in the star route trial have about made up their minds to ask the court to limit the speeches to one day each. They say they have been kept away from their business five months, and that the lawyers will not make the case any plainer to them than the evidence has made it. Some of the lawyers think that such a proceeding would not be contempt of court, but an indication of contempt for the lawyers.

WESSON, Miss., April 21.—A terrible storm struck Beauregard and Wesson at 4 o'clock this afternoon. Beauregard



## 2

WHOLE<sup>N</sup> NO. 1396.

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW  
ORLEANS AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.

All Preachers of the M. E. Church, South, are authorized Agents to whom payments may be made.

... ..

In 1851, when I returned to the United States, was the last time I ever saw Bro. Quinn. Soon after we parted, his way was opened to Nauvoo, and he returned with all his family. His house had not been destroyed, and his two sons he began business, and it was soon known everywhere in the neighborhood that the old man and his family had become Christians. I learned from his son that his father met with much opposition from the heathen around him, but he continued steadfast. About two years after leaving home he was taken sick and was convinced his end was near. He told his family that he could not live long, and urged them to turn to the Lord, and to trust in God and follow the Saviour. He was constantly engaged in prayer, singing the Lord's Prayer many times,

What is it to have a wholesome  
 age? When a boy's mother finds  
 him eating unripe fruit it is very  
 likely to be that she will say to him:  
 "Do not eat that, my son; it is nat-  
 ural for you." She means

wholehearted tongue, I am sure, must be a *kind* tongue. It is devoted to slander and self-disgraceable and ugly things about others. It speaks good things about people behind their backs, if there is nothing good to be said, will not say anything. I do not think that one of us would turn out of doors into a driving storm in midwinter if a person was all unprepared for it and had on only the thinnest clothing. I saw you would not; and to do so could be very cruel. Would it not? It is not half so wicked, dear children, to do that as it is to speak ill, to say things, and tell bad things about people behind their backs. They are there to hear what is said, and ought to be too brave to say behind their backs what we would not say to their face. God says, in Leviticus 19, 14: "Thou shalt not curse like that." Absent people are just like that. If people, for they can not hear us, should run them down and say mean things about them is to curse them and break God's law. When we are asked or answering questions, we should be sure to speak kindly. We have no right to speak unkindly to any body, and the cook or servant

I suspect that you have a longue at, though most of the time it seems to be a wholesome one, is still often used in a way that would make you turn red in the face if I could tell out what it says. If you are wrong with your longue, it is because you are wrong inside—because you have a bad heart!—because you have not got them right out.

Bro. Lewis and other wounded men taken to the residence of the one, J. H. Catchings, where every tentation is given that kindness and medical skill can provide. Mrs. J. H. Catchings, like an angel of mercy, ministers comfort day and night, while her husband is untiring in his efforts to relieve the distress of his neighbors.

Soon after reaching the home of one, J. H. Catchings, one and one-quarter miles from Georgetown church, we found ourselves in another terrible storm, which threatened to be more fearful than the one passed. This was the cyclone at devastated Wesson and Beauregard, running parallel about two miles apart.

J. A. H. JONES.  
GEORGETOWN, MISS., April 24, 1883.



## Christian Advocate.

THURSDAY, MAY 3, 1883.

## VENUE LEAFERS.

BY MARGARET L. LESTON.

Three women creep, at break of day,  
Along the shadowy way  
Where Joseph's tomb and garden lay,  
Each in her thrilling bosom bore  
A burden of such fragrant store  
As never there had laid before.  
Epics, the richest, richest, best,  
That e'er the musky East possessed,  
From Ind to Araby the West.

Had they, with sacred incense, been  
Scented all Jerusalem's chosen men  
In quest of peace, whose pungent air  
Should the dead sealures in their  
With a vital odour through and through,  
Twas all their love had leave to do—  
Christ did not need their gifts, and yet  
Did other Mary once regret  
Her offering? Did she know  
Over those unused stores—  
They did not count as waste that day  
What they had brought their Lord. The way  
Home seemed the pathless leaven. They bear  
Theodora of the tales they wear  
The crimson perfume everywhere.

So ministering, as erst did these,  
Go forth from thy two and three  
Mindful of their meaning  
Through fragrant incense, hark and dim,  
Whence they are the faintest  
Of promise—all for sake of light  
Who rose from Joseph's tomb. They all  
Toss such joy as those of old,  
To tell the tale the Mary told.

North lanes still, at home, abroad,  
What paths have holy women trod,  
Gardened with votive gifts for God—  
Hark, gifts, whose chieftest worth was priced  
By this one thought, that all had suffered,  
Their spices have been bruised for Christ.

## Sunday-School Lesson.

PREPARED BY REV. CHRISTIAN KEEFER.

Second Quarter—Lesson VI.

SUNDAY, MAY 6, 1883—ACTS 1, 2, 3.

GOVERNMENT.—On the Gentiles how you should  
be like the Holy Ghost—Acts 1, 2, 3.

PETER PREACHING TO THE GENTILES.

Here we enter upon an entirely new phase of the Christian church, the opening of the door of faith to the Gentiles. From this time the Gentiles are to be recognized on terms of perfect equality with the Jews. Admission to all the privileges of discipleship is to be granted them without the necessity of circumcision.

Some beginnings had already been made in this direction. Saul, no doubt, acted on this principle from the beginning, but, had the Holy Ghost chosen Saul to be the prime mover in admitting Gentiles into the Christian church, the Jewish party, who were never friendly to him, would most likely never have tolerated this movement under his leadership. The great Administrator of the church avoided this threatened danger of a disastrous schism, by conferring the honor of inaugurating this dispensation of the Gentiles upon Peter, the apostle "especially" of the circumcision; but after it is once inaugurated he lays his hand on Saul to carry on the work of spreading the gospel among the Gentiles. Very soon we find him eclipsing the chiefest of the apostles.

We have the history of this wonderful movement in two prayers, that of Cornelius and that of Peter, each unknown to the other, but which combine in one heavenly stream to bless the world.

Peter has had his vision; the messengers are at the door calling for him. Two days have been spent in coming and two days in returning. On the fourth day Peter is ushered into the presence of Cornelius and his assembled friends, among whom Peter finds a new brotherhood, and into whose inquiring minds he was divinely directed to pour the light of a new truth. There is nothing out of place in the reception Peter received when we call to mind Eastern customs; and remember that Cornelius had received the promise from the angel that Peter was to bear him a divine communication. Often, probably, he had knelt this way in the presence of the Emperor, and now he does so to the man who is to lead him to God.

Peter, true to his Master's teaching, promptly refused such worship. Those who claim to succeed Peter in this have not imitated his illustrious example. The apostle at once addressed himself to his novel situation, and with more frankness than courtesy gives them the reason for his presence in that Gentile company. He gave them to understand that his presence there was a departure from his former rule and practice; and made this remarkable apology for such a breach of his rule of life: "I have been taught of God never again to call any man common or unclean." His sincere speech discovered at once the narrowness of the man and the breadth of his divine commission. The effect of his discourteous speech only convinced Cornelius the more that Peter was *sent*, and he all the more eagerly welcomed him.

The fact that Peter tells the company that he came "without gaining anything" gives us an idea of how emphatic the terms of Peter's commission, and also how indistinctly he apprehended the meaning of the mission. He was waiting for more light. He asks, therefore, "for what intent ye have sent for me?" Cornelius was not so much in the dark that he could not give a ready answer. He relates his vision and his obedience to the heavenly Visitation, and with a courtesy, mingled with reverence, he congratulates the apostle upon his prompt coming. Thou hast well done in coming, seeing that both of us have received a divine revelation in this matter. Of the two, the Gentile seemed to have the distincter apprehension of the heavenly vision, and rendered the

prompter obedience. We see from this how the Holy Ghost bestows special measures of his light upon those who sit in darkness. What an expressive and beautiful state of preparedness to receive the divine teaching from the lips of the preacher had the Holy Ghost superinduced in the minds of this whole company. What delightful encouragement was this for the preacher to utter all the words that were at that moment dropped upon his lips by the same Spirit.

Under such conditions we are prepared to hear a great sermon. Peter opened his mouth, and great gospel truths came forth in wonderful succession. Peter has it now demonstrated before his eyes, that God is not a respecter of persons, but that God only has respect to personal character and state in his acceptance of men. There is no favoritism with God. National and ecclesiastical distinctions are of no account to him, but in every nation—observe, not in every religion, as some distort it—he that feareth him and worketh righteousness is accepted with him. Take heed that you understand aright these words. This does not mean that he long as a man does what he feels to be right it matters not what he believes. If this was true God would not have sent Peter to Cornelius. This only declares that they who humbly seek after knowledge, though at present they have little, yet if they are faithful to that little they will be brought by God to fuller knowledge. God has but one way of being righteous that is approved of him. The just by faith in the righteousness of One's name is the righteousness which God approved. It just teaches this, that he will bless any honest seeker after himself by bringing Christ to the seeker; and this was all that Peter did for Cornelius. He introduced him to Jesus Christ.

The word which God sent unto the children of Israel, preaching peace by Jesus Christ (the glorious sum of the whole gospel), who is Lord over all, exalted to embrace under the canopy of his peace Jew and Gentile, whom the blood of his cross has cemented in one reconciled and accepted family of God. Now this word, which the preacher expands into a most wonderful epitome of the gospel, embracing all the points of the Christian faith, beginning with the righteousness of God, and the impartiality of his love, he proceeds to give the preparation, the preaching of John, the incarnation, the evidence borne to him by miracle, his death, resurrection, the witness to his worldwide salvation, his judgment of the quick and the dead, this word he was commanded to preach unto all people. The scene which followed upon this word demonstrates the intrinsic power of the gospel where it has free course.

## Preaching vs. Teaching.

MR. EDITOR: I admit that I am not well versed in the art of controversy; am willing even to submit to the charge of ignorance on the subject upon which I propose to write. But, if I am ignorant, a little information will make me wiser. If I gain nothing else by this article but to have this subject cleared up to my satisfaction and the satisfaction of a great many other Christians I will have accomplished something. My subject is Preaching vs. Teaching. My attention has for some time been attracted to this subject by the great number of preachers who neglect their duties as preachers and pastor for the purpose of teaching school.

The question I would like to see satisfactorily answered is this: Is it right to attempt to preach the gospel and teach school at the same time? Would it not more rapidly and surely advance the Christian religion if every minister of the gospel would attend strictly to preaching, pastoral visiting and the duties necessarily connected with that, and let the teaching entirely alone? If you please I propose to enter the arena with some arguments on the side of preaching with a "sling and a few stones" gathered by the ocean of truth, directed, I pray, by the Spirit of meekness and wisdom.

The impression prevails through the whole church, both Protestant and Catholic, as well as among thinking men of the world, that when a man is called of God to preach the gospel his paramount duty is to preach the gospel, and to let every other occupation which would distract from his duty as a preacher, severely and literally, alone, as far as holding office or professorship in school or college is concerned. The commission of every preacher of the gospel truly called of God reads thus: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be damned."—Mark xvi, 15, 16. The new version, in the same place, has the same meaning, though the construction of language is different. In Matthew xxviii, 19-20, we have: "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." It is true there is a commandment to teach what he has commanded you, but there is no place in the Bible where Christ is said to have taught school, or where he has commanded his disciples to do so. There are circumstances under which a minister might be excused or justified in learning or teaching a foreign language; for instance one was called or sent as a missionary to a

country where he was not acquainted with that language. St. Paul says: "Woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel."—I Corinthians ix, 26. Nearly all of St. Paul's epistles begin with the statement that he was called of God to preach, "separated" from every other work or occupation that he might more efficiently serve in that. It will not refute my argument to say that he followed tent-making while he was preaching; that was an incidental matter in which he worked at his former trade so that he could get the means of subsistence and not be "chargeable to them." How would it have appeared to the people of that day if St. Paul had established a school or college at Jerusalem, had taken a professorship or presidency in that institution, and left the work of "saving souls" to Barnabas or Peter. The result would have been that the "country beyond"—some of it, at least—would not have known of Jesus' death or resurrection; the purpose of his passion would have been fruitless, as far as they were concerned, because St. Paul flagged in his zeal; failed to convey the message of "light" to them who were in "darkness," some soul might have been lost. I argue that the salvation of a single soul is of more importance than the education of a thousand men, even if that soul be the most ignorant and besotted of God's creatures. I argue again that the special mission of a minister of the gospel is to preach the gospel "which is the power of God unto salvation"; further that he can not do his work as efficiently if he is engaged in any other business. I don't see why a man might not be a lawyer and preacher, or a farmer and preacher, as well as a school teacher and preacher. There should be no conflict of duty in the mind of a preacher in regard to which is right. In the situation which some of our preachers occupy, elected by the Annual Conference to fill these places, there must be a conflict between the "preacher" and professor, which sometimes results in the preacher, called of God, submitting to the call, or self-elected occupation, of Conference or himself. If there is a single probability of a soul being lost because a minister has been given or has taken work which will conflict with his duties as pastor or preacher, ought it not to be stopped, if possible? I know a man whom I believe to be a prince among ministers, whom I am convinced, has lately given up the presidency of a college for the purpose of preaching, untrammelled, "the unspeakable riches of Christ." He had no hesitation in avowing his belief that a minister should have no other work but preaching in the pulpit and "from house to house." Dr. Clarke advocates the same theory. There are consecrated laymen who might teach school, or there are men whom I believe God has called to teach, judging from their qualifications and fitness for the place. Let them do it.

## HONESTY.

## From the Work.

MR. EDITOR: At the Conference at Crystal Springs we were appointed to Carthage circuit. We arrived at this place January 3, and was kindly received by the people. Carthage is a town of about three hundred white inhabitants, but I am sorry to say we have no church here, but Methodist and Baptist worship in the Presbyterian Church, that being the only church house in the town. But we hope, by the help of God, to build a church of our own. We have purchased a lot to build the church and parsonage on, and have raised a subscription, with the exception of about \$30, to build the parsonage, and have contracted the building of it, and hope in two or three months to occupy it. Then we expect to try to build a church. Carthage is financially strong enough to support a preacher with a small family, and ought to be a station. There is at present about one hundred members enrolled on the class book. All we need to make it a station, is more religion. If we had more of the grace of God in our hearts we would soon have a church here, and this place would support a preacher. One of our stewards has adopted the envelope plan of collecting the preacher's salary once a month, and I think it will work pretty well. The young people, it seems, have begun to take an interest. Bro. G. & H. Hall is this steward. He is one of the most prominent lawyers of our town. He has two sweet little boys, of about three and five years of age, who take more interest in the preacher and his family than a great many adult persons. These two little boys pay their ten cents each every month since this plan has been adopted, and they work with their little hands and make this money themselves; their father does not give it to them without work. The people of this place have been very kind to us. They pounded us a night or two after we went to housekeeping. We received many little gifts, for which we are very thankful. Now it gladdens the hearts of the preacher and family to receive such tokens of appreciation from their people. May God bless the people of Carthage circuit, and grant that we may have a glorious revival of religion at every appointment on this work.

Mr. Editor, my husband was pastor of Marvin circuit last year and the year before, and, in justice to him, I wish to correct Rev. G. F. Thompson in a statement he made through the last week's Advocate. In speaking of the

parsonage on that work he says: "The Wesleyan Society, composed of a few noble ladies of the church, with the aid of brethren and friends, have bought a lot and built a parsonage." What I wish to say is this: there was no such society in existence on that circuit up to the time we left there, nor had the ladies a society of any kind prior to the building of that parsonage, but there was a society, of which I was a member, called the Ladies' Aid Society. This society was organized by my husband in the parsonage, and we were occupying the parsonage at the time of the organization of said society. I wish to say that the lot was not bought nor the parsonage built by any society, but my husband, by the help of God, raised the entire subscription, and collected most of the money to buy that lot and build the parsonage, and up to the time we left there I do not know that the Ladies' Aid Society had expended one dollar on the parsonage. We would like to know who gave Mr. Thompson his information concerning the buying of that lot and building of that parsonage. Perhaps if he will inquire of Bros. T. N. Norrill, L. W. Ellis and J. B. Berry they can tell how the preacher who was there the last two years labored day after day for the building of that parsonage, and thank God for crowning his labors with success.

MARY E. CLARK.

PHILADELPHIA, MISS.

MR. EDITOR: We are pleasantly situated this year. We are living at Philadelphia in a rented house. We ought to have a parsonage here. A "parson" without a parsonage is rather odd, but with the two combined the name is tolerable, for they are "twain." This is the county seat of Neshoba, a very pleasant village, far enough from the railroad to be relieved of much of the vanity so profusely exhibited in fashionable society. Our people are industrious and economical, kind and appreciative. Some of them are very spiritual, one aged sister in particular, who appreciates a visit so much from her pastor as to thank him that he called. We are supplied with the necessities and some of the comforts of life. Our charge is laborious, consisting of eight appointments, some of them almost inaccessible, but we have learned to strive to overcome difficulties and make the best of circumstances. We only trust that the Lord will give us an abundant spiritual harvest.

R. T. FLOWERS, P. C.

APRIL 15, 1883.

## Marriages.

SIMMONS-ELLIS.—At the residence of the bride's father, Edna Mills, Leake county, Miss., April 12, 1883, by Rev. Irvin Miller, Mr. E. S. Simmons to Miss Ella Ellis.

MCINIS-CHASON.—At the residence of the bride's father, April 11, 1883, by Rev. W. C. Canham, Mr. John H. McInis to Miss Rosa Bell Chason, both of Wayne county, Miss.

ALSTON-BRIGGS.—At Spring Hill, Ala., on the evening of April 10, 1883, by Dr. Ritchie S. Briggs, Mr. John M. Alston and Miss Willie H. Briggs, daughter of Rev. A. J. Briggs.

BUTLER-THOMPSON.—At the residence of the bride's father, Hon. J. D. Thompson, Bennettsburg, Miss., April 10, 1883, by Rev. E. H. Moninger, Mr. John T. Butler, of Fairfax, Mo., and Miss Maggie B. Thompson.

OSTROM-COGGINS.—At the residence of the bride's father, at Arcadia, Miss., March 29, 1883, by Judge J. W. Starr, Mr. A. L. Ostrom, of Alabama, to Miss Aurelia Jane Coggins.

MCKENNELL-CATCHINGS.—At the residence of Dr. J. B. Catchings, in Copiah county, Miss., April 12, 1883, by Rev. H. F. Lewis, Mr. C. O. McKennell and Miss Nina H. Catchings.

## Obituaries.

BRYANT—D. H. BRYANT, M. D., died at his residence, in Liberty, Amite county, Miss., January 15, 1883, after a long and painful illness. He was a native of Woodville, Wilkinson county, Miss.; born April 10, 1837.

This polished and eminent Christian gentleman was one of our best citizens and an exemplary member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. He was a physician of most eminent reputation, devoting his valuable time mainly to the interests of those among whom he lived and died, being ever ready to respond to the calls of the suffering and needy, regardless of the probabilities of remuneration. He seemed to rejoice in the opportunity to alleviate the woes of others, often disregarding his own welfare.

The subject of this memoir was married to Miss Phillets Bates, of Amite county, Miss., January 30, 1872, who was to him all that a worthy and devoted wife should be, and to whom he was bound by the tenderest ties of love and confidence, and to whom he owed much of his usefulness and success. As he had been heard to testify: "This devoted wife and companion of my life, of only a few short years, is lost to mortal loss, which can only be regained in the realm of eternity. She mourns not as those who have no hope. Her loss and ours is his eternal gain. Having put his hand to the plow he never turned back."

He was received into the church at this place—Liberty—in 1873, by Rev. J. W. Sandell, where he had ever remained a faithful and consistent member. He was not a loud and demonstrative professor; but a deep and abiding one. His life, aside from physical ailments and infirmities, was almost faultless, being eminently intelligent and pure-minded—indeed, his lips were free from guile. A purer mind than a more Christian hearted man than was Dr. Bryant this writer never saw. No wonder that the angels ministered unto him in the hour of his last extremity. God sent him "manna" to sustain him in the last days of trial. Taking his faithful wife to be an angel, as she offered him some nourishment, he asked, "Is it manna?" Yes, he was feasting on "manna"—the bread of life. While his spirit was plunging itself for flight, he sang, "Who shall be able then to stand?" "Oh, how I love Jesus," etc., and thus passed away.

For many months he was a great sufferer, and during the time visited many watering places, far and near, where, by his magnanimous and Christian deportment and refined intellect,

he won universal esteem. Patiently, and with submission and calm resignation, he endured affliction and yielded up all to God in whom was his trust. His end was peace. How calm his exit! His death was as calm as his setting. He was interred in the distinguished masonic honors in the yard of his much-loved, beautiful home. The poor and indigent should pause at his grave to weep; the afflicted and suffering should go at eventide to drop a tear, where his body lies; the widow and orphan should go to his tomb and lay sweet flowers there. And about, broken-hearted one, lay all upon the strong arm of God's grace. His word is thy only stay and comfort, and will be to thee a well-spring of joy.

E. F. EDGAR.

ATCHISON—Died, February 1, 1883, near Delhi, La., at the residence of her adopted son, William Emmet Atchison, Mrs. KEZIAH H. ATCHISON, Sister Atchison, aged seventy-eight years. Sister Atchison, the widow of Col. Elijah H. Atchison, was born in Adams county, Miss., in 1804, and at an early period in life was converted and connected herself with the Episcopal Church, which she adorned with a meek and quiet spirit. None can claim a more honorable church record than she up to the hour of her death. Ever active and zealous in the cause of her Master, her chief desire was to do good and thus add to her faith. All those Christians who are highly recommended by the Apostle Peter as necessary to all who would live fully in Christ Jesus.

Her life was truly an eventful one in many respects. From 1840 she lived in various portions of the country. A part of the time in East Carroll parish, La.; then in Natchez, Miss.; then in Texas parish, La.; then driven by her fortunes of war to Texas; and finally to Richmond parish, La., where she ended her mortal existence. Notwithstanding these various changes from place to place, her record as a Christian was always uniform, doing good wherever she lived, and leaving a name behind her which all who knew her. She loved not only her own church, but other denominations, and was especially partial in her feelings to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Her affiliation was with the Methodists, and her gifts from a time to time to this church were of considerable value. Possessing at one time means, as well as influence, she had a golden opportunity to work for her Lord, of which she availed to the extent of her ability. Her hand was ever open to the cries of the needy and distressed, and many shall rise up in that day and call her blessed. She was one of a family of fourteen children, whose birth records run from 1825 to 1844, and whose life if written would make an interesting volume. Sister Atchison's influence extended over a large field, and her responsibility correspondingly great, which she recognized, and endeavored fully to meet.

The time arrived, however, for her active labors in the vineyard of the Lord to cease, and to further prove her fidelity to her Master, she must now pass through years of suffering. She was an invalid for four years, and continued to her bed for one year prior to her death. As she had worked for her Lord, she was now willing to suffer for him, and with patience and resignation, could exclaim: "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." It was the pleasure of the writer to visit her in her affliction to witness the changes that marked her speedy dissolution, and her willingness to depart and be with Christ.

This has passed away a mother in Israel, who, in the days of her youth and vigor, was true to her religious vows; in prosperity, used her means as a good steward; in adversity, was brave, cheerful and happy; in affliction, patiently endured as seeing him who is invisible. She was a Christian of a true and noble spirit, joyous all of her life, and ever ready to comfort and help those in need. Her good deeds will ever be her memorial, and her good name a heritage to succeeding generations.

R. S. L.

FOOTE—MRS. SYBILLA A. FOOTE was born March 13, 1825, was happily married to Judge H. W. Foote, December 12, 1853, and died in Natchez, Miss., March 12, 1883.

The study of some characters leads us to place a high estimate upon our common humanity. When we behold a combination of intelligence, refinement and moral excellence, we feel that there are elements of our nature worthy of redemption. The beautiful example which Sister Foote left us eloquently speaks of the attainments possible to us in this life, and her influence rests like a benediction upon our church. Mrs. Foote was an intelligent, cultivated and elegant lady. With her genial disposition and fine taste she made home a place of brightness and enjoyment. To her were accorded her much pleasure, and in their divinest beauty they were but typical of the purity of her character. She was a consistent and useful Christian, occupying a high social position, she acknowledged the claims of Christ and gave her influence to the cause of religion. Her church vows were not forgotten, and with a cheerful spirit she faithfully performed the duties of her station. Although she was of a delicate constitution, yet her seat in the house of God was golden. The cause of missions found in her a true friend, and she was president of the Woman's Missionary Society, in Natchez, at the time of her death.

Her last illness was brief, and, while she clung to loved ones, yet she was prepared to go when summons came for her. Our church here has sustained a great loss, and the entire community mourns over the death of a good woman. She leaves a devoted and sorrowing family, but, thank God! it is a Christian household, and through their tears, they can look forward to a future meeting. We leave no fears as to where the recording angel has placed the name of our beloved sister—Sybilla A. Foote.

E. J. MOON.

WINSTEADE—THOMAS W. WINSTEADE, son of Kinsey Winstead and Anna Williams, was born in North Carolina, October 8, 1827. In his childhood his parents removed to "Alabama" (then to Mississippi), in 1844, and he lived in Scott county, Miss., where he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in 1846. He was married to Miss Lindsey May 30, 1849, and removed to Smith county, Miss., where he spent the remainder of his life, which terminated January 28, 1883. Bro. Winstead was class leader and steward in his church for many years, and his office he filled with acceptability and success. Bro. T. W. Winstead was a devoted and happy Christian, and was liberal in the support of the church and good neighbor, husband and father; a good and quiet citizen. The writer was

his pastor in 1857 and 1858, also in 1872 and 1878-82—he having removed his membership from one circuit to another; therefore we were well acquainted with our dear Bro. Winstead. The summons was sudden, but he was ready. He rests under the shades in the glorious beyond.

He leaves a sad and sorrowing widow with seven living children—all grown and married but two. They have nearly reached manhood. But, while they weep their loss, they weep not as those who have no hope. Rest, dear brother, until the resurrection, when we shall meet again and praise together in our father's house above, as we frequently did here in his house. May God smile propitiously upon the bereaved ones!

R. A. SMILEY.

CLARY—Died, at San Antonio, Texas, on the night of February 19, 1883, ALICE AUGUSTA HARRISON CLARY. She was born at Euflata, Ala., and was educated at Sumnerfield, Ala., where she spent her girlhood's sunny days. She was married to William Richardson Clary, a gallant Confederate soldier who fell soon afterward in battle. She married, January 30, 1867, John W. Clary, at Sumnerfield, Ala., and they lived happily together for sixteen years.

She professed religion early in life, and always lived in the faith of a blessed immortality, and her pure life led the writer into the same faith. She was always beloved by all who met her. She seemed gifted in making friends. Kind and gentle to the poor, at true friend, no sweeter spirit ever lived—no lovelier character was ever known. Oh, how often do we call now her beautiful life before us! So pure and noble, so self-sacrificing to the comforts of those she loved, she scarcely thought of herself. She leaves live children who are at present under the watchful care of her aged mother, seventy-one years old. It looks as if God has spared her life to watch these lambs. Though our hearts are filled with sorrow, we have the pleasant recollections of the past which endear her precious memory to our hearts and lift our thoughts to that beautiful land where sorrow is a stranger and dull memory is unknown. Just a few moments before her happy spirit winged its flight to him who gave it, she was heard plainly to utter, "I know you! I know you!" and reached forth her hands to catch the angel sent to bear her home. And thus her sweet spirit left us, with an expression as sweet as childhood—one whom we loved better than life. Rest, precious one, and may we meet again beyond the river of life.

J. W. CLARY.

FLEMING—MRS. ELIZABETH TAYLOR FLEMING was born August 23, 1815, and died February 10, 1883, by dear mother was twice married. First, John London, January 3, 1833, and then to John M. Fleming, February 4, 1840. She survived the latter seven years. The writer asked her, a few days before her death, when she joined the church. She answered: "Son, I united with the church when I was but eight years old." She was doubtless converted at an early age, and showed the soundness thereof by a long, consistent and useful life. She was fully prepared to meet her God for she resided solely in the merits of Christ for salvation, and when, in the greatest agonies, during her severe and protracted illness, she would almost shout at times in view of the near prospect of meeting Christ and her loved ones, for she has nine children in heaven: "Our precious mother never murmured, but showed the most Christ-like patience in her great affliction of two months' duration; thus letting her light shine even down to the dying hour. Her death she so welcomed at length, as her spirit free from its aniling tenement, and gave her the liberty she has longed for for a number of days. She felt that her life's work was accomplished. She said, when her last day was married, a short time ago, she had lived to see all her children married and settled in life; and all brought to Christ, in answer to her lifelong prayers, and like Simon of old, she was ready to depart. Her life was a grand and noble one, and she will meet the earnest and faithful exhortation to meet her in heaven, for all are endeavoring, by God's grace, to follow in her footsteps. She is now with Christ, and may her glorified spirit hover over and around us through all of life's changing scenes, even to the end at last accompany us through the gates into the city."

MRS. SOX.

DEWEY—Died, of pneumonia, at his home in Baton Rouge parish, La., February 15, 1883, STEPHEN D. DEWEY, aged forty-two years, one month and five days. He was not a professor of religion in former days, but on his death-bed he prayed fervently that he might have mercy on him, and on his last day, and quit this world to stand before the great bar of God. In the hour of suffering and agony he found Christ precious to his sick-souled heart. After wrestling with God in prayer his wife asked him how he felt. He replied: "I feel much better now; and that I regret dying is parting with you and the children." He was conscious that the monster—death—was fast reaching out the vitals of his mortal body. He roared like a howling wolf, and sang the old hymn, "Nearer, my God, to thee," in most triumphant tones. The deceased leaves a wife and one little baby boy. May the Lord bless his wife, his aged mother, sisters and brother, comfort them in their sorrow, and make them to feel that their loss is his gain in Christ Jesus.

MARY A. HANSON.

THOMASON—JAMES MADISON THOMASON was born in Hancock county, Ga., August 27, 1812. He was married to Mrs. Patsy Anne Willis, June 14, 1830. When only a young man he joined the West Point Camp Grounds and joined the Methodist Church. He removed to Claiborne parish, La., about thirty years ago, where he continued to reside up to his death, which took place February 16, 1883.

Bro. Thomason was highly respected by all classes as a good citizen, an honest man, a kind neighbor, a faithful and consistent member of the church. With a true and godly feeling was that a true and good man was gone. He had a lingering illness, but in all his afflictions was never heard to complain. When asked by his wife how he felt in regard to death, he said that he had always felt unworthy, but was not afraid to die. As husband and father, and as a friend, he was a true and precious memory of him are treasured by his family, who expect to meet him again in the resurrection of the just.

J. W. MCKENSON.

MUNRO—MARTHA LIZZIE MUNRO was born in New Orleans, January 15, 1831, and died March 4, 1883. She was one of those sweet children with pretty ways who remind us of our Lord's smile—"Of such is the kingdom of Heaven." And now, truly, she has become a member of that kingdom, and is forbidden none of its joys. May God comfort the bereaved parents! J. M. M.



## Christian Advocate.

THURSDAY, MAY 3, 1883.

## SOMETHING GOOD.

When over the fair face of friend or foe,  
The blight of deep disgrace shall fall, instead  
Of words of blame, or proof of this and so,  
Let something good be said.

Forget not that no fellow-being yet  
May fall so low but love may lift his head;  
Even the cheek of shame with tears is wet  
If something good be said.

So flying heart may vainly turn aside  
In ways of charity; no soul so dead  
But may awaken strong and glorified  
If something good be said.

And so I charge ye, by the thorny crown,  
And by the cross on which the Saviour bled,  
And by your own soul's hope of fair renown,  
Let something good be said.

—Churchman.

## "Reminiscences."

BY REV. H. J. HARRIS.

After suspension, for several weeks, I resume my recollections of the past. When I began these articles I had no thought of extending them through so many numbers of your valuable paper. The many urgent appeals from beloved friends and brethren have influenced me to continue however. Since my last I have been suffering much from what I apprehend is a kidney affection, which may prove serious, and I am beginning to realize more sensibly every day that what I do must be "done quickly." I want to devote this chapter mainly to "old" Centenary College and my associations with the pioneer faculty and students of that loved and honored institution. I have already mentioned the college as one of the principal appointments on Rankin circuit in 1842. The faculty consisted of Thomas C. Thornton, president; James H. Dodd, A. M., professor of mathematics; Dr. J. B. C. Thornton, professor of natural science, philosophy and hygiene; W. H. N. Magruder, professor of languages; E. S. Robinson, principal preparatory department, with several tutors. Among the latter, if I am not mistaken, J. M. Pugh, now of the Mississippi Conference, Bro. R. D. Smith, whom I have already mentioned, was college steward for a part of the year, and was succeeded by Gabriel Felder. There were matriculated that year largely over 200 students, including some of the noblest and best blood of my dear old native State, and, having the general disposition to be troublesome, as college boys are, they were a noble set of fellows, and many of them turned out well. Others, I am sorry to know, did badly for themselves and grieved their friends by reckless living. I know some of them did well. To me the memory of all of them is pleasant. They were all my friends.

If Thomas C. Thornton, the first president of Centenary College, no man living has better ground to speak kindly and cheerfully his memory than the writer. I am aware that the mention of his name will recall to some unpleasant memories; yet I feel it would be ungrateful in me if, in this connection, I failed to testify to the generous nobility of soul and true brotherly kindness which marked his course toward me from our first acquaintance to the day of his death. I have, and will keep while I live, the last lines he ever penned on earth—a letter addressed to me from his dying bed. It contains words that are indeed like "apples of gold in pictures of silver." I thank God that I lived to see the day and rejoiced with my beloved friend when he came forth purified, as by fire, from the terrible ordeal through which he was called to pass on account of his administration as president of Centenary College. No man ever loved the church and her ministry more than T. C. Thornton. He was always ready to divide, if need be, the last farthing he had with either. His back was beaten with stripes when a boy for joining the Methodist Church. Still he adhered to his purpose and was honored among his ministry for his zeal, devotion and scholarship. Not a cloud upon his sky until his connection with Centenary College. Now and, indeed, years ago it is clear that his ever sanguine temperament on the one hand, and the inexperience of trustees on the other, causing him to undertake too much, and them to expect of him more than mortal could perform, were the secrets of all the trouble he had in connection with the college. Blessed be God, my dear old friend died victorious! Peace to his memory.

Dr. J. B. C. Thornton was a polished, elegant gentleman, modest and retiring in his manner. Always cool and self-poised. Wise and safe in counsel, a true type of the Christian gentleman; a learned physician and popular instructor. I may not venture now to utter all I feel of gratitude to God that it was my privilege, that memorable year, to enjoy the society of our scholarly and beloved brother, W. H. N. Magruder. He still lives and labors in his loved episcopate. He stands before the literary and Christian world a fitting epitome of the immortal Wilber Force and an honor to his alma mater. I will say to him, though it may be no compliment to him, that I remember only to love him as a brother, and that, in my humble judgment, he has been one of the best instructors of the age.

Prof. James H. Dodd, the living, moving, natural mathematician. Who that ever knew him could fail to admire him? Mathematically speaking, some men's characters in this world seem to combine all the figures known to the

science; not in harmony, however. The lines are curves where there should be straight, horizontals where they should be perpendicular, acute where they should be right angles, and, after all, are a bundle of eccentricities. But James H. Dodd came as near an exact perpendicular in all the relations of life as any man I ever knew. He was grave, but not taciturn. He was modest as a maiden; but, when the occasion demanded it, Caesar never displayed greater courage. Looks and study were his delight. He has left to the literary world a legacy in his Mathematical Series, that modern book makers will scarcely improve upon. I had many pleasant hours with him; learned much from him. He was a man of few words, but these were always "tilly spoken." I had it from his own lips that he had never been inside of a college until after his election to the professorship of mathematics at Centenary. He made me a handsome present, which I still have in my library—a complete set of the Morisco-bound edition of Clarke's "Compendium." I have carried this with me thousands of miles by land and water, and, after forty-one years of use and transportation, it is still in good condition, except one volume injured by getting wet. How I am delighted to see the exalted and enviable position the two sons of my dear friend occupy to-day as members of the faculty at Vanderbilt. How fitting is it indeed that one of them should, as I see he is, be announced deliver the annual address at Centenary College at the next commencement.

E. S. Robinson was principal of the preparatory school, and doubtless competent for the place; but he failed to make the impression for good, I fear, that his associates did. My personal relations with him that year were friendly; but, I confess, I could never get as close to Bro. Robinson as with the other brethren. His subsequent history as a teacher and preacher in other places tells a shadowy story of his name, though he might have been persecuted and wronged. He was vacillating in his church relations in his latter days. I trust he is safe in heaven. Gabriel Felder, the college steward, was a character. "Empirically" a man of business. He was a most rigid economist. So rigid that the boys sometimes complained of short rations, and that in quality, as well as quantity, the bill of fare was not such as they were accustomed to at home. He was a man of violent prejudices, and very frequently collided with the faculty and students. He was a member of the Executive Committee, and always spoke his mind. He was, nevertheless, a true friend of the college and of the church. One of the best church stewards we had in all that country.

Now, let me extend this chapter too much. I will, as preachers say sometimes, "bring my rounds to a close." I want to mention a class I had at Centenary. They may be at now at Vanderbilt, numerically; but no preacher in my day, in any place I have been, enjoyed such a treat as I did that year in my weekly class meeting. Here are some of the names, as I can only recall them from memory: T. C. Thornton, his wife, two daughters and venerable mother; Dr. Thornton and wife, Prof. Dodd and wife, Prof. Magruder and wife, and his sister, Miss Rachel Bangs, C. Felder and wife, with several excellent young men who attended. Oh! what a feast to hear them talk in class meeting. God grant we may all meet in heaven and talk our triumphs over there!

—P. H. HARRIS, APRIL 1883.

## My Presiding Elders.

MR. EDITOR: Sometimes the presiding elders give a description of their preachers. May not a preacher give a description of his presiding elders?

To begin, my first year in the itinerancy was 1870, and my first presiding elder was Rev. T. Y. Z. He was not a large man, but was physically strong. He was a true singer and a good preacher. On first sight he appeared somewhat starchy; but on closer acquaintance he was found to be an humble, deeply pious man of God. He was fully consecrated to the work of the ministry, and since his occupancy of the presiding eldership he has been very successful as a pastor. His influence over me was very great, so much so that I unconsciously fell into his manner of preaching and adopted even his tone of voice. So I learned afterward, but in time to escape from it. How important it is that a young man, in his first year, should have a presiding elder qualified to lead and worthy of imitation. My first presiding elder, more than any other one, gave character to my ministry, and I am to a great extent under his influence to-day.

My second presiding elder was Rev. A. B. C. He was past the meridian of life and was in the fullness of his power. He was a true specimen of physical manhood. He was a solid, cheerful, entertaining and instructive preacher, and a true friend of the church. He was well educated, and possessed a fine store of information. He related a good anecdote, and could tell one to perfection. He had traveled a good deal, and knew from observation that this world is no small affair. He was a good conversationalist—a rare endowment, or acquisition as the case may be—and to me, then, he was better than a cyclopedia. Association with him impressed me with the importance of precision in the use of language. From him I learned that to say I re-

member a forgotten event is not equivalent to saying I recalled it; and that to say I expect a thing occurred will not do for I suspect it occurred. I mean by this remark, to say, that I was forcibly impressed with the fact, that he who would preach soundly and safely must study words. The salvation of a soul may depend upon the right use of a single word.

Bro. A. B. C. was a great help to me in pastoral work. He visited the people and carried me with him. By him I was more fully initiated into the art of pastoral visiting than I had been before. But right here I want to protest against the presiding elders having to visit everybody. This is the pastor's duty, and the presiding elder will make himself more powerfully felt by giving more attention to the preacher in charge and the official members. A day or two spent at the parsonage with the preacher is not time lost. The presiding elder impresses himself upon the preacher and through the preacher upon the people. The preacher needs just such tanning up. So to the official members, I speak from experience.

My third presiding elder was Rev. P. Q. R. He was bordering on old age, but was very vigorous. He was an example of punctuality. He had a strong mind and was a preacher of no ordinary ability. He had a series of about six or eight sermons that evinced thorough preparation. They would be listened to attentively from any pulpit. Whether he had other sermons in store or not I never learned. He was well posted on theological questions, and was well versed in the Scriptures, and why he did not bring forth out of his treasure things new as well as old I can not say. Perhaps he thought the man was right who said the old is better. I could always tell what sermons to expect on Saturday and Sunday at eleven o'clock. A limited supply of good sermons is better than a large number of poor ones, but after all variety is the spice of life.

My fourth presiding elder was Rev. A. Z. O. He had never been presiding elder before and never has been since. He was, I think, a thoroughly consecrated man, but he had a sour spirit that required no little sweetening to make agreeable. Sometimes he was in vinegar, but when ashore he was very companionable. He was very enthusiastic when the sky was clear, but let a dark cloud arise and then despondency took hold upon him like a strong man armed. The secret of it all was he had dyspepsia. A man with that malady could never be a true presiding elder. God apples grow luxuriantly under such cultivation, but sugar cane never comes to maturity.

Bro. A. Z. O. was a more eloquent preacher than Bro. P. Q. R., but like him he was limited in his ammunition. He had only about five or six rounds. He had never repaired the defects of early education. While in general his language was good he would sometimes crucify the King's English, to the amusement of some and the chagrin of others. But in spite of all these little things he was a good man, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost.

I have not gone half through the list, but I find I must come to a close for the present. Perhaps I will describe the others at some future time. My presiding elders have been many. I have had a new one nearly every year, or rather they have had a new preacher nearly every year. I love and honor them for their consecration to God and their great usefulness to the church.

A PREACHER.

## Woodville and Surroundings.

MR. EDITOR: At the Northern terminus of the West Feliciana railroad, which is next to the oldest railroad in the United States, is situated the picturesque little village of Woodville, Wilkinson county, Miss. Our depot, which has just been completed, is very handsome and commodious. The business portion of the town, like most inland towns, is built around the Courthouse Square, and there are many comfortable and well-improved residences in the suburbs. On the various roads leading to the town are situated many well stocked and flourishing farms. Since our Legislature has made the wire fence a legal fence for the State, it is in very general use and gives great satisfaction.

It is worthy of note that quite a number of the old slaves still remain on the old plantation making valuable servants.

The mode of planting I suppose is much the same as that in the other Gulf States. A rotation of crops on the same land, is the common practice. Our farmers have waked up to the importance of raising their own supplies as far as possible. Fertilizers are being more extensively used; preference is given to cotton seed, cotton meal, and bone phosphate.

Much attention is now being given to stock raising; some special attention is given to fine cattle; this section is well adapted to grazing. The planting this spring is somewhat backward on account of heavy rains, still the outlook for the farmer is hopeful.

The leading religious denominations are well represented here; and most of the church edifices have been repaired recently. The Episcopals were favored not long since by a visit from Bishop Hugh Miller Thompson, whose fine talents and amiable manners

won for him many admirers. He was entertained by our hospital Congressman, Hon. H. S. Van Eaton, whose lovely and well appointed home is an index to his good taste and refinement. May I here be allowed to say that for culture and refinement of its people, Woodville will compare favorably with any other place of its size in our land.

The Methodist Church is quite prosperous; the church edifice has been just repaired thoroughly, through the generous donations of a true and worthy son, who now sleeps his last long sleep, by the side of a noble father whose well spent Christian life and acts of unostentatious charity has built for him an enduring monument in the hearts of this people.

We feel grateful to the Mississippi Conference for filling this appointment with the present incumbent, Dr. T. S. West. His earnest and pointed sermons impress all hearts, and "fools who come to scoff, remain to pray." The congregations are unusually large; I heard a gentleman who rarely attended church before, that he never liked to miss one of Dr. West's sermons, that he felt sure of having lost something.

During the last quarter twenty names have been added to the roll; there were ten applicants for membership last Sabbath.

We now have a monthly lectureship established here. Dr. West was mainly instrumental in organizing it, and has himself filled the platform twice. The Jewish Rabbi lectures next time. These lectures are the talk of the town. The large and attentive audience show how much they are appreciated.

Dr. West was a soldier and that is a sure channel to the hearts of the sons of Wilkinson county. You may search the annals of chivalry in vain to find a heroism than was displayed by his sons on the tented field. The reading of the dead list on last Memorial day told how lavishly they poured out their blood on their country's altar.

WOODVILLE, APRIL 15, 1883.

## What One Woman Did For Japan.

In 1850 the prisons of Kioto held an unusual number of political prisoners, taken during the rebellion of the island of Kishu. Many of them were high in rank and honor among their countrymen. A few had been pardoned, many had been executed, while a large number were held as prisoners for a term of years. Much of the public work of the city then was, and is still, accomplished by gangs of prisoners under overseers.

In a remote part of Kioto, an earnest, gifted woman had gathered a girls' school and home. Eager of heart, alert, wise but wary, her noble presence had won its way, with the men and women of Japan, in quarters that were inaccessible to others. "More work for Jesus" was her watchword, and this is what happened to her. One day, at morning worship, a gang of prisoners filed into the yard, and began cutting the grass in the enclosure. The girls were just singing their sweet hymn, "Jesus, my cross have taken," and "I'm glad I'm in this army," and the unusual words and tones arrested the prisoners' ears, all unaccustomed to such sounds, in their own language. Cautiously they crept nearer and nearer to the piazza, all the while stepped forward, asking them all to enter. Eagerly they climb the steps, and are soon within the walls; a strange sight for a girl's school, the overseer with his lash and sword, and these sad-faced men with their clanking chains. But the songs ring out again their glad welcome, and the organ pours forth its sweet tones; then the old, old story is read from the Gospel of Mark.

"That is a strange tale," we would like to hear more of it," said they, slowly filing away.

"Come again, come again!" the bright-eyed woman, with a silent prayer. So as the men were brought for two or three days into the same vicinity, the scene was repeated with increasing interest.

After a few weeks a request was sent from the prison for a Christian teacher; and this strong, brave woman went forth fearlessly under guard of an official law, if not to preach, at least to seek for those souls in prison. Once only, but mark the result. Months after, when some of these men were released and returned to their homes in Kishu, they carried the precious seed dropped into their hearts from the girls' school; and by and by there came a pleading call for a missionary to be sent, who, responding to the call, found a church all but in name—a waiting company of believers hungering for the truth of the Gospel.

On the morning saw the seed, and at evening withheld not their hand, for thou knowest not which shall prosper, either this or that?"

Does not "what this woman has done" deserve to be told as a monograph of her in all lands?—Mrs. Helen Thompson, in Sunday School Times.

—Drs. Behm and Wagner have recently issued a new edition of their well-known collection of statistics—"Die Bevölkerung der Erde." They give the total as 1,433,887,500, which is about 22,000,000 less than their estimate of two years ago. They have concluded that China, including Corea, has 439,500,000, which is 55,000,000 less than they formerly supposed. There has thus been an actual increase of about 33,000,000 in the population of the globe—an increase, however, which must be spread over ten years, as many of the recent censuses are decennial. For Europe the present population is rated at 327,743,000, showing an increase of about 12,000,000 over the previous figures by the operations of the census. In Asia, making allowance for the readjustment of the population of China, there has been an increase of 20,000,000; the present population being set down at 735,591,000. In Africa the population is 235,823,200. In America 100,415,400. In Australia and Polynesia, 4,232,000. In the Polar Regions, 82,500.

—Assurances have been given to the American missionaries by the King of Japan that he will protect them in their missionary labors, and will tolerate the Christian religion.

—Morocco, peopled by the finest Moslem race in the world, is wholly closed to Christianity.

## Our Young People.

THE SPINNING.

BY SARA LAWRENCE.

There lived a dainty spinster to Atholstone Lane,  
A spinning a magic web was she.

She spun and she twined it strong and tight,  
It was fair and delicate, smooth and white.

She built her a dwelling arched and high,  
The four little spinners lay down to die.

The magic web was her wedding-sheet;  
It measured in length three fairy feet.

Around the house she had built became her tomb,  
She lay all alone in the twilight gloom.

But when morning had come and turned to noon,  
Said the master: "Ah! 'tis a fine sound."

Then they stripped from her body the robes so rare,  
To deck the form of a princess fair.

Now the silk sweeps over the palace floor,  
And no one thinks of the spinner more.

—Wide Awake.

MR. EDITOR: As my grandma will send her subscription for your paper to-day, I will write you a little letter. I am a little boy nearly six years old, and would like to assist the little children in their good work. I send you twenty-five cents. I have a missionary hen, and hope to raise some money to send to those who have never heard of our loving Saviour. I had a sweet little sister, over two years old, to play with me, but last October the angels came and called her away. We miss her so much. I hope some day to meet her again. I have a little, tiny sister now. We left our dear home and relatives three years ago and came to Cheneyville. We have some kind friends here. Mamma read little Joe Norwood's letter to me in your paper. His grandpa, dear uncle Godfrey, christened me. I hope some day to be a good minister like he is, and then I may meet Joe at Conference, but he must not laugh like he did one Sabbath at Darlington. I guess his mamma remembers.

I am not a minister, I guess I will be a cane planter, and, if I live, you must come and see me, then I will give a larger sum to the missionaries. You must excuse this letter, for it is my first attempt, and it may be rather long. We enjoy reading your dear Advocate so much. Grandma reads it to me. Good-by, Mr. Editor.

JOHN A. WOMACK.

CHENEYVILLE, LA., APRIL 16, 1883.

MR. EDITOR: I like your paper so much; I read the children's column every week. I had a missionary hen; her name was Topsey. She had a nice brood of chickens, and something came and caught her and only left four little chickens. I had a missionary duck—her name was Turvy—and one night something caught her; so my mamma said my missionary project is all topsey turvy. But I have four little chickens left for the mission edifice. My mamma told me about little May, who died in China, and I cried. I am so glad she learned to love Jesus. I hope more heathen girls and boys will learn to be good. I love Jesus, and I am so glad that Jesus loves me—even me. I send love to all the little cousins of the Advocate. May God bless you, dear Bro. Galloway! Bro. Young is our pastor, and we all love him so much. I must say good-by for this time.

IDA J. SAOLER.

WEST PEARL RIVER, LA., APRIL 16, 1883.

MR. EDITOR: As I have never written to your most valuable paper, I have come to the conclusion to write a few lines for it. We live in Clinton this year. I'm preacher in charge of the East Feliciana circuit. I am going to school to Mrs. Munday. I like the school very much, and I am getting along very well with my studies. Will you, or some of your correspondents, answer the following questions: Was Philip ordained when he baptized the Ethiopian? and also what is meant by being called an Ethiopian—was he a colored man or a white man? Now please do not throw this letter in the waste-basket, as it is the first I have ever written to your paper.

Yours truly, LUTHER M. GILMORE.

CLINTON, LA., APRIL, 1883.

MR. EDITOR: I am a little girl nine years old. I like to read the Advocate and see what the children are doing for missions. I have a missionary hen sitting, and, if I am so fortunate as to raise any chickens, I am going to give something to assist in building Miss Hallahan's school-house. In answer to the question, Where was Andrew Jackson born? I will say that he was born in North Carolina, near the boundary line between the two Carolinas. Am I correct? Success to the Advocate.

Your little friend,

LIZZIE H. GOLETT.

LEVINSTON, MISS., APRIL 14, 1883.

MR. EDITOR: You ask where Andrew Jackson was born. He was born in South Carolina, March 15, 1767; inaugurated March 4, 1829; continued in office eight years; died June 8, 1845. Can any of my little friends tell me what his last words were? I closed fifty cents in postage stamps, which you will please forward to Miss Hallahan, in Mexico, to assist in building the school-house. I wish her much success. Respectfully,

WILLIE M. BECK.

SALEM, Mississippi.

MR. EDITOR: In a late issue of the Advocate you ask if any of your little readers can tell where Rev. Dr. Walker was born. As he was not born in the United States, nor Territories, nor in a foreign country, there is but one more place—District of Columbia. That

right? I am delighted with the weekly visits of your paper. I read it through carefully. I wish you great success. EUGENIA A. HEARN.

SPRING HILL, LA., APRIL 7, 1883.

MR. EDITOR: I saw your question in the paper, and thought I would write you an answer. You asked where Andrew Jackson was born. He was born in the Waxhaw settlement, near the line which separates North and South Carolina. I found it in Berry's History of the United States.

VICTORINE RANDEL.

TRENTON, N. J., APRIL 7, 1883.

MR. EDITOR: Allow me to ask the children if they ever knew a year to have fifty-three Sundays and February to have five? If so, when will it occur again? The "Parker Magnolias" are spreading. I may come under their inviting shade after awhile.

Your friend,

FRED B. CATCHING.

ANDERSON, N. C., APRIL 11, 1883.

## The New Scholar—For the Boys.

A new scholar came to Rockford school at the beginning of the half-year. He was a well-dressed, fine-looking lad, whose appearance all the boys liked. There was a set of boys at this school who immediately invited him to "outher" "larks," and I suppose boys know pretty well what that means.

"They used to spend their money in eating and drinking, and often ran up large bills, which their friends found hard to pay. They wanted the new scholar to join them, and they always contrived by laughing at him or reproaching him, to get almost any boy they wanted into their mischief. The new boys were afraid not to yield to them. This new scholar refused their invitations. They called him mean, and stupid—a charge which always makes boys very sore.

"You are real mean not to go with us," they said.

"Mean?" he answered: "where is the meanness in not spending money which is not my own? And where is the stinginess in not spending money which is not my own? And where is the stinginess in not choosing to beg money of my friends in order to spend it in a way which they would not approve?"

"He talks like a minister," exclaimed one of them.

"After all," he continued, "our money must come from our friends, as we haven't it, nor can we earn it. So, boys, I do not mean to spend one penny that I should be ashamed to give an account of to my father and mother, should they ask me."

"Oh! not out of your leading-strings then?"

"No, nor am I in a hurry to get out of them."

"Afraid of your father, eh? afraid of his whipping you? Afraid of your mother? Won't she give you a sugar-prim? What a precious baby!" they cried, in mocking tones.

"And yet you are trying to make me afraid of you," said the new scholar boldly. "You want me to be afraid of not doing as you say. And which, I should like to know, is the better sort of fear—the fear of my school-fellows, which would lead me into what is low, or fear of my parents, which will inspire me with things noble and useful? Which fear is the better? It is a very poor service you are doing me, to try to set me against my parents, and teach me to be ashamed of their authority."

"The boys felt that there was no head-way to be made against such a new scholar. All they said hurt themselves more than him, and they liked better to be out of his way than to be all but boys, I mean. The others gathered around him, and never did they work or play with greater relish than while he was their champion and friend.

"The new scholar is a champion fellow," said the principal, "and carries more influence than any boy in the school. They study better and play better when he is. You can't pull him down. Everything mean and bad sneaks out of his way."—The Gleaser.

ARE YOU SAFE?—Two little girls were playing with their dolls in a corner of the nursery, and singing as they played:

Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
Safe on his gentle breast,  
There by his love's overshadow,  
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

Mother was busy writing, only stopping now and then to listen to the little ones' talk, unobserved by them.

"Sissy, how do you know you are safe?" asked Nellie, the younger of the two.

"Because I am holding Jesus with both my two hands—light!" promptly replied Sissy.

"Ah! that's not safe," said the other child. "Suppose Satan came along and cut your two hands off?"

Little Sissy looked very troubled for a few moments, dropped poor dolly, and thought deeply. Suddenly her face shone with joy, and she cried out: "Oh! I forgot! I forgot! Jesus is holding me with his two hands, and Satan can't cut his hands off, so I am safe!"—Sunshine.

WOODEN SWEARING.—A missionary priest once said, "I hope dear children, that you will never let your lips speak profane words. But now I want to tell you about a kind of swearing which I heard a good woman speak about not long ago. She called it 'wooden swearing.' It's a kind of swearing that many people besides children are given to when they are angry. Instead of giving vent to their feelings in words, they slam the doors, kick the chairs, stamp on the floor, throw the furniture about, and make all the noise they possibly can. I hope, dear children, that you will not do any of this kind of swearing. Southern Churchman.

MY WAY.—"It is my way," says a boy who never remembers anything that he is told, who leaves open gates, who forgets errands, and mislays every tool and every book with which he is trusted, and for all the trouble he causes he thinks it excuse enough to say, "It is my way."

"It is my way," says a girl who snaps and snarls and scolds at her brothers and sisters, who falls into snarls at the first word of reproach, however kindly given, and who keeps the family in hot water with her temper. "I can't help it; it's only my way."—Southern Churchman.

CHRISTIANS inherit their name from Christ; and it is very meet that as they inherit his name, so they should also imitate his holiness.—St. Hieronard.



## Christian Advocate.

ORGAN OF THE LOUISIANA, MISSISSIPPI AND NORTH MISSISSIPPI CONFERENCES OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

CHAS. B. GALLOWAY, D. D., Editor.

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REV. T. A. S. A. REV. J. T. SAWYER.

REV. W. L. C. HERNICUTT.

THURSDAY, MAY 3, 1883.

The New York Herald makes a capital point when it says to ministers, "To deny the inspiration of the Bible is to cut the autograph of the sovereign out of your commission as an officer." That is well said, sound to the core and worthy of a more orthodox parentage.

The editor left on Monday afternoon by the Louisville and Nashville route to attend the meetings of the Board of Missions and Centenary Committee, at Nashville. He has prepared most of the copy for this issue in a sick-bed. If sufficiently recuperated he will go on to Louisville and attend the Church Extension Anniversary next week.

Details of the deadly cyclone that cut his wide swath of ruin through Mississippi on April 22 are heart-rending in the extreme. Scores were called away in the twinkling of an eye, while other mangled sufferers have day by day added to the long, sad roll of the dead. Even yet we know not the full extent of the devastation wrought. Every mail brings intelligence from some quarter not reported in the press telegrams.

Secretary Morton makes special mention of our distinguished confederates of the Wesleyan and Texas Advocates for having written "able and earnest articles on church extension." The secretary says other editors might get "hearty thanks" if they would give the opportunity. This last delicate intimation is rather an unfortunate confirmation. Our excellent, wide awake secretary certainly does not read the papers, or else he needs some new spectacles. We have never written anything very "able" on the subject, but the great interest has been earnestly and frequently advocated in these columns.

The theologues at Drew Seminary seem to be taking lessons in practical pastoral work. While studying hermenautics and homiletics they are making immediate use of their capital. We see it stated that 28 of the students had regular preaching appointments during the last term. Of these 18 held special revival meetings, in which 291 persons were converted. That is a good, wholesome atmosphere for young preachers. Little opportunity for book-sliding and such labors. And then how cheering to the student preparing for his life work to feel that God is already honoring his ministry! Neither of those brethren will fail of a good appointment.

The receipts of the Treasurer of Board of Missions, for March, show pastoral activity and missionary fidelity all over the connection. March is usually a dull month, but this year it has been full of life. So much for conference resolutions and the stimulus of reported needs. The expansion of our work abroad resulted in a strain on the treasury which has awakened the zeal and liberality of the church. It is well to enterprise great things in order to the highest developments of faith and character. Multiplying our missions and missionaries abroad stimulates increased liberality and intelligence at home. Within reasonable limits this is the principle and condition of trust and surest growth.

The morning after the terrible cyclone at Beauregard, some boards were backed together and a saloon was again in full blast. While citizens from abroad were coming on every train with food and clothing for the homeless and wounded, whiskey was being sold and men made drunk. Times of distress develop the finer and nobler qualities of a people. This death-wind opened the hearts and pockets of thousands, and sent flying with the speed of steam every possible assistance to the suffering. But there was another class and their inhuman exultation the excretion of civilized decency. The *Wesson Herald* thus describes them: "We can not withhold from stalling that things were done within half an hour after the storm on the ground at Beauregard by men who claim to be human beings, but who unfortunately are not, that bring to our cheeks the blush of shame. Instead of rescuing the dead and wounded from the ruins, they could be seen working like trojans to remove the fluster from a saloon to steal whiskey and organs."

## Perfunctory Preachers.

The gospel ministry is the poorest of trades but mildest of callings. Men assume its responsibilities from a sense of divine obligation—an assurance that God wants them for this high and sacred office. They are not self-appointed, but *chosen* vessels—selected and anointed by the Holy Ghost. It offers few earthly rewards, though that phase of the calling is often underestimated. The ministry has lifted many a name to worldly fame which otherwise would have been unknown to history. Yet that is an incident, not a promise made with the call. Our Lord offers no man worldly estate and honor; his kingdom is spiritual, and the work of the ministry is to call men into its citizenship. Chosen thus by a voice divine, and yielding to the call under the constraint of Christian love, it would seem that a consuming zeal would characterize and glorify every act and fact of a minister's ministry. He would honor his allegiance to God and exult in every opportunity for service. We would rather suppose that his zeal would need restraint instead of impulse—that his eager spirit should be curbed and not spurred. But, alas! the facts of history are painfully the reverse. Ministers have need often to say and wonder,

*My droxy powers, why sleep ye so?*

The warm, glowing, blessed impatience of first love lapses into a cold, calculating sense of duty. And even the routine of duty becomes a burden against which we have to watch and pray.

This is often seen in the pulpit. Preaching is a perfunctory performance. From the matter and manner of the sermon, the impression is unavoidable that it was only a duty to be gotten rid of—an appointment to be met. Possibly the first service in the new charge is prefaced with this statement: "I have been appointed to this work by the Bishop, and hope to be able to do all that is required of me. My labors are heavy and my strength is not great, but I will try and not miss any of my appointments." That speech indicated a frigid experience, and was quite enough to chill the zeal of his congregation for a whole year. What he does is by a fixed, cast-iron rule, that admits of no variability, neither shadow of turning. The call and stress of duty is upon him otherwise he would not be there. Possibly he intimates that in another calling or profession he could have great success, and make abundant provision for his family's comfort. No wonder after his perfunctory services that he notes a like spirit among his people. They show little zeal in church work, and a sluggish interest in the pastor's support. What is done is from a sheer sense of duty, and to meet absolute necessities, but with no ready, grateful recognition of a pastor's faithful and efficient labors. There is no joy and glow in service, but the measured performances of cold calculation.

This is also often seen in the pastorate. Sometimes the pulpit has a fervor and power that never reaches the pastorate. Able and eloquent preachers, whose periods thrill and move the multitudes, are not infrequently very poor pastors. They have little tact and talent in showing sympathy and winning the confidence and affection of their parishioners. There is a sense of obligation that the "rounds" must be made, so the journey is begun. After some travel he calls at the house of an excellent family of the well-to-do middle class. They live in comfort, but have to avoid the extravagances of fashionable life. The pastor comes in, finds a warm welcome, but blows and complaints of being tired. After the family, the number of children lapsed, how many are communicant members, and then proposes to have prayers. He tells the sister that his duties are onerous, the distances great, his congregation scattered, and that he can't be expected to call very often, but will do his best consistent with other important interests. He leaves, and the sister feels that her pastor's call was a mechanical performance and not because of a warm sympathy for a member of his flock. It may be well to have rules in pastoral work, but they should be unceremonious. To ignore the rule is to lose its effect in an active pastorate. It is no compliment to any one that you call on her mathematically. Systems are right and necessary, but it is a pastor's private guide, with which his parishioners need not be acquainted. They should be made to feel the warmth of his Christian sympathy and appreciation. That his attentions are the promptings of love and zeal and not the staid movements of pastoral mathematics. That they are worthy of a special call, and not visited because in a certain neighborhood where other members reside.

This lesson, therefore, is to be learned; we should cultivate and re-

tain the fervor of our early ministry. Our prayer should be that our first love might be kept fresh and fragrant. If the discretion and experience of years were added to the fire of youthful zeal, what a glorious history would be every ministry. But perfunctory performances, services rendered in a dull, indifferent way or by rote, will never convert and comfort.

Again, we should look carefully and prayerfully after personal piety. Ministers are apt to substitute official for personal religion. Whatever labors we perform in the pulpit or in the pastorate, we can not neglect personal piety without loss of spiritual power and comfort.

## Preparations for Our Centenary.

The Centenary Committee appointed by the Bishops, under resolution of the General Conference, will meet in Nashville to-morrow, and will doubtless be in session several days. It is their duty to outline plans, devise measures and indicate objects for the thank-offerings of our people. It properly observed, the year 1884 will be the most memorable in the history of Southern Methodism. The Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church have issued an address in which they say: "The chief object of connectional offerings should be the cause of education." There possibly may be our greatest need also, but we have other connectional interests that demand special and prominent attention. Our church extension work now struggling into existence, promising the largest and speediest returns for every dollar expended, especially in the West, should be a preferred beneficiary. As a Centenary thank offering, besides other gifts to its treasury, a "loan fund" of three hundred thousand dollars might be established, thus at once placing the society in among our foremost connectional enterprises. Then our Board of Missions needs relief from a present slight embarrassment, that contemplated work in our several foreign fields may be pushed forward with promptness and vigor. We have colleges that need endowment. They are now battling with the accidents and fluctuations of annual patronage, and while accomplishing much for the church and the cause of Christian education, it is a sad discouragement and personal sacrifice. These and other interests will be carefully considered. We hope the committee will counsel deliberately and plan wisely. The work to be outlined is too important for hasty and inconsiderate action. The following historic facts in this connection, from Dr. George R. Crooks, in the New York Christian Advocate, will be of interest:

The organization of American Methodism in 1781, is an event which ought to be commemorated. It made us a church, it gave us an orderly administration of the sacraments, suitable liturgical services, an itinerant Episcopate, a General Conference. It raised the lay preachers to the rank of ordained ministers; in short, it seemed to Methodism a rank among the churches of America. For the scattered societies, the effect was the same as was the effect of the formation of the Constitution of the Union, five years after, upon the United States of the old Confederation. Prior to 1781 we were without cohesion. Since then Methodists have been a well-organized body. Since its assumption of organized form the life of Methodism has been closely interwoven with the life of the nation. Ours is, perhaps, the only church in the land which makes the acknowledgment of the national supremacy one of the articles of religion; and it is a notable fact, too, that one of the earliest acts of emigration upon Washington, after he had become President, was the call of Bishops Coke and Asbury.

## "His Counselor to Do Wickedly."

Bad blood is bad anywhere and in any age, but bad royal blood is worse than any other, except religious blood. When combined with the latter there is no monstrosity that it may not produce, no crime it may not perpetrate. Bad advice is bad coming from any source, but when that source is the parent, the mother, it never fails to bear an early and abundant crop of crime. The boy may become bad from moral contagion upon the street, he may get bad from his head from bad teachers, he may form bad habits in imitation of a father's bad example, but his mother's badness, like the milk of her breasts, passes into every blood vessel, large or small, touches and taints every muscle, joint, brain tissue and nerve ganglion in the whole system.

Ahaziah had other bad associates besides his mother. His father was not a model. His maternal grandfather and grandmother were worthy of any approbations either we might apply to them. No doubt his ministers and counsellors were all "crucial" or corrupt. But whatever influence these may have had, they were all eclipsed by the mother, "by merit raised to that bad eminence," who

"was his counselor to do wickedly." On the other hand, there is no doubt that Ahaziah now and then met good men and true, who gave him the counsel of God. Several of the greatest of all the prophets lived in his day. While there is no evidence of his ever encountering these face to face, it is highly probable that he met them more than once. But, be this as it may, he certainly had access to the law and the sanctuary. These assuredly gave him many wise and good counsels. But all in vain, "for his mother was his counselor to do wickedly." Next to omnipotent is the mother's influence. Rare are the instances of a boy being converted unless a mother has first prayed for him. Many a boy has had his peculiar religious views and course bitterly opposed by the mother, but that is not necessarily proof that the mother opposes his being religious at all. Were such an inference legitimate then it follows that religious persecutions are right. Not one man in ten thousand but looks heavenward through his mother. If, then, in that mother's character there is nothing but turbulence, malignity, tyranny, corruption and cruelty, if peace, virtue, loveliness and rest are not there, what picture can you draw of heaven that will entice the young man? If in that world of glory mother walks not clothed in light what boy wants to be there? If vain are the counsels of sages and the "hearing of the prophets" when his mother is "his counselor to do wickedly."

Let us notice that the fact of his having a counselor in wickedness did not discharge him from guilt in following that counsel. There is a great deal of mankind sympathy expended upon those who are misled by the crafty and unscrupulous. Much of the doggy stories is manufactured. Few boys or girls go very far in sin without manifesting a love to be led in that direction. The hope of reaping the pleasures of sin without incurring any of the penalties is predominant, and they sledge the monitor within, and turn a deaf ear to the calls of those who would win them back to virtue. Only when the sweet is gone and the bitter remains do they then endeavor to pull out of the world the story of being deceived and ruined. None are worse deceived in this story than themselves. They think that they have transferred their guilt entirely to their counselors in wickedness. Let them remember that their guilt is still theirs, and instead of being eased is only duplicated from that of their leaders in sin. Ahaziah is a monster in crime, but Ahaziah is not merely a "poor unfortunate."

Let us notice, further, that a private counselor who suggests evil to a ruler does not escape public execration by being a private citizen. The ruler bears his guilt and his advisers bear theirs. There is a joint responsibility, and ruler and people have very little right to discriminate and reprimand. We, as citizens, may cry out that our officers are corrupt, but we are not clear of the responsibility unless we have brought them to account. The private manipulator is generally the greater sinner. In these days we call them "lobbyists." They never run for office; they are behind the scenes, they saddle legislative bills with "riders," or bribe legislators to pass bills that are for their special benefit, while we stand by and look on or murmur about the corrupting influences of our State or national officials. The citizen should know that his private suggestions and connivings are a part of his responsibilities as well as of the legislator.

Let us notice again that the family relation is the basis of true government. A prince's family character belongs to the world, and since under Christ we are all princes, "there is nothing hid that shall not be revealed." What does the world want with irreproachable public officers if its family records are unsmirched with debauchery and lawlessness? When mothers cease to be good mothers what right have we to expect sons to be good public officers? If the son is taught no private morality how can we hope that he will cultivate public honor? What means of purification does the tribulation furnish? How can the debauchee leave the saloon or gambling hell and step into the legislature or sit down upon the judge's bench a man without reproach? How can the indolent go from the scenes of his inactivity to Senate halls and give wholesome laws to a Christian land? How can we hope that life stream will be pure when the fountain is so foul?

The record informs us that Ahaziah's death "was ordered of the Lord." When we look merely at this statement, forgetting all but his crimes, we are satisfied. But if we remember the ill that befel the nation over which he ruled we may well ask: "Was there ample compensation in the bare killing of the criminal?" Execrations of the living

and suffering upon the procurers of that suffering are not enough. The faintly in which the names of the great offenders are embalmed is harmless to them, unless there is somewhere else a remedy. The counsels of wicked people deserve all the odium to which they lead, but this odium does not repay the world for the blight which they bring upon the age and posterity.

T. A. S. A.

## Death of Dr. Wadsworth.

The Rev. Edward Wadsworth, D. D., of the Alabama Conference, died, at Greensboro, April 24, in the seventy-third year of his age. As a preacher, pastor and educator, Dr. Wadsworth has long ranked among the great men of Southern Methodism. He was a scholar of accurate and varied attainments. At different times he was connected with institutions of learning, and for years presided with distinguished ability and success over the Southern University at Greensboro. In the pulpit Dr. Wadsworth was exhortative, instructive and profoundly spiritual. He lived in the higher realms of spiritual attainment, and carried everywhere the influence of a true consecration. His large stores of learning were sacrificially employed in the exposition and illustration of Christian truth. At the Seashore Camp Meeting he has preached sermons of remarkable pathos and power, at times rising to a eloquence truly sublime. With vast learning, he united the modesty of a maiden. He was never obtrusive or censorious, but always gentle, retiring and charitable in spirit and speech.

Dr. Wadsworth had the true dignity of a gospel minister. He was able without frivolity, and genial without familiarity. No man had a higher appreciation of the purity and sanctity of a minister's office. To him it was a high calling, and through the long years of his labors he never lowered its standard. He loved the work to which God had called him, and delighted in pulpit preparation.

In ecclesiastical statesmanship Dr. Wadsworth was never prominent, because his life was wholly given to preaching and the cause of Christian education, and in these spheres his influence and memory will abide. We are not in possession of the minor details of his life, but these are not necessary to a clear appreciation of his great character and career. In the Alabama Conference he was honored as a father, and there his example will find earnest emulation.

## A Plea for the Stomach.

Dr. Haygood is writing some good letters to young preachers in the Southern Christian Advocate. They are practical to the last syllable, and worthy of all acceptance. We quote below two passages, and commend them. Ministers are tempted more hospitably than any class in the world. "Every generous preparation is made, as though to bestow extravagantly was the first Christian duty and highest expression of sympathy. Preachers were not made to eat, any more than other people, nor is it any less wrong for them to pamper an appetite. No doubt many men have prematurely superintended on hospitality—have dug their own graves with their teeth. This is good, homely counsel."

But if you will commit suicide don't do it with your teeth. There is great danger in preachers' dinners. The largest the preacher the greater the danger. Eating Quarterly Conference dinners is the most trying part of a presiding elder's life. I have had experience. There is nothing harder, except Annual Conference dinners when one of the "superintendents" is expected. The sisters have about many "mighty men." Once, long ago, I was present at a Quarterly Conference dinner. I had a good woman assist dinner. I prepared it; there was enough of a banquet of soldiers. There were tinned meat dishes, and dead without end. When I found that the man for rookery was going to a stupor, I collected the dinner.

It is hard to resist some sisters take to heart if you don't eat till you begin to breathe back. "I eat if you can, Bro. Smith." You are gone then, unless your brow is like brass, at least like iron. But stand firm for liberty in the management of your own stomach. "If you don't defend its rights no other will. Bear them! Sometimes it has an allergy; five; no rest, day nor night, till it kills its persecutor. But it is a poor sort of martyrdom even to please a sister," even an "elect lady" of Israel.

Gen. William Booth, the commander-in-chief of the Salvation Army, is about to launch a grand financial scheme in the shape of a "Depository Bank," and the soldiers are invited to invest therein. We are inclined to agree with the New York Observer that this is the beginning of some thing salvation funds have been coming in slowly, much to the embarrassment of Gen. Booth and his

plans. So he has fallen upon this doubtful scheme of relief. The Observer wisely observes as follows:

He will get thousands on thousands of dollars, with the honest intention of investing them safely. The credulous will freely commit their money to his keeping. And by and by the whole thing will collapse, the poor will lose their money, and just like the St. Augustine Society and Bishop Parell, this "General Booth" will lose his good name, and dishonor the cause of religion. Our advice to all Christian people is to give to the Lord what they can afford, and when they have money to invest, to keep clear of Bishop and other clergy or laymen who profess to run banks of deposit on church principles. In nine cases out of ten such professions are deceptive. And when the clerical bankers are accused by honest motives they are incompetent. Their training has not been such as to qualify them for financial undertakings, and they soon fail and pull all their trusting friends down with them.

## Church Extension Anniversary.

The annual meeting of the Board of Church Extension will commence at its office, in this city, at nine o'clock A. M., May 12, 1883, and continue as its business may require. The anniversary exercises include public meetings, during the week in our city churches as follows:

Tuesday, May 8, eight o'clock P. M., Sundry Street Church, President J. S. Littlejohn in the chair. Addresses by Rev. E. R. Hendrix, D. D., and Rev. C. L. Vandeverter, Jefferson Street Church, Vice President P. Megar in the chair. Addresses by Rev. W. T. Harris, D. D., and Rev. E. B. Carroll, D. D.

Thursday, May 10, eight o'clock P. M., Broadway Church, President J. S. Littlejohn in the chair. Addresses by Rev. C. B. Galloway, D. D., and Rev. O. P. Fitzgerald, D. D. Chestnut Street Church, Vice President P. Megar in the chair. Addresses by Hon. C. S. Grubbs and Rev. R. A. Young, D. D.

Friday, May 11, eight o'clock P. M., Walnut Street Church, President J. S. Littlejohn, assisted by Vice President P. Megar in the chair. Address by Bishop R. K. Hargrove, followed by ten minute talks by several speakers.

Sunday, May 13, eleven o'clock A. M., Sermons on church extension and collections in its behalf in all our city churches.

DAVID MORTON, Sec.

LOUISVILLE, KY., April 25, 1883.

Prof. W. H. N. Magruder.

The following note is cheerfully inserted. We are glad to publish such a compliment to a veteran educator and representative Methodist, and hope he will live for years to ride the splendid steel, presented by his friends and neighbors: "It is cheering to know that in the tod-forgetting, man neglecting high and strife to serve life's needs and to win life's prizes, there are some men who remember others' men who have the clear eye which discerns worth and well doing, and the heart which sympathizes with the worthy and the well-doer. A gratifying exhibition of this remembrance and this clear seeing was shown in the late presentation of a horse to Prof. W. H. N. Magruder by several citizens of Baton Rouge. Said these gentlemen: 'Here is a man who deserves and ought to receive a true brotherly homage. Let us render it. Let us gather the syllables of recognition and unite them into the work of acknowledgment. He has rendered a service, which no cash-payment can remunerate and which can not be measured by any unit known to the market. He has equipped recruits for the host of well doers, has qualified many for citizenship in the kingdom of usefulness, culture, and elevated manhood; has trained boys to translate the stern requirements of duty into manual performance, to show false syntax and to overthrow false gods. He has helped them to intellectual symmetry and the moral robustness which can suffer nobly and valiantly; and has shown them that a life of the highest success is a disengagement of facilities, a baptism of courage and purity, and a sacrament of honor and reverence.' This was the meaning of these gentlemen, and in expressing it they presented the token of their acknowledgement and uttered the thought of many. Truly said and worthy done, says a looker on."

We do not mention a hundred kind messages and pleasant things sent and said by appreciative friends, but the following, from our cultivated and honored sister, Mrs. Dr. C. G. Andrews, must find place. We are profoundly grateful for such appreciation and encouragement. Quoting the words of another, as applied to a distinguished religious journalist of our church, she says: "Our Dr. Galloway is a power. He has a certain very definite notion of what an editor ought to be; he is courageous and persistent, and vindicates his title to be called a good editor in each issue of his paper."



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# Christian Advocate.

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NEW ORLEANS, THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1883.

WHOLE NO. 1397.

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## THE MARCH OF THE YEARS.

By MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

One by one, one by one.

The year has passed, and all the march is done.

The old year dies to the solemn knell.

And a merry peal from the changing bell.

Where the other, one by one.

Will the march of the years shall at last be done.

Right and glad, dark and sad.

And the years that come in a mystery clad.

Their faces are hidden and none can see.

He met with tears and some can see.

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Christian Advocate.

THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1883.

THE TIME IS SHORT.

Sometimes feel the thread of life is slender,  
And soon will the labor will be wrought,  
Then grows my heart to other hearts more tender  
The time is short.

A shepherd's tent of reeds and flowers decaying,  
The light winds will soon crumble into naught,  
So seems my life, for soon will fade decaying  
The time is short.

Up, up, my soul, the long spent time redeeming;  
Bow then the seeds of better deeds and thought,  
Light ether lamps while yet thy light is beaming  
The time is short.

Think of the good thou mightest have done when  
Brightly  
The sun to thee life's choicest season brought;  
Henceforth to God in pleasure passing lightly  
The time is short.

The time is short. Then be thy heart a brother's  
To every heart that needs thy help in anguish;  
Soon thou may'st stand the sympathy of others  
The time is short.

If thou hast friends live them thy best endeavor,  
Thy warmest love and thy purest thought,  
Keeping in mind and word and action ever  
The time is short.

Where summer winds around a laden bower,  
Compassion's rain, thy work forever wrought,  
Somebody's grave, the cross and fern will cover  
The time is short.

Up, up, my soul, ere yet the shadow falleth;  
Some good return in labor was wrought  
Forget thyself, when duty's angel calleth  
The time is short.

By all the hopes thou hast been forgiven,  
By all the lessons prayer to thee hath taught,  
To others teach the sympathies of heaven  
The time is short.

Pastoral Visiting, No. 11.

YOUR HEART.

What have horses to do with pastoral visiting? Often they have much to do with it. If the pastor lives in a city where his field lies close about him, or where street or railroad cars afford him ample conveyance, he may need no personal assistance from horse, saddle or buggy, but if his field is widespread over the country he must call in the aid of a beast.

One of our forest trials has been that we could not keep our horse in good order while from home without our personal attention; and this attention seemed sometimes to reflect on the good man of the house, and hence we did not like to give it, and yet we must give it or ride a rack of bones. While we fared well our horse often fared, or nearly so, if we neglected him, or only turned him over to the boy that took the reins as we dismounted. We have ridden many a day with the heartache, because our horse was as thin and hollow as fasting could make him. We do not belong to a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, but if we did we would prosecute as soon for starving animals as for beating or otherwise ill-treating them.

But one says: "You are reflecting on me, on the lady." Yes, a little; and why not if you are a little to blame. We and you are always reflecting on the clergy because they do not visit. Why not then stand a little reminder when you are in the fault?

Let us look at some of the facts throwing light on this subject. We know a man, a minister, one of the fathers of the Methodist Church in the Mississippi valley, a co-laborer with Dr. Winans, and as fine a specimen of a Christian gentleman as our eyes ever beheld, affable, kind, dignified, cheerful, laborious and popular, so much so that many of his wished him to be made Bishop, and yet, though ever our presiding elder, in Mississippi and Louisiana, he rode a poor horse. He was too charitable to think that his brethren would not feed his beast well, and too kindly of feeling to wound the feelings of his host by seeing his horse fed or saying anything about it. His horses, though fat when he started out on his long tours, soon became poor, and remained so till they were once again another worn out. Each man (with some honorable exceptions) seemed to think that he might feed sparingly, as probably the animal's next entertainer would feed more liberally, thus admitting, in his own mind, that his next neighbor was more liberal than himself. This venerable minister has long since gone to the reward, and his horses are dead and gone also. What record they have borne to the trying, infinite future we shall not know till "the books are opened."

We had another presiding elder, whose district was widespread over portions of Louisiana and Mississippi, whose ponies saw sight in the way of feeding and being fed, one of which sights please let us notice, that we may see what professed piety may be even in the church. This elder had called on a popular member of our church, and his span of small horses was led by the brother, the man of the house, to the stable and most liberally fed from the farmer's crib, in which was an ample supply of corn for man and beast. Shortly after this liberal feeding, it being a beautiful evening, the elder, wishing an opportunity to read and think, retired to the adjoining woods, and was walking on a ridge which was opposite to the open shed in which his ponies were eagerly munching their (for once) abundant supply. Happening to cast his eyes in that direction he saw the farmer approaching the stable, the horses and the well-filled trough. The elder then saw him fill his arms out of the trough and lug his corn back to the crib. Poor horses! Sorry elder! Miserable, hypocritical, stingy brother! What then and further what the elder did "this deponent saith not." But this elder is still living, and still on a large district, and if Local Itinerant

has mislaid the facts in this case, or set down aught in malice, the presiding elder, one of your Publishing Committee, can set this local right. We are in this article only writing in the interest of "humanity to brutes," and for the future liberality and reputation of the church. If any one wonders that we spend time and ink on beasts let him read in his Bible, Proverbs xii, 10, "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast;" and 1 Corinthians ix, 9, "Thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn. Doth God take care for oxen?"

We know that the apostle quotes this in order to show the penuriousness among the Corinthians, that the ministry, sowing "spiritual things" among them, should reap their "earnest things," but was quoting God's law as found in the Old Testament.

LOCAL ITINERANT.

Yazoo County Notes.

Mr. Fulton: Yazoo is one of the largest, most populous and most fertile counties in Mississippi, and perhaps has more pastoral charges—on stations, one "double-barrel station" and four circuits—more Methodist Churches, more Methodist families and more Methodist preachers than any other county in the Mississippi Conference. It may be that a few lines upon the general interests of the county would interest the readers of the Advocate. Allow me space in your columns, and I will write of the farming operations, of the health, of the society and of the religion of the county.

Farming. Our farmers generally operate on an extensive scale, and evince a degree of skill and energy in their operations that I have never seen elsewhere. The fertility of the soil is wonderful—its capacity for production is almost boundless. The fertility of the soil and the energy of the skillful farmers bring an abundant harvest nearly every year. Sugar cane matures eight feet and six inches in height, corn yields from twenty to forty bushels per acre, and cotton from half to one bale per acre. I have reference to the hill, not the valley, lands of the county. I suppose the valley lands produce much more. When our farmers shall realize that their methods of operation are unwise and ruinous, and shall enterprise in proper lines of business, and in these lines develop the native capacity of the soil, we shall have prosperity, independence and wealth. But just so long as our farmers tenaciously adhere to the prevailing ideas, and operate in the popular channels of agricultural business, we shall have pinching poverty as a curse upon our land, and cries of distress shall come up from the homes of the people. The farmers of this county in theory are eloquent and eloquent advocates of reform, but in practice are its unconquerable foes. They condemn their doings in the past, and suggest, discuss, advocate and adopt (in words) plans for the future management of their business, but as soon as the planting season arrives these plans, however wisely suggested, however warily discussed, however zealously advocated and however sincerely adopted, are forgotten as a dream of the night, and the current of their thoughts and business rush, with increased vehemence down the old, well-washed and dangerous channels. Cotton is the farmer's idol, and it seems that every "Ephraim" of this class "is joined to his idol," and had as well be let alone.

Health. Atmospheric and other conditions of this county are unfavorable, generally, to health. Disease stalks unreluctant over the hills and down the valleys of our land, and death, with mournful frequency, invades our households. Dover circuit reported to the Mississippi Conference of December, 1881, eleven deaths from a membership of one hundred and seventy-one. That certainly indicates unfavorably for the health of the county. There was no death among the preachers of this county during last year, but I am very sure there is no county in the Mississippi Conference whose preachers suffered so much and lost so much time from sickness. J. M. Pugh lost his charge and recruited in Massachusetts; T. B. Holloman and the writer, in extreme feebleness, sought and found restoration in Madison county; D. A. Given was prostrated for several weeks, and R. Bradley, at Benton, unquestionably the most healthful point in Yazoo county, suffered considerably from malaria. There were five traveling preachers (Methodist) to this county belonging to the Jackson district. Of them only one was able to attend the District Conference in July at Madison station. I know of one country graveyard where more than sixty persons were buried within eighteen months. I am now living in a village composed of thirteen families, and there are but four of these in which there has been no death of wife or husband—three are widows, two are widowers, three are living with second wives, and one lady is married to the second husband. Healthful country! No one will say it.

Society. There is no cohesion here in social life. Between the classes—a gulf, deep and wide, is fixed, over which no one may cross. The classes are formed, not by mental and moral qualities, but by "property possessions." "Corruptible things, as gold and silver," are the "open sesame" to the privileges of the higher (?) classes. Mental and moral wealth go for little—the *sine qua non* is money. We have some cohesion socially. The individ-

uals of the same social class seem about as strongly drawn to one another here as they should be. They seem to be concerned in each other's welfare, and generally contribute cheerfully to their neighbor's happiness. There is but one thing in their social character in which we observe agreement among the different classes—uniform kindness and generous hospitality to their preachers. It matters not of what class in society, high or low, of what denomination or of what moral character the family is, the doors are flung wide open to the Methodist preachers, and a generous, unfeigned hospitality dispensed.

Religion. Methodism is the religion of the county, denominationally; legion is the religion, numerically; and the state of religion is dissatisfaction and demoralization. Religion merely comprehending theology, abundant; but distinct from theology, as piety in practice, it is very scarce. We can scarcely distinguish between the church and the world. A very large proportion of the members of our church live in such a way as to heap reproach upon our beloved Methodism. Why is this? Some of our wisest and best preachers have preached Christ to the people here, warning every one of them and teaching every one of them in all wisdom. From every pulpit in the land have come eloquent discourses and molting appeals. The gospel has been preached by men upon whose lips rested burning coals, and Sinai has been pitched in full view of the people with all its vivid flashes and dreadful thunders. Why, then, have they not repented? and why is the church so woefully lacking in practical piety?

Local Itinerant. In his admirable articles in the columns of the Advocate, has answered my questions by pointing out the duties and work of a pastor's life. Pastoral work is that most needed here, and upon which the success of the church most depends. One faithful, humble, prayerful pastor can accomplish more among the people in Yazoo county than a dozen preachers who confine themselves strictly to their public ministrations. About nine-tenths of our people never hear a sermon; they go anywhere rather than to preaching. These non-church-going people are glad to have the preachers to come to their homes, and talk very freely upon the subject of religion. They seem to appreciate the kindly interest of the preacher. To visit them, talk to them and pray with them at their firesides is the only possible way to reach their hearts and convert them to God. A gentleman remarked to me, a few days since, that he thought the preachers visited the families (Christian) that needed them least, and neglected those (sinful) that needed them most.

If every pastor in this county would be faithful during this year I am sure a very wonderful reformation would result. God help us to be faithful.

Dover, Miss., Apr. 24, 1883.

Mr. Editor: By a reference to the minutes of our last District Conference I am reminded that there was a resolution passed that contains this clause: "We will publish our local views in the columns of the NEW ORLEANS CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE," and as I have seen nothing in its columns from our midst I presume it will not be out of order for me to send you a note. The rainfall in the bounds of the district has been much less during the year than we usually have up to this time, but a number of Sabbaths have been too inclement to do a good work in many of our uncomfortable houses of worship. We have in this district fifteen ministers at regular work, and quite a number of faithful men in the supernumerary and local ranks. Every church in the district, so far as I know, is supplied with a pastor. These pastors have thus far demonstrated, by their faithful work, that they have the interest of the church at heart, and everywhere the watchwords are: "More than ever before." The subject of missions is all the while before us, and is taking hold of the people. Grenada and Oxford stations have paid their entire assessments. Oxford circuit paid last year \$10 40. It has already paid to the treasury \$10. Pittsboro circuit paid last year \$16; has already paid \$27. Other works are moving in the same direction. But I am to be regretted that some of our good men, at good places, are letting the opportunities of this season pass unimproved; they may have debts next fall without a good excuse. It is a fact to be noted that in those charges where the pastors have taken the collections committed to them the stewards have made the best collections for the pastors. Let the pastors set good examples. I am glad to say throughout the district the letters of Bishop Pierce have made a profound impression, and both people and pastors are working and hoping for a deep and broad revival of pure religion; a revival that does not begin and end in enrolling the names of a few that have been always under the wholesome influence of religious parents and the church, but one that will strengthen the church by bringing it into a higher life, and adding to her many strong men bound by the power of the Holy Spirit. Oh for a revival that will make the church able to bring forth vigorous children, and also to nurture them. We need to be made able to nourish those who are born into us. We have a prosperous educational interest among us. The district school at Grenada, under the direction of Rev. T. J. Newell, has done a fine work, and has a strong hold on that people. For

years the district has been occupied by the paper published at Memphis, but our paper is beginning to take the field. We are all pleased with your work. May God bless you in it.

Yours respectfully,

N. M. THAMES.

—Peace is such a precious jewel that I would give anything for it but truth.—Matthew Henry.

Marriages.

NORRIS-TERRELL. At the residence of the bride, at Pass Christian, Miss., April 27, 1883, by Rev. Robert H. Dwyer, Mr. W. W. Norris to Mrs. Annie Terrell.

MORRIS-CLAYLAND. At the residence of Mr. Cox, near Brownsville, La., April 17, 1883, by Rev. George M. Liverman, G. R. Morris to M. D. of Brown, La., to Miss Clotilde Clayland.

Obituaries.

ELLIS—Bro. G. W. Ellis was born in Nottoway, Va., January 9, 1825, aged seventy-three years, ten months and sixteen days. He was the son of the venerable Fielding Ellis, who lived to the advanced age of one hundred and eighty years. In 1841 Bro. G. W. Ellis was married to Miss Eliza H. Capers, the daughter of Rev. Gabriel Capers. They raised a family of ten children—of which nine are still living. Bro. Ellis in early life, at the age of nineteen years, entered into a large mercantile house of his brother-in-law, Mr. Jackson, and was partially raised behind the counter. He there acquired a good business education, and with this business qualification he accumulated handsome property which enabled him to live in ease and affluence. But in the great financial crash in 1856, he lost his property. At this time he was living in Macon, Ga. After this financial crash with Bro. Ellis, he decided to go in search of new fields of labor, and in 1854, he was called to the State of Georgia to Mobile county, Ala., where he lived twenty-five years and was successful financially. Bro. Ellis then moved to the State of Mississippi, and settled in Jackson county, on the west side of the Pascagoula river.

Bro. Ellis all through life was possessed with an easy, gentle and patient disposition; kind and courteous to every one around him. He had a large heart and in his declining life, loved to converse on the subject of religion. Yes, he loved the church of Christ. He had a hard spell of sickness last summer, and it was thought by his friends that he would not recover from that sickness. In his sickness the writer visited him, and prayed with him, and talked with him in regard to his future state and happiness after death, and I never saw any one more composed and resigned than Bro. Ellis. He was suddenly called to his eternal home, and he was expecting death every moment. He stated to his wife the morning before he died, that he did not expect to live long; so in less than twenty-four hours his spirit took its flight to the spirit land. I have no doubts in my mind in regard to his eternal happiness. He has left an aged wife and nine children behind. Look up, mother and children! He is at the beautiful, waking and watching in joy. —HOLLAND, Macon, Ga., papers, please a copy.

JONES—Not long ago I wrote for the obituary columns a notice of the death of William Edward Jones, a young man in his early prime, bright and full of hope, a successful future-most sad bereavement to his sorrowing family. Now it is my duty to tell another sad story of bereavement and death in this afflicted family. Their youngest born—a beautiful daughter—has been suddenly torn forever from their earthly embrace.

SALLIE B. JONES, the daughter of my old friends, James C. Jones and his wife, Mrs. J. C. Jones, was born in Galveston, Texas, August 11, 1883, and died in Nashville, Tenn., March 29, 1883. She was a pupil in the Nashville Female College, and was an inmate in the family of Dr. Price, the president. Dr. Price says of her: "A brighter intellect and a more lovely being had never been inside my walls." Her parents reached Nashville from their present home—Lake Charles, La.—in time to see her still unconscious before she left earth for heaven. On the death of her beloved brother, she wrote to her parents she meant to be "one of God's children, and meet her angel brother in heaven." She was a pupil in the Sabbath-school, from her third year, and had many of its prizes kept in the treasury of her precious things. At home and in Sabbath-school she was trained in the virtues and admiration of the Lord. What an unexpected blow to her bereaved parents and sisters to know that she early became "wise unto salvation," and that she is now an angel and a blessed child of light. It is a great and heart-rending sorrow, but "earth hath no sorrow that heaven can't heal." All tears shall be wiped away, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away, from the blessed home of the good; but fullness of joy and pleasure shall forever abide with them. The God of all comfort enable these sorrowing ones to say: "The Lord has given, the Lord has taken; blessed be the name of the Lord." The Lord has said: "My grace is sufficient for thee, and as thy days, so shall be thy strength." And we know he is faithful and keepeth his covenant even to a thousand generations.

SALLIE B. JONES, we remember her as a sweet, winsome child with artless and loving ways, but we shall think of her now as one of the saved and the glorified.

Her former pastor,

J. B. WALKER.

TARVER—Mrs. ELIZABETH TARVER, wife of Rev. Edw. H. Tarver, of Lincoln county, Miss., departed this life on the morning of March 11, after a long and severe illness, in hope of a glorious immortality. Sister Tarver was the daughter of Josiah and Jane Powell, and was born in Madison county, Ga., August 2, 1808. In her early life her parents came to Mississippi, where she married Edw. H. Tarver, June 7, 1832. This was a happy and fruitful union of hearts and lives, running through a period of more than half a century, and leading in a family of eight children, of intelligence, culture and piety, most of whom survive the beloved but departed mother, and with the grief-stricken and sadly bereaved father, sorrow for one whose place can never be filled in this life, but not without hope of a glorious reunion and joyous recognition in heaven, where sorrow and sighing shall be unknown, and all tears shall be wiped away. Sister Tarver's early religious impressions were from a Pres-

byterian source—her parents being Presbyterians—but soon after her marriage she united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was happily and soundly converted. Thus a good foundation was laid for future happiness and usefulness in the present life. The reproduction of this usefulness and happiness in the lives of her children, who now rise up and call her blessed, attests the soundness of her conversion and emancipation to God, and the blessedness of Christian activity in the home circle. Her piety was modest, but decided, earnest, consistent and persevering. Hence when questioned as to her departure her answer was: "I am ready." Ready to meet God, and pass the solemn test of his all-searching eye, and hear from his gracious lips, "Well done."

WM. M. HINES.

KENNEY—SISTER MARY LINDSEY KENNEY, whose maiden name was LONG, was born in Fairfield district, S. C., February 10, 1810, and departed this life at her residence near East Point, Red River parish, La., March 6, 1883, aged seventy-three years and twenty-four days. She was married to Dr. B. G. Kenney, January 27, 1828, with whom she lived happily to the hour of her death. They raised seven children, one of whom only remains with the heart-stricken husband and father to lament her loss and to live to meet her in the "sweet by-and-by."

Sister Kenney embraced religion and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church at her first camp meeting, and remained a member of the same in a highly distinguished Christian life until God said: "It is enough; come up higher." It was not the written pleasure, but a personal acquaintance with her religious life, but from what we learn from those who know her best we can safely say she was a Christian of highest type. Her faith in God was constant and firm, fruitful of good works. Her love was of a supreme character and constant. Sister Kenney was consecrated to God in all the duties and trials of life with an untiring zeal. She never forgot to read her Bible or to carry her eyes to God in prayer. Every night she left this world with the thought on her mind: "I have left this world as I found it, and I leave it as I found it." It was the writer's pleasure to visit her only a few days before her death, and to talk with her on religion, and to find her perfectly resigned to the will of God in all things. She was an invalid about seven years, much of the time suffering greatly, yet in all this she murmured not, but with a faith that takes hold on God and heaven rested in hope of that blessed day which she now enjoys. May God bless the husband, the son, the grand-children and us all to meet her in heaven.

R. M. BLACKBURN, Pastor.

HUDNALL—On the morning of February 26, 1883, the spirit of a little girl, daughter of Mr. R. J. Hudnall, passed from earth to heaven, no doubt, with a shining company of angels, for a few days before she left she stretched out her little hand, and said, "They come." The subject of the above notice was born in Monticello, Lawrence county, Miss., October 12, 1871; aged eleven years, four months and fourteen days. Her disease was typhoid fever of the atrophic type. Her illness lasted for twenty-seven days, and her suffering seemed to be intense until the close, which was almost without a struggle. Little Belle joined the Methodist Church at the China Grove Camp Meeting, in 1880, and lived a consistent Christian life, always kneeling at her bedside before retiring and offering up her little prayers to her heavenly Father, and urging her little brothers to do the same. She was always cheerful, and often sang some of the sweet songs of Zion. The last song she was heard to sing, which was a few hours before she was taken sick, was, "Thou must sleep, but not forever." She was fond of her books; a great reader for one so young. Truly, she was intelligent beyond her years. Little Belle was a beautiful child, gentle in her disposition, kind to all, grateful in her manners. She was beautiful even in death. It must be hard for the parents to give up such a child, but they should remember that she belonged to him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," and was only loaned to them for a little while. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." W. W. SIMMONS.

CAHION—Resolutions of the Quarterly Conference, Cayuga circuit, Mississippi Conference:

"Whereas, Our heavenly Father, who has seen fit, in his inscrutable wisdom, to take from our midst our beloved brother and pastor, J. S. CAHION; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we bow in humble submission to the Divine behest, as coming from our great High Priest, the King of kings, and God of hosts.

Resolved, That we feel that our social circle, our neighborhood, our church, and its churches, and the church at large, have lost one of their most useful members. Yea, and the circle in which he moved has lost a noble and a dearly-remembered character, a character so beautifully interwoven with all the virtues that constitute loveliness, that it shines as a beacon light at any and all times in the pupil, in the bosom of his family, and in his every walk of life.

Resolved, That while we mourn with his aged parents in their loss of a son, and with his wife and children in their bereavement, we proudly rejoice with them that he has anchored with a hope of meeting his Saviour in the forgiveness of his sins, a Christian hopes as glorified as eternally itself.

C. DUNSON, for the Conference.

HAIRNEY—Mrs. MARY JANE DAWSON, nee Gilbert, wife of Thomas Dawson, was born September 19, 1816, and died at her residence, in Jefferson county, Miss., March 6, 1883.

She was an aged father, a husband, and six children to mourn her loss. Having lost her mother when quite an infant, her father, who was a member of the Methodist Church, early taught her to love the church with which she united in her sixteenth year. She was a consecrated Christian, a devoted wife and tender mother. She had been an invalid for several years, and had learned to look and patient under suffering and pain, she always expressed a willingness to submit to the Father's will. Her faith was well founded, and when satisfied that the end was near, she said to her husband, saying she had long since prepared for death and was now willing to depart. Under all her trials she was a true and tender mother, loving, self-sacrificing, had drawn husband and children close to her. Her family mourns her loss, but the Lord's will be done. She has gone to a brighter and happier home.

A FRIEND.

HENDERSON—SISTER MARY IDA HENDERSON, wife of Rev. W. P. Henderson, a local minister in the bounds of the Caddo circuit, Louisiana Conference, was born November 1, 1857, was married March 4, 1875, and died February 19, 1883. Her maiden name was Dockery, and she was born into Methodist usages and piety, an uncle being a local minister. Early plans influenced early turned her mind toward religion, for at the age of twelve she became a member of the church. But while living in the discharge of her Christian duties, she was not satisfied with her experience, and it was not until the summer of 1875 that she professed conversion. At the same time her husband was also converted. Her Christian life henceforth was exemplary, and though modestly unobtrusive, "hid with Christ in God." Hence in the varied relations of Christian, wife, mother, her deportment was such as might be expected from one who had obtained "precious faith." She leaves a husband and four children, one a babe, and died at peace with God and man. May the "secret of the Lord" be their inheritance until they meet again in the mansions of rest.

FRANK E. BUTLER.

DONNENFELSER—At a meeting of the New Hope Sunday School, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at Algiers, La., it was unanimously resolved that:

"Whereas, The angel of death has snatched our hearts by removing from our Sunday-school, CAMARIE DONNENFELSER, aged six years, seven months and seventeen days;

"Whereas, She has been one of our most useful, devoted and exemplary members, and by her death we have sustained a loss irreparable;

"Whereas, We are assured that our loss has made her home in the heavenly inheritance; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we bow in humble submission to the will of God, who too wise to err and too good to be unkind.

Resolved, That we earnestly strive to imitate her noble example, that we may be prepared to meet her in a "brighter world," beyond the sunset's radiant glow.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be furnished to the family of the deceased, the Algiers Conference, and the New Orleans Christian Advocate, as a memorial of our sympathy and affectionate regard.

CHAS. C. BRIDGER, for Committee.

WEBB—THOMAS, infant son of A. G. and Nannie H. Webb, was born July 6, 1881, and died in Columbia, Miss., March 8, 1883, aged one year, eight months and two days. Another sweet, beautiful flower has been plucked from the garden of heaven, but to add to the beauties in the home above. Little Thomas was the sweetest and most lovely child in a family of five bright, beautiful little children. He was the pet and joy of the household. Around him were gathered the affections of fond parents and loving little sisters. But God has seen fit to take their darling away from them. He has carried him up, and placed him among the millions of infant souls that gaze upon the family above. We have assurance that their precious little ones are not gone from them forever, but are waiting to await their coming in the home where they will be no more parting from those that we love. May God comfort the hearts of the bereaved and lead their thoughts and desires heavenward.

J. W. McLAUGHLIN.

DOWNS—SISTER CAROLINE DOWNS was born in Alabama, in 1838, died in Rankin county, Miss., March 1, 1883, was married to S. H. DOWNS in 1861; came to Mississippi in 1872; was converted and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in 1875; was received by the writer at a church called Brown's Mills, in Simpson county, Miss., then in the Union circuit. At her death she was a member in the Cato circuit. She was the mother of thirteen children, seven of whom predeceased her to the spirit land. She leaves six children and a sad husband to mourn their loss. Their loss is a great grief. She died shouting glory to God. The Lord's great salvation has escaped her lips was: "Glory to God." Therefore they mourn not as those who have no hope. May God help her children and children to join her in heaven. Sister Caroline DOWNS was the daughter of Reuben B. and Mary Fales. —R. A. SHUBERT.

Alabama papers please copy.

JACKSON—JAMES A. JACKSON, son of W. H. and Jane Jackson, was born in Nashville, Tenn., August 27, 1839, was married to Miss S. J. Jackson, daughter of Rev. G. W. Alexander, formerly of the Holston Conference, October 13, 1861, and died at Jackson, at his home near Phoenix, Yazoo county, Miss., March 12, 1883. The deceased was a member of the Baptist Church, a most exemplary Christian, of broad, earnest spirit, a good citizen, a kind, devoted husband. Though he had a loving wife and sweet little girl to live for him, with a loving mother, and a dear sister, yet, when called to die, he said he was ready, and while he wished to live, he was willing to die. He called his friends to his bedside, and administered to them in love and kindness. May the Lord preserve his bereaved wife and helpless babe into the same happy end.

R. HOWARD, P. M.

GLOVER—JOHN G. GLOVER, was born in Natchez, Miss., May 5, 1821, and died in New Orleans, La., April 22, 1883. He professed conversion and joined Pellety Street Methodist Church under the pastorate of Rev. John H. Quinn. He was a man possessed of a quiet disposition, which seemed to grow in gentleness during the last years of his life. During his illness he exhibited the patience of a Christian, expressing himself as having grace from God to bear his pain. When informed of his approaching end, he gave his parting blessing to each member of his family, and sent messages to the absent ones, and resigned himself to God. "Almost there," "most to the shore," "be faithful and loving," were among the last expressions that fell from his lips. God people die well!

KILPAT—MARTIN A. KILPAT, daughter of J. M. and Sister M. M. KILPAT, was born in Sabine parish, La., October 15, 1858, and died in Greenville, Abbeville, S. C., March 4, 1883.

She joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at Holly Grove Church, Anacoco circuit, of the Louisiana Conference, in 1874, and during the many years of her membership, tried valiantly to keep the vows she had assumed. Her life was short, but we have reason to believe that she used her probation well. Her father, sister and brother have suffered loss; but she, with her mother who had gone before, has found only gain. Her loved ones weep, but not as those who are without hope.







## Christian Advocate.

ORIGIN OF THE LOUISIANA, MISSISSIPPI AND NORTH MISSISSIPPI CONFERENCES OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

CHAS. B. GALLOWAY, D. D., Editor.

Corresponding Editors:  
REV. T. A. S. ADAMS, REV. J. T. SAWYER,  
REV. W. L. C. HODGKINS.

THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1883.

Dr. John Mathews, of Kansas City, in writing a private letter to Bro. Jamieson, one of his old Carondelet parishioners, thus speaks of his work: "When I wrote to the Advocate we had 150 accessions; since then have added 108, making in all 258 since October 1, 1882—the beginning of our Conference year. Two-thirds of these are heads of families."

On last Sunday the Rev. Dr. John Hunter, of Jackson, Miss., celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his pastorate over the Presbyterian Church in that city. Such a silver wedding was properly made an inspiring occasion. It was a time of kind words, Christian greeting, friendly offerings, and thanksgiving to God. An old ex-parishioner, now in Scotland, sent a draft for \$50. It is no ordinary circumstance for a man to live in the same community for half a century of years, and constantly grow in their confidence and esteem. We have found him a true yoke-fellow in Christ—a Christian of clear convictions, broad catholicity and unflinching devotion to the right. We pray that the future may be yet richer spiritual harvest from his long and faithful pastoral sowing.

The following resolutions were passed by the Centenary Committee, and are sent out to the church as an outline plan for our Centennial celebration:

*Resolved*, That the leading object of this Centenary observance is the spiritual improvement of our people by reviewing God's signal mercies during the hundred years of our organic life, and by calling out in suitable monumental form our gratitude for these blessings.

*Resolved*, That the first Sabbath in January, 1884, be observed throughout the church as a day of devout prayer for the Divine blessing upon the Centenary services of the year, and for a general revival of religion, and on that day our preachers explain the nature and objects of the Centenary celebration, and especially urge adherence to those doctrines and usages of early Methodism that have contributed, under God, to her spiritual power.

*Resolved*, That each Annual Conference provide for the preaching of a Centenary sermon before its own body, and that a committee of ministers and laymen be appointed to arrange for appropriate Centennial services at such points in the Conference as may be deemed best.

*Resolved*, That the last Sabbath in May and October, 1884, as each Annual Conference may designate, be observed as days of special Centenary service in all our churches and mission stations, and that the Centenary Committee be requested to prepare a programme of exercises therefor.

*Resolved*, That due attention be paid to a children's celebration of our Methodist Centenary, to be held at such time in 1884 as each Annual Conference may determine.

*Resolved*, That a sub-committee of five be appointed to co-operate with like committees of other Methodist bodies in arranging for a joint celebration of the Centenary of the Christian Conference in Baltimore, in 1874.

*Resolved*, That a Central Centenary Committee, composed of three ministers and three laymen, be appointed by the General Centenary Committee, whose duty it shall be to correspond with the Annual Conference Centenary Committees; to prepare and publish all necessary documents; and to secure the intelligent and hearty cooperation of the whole church, particularly in the matter of collection of offerings.

*Resolved*, That special attention be given to raising funds for educational purposes. That the Centenary Committee of each Annual Conference, the Central Centenary Committee, may designate the institution or institutions for whose benefit contributions are made, provided that all donors may give directions to their contributions; and that all funds contributed for educational purposes, and not otherwise directed, shall be forwarded to the Central Centenary Committee to constitute "A Centenary Educational Fund," whose administration shall be determined by the next General Conference.

*Resolved*, That the cause of Church Extension be strongly urged upon the attention of our people as a leading object for their contributions in 1883, and that we seek to raise a Loan Fund of \$500,000.

*Resolved*, That the Anglo-Chinese University at Shanghai, the mission house and church edifice in the City of Mexico, the mission school at Rio de Janeiro, be recommended as special objects for Centenary contributions in our mission fields.

*Resolved*, That the Executive Committee, provided for in Article 7, be constituted a temporary Board of Trust, who shall take charge of, and administer, all funds coming into the hands of this committee; until the creation of a permanent Board of Trust, except funds for missionary and church extension purposes, which latter they shall receive and pass over to their appropriate boards.

*Resolved*, That Bishop McTear be requested to prepare a suitable Centennial volume, setting forth the salient points in the history of our American Methodism during the first hundred years of its organic existence.

## Editorial Correspondence.

From New Orleans to Nashville in twenty-five hours is rapid transit. We left the Crescent City at six P. M. on Monday and at seven P. M. Tuesday reached the City of Rocks, and found our excellent friend, Mr. J. D. Hamilton, with his carriage in waiting to take us to our hospitable General Conference home. The Louisville and Nashville road furnishes the best accommodation, close connections and agreeable officers. The average conductor has neither respect nor toleration for the multitudinous interrogatories of the ordinary inquisitive passenger. But we found several on this line who patiently and pleasantly gave information about places, persons and things. We have made frequent visits to Nashville, but never came before by this route. From Pulaski to Nashville the most beautiful part of Tennessee is seen, and in these early days of May it never appeared more glorious. Indeed, it looked to us as fair and sweet as an oriental garden. The green wheat fields and browsing herds and pellucid streams and clean, comfortable farm houses were pleasing, novel impressions to one accustomed to cotton fields and poor miles.

Nashville is alive with Methodists from all parts of our wide connection. The Bishops met on Tuesday. All of them are present, and look to be in good keeping. Bishop Pierce, the honored and venerable senior of the college, looks ruddier than a year ago, with a clearer voice and more elastic step. Bishop Hargrove's long and large itinerary over the far West has given him a little additional rofidity. He is full of facts and enthusiasm about our occidental work, and made so good an impression that his colleagues have sent him back to his last year's district. The "new panel" have made full proof of their episcopate, and their praise is in all the churches. The church has reason to rejoice in all her chief pastors. They are leaders, wise and true, and in life and official administration have justified the divine guidance of their selection. In another column we publish the Plan of Episcopal Visitation for the ensuing year.

The Board of Missions has been in session two days. Reports from the varied fields indicate growth, and encourage us to hope for large results in the near future. Provision has been made to send out two new men to China, and a Bishop to visit the mission with the view of organizing it into a Conference. Dr. Allen calls loudly for four new men to do evangelistic work, and a fifth to teach in the college at Shanghai.

Rev. J. L. Kennedy, of our Brazil mission, is in the city, and ably represented his work before the Board. A sharp attack of yellow fever in Rio de Janeiro made it necessary for him to return to the United States for a season of recuperation. He gave a capital account of our cause in the empire, some features of which are exceptional and significant. The Brazil mission stands first in the order of self-support. The church in Rio de Janeiro pays for the gospel \$31.90 per capita—a record not paralleled in any congregation at home. The membership of the entire mission has been doubled during the past year, and our preaching services are being attended by the elite of the country.

In Central Mexico and on the Mexican Border there has been an advanced movement. Never in the history of Southern Methodism has our work abroad been so full of promise. The collections have largely exceeded other years, and the threatened debt of twelve months ago has scarcely a name and no existence.

The Centenary Committee meets to-morrow. Members are coming in by every train and from everywhere—from Baltimore to Colorado. The Book Committee is in session; and the affairs of the Publishing House in a healthful, prosperous condition. The report of the agent we have not seen, but will give something more definite in another letter.

While the Southern Methodist churches are gathering and consulting our brethren "across the Tweed" are down here in numbers and dignity. Bishop Wiley, Dr. J. H. Vincent, of Chattanooga fame, and others are in Nashville, holding a Sunday-school and theological institute. They meet at the Tennessee College-building. Their lectures, no doubt, will stimulate the colored students, and we hope to higher and purer aims. Dr. Vincent delivers to-night, at the opera house, his famous lecture on "That Boy." We remember to have heard it some years ago in Cincinnati, and the memory of that evening begets a desire to hear it again. Dr. Vincent is a broad, non-sectarian, progressive, enterprising man. He had a good beginning, was born in Alabama, and has

the sunny, open heart and countenance of his native Southern land.

Nashville is a solid, growing city, built on rock, out of rock, and appropriately called the "City of Rocks." We notice some beautiful and substantial buildings on the principal streets, the foundations of which were not laid a year ago. Col. Cole, a retired railroad magnate and member of our Board of Missions, is spending a half million dollars in buildings, some of them of elaborate, modern architecture. The Watkins' library approaches completion. This is the bequest of a wealthy old bachelor who started life here a poor shoemaker. It is a noble benefaction—a wise direction given to hard-earned money.

The Sunday-School Committee has been in annual session during the week of multitudinous and multifarious meetings. They have passed in careful review the excellent work of Dr. Cunningham's department. Its growth has been gratifying. The editor is untiring and consecrated to the important interests committed to his hands. Indeed, he is overworked, and has been for several years, and the committee acted wisely in providing him assistance. Rev. J. A. Lyons, of the Holston Conference, and author of that recent volume noticed in our column, "The Sunday-School and Its Methods," has been elected to fill the place. He will bring to his position large experience and intense interest in this special department of service.

It will be seen from the schedule of assessments on the Conferences which are herewith forwarded, there is an advance on last year. The largely increased receipts of the past year and the outlook for the future made this necessary. There is an enlarged and enlarging intelligence and liberality in the church which we believe will respond to the advance of the board. Two young men were accepted, and will be sent out to the foreign field, we hope, at an early day.

## OUR METHODIST CENTENARY.

The Centenary Committee held its sessions on Friday and Saturday. Dr. E. R. Hendrix was made permanent chairman and Dr. O. P. Fitzgerald secretary. All the clerical members of the committee were present except two—Rev. Dr. H. Dick, of California, and Rev. J. H. Dye, of Arkansas. Only three laymen put in an appearance—Lieut. Gov. Shands, of Mississippi, Judge Ireland, of West Virginia, and Mr. P. Maguire, of Louisville. The plans outlined for the great celebration are given in the resolutions passed. Of course the details must be relegated to the central committee, and much will depend upon their industry and enterprise. Enthusiasm must be kindled throughout the church largely by their labors. This central committee is composed of the following: E. R. Hendrix, D. D., chairman; W. P. Harrison, D. D., secretary; Bishop McTear, James Whitworth, D. D., Palmer and J. G. Carter.

The committee of arrangements and correspondence with other bodies is thus constituted: Bishop A. W. Wilson, chairman; Dr. J. S. Martin, secretary; Dr. Samuel Rodgers, T. J. Magruder and Charles Stupley. Affairs at the Publishing House are prospering. The following facts are gathered from the Agent's report made to the Book Committee. The total amount of business for the year ending with April 1 is \$216,974.33. Everything is conducted on strictly cash principles, and a gratifying net gain is the result. Thirty-one thousand and nine hundred and fifty dollars in bonds have been retired, besides an addition of assets in machinery and "betterments" of over \$15,000. The total indebtedness now is \$186,000 as against \$350,000 in 1873.

Vanderbilt University—our educational center—grows in the attractiveness of its surroundings and the scope of its facilities. The campus, adorned with the trees of almost every family, and carpeted with the most luxuriant blue grass, answers to the famed academic shades of old. The Registrar, just from the press, shows a total enrollment of students for the term of 1882-3. Of these 203 are in the medical department, 27 in the dental department, 20 in the department of pharmacy, 37 in the law department, 74 in the Biblical department and 201 in the academic department. Though the total attendance is somewhat below last term, we were told that more true university work had been done than in any year of Vanderbilt's history. We were delighted to see Chancellor Garland so vigorous and active. He looks quite as young and strong as when, sixteen years ago, at the University of Mississippi, he taught physics and astronomy over this editor. We were then impressed with his marvelous versatility as a scholar, and yet doubt if he has a peer in our wide connection. Southern Methodism feels a just pride in this great University.

We here return thanks to Dr.

Fitzgerald for many appreciated attentions. We had the "run" of his sanctum, and, in conning his exchanges, had the home feeling of 112 Camp street, New Orleans. The doctor has not yet fully recovered from the long illness which prostrated him after the last General Conference, but is working with the force and fidelity of blue grass vigor.

Our dear friends, the Hamiltons, are given to hospitality of a typical sort. Theirs is not the attention that oppresses, but the freedom that throws off all stilted reserve and makes one feel quite at home. No wonder good Bishop Marvin so often rejoiced to be their guest. So after a pleasant and profitable week we turned our face homeward on the early morning of Monday. The trip southward was enlivened by the genial companionship of Rev. J. H. McLean, of Texas, who was returning from the meeting of the Centenary Committee. And here, without let or hindrance, and by the good providence of God, on Tuesday morning we find ourselves in our office and at work. Of many things seen, heard and felt, it is not lawful now to speak.

## Jacob's Struggle and Its Lesson.

It was on his way back to his native land that Jacob had his deepest experience in the matter of his spiritual redemption. Oppressed with a sense of his sinfulness and with fear of Esau, who was coming to meet him with four hundred men, he divided his company into two bands and sent them before him, while he stopped awhile to pour out his soul in prayer to God. The record says: "And Jacob was left alone, and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day." What a night of trouble and anxiety that was! What a time of anguish and heart-ache! It was black night without and blacker night within the soul! How that darkness was intensified by the clouds which sin spread over the moral sky! Despair seized and throttled every emotion except the strange resolution to die in the struggle for deliverance! And what invincible strength had the mysterious man with whom Jacob wrestled! All through the long hours of the dark night, with a soul determined to find the light, if there was any, and a frame which fear had braced with nerves of steel, Jacob held on to the unequal contest! And when the dawn opened the gates of the morning, and the beams of light began to nestle in gentle peace upon the bosom of the sleeping earth, the mysterious man said to Jacob: "Let me go, for the day-breaketh." Oh! weary patriarch, the bluish that has diffused itself over the eastern sky is the harbinger of a brighter beauty which will chase away the darkness from thy soul if thou wilt stand to thy resolution! As the light broadens, Jacob's resolution grows stronger, and, with the expression of the sublimest purpose a man ever uttered, he renews the struggle. His strengthened resolution now carries him completely over to the other side, and he boldly assumes the province of defeating the terms upon which the contest shall end. Said he: "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." What a concentration of moral forces there is in that! Here is human weakness, becoming so utterly weak that it falls into the arms of Divine power! Here is human want, so displaying its utter helplessness as to attract the benevolence of God! Here is human guilt, in its miserable despair, actually teaching forth its polluted hand and touching the golden scepter of Divine mercy! Here is a human soul, struggling up out of darkness and despair into light and hope, and receiving as its reward a new nature and a new name; for the angel said: "Thy name shall no more be called Jacob, but Israel, for as a prince thou hast power with God and with men, and hast prevailed."

The lesson here is a valuable one, especially to young people. We learn here that there is a large element of success in despair itself. What seems to be utter ruin is often complete salvation. What is regarded as dire disaster often turns out to be the essential blessing. The brightest hopes are often born of the terriblest throes of despair! The grandest achievements have been won in a region from which hope of success had taken its flight. Invincible spirits transform apparent failures into solid stepping stones, and which they mount to the loftiest attainments.

There comes a time in every individual history when the man is called to take a final stand against the three forces of the evil that is in him, when the cruel test of loyalty to his better self is applied with singular and severe sharpness. Such times are pivotal points in individual destiny. The resolution to conquer or to die at that time is the sublimest that the mind can form; and the

struggle consequent upon that resolution is the grandest of all struggles. At this interesting point, this point upon which all the issues of the future are delicately balanced, is the place for the individual to "show himself a man." In the things of every-day life failures are not so bad, for some of them can be remedied and some can be counteracted, but in the moral arena, where weakness is always increased by defeat and strength grows only by victory, no man can afford to lose a battle.

C. W. C.

From Trenton, La.

MR. EDITOR: The apportionment to the Louisiana Conference for foreign missions for 1882 was \$4,000, and Treasurer Keener reports as raised, \$2,936, the deficit (I don't like that word) being \$1,064. The apportionment for 1883 is \$6,850, and shall we have another deficit? It can not be hard, with God's help, to raise this amount, and surely we ought to go beyond \$10,000.

A brother writes me as follows: "Our foreign mission collection has been taken. Our assessment is \$300. We raised \$304, and think it will reach \$400." Last year the assessment on that charge was \$150, and \$224.45 was raised. Those people have done well. They gave their doubled assessment, and a handsome sum beyond that. This news, with that from Bro. Hart, Dr. Carter and others noticed in the Advocate, is very encouraging. If we will in every station and circuit just double our assessment for foreign missions, and then, preachers and people, do our level best to get that doubled assessment, and as much more as possible, I can not see why Treasurer Keener should not be able to report at the Minden Conference the full \$10,000 for this good cause. Look at this: \$10,000 is less than sixty-seven cents per head for the 14,937 members of our church in Louisiana. If we can give \$10,000 in 1883, it will not be long before we can raise the small sum of one dollar per member for the saving of the world. Bought with the blood of the world's Redeemer, let us put our head, heart and money into this thing, and lift the Louisiana Conference up to where she ought to be.

APRIL 25, 1883.

## LATER.

Sunday night Mrs. Sallie E. Chapin, of South Carolina, representing the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, lectured in Monroe, and on yesterday morning organized the ladies of Monroe for temperance work. There were over 100 who joined; but Bro. B. F. White has no doubt, written you the full particulars. Last night Mrs. Chapin lectured in Trenton, and this morning she organized our ladies into a Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Eighty-one names were reported, and the number will easily be made one hundred by night. As our population, all told, white and black, is only about 50,000 it looks as if the temperance people might soon be strong enough to shut up the saloons and stop all sale of liquor in our community. The officers of the Trenton Woman's Christian Temperance Union, distributed among the churches, are as follows: Mrs. L. W. Flournoy, president; Mrs. Uriah Millsaps, general vice-president; Mrs. T. C. Standifer, Mrs. Robert Randle, Mrs. Angle Meredith and Mrs. William A. J. Lewis, Methodist vice-presidents; Mrs. J. W. Miles, Mrs. John Drago and Mrs. E. D. Fritley, Baptist vice-presidents; Mrs. J. W. Mitchell, Mrs. J. M. Tyndall and Mrs. Major McCalre, Presbyterian vice-presidents; Miss Genie McCallin, recording secretary; Mrs. D. M. Shigars, corresponding secretary; Mrs. S. F. Head, treasurer.

Mrs. Chapin goes by boat to Camden, Ark., thence to Paris, Texas, and afterward to Shreveport, La. Wherever she speaks she must prove a power in God's hands for the accomplishment of much good. Wholly consecrated, she stands before her audience as a Southern woman, and, with all the wonderfully magnetic power that belongs to her as such, she captivates her hearers and wins them over to the temperance cause. When such elect ladies as Mrs. Chapin are found taking the matter in hand, we may look for prohibition speedily to triumph even in our beloved Louisiana.

MAY 1, 1883.

Centenary College, Jackson, La.

It will be seen by reference to Bishop Keener's published list of appointments for the summer that he expects to be at Centenary College June 3-8. This is the time for the commencement exercises. The commencement sermon will be preached, June 3, by Rev. C. B. Galloway, D. D. My object in calling attention to this occasion is to bring it prominently before the public, especially

the preachers of the Mississippi and Louisiana Conferences, who are presumed to feel a deep interest in this institution of learning. We extend to them a special invitation to attend. It will be impracticable for most of them to do so, yet there are some within convenient distance whose attendance would not involve either much time or expense, and might and ought to be present. We hope no one of our preachers will fail of attendance, from the fear that his presence will be an imposition on the hospitality of our magnanimous people. We are ready to entertain, to the best of our ability, any who come, especially the preachers.

Each of the two Conferences, which allusion has been made to, has appointed a committee to visit this college. From the Mississippi Conference the committee is: Revs. R. S. Woodward and J. P. Drake. From the Louisiana Conference the committee is: Revs. H. O. White, F. C. Houtt and Felix R. Hill. We hope these brethren, if practicable, will make their visit during our commencement. Circumstances, some of which have been created and others modified since our last commencement, determine the presence of one to be of more than ordinary interest, and thus there is a demand more than usual urgency for the presence, not only of all the trustees but of as many of our preachers and laymen and friends in general as may find it practicable to attend. We give a list of the names of the trustees of this college in the hope of inducing those to come who have hitherto habitually attended the meetings of the Board: Prof. W. N. Magruder, A. M., Bishop John Keener, D. D., J. L. D., Rev. E. J. Harp, Bishop L. Parker, D. D., Rev. J. L. Forsyth, Hon. Edward J. Gay, Hon. Josiah D. Nettles, A. M., Rev. James A. Godfrey, Hon. Samuel Norwood, Rev. J. A. B. Jones, Rev. Wm. H. Goodale, A. M., Rev. John T. Sawyer, Rev. C. G. Andrews, D. D., J. H. Keller, Esq., Rev. C. Keener, A. M., E. L. McGee, M. D., Rev. T. W. Bond, A. M., W. G. Samuels, Esq., John M. Watkins, M. D., Robert L. Moore, Esq., Thomas S. Jones, M. D., George M. Brown, Esq., Rev. George T. McGee, Rev. J. B. Walker.

Could we have present at our approaching commencement all the trustees, or even a large majority of them, it would add very much to the interest of the occasion, and would doubtless result favorably for the school.

Some new interests inspire our little village with a degree of life which it has not manifested since the war. It is a fact fully realized that we are now connected by telephone and telegraph with the outside world, and the importance of securing a connection is fully appreciated. But another factor, more potent and encouraging, enters to give life to higher hopes—the grand Mississippi Valley railroad. It is to run past Jackson, and within five miles, as not a hill, swamp, creek or quagmire intervenes. This railroad is not only located, but largely graded between this and New Orleans, and is between these limits, being rapidly pushed to completion. It is not probable that students returning to Centenary College in September next will come by rail.

Jackson seems to have felt the impulse of this breath of civilized life and in a somewhat general, though modest way is responding, as may be seen in the renovation of houses and fences, painting and whitewashing. All this is gladdening; but there is one thing here that is astounding—the condition, material condition, of Centenary College. How happy would we be, faculty and students, could we present her to our friends at commencement (thoroughly repaired and refurnished). May God speed the day, as we believe it will, when it may be done!

D. S. ARSH.

## Inasmuch.

The connection in which our Lord uses this word makes it a word of most tremendous import. It concentrates in itself all the labor of probation, and holds all the hopes and possibilities of the future life. The record of every man's life is in it, and every man's destiny is to come out of it. The richness or poverty of every individual experience is measured accurately by this word. The richness or poverty of every individual reward in the future is weighed in this balance. This word is the bridge over which every soul shall walk out into the realities of the final state! This word makes every man confront Christ, and at the last day it will cause Christ to confront every man. Here is the extent of every man's obligation and the measure of every man's work. Here is the reason for every man's life and the motive for every man's proper living. Here is the grand privilege











# D. H. HOLMES

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## Christian Advocate.

THURSDAY, MAY 17, 1883.

## WAITING.

BY MRS. CAROLINE L. ELIOTT.

I am waiting for the coming of my dear Redeemer Lord,  
I am waiting on his promise, in his precious, precious word;  
And although he seems to tarry, yet I know he'll surely come,  
And take his own, his promised, to his bright and joyful home.

When I waken to the morning, ere the dawning of the day,  
I lift my soul to his dear side, and watch; and pray,  
For I may be in the morning I shall hear his heavenly voice,  
Triumphant over the waves of time, bid all his own rejoice.

Then in the noontide splendor of the sun's meridian light,  
When the busy world's surroundings need our armor should be bright,  
I seek to turn aside our thoughts from the earthly cares of life,  
And think, perhaps, 'tis now he'll come to bid the battle and the strife.

Then when the shadowy wing of night spreads darkness on the land,  
For on slumber close my senses, I yield all into his hand,  
My body, and my spirit—self all I ask him to keep,  
And, thinking on his precious blood, I fall asleep.

For it may be, while I'm sleeping, the archangel's trumpet will sound—  
Then, oh, what a glorious waking, to be all in Jesus' hand;  
Yet, not whether in the morning, or the noon-tide, or the night,  
It reckons little to the Christian soul, whose light is in his sight.

For, as matter when he cometh, oh, what praise for truth like this!  
When he comes, we shall be like him; we shall be like him, as he is.

—London Christian.

## In Memoriam.

REV. W. D. STAYTON.

Rev. W. D. Stayton was born in Washington—now Marion—county Ky., April 1, 1825; and died on January 18, 1883, at Couchhatta, Red River parish, La.

In 1833 his father moved to Jackson Purchase, near Paducah, Ky., where Bro. Stayton grew up to manhood and received his education, such as he could get at country schools, except the last five months, when he attended a school of higher grade at Lovelockville, Ky. He was married to Miss Frances Hattie Ashby, July 6, 1847. Ten days after their marriage he professed religion and joined the church, and in October following he joined the church as a seeker of religion; and in August, 1848, he was converted. He served the church as class leader, steward and exhorter until January, 1856, when he was licensed to preach by a quarterly Conference held at Wyatt's Camp Ground, eight miles from Paducah. His license was signed by Hinton H. Howell, presiding elder. In August following he was recommended to the Annual Conference for admission on trial in the traveling connection. Being advised by Bishop Early to go to Louisiana, his recommendation was sent to the presiding elder of Lake Providence District, Louisiana Conference. It was presented to the Conference at its session held at Waterproof, and he was admitted on February 5, 1857. He was appointed that year to North-Hampton Circuit and Colored Mission, served this charge two years, and at the close of the second year was ordained deacon by Bishop Paine. He was then appointed to Calcasieu Circuit, where he remained two years. He served Natchitoches Circuit during the year 1862. Was elected to elders' orders at the close of 1863. His next year was Farnsworth Circuit, was continued there three years. At the session of the Annual Conference held at Mansfield in 1866, he, with twenty-four others, was ordained elder by Bishop J. H. Andrew. During the four years following he traveled four different circuits, viz: Downsville, Rhythmow, Lou—now Italyville—and Waterproof.

In 1870 he was transferred to the Memphis Conference and was appointed to Decaturville Circuit; traveled that circuit only eight weeks, his health completely giving away. At the close of that year, at the session of the Conference held at Brownsville, Tenn., he was transferred back to the Louisiana Conference by Bishop Duggett. He traveled to Springville Circuit the next three years and was appointed to South Bossier Circuit in 1874. At the close of that year he located, remained local two years. Was readmitted at the Conference held at Trouton in 1876. From that Conference he went to Colfax Circuit, remained there one year; was then appointed to Springville Circuit, served that work two years. In 1880 he was appointed to Pleasant Hill Circuit, the last one he ever traveled. He received an appointment to South Bossier Circuit for the next year, but was taken sick with pneumonia on Tuesday after the first Sabbath in November, having traveled about forty miles to preach the funeral of a friend on that Sabbath, the last sermon he ever preached. He partially recovered from this attack of pneumonia and it was hoped that he would be able to go to his work; but it was discovered that this disease had given way to a worse one—consumption—from which he suffered greatly, but patiently. It was the writer's privilege to visit him often during his sickness, and all through the different stages of this fatal disease, he exhibited a great deal of fortitude, bearing his affliction without murmuring. The Bible, hymn book, and the Advocates

were his constant companions. The "word" that he had so long preached to others was now his comfort and consolation. He was able to sing almost to the very last, and often when he was suffering most he would sing the old doxology—Praise God, etc. I got home from Conference just in time to spend his last hour with him. I saw, on entering his room, that he was crossing the "narrow stream," and was almost touching the other shore. He recognized me, took my hand, said he was not suffering much. About an hour after I reached his bedside he passed away. The next day his remains were carried to the church, and after appropriate services were followed by a large concourse of people to Springville Cemetery, one mile from Couchhatta; where kind, sympathizing friends consigned the body to the tomb. Bro. Stayton was an earnest preacher, and many souls have been converted under his ministrations; the number can never be known until the great day of eternity, when he shall appear, bringing his "sheaves" with him.

Bro. Stayton leaves a wife, two sons and three daughters—children all grown—two of them are members of the church; the unconverted portion of his family seemed to be his greatest trouble, yet he seemed to have an abiding faith that the many prayers offered up in their behalf would yet be answered and his children saved. One daughter preceded him to the better world. And God grant that his bereaved wife, who stood by him and shared the hardships, disappointments and privations of a long itinerant life, together with all the children, may be permitted to share his joys in that world where sickness and sorrow, pain and death are felt and feared no more.

J. H. CASSITY.

## Sketch of the Life and Ministry of Rev. Geo. Sheaffer.

(Continued.)

My first colleague was William B. Neal. He was in charge of the circuit; a young man and greatly beloved by the people. I have always regarded it fortunate that I had the association and example of such a man in the beginning of my ministry. He was a pattern circuit preacher. He made the discipline his guide not only for the church, but for regulation of his own ministerial character. He lived by its rules himself and enforced them upon others; yet he was not harsh or arbitrary; he was affectionate and kind, paid great attention to children, held class meetings invariably after preaching, enquiring into the personal piety of the membership and urging each one to a strict attention to prayer and usefulness. I followed his example, and if my preaching was not very edifying, I have no doubt that good was done by those personal exhortations and admonitions. Many a time when I have seen but little manifestation of religious feeling under preaching, the class meeting that followed was blessed in a powerful manner; and a baptism from on high has been realized which caused every rejoicing spirit to say, "Lord, it is good to be here." I have made it a constant practice, to hold class meeting after preaching on every circuit that I have traveled; and I regard it as one of the most effective modes of promoting a revival of personal holiness, and exciting the church to love and union, and Christian zeal and diligence, that has ever been devised. I once heard Bishop Capers say to the preachers, "It is sometimes enquired of ministers, 'What are we to understand by the pledge required of ministers at their reception into full connection that they will not speak too long or too loud?' I will tell you what it means. Whenever you preach so long and so loud that you can not hold class meeting after preaching, you have preached too long and too loud. I fully subscribe to his exposition, for I regard it too important to be omitted by any one who has the cause of God at heart."

My second colleague was James W. Holston. He did not remain long and I was placed in charge for the balance of the year. We did not have much revivals except at the camp meeting, which were very much blessed. There were some considerable difficulties in the way, which for a time threatened serious consequences, but they were all settled and I left the circuit in peace at the close of the year. In the latter part of this year I realized a great blessing which has exercised a permanent influence upon my experience and practice until the present time. Not long after my conversion, in reading the works of Mr. Wesley, and others, and the biographies of Brantwell and Mrs. Fletcher and Mrs. H. A. Rogers, I became convinced that there were higher attainments in the divine life than I had yet experienced, and as I set the highest estimate on spiritual riches, I commenced seeking for perfect love.

I sought it diligently in the use of all the means of grace; I did not neglect any, yet I had many conflicts with unbelief of my heart. Sometimes I would be tempted to believe that it was presumption for me to aspire to such a state of grace; then I would reflect how many old professors were destitute of this blessing and how few had attained it. And then I would ask myself, How can one know when he has attained it? How can he distinguish between justification and sanctification? Justified persons

are often filled with the spirit, yet shouting happy and yet they do not profess entire sanctification. How can a person distinguish between such a blessing and perfect love? This reasoning and conflict continued about four years, during all which time I was an earnest Christian, and the latter part a preacher; finally, in the early part of the month of November, 1836, I became more earnestly engaged in seeking the desire of my heart. In reading the agreements of Mr. Watson on entire sanctification in his Institute every doubt was removed as to the possibility of attaining it in this life; and I redoubled my efforts. I had been in the habit of praying in secret four or five times a day, reading several chapters in the Bible daily and fasting every Friday. I now commenced fasting two days in a week; and arose every morning before day in order to engage in earnest prayer for that blessing.

I found a considerable increase of faith immediately resulting from these efforts, especially in the morning exercises. I had a clearer view of Christ, of the fullness of the atonement for sin, of the efficacy of his blood, and of the promises of the gospel. Every morning I felt that I made nearer approaches to the Saviour and had clearer and more delightful views of his character and perfection; as well as a heart-felt realization of my absolute need of entire holiness as a qualification for the discharge of every duty, and especially for the work of the ministry. I will here transcribe from a diary the exercises of my soul, November 23, 1836. I feel thankful that within the last three weeks I have felt more impressed with the necessity of holiness and have been more earnestly engaged in seeking the blessing of a clear heart. But still I feel that I am far below the standard of the gospel, my faith is too weak and my heart is too proud.

For light to enable me fully to discern all my moral deformity; that I might be constrained to come to Christ like the leper in the gospel crying, Lord, if thou wilt thou canst make me clean. O that the Lord would put into my heart a mighty struggle for perfect love for entire sanctification. I believe it to be my privilege; I believe it to be agreeable to the will of God; I believe it to have been purchased for me by the blood of Jesus; I believe it necessary to qualify me for the duties of my station; I view it as the most desirable object that has ever been presented to the faith of the Christian. It would make me happy; it would make me humble; it would prepare me to live; it would prepare me to die; it would help me to pray. What is the barrier to my obtaining this blessing? Unbelief, nothing but unbelief, all things are possible to him that believeth without faith it is impossible to please God. All things whatsoever you shall ask in my name believing it shall be done unto you of my Father in heaven. Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name he will give it to you. O for the power of faith, Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief. December 2, Yesterday evening, after I left Morgan Beaumont, while riding along the road, I fell into a train of meditation mingled with prayer, my heart was drawn out after God—during which the Lord blessed my soul with the most delightful and exalted sensation of love and thanksgiving. Indeed I must believe that my soul entered into a state of sanctification. I felt my heart cleansed from sin and filled with love of God and man; I felt that Christ was my King, my Saviour, my righteousness, sanctification and redemption; that he had entered into my heart with all his train of graces—love, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, meekness, temperance, faith, glory to God. I felt that my heart was continually crying, glory, glory, glory! I felt that God was my Father, Jesus my Redeemer, the Holy Ghost my sanctifier, angels my kindred, heaven my home, and glory my portion. Praise the Lord for the mercies and blessing of the first day of December, 1836. Saturday, December 3. My soul is happy to-day; I awake with the praises of God in my heart and I feel that God is good and I love him. Bless the Lord O my soul, and all that is within me rejoice and bless his holy name. O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness and his wonderful works to the children of men. Thursday, December 6. I arrived at home on Saturday evening last, and found my family all well. Blessed be God! On Sunday rode in company with Bro. E. Sullivan to Mt. Pleasant, where he preached from Wherefore seeing we are also compassed about, etc. I was happy all day and, in fact, my soul has been happy continually ever since the afternoon of the first of December. Thanks be to God for the unspeakable gift. I feel that Jesus has taken my heart, not merely that he has entered into it and suffered it to remain in my body on earth, but rather that he has cleansed it.

## Preachers and Tobacco.

Mr. Enron: From the tone of the religious press and from constant observation, it is evident that there is a strong growing public opinion against the use of tobacco by preachers. Now we know that any one that speaks or writes against the use of tobacco runs the risk of being considered a fanatic, and all argument, and all appeal to reason and propriety, is brushed away

with the use of this and similar cant phrases. It is time that some one should speak out in plain unequivocal terms on this subject regardless of the sneers that may be bestowed upon him.

Treat it as you may and sneer at it as you please, we are convinced of the fact that a preacher that uses tobacco is at a discount, and his usefulness to a considerable extent is impaired. We will suppose two preachers of equal talent and ability; one uses tobacco and the other does not. Now which of the two would any pastoral charge prefer? Why in every instance the preacher that does not use tobacco would be the preferred one. Then, if this is the case, and we think there can be no doubt of it, it establishes the fact that the one that uses tobacco is at a discount. Just think of a preacher, in visiting his pastoral charge, taking his seat in a sitting room or parlor and taking a big chew of the noxious weed, and he chews and squirts away, and between his seat and the fireplace is a yellow row of tobacco juice spots, either on the carpet or the newly scrubbed floor. Or, again he takes out his cigar, strikes a match probably against some article of furniture, lights the cigar and soon has the room in a fog of smoke, while on the floor by his seat there is left a pile of ashes, which anon he knocks from his cigar as the lighted end approaches nearer his nose. Now can any refined Christian lady or gentleman look upon this with feelings other than disgust? We have not drawn on our imagination for our facts for such occurrences exist. There have been instances where preachers have had their systems so relaxed and so overcome by the excessive use of tobacco, that they would have to go and lie down and sleep off the stupor produced by the poisonous weed. But for the name of the thing, would physical and mental derangement from whisky be any worse? We remember once being at an Annual Conference, and while standing in front of the church conversing with a friend who was a physician, a few feet from us stood a young preacher of slender and delicate build puffing away at a cigar. Says our friend, the physician, "That young man has no saliva to spare, and he has no vital force to waste in the use of tobacco, and he little knows the injury he is doing himself." Our friend continued, "It seems to me that your Conference would adopt some measures to check or prevent the use of tobacco by your preachers."

Now houses of worship are sometimes desecrated and made filthy by the use of tobacco; which so many preachers encourage by their examples. At an Annual Conference held in one of our cities, such was the excessive use of tobacco among its members, that the church was rendered almost too filthy for ladies to enter and worship. How they did make faces, and how they did talk about having to drag their white skirts through the tobacco juice that stood in pools in the aisles and on the floor between the seats! When the Conference was over the good ladies had to take up the carpets in the aisles and have them cleaned, and turned over in consequence of the tobacco juice. We have said but little in regard to the injurious effect of tobacco upon the health. This has often been shown. The medical faculty will bear testimony to its injurious effects to the human system. Tobacco acts very powerfully on the nervous system, and a preacher who has become nervous, and his mind benumbed by the fumes of tobacco smoke, or sickened by chewing, is not certainly in any suitable condition to prepare or preach sermons.

Then think of the unnecessary expense incurred by the use of tobacco. A man who smokes cigars will smoke at least twenty-five cents worth each day. This is a small estimate—the average would exceed this. Now multiply 35 days by twenty-five cents and you have the neat little sum of \$8.75. This would take a pretty good slice off the salary of some preachers. Just think of one hundred preachers in one Annual Conference spending this amount annually for tobacco, and you have the sum of \$8,750. Ah! would not this amount help your missionary Conference and poor fund? How many foreign missionaries would this amount support? And this the estimate of only one Conference! And can you chew up and burn up this amount yearly, and then coolly fold your arms and with a good conscience say you have nothing to give to the poor, or the missionary cause, or any church collection? Remember this is an unnecessary expense.

Who will think on these things? ONSKIVER.

The Philadelphia Evening Telegraph has the following: "O. W. Denay, Consul-General of the United States at Shanghai, China, has forwarded to the State department \$2,335 United States gold coin, to be placed to the credit of the Garfield Memorial Hospital Fund. Three hundred dollars of this amount was contributed by Chinese friends who, in forwarding their subscription, said they 'would be most happy to head a Chinese circuit and send it around among our friends, but to ask our countrymen to subscribe to a hospital to be built in China to enter it for ten years is more than we dare do.' The balance of this contribution was obtained from citizens of the United States residing in China, and who were anxious to aid in the noble undertaking of the Hospital Fund. This is a severe satire. We burn with indignation that we must be thus humiliated for no other purpose than that politicians may pay court to our hoodlums."

## Our Young People.

For the New Orleans Christian Advocate. AN ALPHABET FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

BY MARY M.

A is for the sweet, methow apples.  
A is for the love in a cat.  
B is for the beautiful little birds.  
Children are taught to repeat  
C is for the ears of corn.  
D is for the pretty dimes.  
Eaten by our "indiscreet" chicks.  
F is for the pretty fawns.  
G is for the golden grapes.  
H is for the happy hours.  
I is for the ivory towers.  
J is for the jewels in the crown.  
K is for the kernels of wheat.  
L is for the lovely lilies.  
M is for the merry maidens.  
N is for the noble nuns.  
O is for the orange trees.  
P is for the pretty pinks.  
Q is for the quiet children.  
R is for the red roses.  
S is for the sweet songs.  
T is for the tender tears.  
U is for the unicorn.  
V is for the velvet vases.  
W is for the wondrous world.  
X is for the x-ray.  
Y is for the yearly income.  
Z is for the zephyr.

With which we add the "Parker Magnolias" and "Parker Magnolias" may snows. Attend your every act. And you be aware of that fact. Faith in God's name may you do. Your daily labor to perform.

Mr. Editor: In your issue of the 6th instant, I enclose John asked if the children of Louisiana and adjoining Conferences could do as well as the "Rosebuds." I do not belong to the "Parker Magnolias," but will join them. I think we can do as well if we only had some one to give us a start. Now, if you will make out a constitution whereby we might be governed and push forward the movement please, Uncle John, do this, I think it will be a success.

Now, consins, let me have a few words with you. Doubtless you think that the "Rosebuds," of Virginia, give at least twenty-five cents at a time; but not so. They give five cents as an initiation fee; afterward two cents per month. In this way, their efforts combined, they raise a good deal. Let us try and see what we can do for Jesus. Let us go to work in earnest for the Master. With good wishes for the Advocate and "Parker Magnolias," I remain, Yours in Christ, L. B. M.

P. S.—We might by the end of the year have an organized society in every church in the three Conferences.

Mr. Editor: I am so glad that you allow us little girls and boys the privilege of having a space in your most excellent paper. I want to answer a question that I saw in a letter from Emma Burton. The Ethiopian was baptized by Philip. I live down here in Florida. I can not write, but my sister writes for me. I am going to day school and Sunday-school, and want to ask a question next time; but my letter is so long that I fear it will fill its way into the waste basket, and I want to write again. LUCY S. BOOKS.

Office of the Advocate, April 27, 1883.

Mr. Editor: I am a little girl nine years of age, and I attend Sabbath-school and church regularly. We have a good superintendent, and we all like him very much. I have a teacher, and we all love her. My teacher has five pupils. I joined the Methodist Church quite young—aged nine years. Please do not throw my letter in the waste-basket, though it is not of much importance. NEMIE FROST.

Memphis, La., April 12, 1883.

children who have heard nurses' stories of them; so, no sooner had the beaston which I was riding caught a glimpse of the "great, shaggy bruders," than he gave a snort of surprise, and whirled so suddenly in his tracks that I went over his side, catching myself from a tumble only by clutching the high pommel of my California saddle and holding on for dear life. Back up the road I came, a "Comanche" to his heels, leaving myself in the saddle, however, I brought the heavy Spanish bit to bear, and soon reined in the frightened animal. I had much difficulty in making him face about, but the great, raging spirits which we wore in those days were very persuasive, and, though with fear and trembling, the poor horse, pulling like a locomotive, began to release his steps.

We had gone back only a few yards when we saw the bears again, and, despite my own and the horse's nervousness, I burst out laughing at their comical appearance. They had been as much frightened, probably, as we, but seeing our cowardly flight, had taken courage and trotted up the road after us, until they came into the full glare of the sun; and then they both stood motionless, on their hind legs, side by side, each staring his eyes with his right paw and apparently transfixed with wonder and amazement. Horses they were familiar with, because the plains of the San Joaquin were covered with riding bands of wild horses; Indians they had occasionally seen and put to flight; but what that white-faced object with the blue shirt and colored blanket around his waist, just then, the absorbing humor of the bear intellect, for they were certainly taking their first look at a human man. The left paw of each hung by his side, limp and nerveless, and, under the paw, which dangled with a most ludicrous effect, shined their vision, the little, wide-open, playful eyes were, in their puzzled expression, irresistibly comical.

I had no gun with me, and I don't think I should have used it if I had one; but I thought me of the ferry-cath, and yeller, and hoop-ee! at the top of my lungs. The truck of the wagon and interrupted their gaze at that moment, and two more, frightened bears never got down from their hind legs and took to the woods.

The Indian ferry-man across the river gave me the answering shout, "Hy-yar!" and I shouted "Whoop-ee!" again. I heard the bushes dash and snap and break, as those two utterly astonished bears burst madly through them in the night. I did not call them back—E. W. Kemple, in "Nicholas for April."

## The Homeless Singer.

In a cold, dark night, when the wind was blowing hard, a worthy citizen of a little town in Germany, sat playing his flute, while Frank's wife was preparing supper. They heard a sweet voice singing outside.

"Every bird has its nest," every flower its bed, and every man his home." "What a fine, sweet voice!" "I think it is the voice of a child. Let us open the door and see," said his wife, who had lost a little boy not long before, and whose heart was yearning to take pity on the little wanderer. Conrad opened the door, and saw a ragged child, who said, "Thy name is Frank, is it not?" "Come here, my son," said he. "The boy said, 'Thank you,' and entered. The heat of the room made him faint, but Frank's kind eye soon revived him. They gave him some supper, and then he told them that he was the son of a poor miner, and wanted to be a priest. He wandered about and sang, and lived on the money people gave him. His kind friends would not let him talk much, but sent him to bed. When he was asleep, they looked upon him and swore he pleased with his pleasant countenance, that they determined to keep him, if he was willing. In the morning they found the beggar only too glad to remain. They sent him to school, and afterward he entered a monastery. There he found the Bible, which he read, and from which he learned the way of life. The sweet voice of the little singer learned to preach the gospel, and, justified by both, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Our dear Lord Jesus, when they took the little street-singer into their home, little thought that they were nourishing the great champion of the Reformation. The poor child was Martin Luther, Sunday-School Advocate.

I have read of a certain regiment, ordered to march into a small town, in the Tyrol. I think, and take it, it chanced that the place was settled by a colony who believed the Gospel of Christ, and proved their faith by works. A courier from a neighboring village informed them that troops were advancing to take the town. They quietly answered, "If they will take it they must." Soldiers soon came riding in with colors flying and firing upon the defiance. They looked round for an enemy, and saw the farmer at his plow, the blacksmith at his anvil, and the woman at her spins and spinning wheels. Babies crowded round to hear the music, and the boys ran out to see the pretty trappers, with feathers and bright buttons. "The harp-players of the nineteenth century."

Of course, some of these were in a proper position to be shot at. "Where are your soldiers?" asked they. "We have none," was the brief reply. "But we have come to take the town?" "Well, friends, it lies before you." "But is there here nobody to fight?" "No; we are all Christians." Here was an emergency altogether unprovided for by the military schools. This was a sort of resistance which no bullet could hit; a fortress perfectly bomb-proof. The commander was perplexed. "If there is nobody in fight with, of course we can not fight," said he. "It is impossible to take such a town as this." So he ordered the horses' heads to be turned about, and they carried the business animals out of the village, as gullies, when they are ordered, and perchance somewhat wiser. A lady said to her little daughters, who each month earn the money which they have for their own clothing. "I think you gave away too much last year; if you give one-tenth of your money this year it will be enough." One of the children replied, "Oh, mamma, we owe one tenth, and we want to give something."



## Christian Advocate.

## Festive Oases.

ORGAN OF THE LOUISIANA, MISSISSIPPI AND NORTH MISSISSIPPI CONFERENCES OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

CHAS. B. GALLOWAY, D. D., Editor.

Corresponding Editors:  
REV. T. A. S. ADAMS. REV. J. T. SAWYER.  
REV. W. L. C. HENRICOTT.

THURSDAY, MAY 17, 1883.

The College of Bishops have recommended August 12-19, as a Week of Prayer, to be observed throughout the church.

Bishop Parker said at the New Orleans District Conference: "I am looking for the church that thinks its assessment for missions low enough." We hope if the Bishop succeeds in his search he will make speedy report in this ADVOCATE for the edification of Zion.

We heard of a very zealous, society, church-woman saying to a Methodist lady: "I am so sorry, John Wesley was ever born, for then all the Methodists would have been Episcopalian and we would be a great church." That is the sort of ignorance that begets bigotry. Alas! that it should exist in these days of newspapers and cheap literature.

Time works wonders. Our people once snubbed and despised, are now honored and appreciated. Sixty years ago in Boston Dr. Gannett was ordained as colleague with Dr. Channing. The church voted to invite ministers of all denominations in the city, except the Methodist. She was not hurt by the snub, and is now prospering as no other church in New England.

Rev. J. P. Drake, of Fayette, Miss., writes a friendly note to the publishers, from which we extract the following: "The premium organ you so generously offered and promptly sent me arrived in good time. We are greatly delighted with the appearance and tone of the instrument. It is a present to our parsonage here, which, by the way, is the oldest in the South, and we trust may give much pleasure and profit to many preachers' families." That is a good piece of furniture for a parsonage, and the pastor's generosity will be appreciated and applauded by his successors.

Bradlaugh, the blatant atheist, is having a hard time trying to obtain his seat in Parliament. He refused at first to take the ordinary parliamentary oath of office, and desired simply to make affirmation. This was not allowable under the law, so an affirmation bill was presented to the House in order to cover his case. Though advocated by the government, it was wisely defeated last week. Then Mr. Bradlaugh desired to take the oath, but the privilege was refused him. He will now probably resign and go home, where he ought to stay. In that land of a State religion we can not see how it was possible to admit such a representative.

We see it stated that the Presbyterian ministers of Chicago have agreed to give up preaching in connection with the communion. They propose instead to devote the time to "prayer, praise, remarks on the sacrament, silent meditation and thanksgiving." They also disapprove the practice of continuous speaking during the distribution of the elements as distracting to thought. A proper observance of this most solemn of sacraments is every way desirable. Its prominence and significance are, in a measure, unappreciated, if hastily celebrated after a long sermon. On communion days the preaching service should be abbreviated. The silent method is preferred by many. That certainly is better, unless the hymns sung are carefully selected. We have often heard songs on such occasions that indicated a genius for unappropriateness.

We have heard it said that the galleys are an evidence of civilization. If it indicates the supremacy of law and the impartial, faithful administration of justice, and as law is necessary to civilization, it logically follows that the galleys evidence civilization. But law presupposes lawyers, and if law, so also lawyers are necessary to civilization. Now, if the number of lawyers measures the advance of civilization, we have a good word for our country. In Great Britain and Ireland, with a population of about 37,000,000, there are between 11,000 and 12,000 lawyers. In the United States, with a population of 50,000,000 (only about 18,000,000 excess,) we have 65,000 lawyers. There is a lawyer to every 3,000 inhabitants in Great Britain, while the United States claims one for every 800. According to this standard we rank first in the galaxy of nations.

A fashionable church woman is reported to have said recently, by way of apology for a lenten dance she had given: "It is getting to be quite the thing to have a little festive oasis in the center of the forty days of desert pilgrimage—a sort of temptation in the wilderness, you see." Her religious conscience or, rather sentiment, needed rest. Lenten services became a weary, monotonous drudge—a desert journey of dreary dullness—and the spirit sighed for the sparkle and refreshment of fashionable folly. No doubt she had a good deal of church pride and zeal. She could talk glibly and unceasingly about its service and seasons, but spiritual exercise became a burden.

This woman types a multitude. There are many who have no higher appreciation of the Christian life than a dull, dreary, desert pilgrimage. To them it is a necessary burden, grievous to be borne. Worship is a task, duty a load and conscience an unpleasant, evil companion. Their religion is a serfdom, in which the high privileges and honor of sonship are unknown. They have never risen to the height of joy, know nothing of the faith that giveth songs in the night. They are ever looking at the law, with its prohibitions and penalties, and never dwell upon the glory and beauty of the gospel of peace and power. Such persons sigh for worldly pleasure and companionship. From the exactions of a hard master they fly to the freedom and gratifications of sin. To them the lovers of pleasure more than God have most real enjoyment in this world. Religion is something that must not be entirely neglected, but it is a desert journey, without a modest flower to adorn the way or a sparkling stream to cheer the heart. Alas! for the mind that can find exhilaration only in the swing and embrace of the German!

Not only so, but many such church people inoculate their children with this vicious idea. They are ambitious for them to "shine" in the world and deprecate the thought of their being "righteous overmuch." They would not have them grossly and offensively irreligious, but encourage the "festive oasis" thirst and experience. How often such expressions as these are heard: "Let the children enjoy themselves. They will have enough trouble in the world, anyhow, so let them have pleasure while they can appreciate it." And no doubt such teachers and teaching have driven many away from Christ, or given them superficial and misleading views of Christianity. They grow up with the idea that religion is burdensome and forbidding—too solemn for a smile, too gloomy for a merry ray of sunshine, and too exacting for an hour of rest and relief—a very desert waste, without beauty or pleasure. For such the only bright things in life are those forbidden by the church and prayed against by Christians. Hence they hesitate and refuse to confess Christ. They are not yet ready for martyrdom.

We need to correct and neutralize such teaching. Ours is a religion of sunshine and song. There is good gospel in the old hymn we often sing:

Religion never was designed  
To make our pleasures less.

The bright oases of life are not the places of sinful indulgence, but the times of triumph and rejoicing in our Lord. The patriarch's pillow was a rock, but he had visions of angels and the glory that shall follow. The desert wastes and wilderness sorrows are the hard and sad experiences of transgression. We make no compromise with Satan, nor offer any plea for worldly conformity. But we ask that our children be taught to see a beauty in holiness, and feel the joys of our great salvation. Amid its trials and self-denials, the Christian journey only provides an oasis in the desert or a Jacob's well along the weary way.

## The Pastoral Term.

The time-limit of pastoral service is again up for discussion in Northern Methodism. As the next General Conference session approaches, this and other questions of change will have their quadrennial airing. Unless we greatly misinterpret the drift of opinion there will be an earnest appeal for modification of the pastoral term. In the large cities it is claimed that Methodism, with her revival methods and spirit, has failed to keep pace with a more settled pastorate. It is also urged that many able men are lost to them solely on this account. In Southern Methodism there has been no unrest on the subject or general discussion since 1870. As a matter of news we reproduce the following from the Western Christian Advocate.

In an editorial note the Independent, of April 26, says:

reply to a remark of ours, the Western Christian Advocate says:

"The Methodist Episcopal Church has never failed to meet the demand for change when the need of change has become unmistakably clear. Most Methodists will probably think that an extension of the pastoral limit would be better than to blot out the system by the introduction of exceptions which would soon become so numerous as to constitute the rule."

There seems to be an implication in the latter sentence that the one year plan (that is, appointments yearly, without limiting to a term of years) would result in the destruction of the itinerant system. If this be a valid argument, etc.

Our remark was not made in opposition to any change in the existing rule, but to the multiplication of exceptions under the rule. So long as the rule limits the pastoral term to three years, it ought to be applied to all pastors impartially. If the present pastoral term is too short, we do not object to lengthening it to four or five years. Much might be said in favor of such a change. But it might even be better, if the church is ready for it, to appoint pastors from year to year, as at present, but to leave the number of years a pastor might be continued in the same charge to be determined by the necessities or conveniences of the case. This plan, on the whole, would seem to be the simplest. The only questions about it are: Does the church desire this arrangement? Would it be the safest and most useful? Some modification of the rule seems to impend. But what?

## Mr. Moody on Ministers.

As a successful evangelist Mr. Dwight L. Moody is a phenomenon. Two continents are filled with his fame, and have been beneficiaries of his marvelous labors. We have always appreciated and approved his work. Full of enthusiasm—a zeal born of intimate and constant communion with God—he combines a rare discretion and discrimination that fit him for great usefulness and successful leadership. We have sometimes heard evangelists undervalue the regular ministry, and thereby poison the minds of the people. They see the large results of a few weeks' special service, and wonder why such results could not attend ordinary pastoral labor. And amid the glow of revival we have known the people to say: "Oh, if we only had this brother for our pastor, what a prosperous, strong church we would have!" And they really think so. But, in fact, successful revivalists rarely accomplish much in local pastorates. They lack the essential elements of strength necessary to success in the regular work. They have dash and courage, but are wanting in staying power. At the farewell services held in Dublin, Ireland, Mr. Moody delivered an address which ought to be republished in every religious newspaper in the land. We have not found elsewhere so much practical sense on the subject.

I wish to address a few words to the young converts about the importance of their identifying themselves with God's people, and the quicker young converts here do that the better. I have heard some people say: "Why can't we have meetings oftener like the meetings that have been here of late—why don't we have such meetings in our churches, and we would always like to go to them?" Meetings of the class we have had here do a great deal of good. I have no doubt, but then it is not that sort of thing, good as it is, that we need so much as regular work, and it is our meetings here would unsettle the people, or have the effect of keeping them from attending their houses of worship, rather than continue to take part in them. I would go back to Chicago and settle down there at business of some kind or other. I have heard it said that ministers have an easy time of it, and that while they preach only two sermons in the week, I am at work continually. Well, I can say, in answer to such statements, that I was settled at one period of my life for two years in one place, and I worked harder when I was then preaching two sermons in the week than I have done since all the time I have been going up and down through the country. Clergymen have many things to do in addition to preaching. They have their people to look after, and they have the sick to visit. I would rather preach five sermons than go to the house of mourning. It takes more sympathy and strength from me than preaching. Then a minister has to make calls, receive visits, and be social; and after all that he has to prepare his sermons. But it has been said preparing two sermons is easy work. If you think so, just try it, and see how you will get on. If you think your minister has an easy time of it, try his work, and see how long you will continue at it. Ministers are the only people, I might say, who don't get rest. I remember when, during a period of some five years, I tried often to get rest, and I never knew what it was. There were cases of sickness, there were funerals, and there was always something turning up to occupy the whole of my time. Ministers should have, like other men, one day of rest. Don't let young converts get it into their heads that the minister or pastor is not an important man. I consider that there is no man in the world more important than a good pastor, and, if you have got one, thank God and pray for him constantly that God may bless him. Let me urge young converts to join the minister in his work, and not to be unsettled as regards their duty. I believe the dearest thing to the heart of the Son of God on this earth is the church, and we ought to pray earnestly for its welfare.

We ought also to pray earnestly for the man of God who preaches, and do nothing that would cool or kill his influence or efforts. You talk about the success of our meetings here. What would they have been if your pastors had not been sowing the seed here for years? And when the seed is once sown, you may rest satisfied a reaping time is sure to come. I have visited towns where our meetings were not attended with as much success as I could have wished. Why? Because the ministers were not so much in sympathy with the work. If you have any regard for the truth that has been a blessing to you, stand right by the church of God, and pray for those that are interested in her welfare.

## The Bishops and the Salvation Army.

It will be remembered by our readers that we published last year an account of a discussion had by the Bishops of the Church of England on the Salvation Army. A committee was appointed to make full and careful inquiry into the movement, its spirit, purpose and methods, and report to the Upper House of Convocation. That second meeting has recently been held, and a full account of the same published in the London Watchman. The report was strongly adverse to the extravagant methods of the Salvationists, though commending the zeal and spirit of "General" Booth. But we are most concerned in the discussion which followed, and especially the speech of the Bishop of St. Asaph. It is at once a frank admission and an honest, glowing tribute to Methodism. If such counsels had been prevailed, a grievous error might have been avoided, but, nevertheless, we believe Methodism would have assumed organic form. Providence has guided every step of her memorable and almost miraculous history. The venerable prelate who speaks so candidly below is worthy of imitation by some small-patterned proselyters, we have seen. We quote and commend his words to all such:

"There was a time when the leaders of the church condemned the Methodists as a communion in this country many years, and especially in my own part of the country, where they were condemned by some of my predecessors. This was the means of turning out of the Church of England some of the brightest ornaments that belonged to it in the Principality at that time. The church condemned that movement, and the consequence was that it grew year by year, and Welsh Methodism now is spread over the whole country. Had the Church of England then stepped forward, and met the necessities of the case, I have no doubt that Methodism would have been merged into the Church of England."

## Mud.

Passing along the street, one day after a shower I noticed some half-dozen children playing. One little fellow, about five years old, was tagging at one end of a croquet mallet, the other end of which was at the bottom of a rut where a hog had wallowed. As he drew the mallet up he called out: "Just look at the mud I've found!" Although his discovery did not seem to interest the others, he continued to repeat his call as if it were of vital importance to everybody. I went on, but if the child had no other auditor impressed his words continued to ring in my ear: "Just look at the mud I've found!" My reflections were after the following:

1. We are all explorers and discoverers. Columbus and Galileo are not the only devotees of discovery of investigation or exploration. None ever lived who did not make a discovery that no one ever told him about. Forgive the Hibernianism. Every mother has discovered with her first child that babes cut teeth and can learn to talk. The child learns that cutting teeth is a very original idea, and pulling a man's beard is a discovery more interesting than the discovery of the earth's motion. It matters little to be told that others knew what we have learned before. They only knew something like it. Columbus discovered America about the same time the Indians discovered him. But the Indians have not immortalized their discoverer, perhaps because they never held the discovery in high esteem as contributing to useful knowledge among their race. But Columbus insisted that he had found it, and finally he obtained a hearing. So the boy was calling out to look at the mud he had found—not another's mud.

2. The most of us are on the hunt for mud. The hog that first wallowed in the rut was in search of mud. It was exhilarating. The little boy was not exactly like the hog, but every boy knows that mud is valuable for a variety of purposes. The boy who never played in it has lost one of life's supreme luxuries. He may have had kites, balls, tops, marbles, barlows and other things in profusion, and played with them until tired of them, but if he never waded in the mud he may be President of the United States, but never know how much enjoyment there is in this world. I have a profound

pleasure for the boy who has been so unlucky as to have had parents, guardians, nurses and other evil geniuses enough to cheat him of boyhood's dearest right and sweetest solace—mud puddle.

3. Mud is a mixture of two essentials to the life of both plants and animals. One of them is the purifier and the other the supporter of life. The trouble is not so much in the mixing as in the superabundance. Even the superabundance does not produce mud so much as the stirring. Circumstances as well as character have much to do in the production of mud. The rut is there. There is no outlet for the water. The hog is there, and the boy is there to make the discovery. The poor, neglected street gets a vast amount of abuse that others deserve. Where is the street tax gone to? Where is the scavenger? Where is the city ordinance to keep the hog penned up? Where is the nurse or governess to direct the genius of the boy to grander discoveries?

4. Mud is superficial. No one ever complained of the subterranean mud-holes. Doubtless they are in existence, but the boy has not made his investigations. He will announce the fact when he has done it. But though superficial, the tendency to strike downward is great. A mud-hole never grew shallower while a boy was in command of it. Capability of profundity is manifest in both. But neither of them improves in respect to the purpose for which their elements were formed. Not a drop of water is added, and what is there is unfitted for use. Not a pound of earth is contributed to the wealth of soil. The fertile elements are glued and welded together, and make a barren spot instead of a productive. The reputation goes abroad. Traffic and commerce and society seek pleasanter and safer roadways. Agriculture must retire or expend large means to redeem the waste. Epidemics nest and incubate, and, like Stygian monsters, shadow the world with their foul wings.

5. Mud is historic and of noble associations. Though Nature, in her last and present periods of existence, would seem to manifest a disposition to cut the acquaintance of her old wet-nurse, yet still from the top of our tallest mountains and hardest rocks are read the testimonials of the worth of this wisest and most diligent of builders. Wherever, on river bank or ocean beach, the craft of our world has emptied its mud-valves the sediment has formed our richest soils and most useful rocks. What a vast puddle was earth in the days of the ichthyosaurs and his associates! Yet one by one these monsters left mementoes of themselves in fossil immortality, while their mortality bloomed in sweet resurrection along the streams and plains where God bade "the dry land appear." Ye that hate mud curse the lilies of the Nile! Ye that detest mud turn away from the marble temples and palaces which vain man has reared! Haters of mud close your coal-mines and gypsum beds! All that is solid in the world's organic history was once mud. All that is contributing to the world's development materially was or is now in the mud state.

6. I am glad the boy found mud. The fact is pregnant of more facts, wants, possibilities and responsibilities than we can stop to enumerate. Earth will never be a sterile world while mud exists. Hope may plant roses near the dismal swamp of despair, and be sure that roses will one day lend their fragrance to the air. He that is in the mud willingly wants a teacher to show him the beauty of holiness—not its awe-inspiring dignity. He that is in the mud accidentally wants sympathy. Who would laugh at the boy who slips and falls in the mud? He that is in the mud in the discharge of duty wants help—not advice. It is said that advice is cheap. Some of it is the dearest article in the world to the receiver. A wagoner stuck in the mud was overtaken by a man carrying three bushels of corn upon a mule. Said the mule-man: "Let me lay my sack on your wagon and I will stay by you till you get out of the mud." "I am much obliged," replied the wagoner, "but I believe you may go on." So with much advice we get when in the mud.

I must leave the reader to enlarge upon the possibilities, responsibilities and kinds of mud. Let him luxuriate in a good wallow.

T. A. S. A.

## New Orleans District Conference.

This body met in the Carondelet Street Church, this city, on Thursday last, and adjourned Saturday night. Bishop Linus Parker, presiding. W. H. Goodale, of Baton Rouge, was elected secretary. There was a good attendance of delegates, and reports from the work were encouraging. The following were elected delegates to the Annual Conference:

ference: W. H. Foster, B. O. L. Rayne, T. J. Carver, W. H. Goodale. Alternates: W. H. N. Magruder, W. B. Thompson. The next session will be held at St. Charles Avenue. A resolution on city mission work was offered by Rev. J. A. Ivey and adopted, which ought to be emphasized:

"Resolved, By this District Conference that a mission work should be established in this city, and to this end the presiding elder of the district be requested (1.) to select proper localities for establishing places of worship; (2.) to make arrangements for procuring a suitable preacher to take charge of the work, and, in the interim, to utilize local preachers, exhorters and lay-readers, and some of the time of regular pastors for its organization and development; (3.) to provide in connection with the preachers in charge for its support by urging it as a most important direction to give missionary money and other benevolent contributions."

Bro. W. H. Foster offered the following, which was unanimously adopted:

"Resolved, That the pastors of the city churches be requested to urge upon the people from the pulpit the claims of the NEW ORLEANS CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, and appoint committees to solicit subscriptions to the same."

In obedience to this resolution Dr. C. W. Carter, of Felicity Street, addressed his congregation on the subject Sunday morning. He appointed each subscriber to the ADVOCATE as a special committee to get one more subscription. After service one brother approached him and said: "I have already two new subscribers, and, for one of them, here is the money." City Methodists need to read their church paper. They are so filled with the exciting and multitudinous things in our enterprising dailies that a more quiet diet is absolutely necessary to the soul. We hope to have our subscription doubled in each one of the city congregations.

## Cheering Words.

The following letter, from Bro. J. A. Moore, of Newburn, Ala., we gladly give place in our columns:

Mr. Editor: I suspect that your editorial duties cost you a good degree of care and anxiety, and I am not surprised that cheering letters should at times be welcome and profitable. I may appropriately give you a few of the reasons why I like your paper so well.

1. It is the first paper that reaches me each week. Generally it is the only ADVOCATE that reaches me before I start for my Sunday appointment.

2. It keeps me informed concerning the progress of the great Southwest, a section in which I feel a deep interest.

3. It gives me the "News of the Week" in a way that I like.

4. It gives me Bishop Parker's letters, and Dr. Lambuth's articles concerning "China and Her People."

5. It has, as it seems to me, a very large amount of matter that is of permanent value. My scrap-book gets a good supply of fresh material when I begin to clip from the NEW ORLEANS.

6. It gives short and well considered articles, with reference to distinguished men upon occasion of their death or other events drawing attention to them. For example, what was said concerning Bishop Levi Scott and Gambetta was very interesting and instructive to me. Such pieces have a place in my scrap-book.

7. Its leading editorials give me concise and synthesized presentations of important topics and living issues.

8. In common with all good religious papers, it promotes wholesome sentiments and opinions. Its columns are not full of the decay and stench of unbelief and sin, but they have the life, the buoyancy and the redolence of a living faith, a joyous hope and an active love. Hence a religious paper is needed to make me a good citizen, and much more is it needed to help me to be a faithful Christian.

A Salvation Army hand-bill in Hereford, England, read as follows. No wonder their work is being brought into contempt:

"What is to happen on Sunday, March 11? The two devil-drivers, Phillips and Hudson, will fire their shot at Hereford, which will shake the stronghold of hell. The meeting will be conducted all day by the Hallelujah devil-hunter from Lancashire."

Rev. J. A. Parker, of Minden, La., writes us the following postal, which will be cheering news:

I am in the midst of a series of services of great interest. We began Sunday last with "the children's day," and to date seven have joined on profession and two who withdrew a few years ago have resumed their place in the church. My strength is holding out finely so far.



45 MAGAZINE STREET,  
New Orleans.







Christian Advocate.

JAMES METHODISM.

BY ALLEN TOLAND CRISP.

My papa is a preacher,  
And he's a Methodist too;  
I think he's the nicest fellow  
That ever lived; don't you?

One day when he was preaching  
He said he thought 'twas right,  
If folks felt very happy;  
'Tis about with all their might.

He said he was a Methodist,  
And liked the Methodist way  
Of shouting when you're happy,  
And when you want to pray.

I was awfully glad he said it,  
And I listened through and through,  
For sometimes I am so happy  
I don't know what to do.

And so last Sunday morning  
When papa said, "Let's pray,  
I knelt down by my mamma—  
I always do that way.

But I felt so very funny  
I thought I'd like to shout,  
So when mamma wasn't looking,  
I peeped all round about.

And then I crawled under the table,  
To hide my face from all eyes;  
And just as my mouth close to his ear,  
And shouted out, "Amen!"

I thought I'd make him believe,  
So I made an awful noise;  
'Cause he said that preachers' children  
Were the very worst of boys.

The folks all got to laughing  
When they saw old Uncle Ben;  
He reached around to grab me,  
But he didn't catch me then.

I didn't say to preaching,  
For mamma took me out;  
And I was a little naughty,  
'Cause I was that little about.

So she put me in the closet,  
And kept me there all day;  
I didn't think 'twas very nice  
(I was the Methodist way).

But I guess I learned a lesson  
That would suit all boys;  
When you go to Methodist meeting,  
Be sure you make a noise.

—Pittsburg Christian Advocate.

Which is the Safe Side?

The answer to the question which heads this article depends altogether upon the subject embraced in it. If it embraces the idea of honesty and dis-honesty, or, more extensively, of virtue and vice, morality and immorality, ad-elity and infidelity, then the answer is easy and the conclusion unmistakable. But if it embraces, as in this in-stanced, the case, the idea of propriety and impropriety in questions of doubtful moral propriety, then the answer is not so ready. There are scores of ques-tions of daily recurrence, which call for solutions; not hasty and prejudicial, but calm, honest and prayerful.

Questions of this class involve many honest people in doubt, and are some-times the occasion of hasty and even rash judgment on the part of those who are the guardians of the problems in-volved. Admitting that folly guides all who go beyond the borders of the narrow limits, even then we lay it down as an axiom that it is better to bear with folly than to destroy the foolish. Forbearance does not mean com-promise, and in amount of it can ever-give it that appearance of a thoughtful man. Folly may be endured, but never sanctioned. And even here one of our doubtful questions arises as to what constitutes folly. Persons of different degrees of information and different spiritual attainments and different religious preception would be likely to give very different answers to that question.

I once saw a minister who entered the pulpit wearing whiskers, and after-ward heard all sorts of denunciations of him. I heard another minister affirm that a certain residence "was not the home of a Methodist preacher, because there was a croquet yard in front of it." Another, a good glister, would "never hear that man preach again," because he "smoked the pipe," al-though Mr. Spurgeon thought he could "smoke a cigar to the glory of God." "Many men of many minds" can not all be right, and literary attainments can never become the standard of morality. "Which is the safe side" can be answered only in the light of the word, for if one indulges "to the glory of God" then it would be wrong to leave off anything which is to his glory. Then, again, if it be a matter of concern to anybody save him who in-dulges, whatever is wrong for one is wrong for all. So we must go to the word, and if that says it is wrong, spe-cially or in general terms, then it is wrong and must be abandoned.

"Whether we live, we live unto the Lord, and whether we die, we die unto the Lord. To his own Master he stand-eth or falleth." In all questions re-lating to indulgences and amusements there are bounds—a dividing line be-yond which all is wrong and this side of which all is right. Will the word show us that line? If not then how may we know "the truth?" Somehow or other we have a way of thinking "the little is our only and sufficient rule, both of faith and practice," and that all these doubtful questions may be settled by it. Not, perhaps, as di-rectly and explicitly as in other ques-tions, but sufficiently, nevertheless, c. p. If coffee drinking, smoking, eating cheese, exposure or also is in any way hurtful to the body than it is wrong, because that "body is the Lord's," and its injury is sinful. Again, if drinking intoxicating liquors causes one to do a wrong act it is sinful to do so, because the drinking makes the act. Or if social card-playing makes the love of sport and causes a young man to resort to gambling it is wrong, because the gambler's gains are without

an equivalent, and a *sine qua non* is the spirit of the Bible.

But we will turn another thought in upon our interrogatory: Is it the "safe side" to cast all these improprieties out of the church, or is it safer to "bear long" with them? This is the main point aimed at in this paper, and we will occupy ground which we know is controverted. Our axiom is: "It is better to bear with folly than to destroy the foolish." We suppose no one will deny that church law is corrective as well as vindictive, i. e., it is intended to correct the individual as well as to vindicate the church. If this be so then it is but a step to our axiom, for when one is placed beyond the pale of the church he is no more subject to its jurisdiction, and is beyond the reach of its corrective influences. As far as these relations and their consequent influences go he is lost—destroyed. The tendency seems to be to over-exactness in many things and over-forbearance in some others. In most places theater going is held to be a capital offense, whether the play be grossly immoral or otherwise. But grog-abop going is borne with, whether it be for a grog or dissipation or aught else. Then, again, it is worthy of the highest ecclesiastical censure if one in-dulges in "a social dance," though others may deal in futures, make cor-ners, invest in lotteries, use profanity or skulk away with his money, leaving his debts unpaid.

It is suggested that all these are in the same category, and should alike be cast out of the church, we beg leave to suggest otherwise. No respectable community of Christians endorse pro-fanity, nor lottery transactions, nor unchaste theatrical performances, nor drinking, nor fraud, etc. But even among those who are models of reli-gious propriety in other respects there are many who "plead for the 'social dance'" and the "high-toned theater," as of course and benefit to society. We do not concede their plea, we do not admit its correctness, but we must admit its influence upon the minds of the youth of the community. It may be said that every church in the land in their edicts condemn these things as strongly as ours, and as strongly as they do the other improprieties alluded to. Such, however, is not the case. The communications of the Episcopal and Presbyterian Churches are very loose and undecided on these points. The Protestant Episcopal Church clearly and explicitly recognizes all forms of the square dance, condemning only the round dance, the waltz and such like—while, the Presbyterians very strongly condemn all round dances, but say very little about the square.

The moral influence of the Romanists does not justify a blemish of their position on this subject. So in regard to theater going. The churches above named have discriminated between what they call the good and the bad. With this strong moral influence, pa-warding to the depravity of our fellows, I submit we ought to go slow in the enforcement of discipline on these questions. The question is not as to whether these things are wrong, but as to how far our forbearance as a church should go. While there is no question in our church as to the morality of these things there is, as before stated, a question outside of it, backed up by very plausible and, to an unconverted person, very convincing arguments. They are told that there are two kinds of dances alluded to in the Bible—the *Koomeh* of Galatians v, 21, and the *Orchestra* of Ecclesiastes iii, 4. They are told also that the dance in Galatians v, 21, was a species of revelry, something on the style of a modern Mardi Gras ball, and wicked in the extreme. It is then seems to justify this. They are told also that the dance in Ecclesiastes iii, 4, was the form of the dance common among the Jews, free from any undue intimacy or contact among the sexes, and nowhere con-demned. That these positions are ten-able I do not say, neither do I believe them to be so, yet they are certainly calculated to make doubts in the minds of our young people as to the correct-ness of our doctrine on that subject.

These are facts, whatever may be our views. It is hard enough to combat "the world, the flesh and the devil," but when these powers are supported by a great moral influence, if we under-take to proceed too rashly, we will more frequently drive our friends be-yond our reach than rescue them from the peril of their position. I know a church where a whole family was driven beyond its pale and beyond its influence, and the head of the family asking light, demanding a trial before the church in order that he, if wrong, might be set right. This class of offend-ers may be got rid of very summar-ily; they may be borne with to the end. "Which is the safe side?"

Good Advice.—In the pocket-book of Hon. Stephen Allen, who was drown-ed when the Hudson, several years since, was found a printed slip, apparently cut from a newspaper, of which the following is a copy. It is worthy to be engraven on every young man's heart.

Make few promises. Always speak the truth. Never speak evil of any one. Keep good company or none. Live up to your engagements. Never play a game of chance. Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors. (To which may be added: Use no tobacco.) Good character is above all things else. Keep your own secrets if you have any. Never borrow if you can pos-sibly help it. Do not marry until you are able to support a wife. Keep your-self innocent if you would be happy. When you speak to a person, look in

the face. Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper. Ever live (mis-fortune expected), within your income. Save when you are young to spend when you are old. Avoid temptation, through fear you may not withstand it. Never run into debt unless you see a way to get out again. Small and steady gains give competency with a tranquil mind. Good company and good conversation are the shewers of virtue. Your character can not be essentially improved except by your own acts. If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be so that no one will be-lieve him. When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day. Never be idle; if your hands can't be employed use-fully attend to the cultivation of your mind. Read over the above maxims carefully and thoughtfully at least once a week.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

LEMONS VS. MEDICINE.

They regulate the Liver, Stomach, Bowels, Kid-neys and Blood, as prepared by Dr. H. Mosley in his Lemon Elixir, a pleasant and powerful medicine. Dr. H. Mosley—Dear Sir: After ten years of great suffering from Indigestion, Dyspepsia, with ed kidney and constipation, during which time I used all known remedies, and the skill of eminent physicians, and bottles of your Lemon Elixir, and am now a well man. The Lemon Elixir at the same time perma-nently relieved me of a most severe case of piles of many years standing. Rev. C. C. Davis, No. 28 Tenth Street, Atlanta, Ga.

To those who are interested in information, this is the only physician I have had in my family to three years in Lemon Elixir, and I have seen in my family. Lemon Elixir has relieved me of a severe case of Chronic Catarrh. J. M. C. Jones, No. 14 E. Hunter street.

Dr. Mosley. I have tried your Lemon Elixir, and have found it to be a most powerful medicine, and I have seen in my family. Lemon Elixir has relieved me of a severe case of Chronic Catarrh. J. M. C. Jones, No. 14 E. Hunter street.

Remember This.

If you are sick Hop Bitters will surely aid Nature in making you well when all else fails. If you are constipated or dyspeptic or are suffering from any other of the numerous diseases of the stomach and bowels, it is your own fault if you remain ill, for Hop Bitters is a sovereign remedy in all such complaints. If you are wasting away with any form of Kidney disease, stop tempting Death this moment, and turn for a cure to Hop Bitters. If you are sick with that terrible sick-ness Nervelessness, you will find a "Balm in Gilead" in the use of Hop Bitters. If you are a frequenter, or a resident of a malarial district, barriade your system against the source of all com-munial, epidemic, bilious, and intermittent fevers—by the use of Hop Bitters. If you have rough, pimply, or sallow skin, bad breath, pains and aches, and feel miserable generally, Hop Bitters will give you a new lease of life, and sweetest breath, health and content. In short they cure all diseases of the stomach, bowels, blood, liver, nerves, kidneys, Bright's Disease, \$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help. That poor, bedridden, invalid wife, sister, mother, or daughter, can be made the picture of health, by a few bottles of Hop Bitters, costing but a trifle. Will you let them suffer?

It Will Pay You.

Read! Read! Read!

GOOD READING

GOOD READING

CHEAP

As most every family takes secular, as well as religious journals, we have made arrangements to sell the following newspapers, at the rates annexed. The first column of figures give the price of the publication per year, the second the price of the two, including our Advocate.

New Orleans Times-Democrat	\$1.50	\$2.75
New Orleans Picayune	2.00	3.50
Southern Crescent	1.50	2.50
Country Gentleman	2.50	4.00
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Cash in accompanying all orders. No reduction allowed on these rates for quantities. Will receive subscriptions for all the leading newspapers in the United States.

CALLER & JAMESON, Publishers, New Orleans Christian Advocate.

DR. BLY'S PATENT ARTIFICIAL LIMB. I keep on hand a large assortment of Trusses, Shoulder Braces, Water Containers, Supporters, Elastic Stockings, etc., of moderate prices. Sent for pamphlet and price list.

MCDERMOTT, Manufacturer, 154 Camp St., New Orleans.

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Wholesale and Retail.

Crockery, China and Glass.

Specialty --- Hotels --- Specialty

STEAMBOATS AND GENERAL HOUSEKEEPING SUPPLIES

AMERICAN CHINA.

MISCELLANEOUS.

UNITED STATES BONDS

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New Orleans National Bank

34 Canal Street.

WORTH SENDING FOR

Dr. J. H. Schenck has just published a book on the DISEASES OF THE LUNGS and HOW THEY CAN BE CURED, which contains valuable information for all who suppose themselves afflicted with, or liable to, any disease of the throat or lungs. Address DR. J. H. SCHENCK & SON, Philadelphia

A. Brousseau's Son

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MOQUETTES

\$1.00 and 1.75 per Yard.

TAPESTRY BRUSSELS

70 Cents a Yard up to \$1.00.

Willows, Axminster, Velvets, Moquettes, Brussels, Ingrais, Three Plys, Window Shades, Lace Curtains, Gowns, Napier and Chios, Maiting, Turkish Rugs, Crum Cloths, Rugs and Mats.

In Great Variety, all Latest Styles and Novelties. Call and see. Telephone to use.

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Commission Merchants

No. 15 and 17 Poydras Street.

(Formerly New Levee.)

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Factors' and Traders' INSURANCE COMPANY.

49 CARondelet Street

Paid Up Capital \$1,000,000

ED. A. PALFREY, President JOHN CHAFFEE, Vice President.

Issues Policies, Covering Fire, River and Marine Risks, at the Lowest Tariff Rates.

TRUSTEES: John I. Noble, Richard W. Hill, R. M. Walcott, T. L. Lyne, C. J. Bell, Wm. Hartwell, Wm. G. Jones, H. J. Galt, A. Britton, Wm. Holliman, R. T. Rockwell.

MECHANICS' TRADER'S Insurance Company.

11 CARondelet Street, New Orleans, La.

Solicits Fire, River and Marine Risks.

AT LOWEST TARIFF RATES.

GRD. H. PROSSER, LLOYD E. COLEMAN, Secretaries.

F. C. GREGORY, J. M. CHAFFEE, Vice Presidents.

Assessors and Fire Clks. Marine and River Clks. R. C. SHORTRIDGE, Collector.

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Lloyd E. Coleman, Secretary.

New Orleans, April 26, 1882.

CRESCENT Insurance Company.

Incorporated as a Mutual Company in 1849—Re-organized as a Stock Company in 1850.

CASH CAPITAL \$500,000

Has paid nearly NINE MILLIONS for losses since 1849.

Annual and Term Policies issued on Desirable Fire Risks.

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To those in want of FURNITURE

we would say that the PRICES HAVE BEEN REDUCED on every article in our stock, though Furniture has ad-vanced in value ten to twenty per cent.

Our reason for making these reductions is NOT an attempt of being overstocked, but our aim is to show our customers an entirely new stock every season.

To those contemplating purchases in our line we would say CALL AND BE CONVINCED that our reductions are not imaginary ones, but are from figures that are at all times guaranteed to be the lowest. THE CHEAPEST FURNITURE HOUSE IN THE SOUTH.

W. G. TEBAUT,

Wholesale and Retail Furniture,

37, 39 and 41 Royal Street,

New Orleans, La.

CARDS

New Orleans, Gold-Plated Edge and Chrome-Plated Edge, and quality, largest variety and lowest prices. All chrome with name, 10c. a dozen. Wholesale, 50c. a dozen. Call on Mr. W. G. TEBAUT, 37, 39 and 41 Royal Street, New Orleans, La.

MISCELLANEOUS.

D. H. HOLMES,

155 CANAL STREET, 15 Bourbon Street, 15 Dauphine Street.

NEW ORLEANS.

House Established in 1842.

Keep at all times a most complete assortment of European and Domestic

DRY GOODS

As the Stock is replenished by weekly arrivals. Purchasers will find

Advantageous to Call and Examine the Goods.

Samples Sent Throughout the Country, and Orders Promptly Executed.

THE BONNET and DRESS-MAKING Departments are placed in most SKILLFUL HANDS.

No. 58 USE THE TRADE MARK

A WONDERFUL and SCIENTIFIC DISC

THESE GLASSES ARE CHEMICALLY TREATED IN THE PROCESS OF MANUFACTURE, AND

possess the property of keeping your eyes in good condition, as when you see them. They have

been carefully examined and analyzed by American and European opticians, and found the SPECIFIED

eye become impaired by their use for the following reasons:

1. The chemicals when the light is in the eye, it is gradually taking away with that timeous sensation that is usually experienced in using glasses after one or two hours' use.

2. The chemicals make the glasses hard; they render their polish, hence you will always see through them as bright and clear as at first.

3. The chemicals keep the glasses cold, and the result is that the optic nerves always cool, doing away with any feverish sensation to the eye.

4. With these glasses you can read, write or sew all night the light having no effect on the eye, with a distance of 10 or 15 feet, which necessarily improves the eye.

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THE MEDICATED GLASSES are all stamped on the frame with "HOLMES' MEDICATED"

Dealers Supplied Wholesale at Liberal Discount.

HERC. HOUSAH,

CRESCENT CITY SPECTACLE COMPANY

56 St. Charles Street, New Orleans.

In writing mention this paper.

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL MILLINERY.

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Largest Assortment of Millinery Goods in the City.

Ribbon, Laces, Flowers, Veils, Plush, Etc.

Pattern Book for Millinery.

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Commission Merchants and Dealers in Produce,

CAROLINA COW PEAS,

ASSORTED VARIETIES.

57 Poydras Street, New Orleans, La.

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NEW POTATO CROP

Consignments Solicited.

WM. H. PIERSON,

SUCCESSOR TO WHEELER & PIERSON

CLOTHING AND FURNISHING GOODS,

Nos. 13 & 15 CAMP STREET, New Orleans.

Black Cloth Suits, \$20 to 40. Business Suits, \$12 to 15

6 Shirts for \$9. Collars, \$1.50 per Dozen.

Orders from Clergymen solicited, and liberal reduction made to them.

Rules for self-measurement sent on application, and goods sent C. O.

H. J. MULLAN,

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Hardware, Cutlery, Iron, Steel, Nails, Rope, Castings, Plows and

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

Carpenters', Coopers' and Blacksmiths' Tools.

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At lowest prices for Cash or Short Time.

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Homes, Cattle, Sheep, Swine, Poultry, Bees, Fish, and all the various kinds of domestic animals, and the diseases to which they are liable, and the best means of preventing and curing them. The work is illustrated with numerous colored plates, and is the most complete and valuable work of the kind ever published. It is the property of the American Pictorial Cyclopaedia Co., New York, and is sold by all the leading bookstores in the United States.

Agents wanted to sell the work in all the Southern States. For terms and conditions, apply to the American Pictorial Cyclopaedia Co., New York, or to the following agents in New Orleans:

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Dealers in all kinds of

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Shipments made from either Mobile or New Or-

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WANTED—White Oak Staves, Red Cedar and

Black Walnut logs, certified at either New Orleans

or Mobile. Highest cash price paid.



## PRICES CURRENT.

REVISED AND CORRECTED WEEKLY.

ADVOCATE OFFICE.  
New Orleans, Monday, May 14, 1893.  
Our readers should bear in mind that our quotations represent prices for round lots, and that in filling small orders higher prices must be paid.

## SOUTHERN STAPLES.

Cotton, P. B.	Per day.	Per bale.
Low ordinary	8 1/2	7 1/2
Ordinary	8 1/2	7 1/2
Good ordinary	8 1/2	7 1/2
Low middling	8 1/2	7 1/2
Middling	8 1/2	7 1/2
Good middling	8 1/2	7 1/2
High middling	8 1/2	7 1/2
Extra	8 1/2	7 1/2
Receipts since our last	1,000 bales	
Receipts previously	1,000 bales	

Wool, P. B.	Per day.	Per bale.
Wool	8 1/2	7 1/2
Wool	8 1/2	7 1/2
Wool	8 1/2	7 1/2
Wool	8 1/2	7 1/2
Wool	8 1/2	7 1/2
Wool	8 1/2	7 1/2
Wool	8 1/2	7 1/2
Wool	8 1/2	7 1/2
Wool	8 1/2	7 1/2
Wool	8 1/2	7 1/2

## GROCERIES.

Butter, P. B.	Per day.	Per bale.
Butter	8 1/2	7 1/2
Butter	8 1/2	7 1/2
Butter	8 1/2	7 1/2
Butter	8 1/2	7 1/2
Butter	8 1/2	7 1/2
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Butter	8 1/2	7 1/2
Butter	8 1/2	7 1/2
Butter	8 1/2	7 1/2

Corn Meal, P. B.	Per day.	Per bale.
Corn Meal	8 1/2	7 1/2
Corn Meal	8 1/2	7 1/2
Corn Meal	8 1/2	7 1/2
Corn Meal	8 1/2	7 1/2
Corn Meal	8 1/2	7 1/2
Corn Meal	8 1/2	7 1/2
Corn Meal	8 1/2	7 1/2
Corn Meal	8 1/2	7 1/2
Corn Meal	8 1/2	7 1/2
Corn Meal	8 1/2	7 1/2

Wheat, P. B.	Per day.	Per bale.
Wheat	8 1/2	7 1/2
Wheat	8 1/2	7 1/2
Wheat	8 1/2	7 1/2
Wheat	8 1/2	7 1/2
Wheat	8 1/2	7 1/2
Wheat	8 1/2	7 1/2
Wheat	8 1/2	7 1/2
Wheat	8 1/2	7 1/2
Wheat	8 1/2	7 1/2
Wheat	8 1/2	7 1/2

Oats, P. B.	Per day.	Per bale.
Oats	8 1/2	7 1/2
Oats	8 1/2	7 1/2
Oats	8 1/2	7 1/2
Oats	8 1/2	7 1/2
Oats	8 1/2	7 1/2
Oats	8 1/2	7 1/2
Oats	8 1/2	7 1/2
Oats	8 1/2	7 1/2
Oats	8 1/2	7 1/2
Oats	8 1/2	7 1/2

Barley, P. B.	Per day.	Per bale.
Barley	8 1/2	7 1/2
Barley	8 1/2	7 1/2
Barley	8 1/2	7 1/2
Barley	8 1/2	7 1/2
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Barley	8 1/2	7 1/2
Barley	8 1/2	7 1/2
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Barley	8 1/2	7 1/2

Peas, P. B.	Per day.	Per bale.
Peas	8 1/2	7 1/2
Peas	8 1/2	7 1/2
Peas	8 1/2	7 1/2
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Peas	8 1/2	7 1/2
Peas	8 1/2	7 1/2
Peas	8 1/2	7 1/2
Peas	8 1/2	7 1/2

Beans, P. B.	Per day.	Per bale.
Beans	8 1/2	7 1/2
Beans	8 1/2	7 1/2
Beans	8 1/2	7 1/2
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Beans	8 1/2	7 1/2

Lentils, P. B.	Per day.	Per bale.
Lentils	8 1/2	7 1/2
Lentils	8 1/2	7 1/2
Lentils	8 1/2	7 1/2
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Lentils	8 1/2	7 1/2
Lentils	8 1/2	7 1/2
Lentils	8 1/2	7 1/2

Flour, P. B.	Per day.	Per bale.
Flour	8 1/2	7 1/2
Flour	8 1/2	7 1/2
Flour	8 1/2	7 1/2
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Flour	8 1/2	7 1/2
Flour	8 1/2	7 1/2

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

## DOMESTIC.

NEW YORK, May 9.—Mr. William Henry Hurbert, president of the Press Publishing Company, completed today the transfer of the entire property of the World newspaper to Joseph Pulitzer, of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. Mr. Hurbert will announce this in the World to-morrow morning, and the first number of the World under the editorial charge of Mr. Pulitzer will be issued on Friday morning. It will continue Democratic, but Mr. Pulitzer will extend and modify its local features.

The price paid by Mr. Pulitzer is understood to be about \$400,000. This does not include the building erected for the paper under Mr. Hurbert's direction in 1881, which has been leased for a term of 10 years.

WASHINGTON, May 9.—The fight between the National Board of Health and the Marine Hospital Service for the control of the \$100,000 epidemic fund has been lively during the last few days. To-day Mr. Ellis, of Louisiana, called on the President, and asked that the fund be expended through the Marine Hospital Service. The President said he had determined to leave the matter wholly with the Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Ellis called on the Secretary of the Treasury, and had a long conference with him. The Secretary informed Mr. Ellis that he would not send money through the Marine Hospital Service, if there should be any necessity of expending it.

The Florida Ship Canal Company has completed its organization and is ready for business. J. C. Brown, of Tennessee, is president.

The proposed route will leave St. Johns River, about 20 miles above Jacksonville, and thence in a direct line, as nearly as possible, to the Suwannee River, on the Gulf of Mexico, making a tide water canal less than 100 miles in length and deep enough to float the largest ocean steamer from the Ocean to the Gulf.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., May 9.—The semi-annual conference of Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, arranged for the coming six months, met here this morning and will remain in session several days.

EASTON, Pa., May 9.—Passengers stated that a hurricane in the Lehigh and Wyoming valleys last evening was the severest known in Eastern Pennsylvania. Between Pennsylvania, Maryland and Delaware trees in the woods for a distance of 2000 feet were mowed down like grass. The wind and rain beat so hard against the windows of the cars that the passengers had to place their cushions of the seats against them to prevent them being blown in.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., May 9.—It was 6 o'clock this afternoon when the three public gambling houses in this city closed their doors and closed their doors. The act making gambling an offense was enforced today, and it was determined by the proprietors of the three houses that were in operation here to test the constitutionality of the act. They thought they would be allowed to remain open until the Supreme Court, which is now in session, would pass upon a test case that was to be prepared at once and sent up for an opinion, but the authorities ordered them to close at 6 o'clock, and the command was promptly obeyed. The test case, however, will go up, and will be passed upon by the highest tribunal of the State.

WASHINGTON, May 10.—Returns of the progress of the planting show the work is later than usual in every State and indicates that on May 1, 74 per cent of the proposed area was planted, when the usual proportion is 81 per cent. In Virginia and North Carolina it was very late. The percentages planted were: Virginia 15, North Carolina 35, South Carolina 75, Georgia 73, Florida 90, Alabama 83, Mississippi 82, Louisiana 81, Texas 57, Arkansas 72, Tennessee 67.

GALVESTON, May 10.—The principal part of today's session at the Supreme Lodge of Knights of Honor was devoted to the election of officers for the ensuing year and fixing salaries.

The following officers were re-elected: Supreme dictator, R. H. Cochran, of West Virginia; supreme vice-dictator, F. P. Ireland, of Nebraska; supreme assistant dictator, F. D. Sloan, of Connecticut; supreme reporter, R. G. Nelson, of Ohio; supreme treasurer, Robt. J. Brockbridge, of Kentucky; supreme chaplain, G. W. Holman, of South Carolina; E. J. Davonport, of Minnesota, was elected supreme guide; P. C. Carlton, of North Carolina, was elected supreme sentinel. The election of trustees was not concluded. Will come up as the first business of the lodge to-morrow.

The Supreme Lodge, Knights of Honor, to-day adopted the constitution reported last year. It goes into effect at once. Chicago was selected for the next convention.

Waco, May 11.—The Southern Baptist Convention opened at 9 A. M. with singing, reading of Scripture by the President, P. H. Mull, and earnest prayer by Rev. Dr. Boyce, of Kentucky. The report of the Committee on New Orleans was read. It showed that the great city of New Orleans had but two white churches in a population of 250,000 souls. It was recommended that assistance be given for the building of churches, and also that three men and two women be appointed to aid the laborers in New Orleans.

JEFFERSON, May 11.—Mrs. Hannah S. Grant, mother of ex-President Grant, died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. May Carlton, in Panama avenue, Jersey City, N. J., this afternoon. Mrs. Grant was born in Berks county, Pa., November 23, 1783, and was married to Jesse R. Grant, at Clarendon, Ohio. She was the mother of six children; three of whom are now living.

ARKANSAS CITY, May 11.—A destructive cyclone swept across the southern part of this city shortly after 5 o'clock this evening, unroofing or demolishing buildings for a distance of two miles, the thick of the storm rushing from one to two blocks in width. A number of persons were injured, and some fatalities are reported, but the loss of life will probably not be so great as might be expected, in view of the great destruction of property. Nothing definite can be given yet, but the loss of property is estimated in the hundreds of thousands of dollars.

CHICAGO, SPRINGFIELD, May 11.—Three boxes of peaches were shipped to-day to New Orleans. This is earlier than ever before. The thermometer stands 90 in the shade. Crops are rapidly growing, but cotton is at least three weeks behind last year.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., May 14.—Great crowds throng the streets this morning in the southern part of the city, viewing the destruction wrought by last night's storm. The line of ruin from the cyclone traveling the city extends nearly

three miles, and presents a most appalling appearance. Trees, bricks and rafters and household effects are scattered in endless confusion, and block up the roadway in many places.

A Joplin, Mo., dispatch says: About 7:30 yesterday evening a cyclone struck Oregon and literally demolished the place. Oregon is on the main line of the Frisco road, nine miles northeast of Joplin, and contained about 600 people. The storm approached from the southwest, and presented the funnel-like shape peculiar to a cyclone. But one building of any size, the Masonic Hall, remains uninjured. Two brick buildings were razed to the foundations. The scene this morning is one of desolation, as the once flourishing village is a mass of debris.

A Webb City dispatch, yesterday evening, says a violent wind storm visited Oregon, five miles distant, entirely demolishing the business part of the town. Four persons were killed and from 50 to 75 wounded. Two houses in Webb City and 10 in Cartersville were blown down later in the evening but no one was seriously injured in either town.

## FOREIGN.

GUAYAQUIL, May 11.—National affairs in Ecuador are critical. Business is suspended in Guayaquil and the streets held by armed troops. Cable communication is not interfered with, as both parties recognize the importance of not molesting an American company.

PANAMA, May 9.—The Ecuadorian Government yesterday entered the Bank of Ecuador at Guayaquil, notwithstanding the protests of consuls, and the captains of English and Italian ships, and broke the safes open and took \$250,000. The rebels are close to the city.

LIVERPOOL, May 12.—The Irish people here have arranged for the saying of masses Monday, for the repose of the soul of Joe Brady, who is to be hanged in Dublin that day.

HAVANA, May 13.—There were 14 deaths from yellow fever in Havana last week.

Nervousness, debility, and exhausted vitality cured by using Brown's Iron Bitters.

## COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

## CENTENARY COLLEGE, JACKSON, LA.

Sunday, June 5.—Annual sermon, by Rev. C. B. Galloway, D. D., of New Orleans.  
Monday, June 6.—At 11 A. M. a meeting of the Board of Trustees. At half past seven P. M. exhibition of the Preparatory School.  
Tuesday, June 7.—At 11 A. M. a meeting in the Society Hall, delivery of Thesis and diplomas, speeches of the graduates. At eleven A. M. meeting of the Alumni, address by Hon. J. N. Carter, of Texas. At 1 P. M. address by Hon. J. N. Carter, of Texas. At 7 P. M. exhibition of the Society Hall. Address by J. W. Dodd, LL. D., of Vanderbilt University.  
Wednesday, June 8.—Commencement exercises by the graduates; conferring degrees; baccalaureate address by the President.  
Next session begins on the first Monday in September.

## FEST. MISSOURI FEMALE COLLEGE, COMMERCE, MISS.

Friday, May 27.—At half past eight P. M. Centennial Library Society Anniversary.  
Sunday, May 29.—At eleven A. M. Commencement sermon by Rev. C. G. Andrews, D. D., of Vicksburg, Miss. At four P. M. Christian Association Anniversary. Rev. J. M. Pugh, of Enterprise, Miss.  
Monday, May 30.—At half past eight P. M. Alumni Anniversary. W. N. Kibb, of Meridian, Miss. At four P. M. Annual Meeting of the Board.  
Tuesday, May 31.—At half past eight P. M. Annual Concert.  
Wednesday, May 31.—At half past eight P. M. Commencement exercises. Rev. Robert Lowry, of Memphis, Tenn., presiding.  
J. W. ANDERSON, Secy.

## CAMP MEETINGS.

The annual camp-meeting for 1893, on Sea Shore Camp Ground, will convene on the second Wednesday (7th) of July next, and continue from eight to ten days.  
W. H. FORSTER, President.  
F. H. HALLAM, Secretary.

SEASIDE CAMP GROUND.—The trustees will hold a meeting on the camp ground on Saturday, May 19, at half past eight P. M. A. M., for transaction of business preparatory to the annual camp-meeting on the second Wednesday (7th) of July next. Resolutions for a meeting on a building or in some other place for the camp-meeting for the season, are invited to be present. Brothers from the West will come by the Friday evening train.  
W. H. FORSTER, President.  
F. H. HALLAM, Secretary.

Providence Camp Meeting will begin Friday, July 27, and will continue until Thursday morning following. Attenders generally are invited and will be provided for. The camp ground is situated on the shore of Lake Umbagog, N. H., is beautifully located and well watered.  
J. C. LAW, Secy.

The Lake Camp Meeting will begin at Lake Camp Ground, near Vicksburg and Meridian railroad, on Friday before the 11th Sunday, in July. It will be on the self-sustaining plan.  
J. C. LAW, Secy.

## DISTRICT CONFERENCES.

The District Conference for the Greenville District will be held at Abbeville, S. C., on Friday, June 25, 1893, at 9 A. M. Opening sermon by Rev. W. T. Sullivan, D. D. The Editor of the New Orleans Christian Advocate is expected to be present.  
S. M. THOMAS, Secy.

The District Conference, Brandon District, Mississippi Conference, will be held at Brandon, Miss., on Friday, June 25, 1893, at 9 A. M. Opening sermon by Rev. W. T. Sullivan, D. D. The Editor of the New Orleans Christian Advocate is expected to be present.  
S. M. THOMAS, Secy.

The Greenville District Conference, North Mississippi Conference, will be held at Brandon, Miss., on Friday, June 25, 1893, at 9 A. M. Opening sermon by Rev. W. T. Sullivan, D. D. The Editor of the New Orleans Christian Advocate is expected to be present.  
S. M. THOMAS, Secy.

The Mobile District Conference will be held at Mobile Springs, beginning May 24 to 27. Bishop Keener will be present. The recording stewards will be present, the records of Quarterly Conferences. I would urge all the delegates to be present. The brethren will please collect the Bishop's fund.  
J. O. KEENER.

The Shreveport District Conference will be held at Keatchie, La., beginning on Thursday, May 24, 1893, at nine o'clock A. M.  
D. F. ALEXANDER, Secy.

The Alexandria District Conference will convene in session in the Methodist Church in Alexandria at nine o'clock A. M. on Thursday, the last day of May. Preachers in charge will please see that Quarterly Conference journals are brought to the Conference for examination. A cordial invitation is extended to all. No lithop expected.  
N. S. CORNELL, P. E.

## Quarterly Conferences.

## LOUISIANA CONFERENCE.

SHREVEPORT DIST.—SECOND ROUND.	
South Boston, at Fillmore	May 19, 20
Orlando, at Keatchie	20, 21
Shreveport, at Greenwood	20, 21
Shreveport	June 2, 3
North Boston, at Red Land	19, 20
Logansport, at San Patrice	23, 24
Pleasant Hill, at Pleasant Hill	30, 31
Many, at Many	July 1, 2
Sabine, at Prospect	7, 8
Anacoco, at Holly Grove	14, 15
Natchitoches, at Natchitoches	21, 22
Coushatta, at Armistead	28, 29
Red River	29, 30
18	D. F. ALEXANDER, P. E.

NEW ORLEANS DIST.—SECOND ROUND.	
Baton Rouge	Apr. 29, 30
Plaquemine and Grove Teie, at Harmony	May 5, 6
Louisiana Avenue	12, 13
Lafourche, at Thibodaux	19, 20
Algiers and Gretna	26, 27
Felicity	June 3, 4
Moreau	10, 11
Carondelet	17, 18
St. Charles Avenue	24, 25
16	D. WALKER, P. E.

HOMER DIST.—SECOND ROUND.	
Saline circuit, at Saline Church	May 5, 6
Wadley circuit, at Wadley Church	12, 13
Arreda circuit, at Arreda	19, 20
Rochester circuit	26, 27
Wadley circuit, at Wadley Church	June 2, 3
Parmerville circuit, at Stillhol	9, 10
Downey circuit, at Mars Hill	16, 17
Shreveport circuit, at Shreveport	23, 24
Homer circuit	30, 31
Minion circuit	July 7, 8
Hayesville circuit, at Hayesville	14, 15
Indian Village circuit, at Indian Village	21, 22
Tulip circuit	28, 29
17	The district stewards will please meet at 11 A. M. on Wednesday, May 30.
17	A. A. CORNETT, P. E.

DELIHI DIST.—SECOND ROUND.	
Dehihi	May 5, 6
Dehihi	12, 13
Dehihi	19, 20
Dehihi	26, 27
Dehihi	June 2, 3
Dehihi	9, 10
Dehihi	16, 17
Dehihi	23, 24
Dehihi	30, 31
Dehihi	July 7, 8
Dehihi	14, 15
Dehihi	21, 22
Dehihi	28, 29
16	ROBERT HANDLEY, P. E.

ALEXANDRIA DIST.—SECOND ROUND.	
Black River	Apr. 21, 22
Shreveport	28, 29
Shreveport	May 5, 6
Shreveport	12, 13
Shreveport	19, 20
Shreveport	26, 27
Shreveport	June 2, 3
Shreveport	9, 10
Shreveport	16, 17
Shreveport	23, 24
Shreveport	30, 31
Shreveport	July 7, 8
Shreveport	14, 15
Shreveport	21, 22
Shreveport	28, 29
15	S. S. CORNELL, P. E.

ORLEANS DIST.—SECOND ROUND.	
Franklin	Apr. 14, 15
Franklin	21, 22
Franklin	28, 29
Franklin	May 5, 6
Franklin	12, 13
Franklin	19, 20
Franklin	26, 27
Franklin	June 2, 3
Franklin	9, 10
Franklin	16, 17
Franklin	23, 24
Franklin	30, 31
Franklin	July 7, 8
Franklin	14, 15
Franklin	21, 22
Franklin	28, 29
13	C. KESTER, P. E.

NORTH MISSISSIPPI CONFERENCE.	
Richland	July 2, 3
Richland	9, 10
Richland	16, 17
Richland	23, 24
Richland	30, 31
Richland	Aug. 6, 7
Richland	13, 14
Richland	20, 21
Richland	27, 28
Richland	Sept. 3, 4
Richland	10, 11



WHOLE NO. 1399

It is when it redeems with so many yearnings the life of one who has shamefully slighted it.

—The possession of religious knowledge may be fatally, but easily, mistaken for the possession of real, red-

— If Divine love ever seems part  
It is when it redeems with so many  
yearnings the life of one who has  
shamefully slighted it.



## Christian Advocate.

THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1883.

## RESIDE STILL WATERS.

BY MRS. M. A. HALL.

In pastures green, by waters still,  
I dwell in peace to-day;  
While sunlight sleeps upon the hill  
That stretches far away  
Beyond the river's golden waves,  
By which I gladly stray.

The glory of God's loving face  
Smiles on the myrtle river,  
While in the golden light I trace  
The love that lives forever.  
In pastures green, by waters still,  
Whose beauty fades never.

The angry din of worldly strife  
Seems very far away;  
And rainbows bright have arched my life  
In perfect peace to-day.  
And God's white angels from above  
Around me sweetly stray.

Oh! "place," I had heard scene!  
Beside the shining river,  
In waking hour and midnight dream,  
I dwell in life forever.  
In pastures green, by waters still,  
With God who changes never.

—Home Journal.

## After the Cyclone.

MR. EDITOR: I need not attempt to give a description of the desolations of Beauregard and Wesson nor of the distress of their people, as this has been done by others. I only wish to give, for the gratification of many friends and acquaintances, a little of my experience, and some of my observations in our sad calamity. Our loss of life as a church, was small, only two out of a membership of fully 375 were killed, and these were ready to enter into the joy of their Lord. I was in Wesson when the storm came and desolated the western part of that town. I was in the other side of town from the storm, and for at least half an hour after knew not what had happened to many of those I had an hour before dismissed from the house of God, to some of whom I had preached their last sermon. My family were at our home about three-quarters of a mile west of Beauregard. You can but faintly imagine my anxiety as I watched the terribly dark and angry looking cloud move with fearful velocity toward those who of all others on earth I hold most dear. As soon as possible I started for home to see what had befallen them. When I got about half a mile from Wesson, on the road to Beauregard, I met a man who seemed so alarmed and horrified that the only answer he gave to my anxious questions was: "Everybody in Beauregard is killed." I soon met another man, who said almost everybody in town is dead, but how it was with those on the other side of town he could not tell. Presently I found a barouche full of women and children, bruised and mangled, some of them bleeding profusely, and loudly bewailing their condition, while others were trying to comfort them, and thanking God that none of them were killed. Then came a wagon filled with the dead and dying, driven by a pale, bareheaded young man in his shirt sleeves. By that time I was in sight of Bro. Thompson's fine mansion, which looked as I passed it in the morning so secure and comfortable in its new coat of paint, embowered in a beautiful grove of evergreens. I soon perceived that the roof, second story and eastern walls were gone and the grove torn to pieces. I stopped for a moment to inquire for the family, and soon learned that not one of them was hurt. I passed on a little farther, and saw that Bro. Rembert's fine dwelling was a total wreck, but his family safe, though considerably injured. Looking from the elevation I now occupied I could see nearly all of what was Beauregard when I passed through it in the morning, but now not a house of any description was to be seen, dwellings, stores, four churches, two schoolhouses, hotel and factory all lay in a confused mass of ruins, as if the demon of destruction, in the frenzy of his wrath, had exerted all his might and ingenuity to wreck and ruin. When I think of what I then saw I am ready to exclaim but for the Lord's mercies all would have been destroyed. My family were beyond the fearful mass of debris; how to get to where I hoped to find them was a perplexing question; to go by either of the streets was impossible just then, but cross I must somewhere, and with difficulty I made my way through, and soon found my house and family unhurt. I had often before, when returning from circuit or district, related to find all safe and well, but never before was my soul so filled with gratitude to our Almighty friend for his protecting care as then, for my imagination had pictured to my mind a house in ruins, wife and children buried in the ruins, or at least bruised and broken. As soon as I found that all were safe I returned to the scene of desolation and death, but I will not attempt to describe the condition of affairs that night. The lamentations of the bereaved and the wailings of the wounded were heart-rending. All that could be done then and afterward to relieve and soothe the afflicted ones was done; people far and near seemed to vie with each other in kind and generous offers of aid and assistance so grateful and necessary at such a time. The people are recovering from the terrible shock, and busily engaged in rebuilding dwellings and storehouses, and are talking about rebuilding their churches and schoolhouses. We have here a membership of at least 125 who propose to remain, but we are without any place of worship or place for our Sabbath-school.

There is, however, no disposition to disorganize or to discontinue the ordinances of the house of God. We propose to worship in the grove until we can do better. Last Sabbath we worshipped in a grove; it was a novel sight to see a congregation of perhaps 150 persons seated on the ground, all but about a dozen singing the praises of God and listening reverently to the word of life eternal. Our people are able to do but little now toward rebuilding their church, but all that they can do will be done as soon as possible, and we doubt not but that our brethren elsewhere will come to our assistance as soon as they know of our impoverished condition and of our disposition to help ourselves. We perhaps will soon call them to our aid. I may say in this connection that I received from the Sabbath-school of Columbia, Miss., a registered letter containing \$5 for the afflicted Sabbath-school children of Beauregard. That was thoughtful and kind in that Sabbath-school. May God bless and reward them abundantly.

J. L. FORSTHER.

BEAUREGARD, MISS., May 12, 1883.

## Some Unpublished Church History.

It has seemed passing strange to me that our reading people are content to remain in almost total ignorance respecting the civil and legal relation and intercourse of our church to and with the United States during the late civil war, and the treatment of the former by the latter. The outline, skeleton facts of such a history were written during their occurrence at the place and by the only person who in the course of providence could be acquainted with them. They now exist, written on a little more full. Why it has not been published heretofore I could hardly answer if inquired of. It was once, not far from the hands of the printer, but did not quite reach the types. That it contains matter of very considerable interest to every reading man and woman in the church has always seemed highly probable to me.

Perhaps the crucial and intensely severe silence of the General Conference of 1866 touching one of the most prominent points of this history in its legal aspects may not have had a tendency to encourage the publication. Upon the whole, I presume I ought to regret having been so modest about it heretofore. The preparation of the history has not been a secret.

I have been a little waked up on the subject recently by reading the following paragraph in a notice of "Smith's Life of Bishop Andrew," by the Rev. W. J. Scott, in the April number (1883) of the Mac quarterly Review:

"Some of the Northern Bishops invoked the aid of military forces to eject us from our churches and parsonages. In numerous localities we were stigmatized from our own pulpits as graceless reprobates and Christless rebels. The sober second thought of the nation rebuked this proscription."

If Mr. Scott had known the history of our church in those times as it ought to be known, but as it is by no means generally known, he would not have written it that way. We must be true to history and to law, especially to our own history. The above is not quite a fair statement of the manner in which some of our churches and parsonages went into the hands of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and as to the way in which they came out, there was no sober second thought of the nation, nor no rebuking about it. The two actions were supposed to be legal; the restoration was the natural result of the regular or rather irregular, but strictly legal action of our church, the history of which has not as yet been published. It is well known that the war divided our church into two churches, and placed them farther asunder than if they had been on opposite sides of the world. The United States government dealt exclusively with the Northern wing of the church; viz: the portion in Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Arkansas, West Virginia and part of Virginia. It is the history of this part of the church, and especially of the Publishing House and the General Conference of May, 1861, that allusion is made.

R. ARBEE.

YAZOO CITY, MISSISSIPPI.

## From the Work.

STEEPS CREEK, MISS.

MR. EDITOR: As your columns are not often taxed with communications from Marvin circuit I have thought to drop you a line. We think there is fitness in the name our work bears, as the church was built and dedicated shortly after Bishop Marvin's visit to the East by way of the West. He had just returned and offered up his life, a willing sacrifice to the cause he so much loved, and it occurred to us we could apply no more appropriate name to the new church and circuit than that of the lamented and sainted Bishop. The present editor of the Advocate preached the dedicatory sermon. Our church at this place has grown from a membership of twelve to about one hundred. This large increase occurred mainly in 1881, when we had a glorious revival, at which the talented and consecrated "boy preacher," Rev. W. R. Sims, ministered.

An attraction at Steeps Creek is the high school recently established and placed under the management of Prof. Harry, formerly of Eureka Springs, Paola county, Miss. The professor is decidedly a man of letters, and a teacher of long experience and consummate tact and ability. Our community is noted for its

healthfulness, sobriety and good moral tone. We have a law prohibiting the sale of liquors within five miles of this place. Persons having sons and daughters to educate would consult their interests by sending them here, for besides the facilities for learning, our village, owing to its remoteness, affords a safe retreat from the vices and immoralities usually attaching to railroad towns. The general shaking up which Bishop Wilson gave the Annual Conference resulted in our receiving as pastor Rev. George F. Thompson, a man venerable in years, able in the pulpit, circumspect and dignified in deportment, consecrated to his work, beloved by his flock, respected and admired by people of every class and creed. And equally important came Sister Thompson, a model preacher's wife, refined, cultivated, accomplished, a leader in every good work, and a host within herself in the Sunday-school. She has been chosen and is now engaged as teacher in the high school. I have often thought any man could better afford to be ill-mated than a preacher. How in the world a Methodist preacher can tread the thorny itinerant path yoked with a shrew or a termagant and keep within due bounds is a problem too profound for me. Our circuit is on the upgrade. Bro. Thompson found us out of debt, except on the parsonage.

Yours fraternally,

W. H. WHITE.

MAY 8, 1883.

## CALAMITIES ON PROVIDENCE CIRCUIT.

MR. EDITOR: Providence circuit, Mississippi Conference, lies up and down, the valley of Pearl river, from Monticello to Georgetown, a distance of twenty-six miles, a well organized, complete work, good parsonage, well located, and splendid camp ground. Last April, one year ago, a terrible cyclone struck the town of Monticello, the circumstances of which has been published throughout the country. Our large brick church was leveled to the ground, and our congregation broken up. In a few days of the same time another passed through the center of the circuit, devastating everything in its way. I was the pastor of the circuit, and in that relation I was the sufferer, yet no allowance was made for me at Conference in my reports or future appointments. I hope it will not be the case with our dear suffering brother, H. P. Lewis, the present pastor. Just one year to a day, and about the same hour, a most fearful cyclone struck the Georgetown Church, the upper church of the circuit, just at the close of the quarterly meeting services, and no language can give anything like a full description of the scene. Among the dead and wounded was Bro. Lewis, the pastor. I went to see him as soon as I heard of his condition, and when I left him thought likely I would see him no more. But through a skill of physicians, the increasing care of loving friends, and continued prayer to God, we trust he will soon be well again. He was at the home of Bro. J. H. Telford and wife, and no better place could be found on earth for his condition. Three hours after the destruction of Georgetown Church another cyclone, that blew away Wesson and Beauregard, passed south bordering on the first, partly destroying another church called Pine Grove. Destruction and death was in its grasp. The family, Mrs. Folds, her mother and three children were buried, as it were, in one common grave. Mrs. Folds was a most excellent, pious lady and an active member of the Methodist Church. Her eldest son, Archie Dixon, was about twenty years of age, was the superintendent of the Sunday-school, and a good steward. His sister, a beautiful, innocent young girl, about eighteen, and a devoted lover of her church, and her little brother, about fourteen, all went home together. Also another family in that neighborhood. Three houses were blown away. Another family, living near Providence camp ground, Bro. John N. Crawford, his wife, married daughter and two children, and a single daughter, and another gentleman and his wife, eight persons killed, and one has died since. Bro. Crawford was also a superintendent of the Sunday-school at Providence. But I must stop. I have written this imperfect sketch of the sorrowful condition of one of our best circuits in this country that the people might remember Bro. Lewis, one of our most useful and successful preachers. His work is almost ruined. Out of five churches two and a half remain. His postoffice is Tryon, Lawrence county, Miss.

A. J. NICHOLSON.

MINDEN, LA.

MR. EDITOR: The good work goes on. Thirteen were baptized in the church on assuming the vows last night—seventeen in all. The whole church is greatly revived. Rev. R. Turner, Presbyterian, of Homer, is a worthy helper. His sermons were full of zeal and efficiency. His church will gather some of the fruits of this refreshing.

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## Obituaries.

NELSON—MARY T. NELSON, wife of A. J. Nelson, died at her home, at Stonewall, La., March 3, 1883. She was born in Attala county, Ala., September 29, 1823, and was married to A. J. Nelson, in 1843, with whom she moved to DeSoto parish, La., in 1855. She professed religion early in life and joined the Methodist Church, of which she remained a devoted and consistent member until her death.

It is impossible in so brief a sketch as this to set forth the many noble Christian virtues of this truly godly woman. The writer having been intimately acquainted with her for many years, 1860, living a near neighbor, can truly say that it was her chief delight to love and serve the Lord. When she came to this community, in 1855, she found no church here of any denomination and little interest taken in religion. Still she was faithful to the cause she had espoused. She invited ministers to the neighborhood to preach. They came and held meetings. A great revival sprang up, and she was greatly rejoiced at seeing great numbers of her neighbors and friends being converted and at seeing churches being built up in the community. The camp meeting was her soul's delight, and to her mind the most important of all. Being first and foremost in every good word and work, working in and through her own family and that of her neighbor, until she saw the desire of her heart fulfilled. As to her zeal in the cause, hundreds who have attended camp meetings at Cypress Camp Ground can bear witness, and to her untiring efforts for the cause of Christ. Religion was her theme, both with the Christian and the unconverted. She loved to talk of Jesus, and point sinners to the "Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world."

Her work on earth for the Master is ended, and truly may we say: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors and their works do follow them." Sister Nelson leaves a husband, two sons and several other relatives, besides a host of friends, to mourn her loss. She gave all her property to her church, and in her will left her children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and she was greatly rejoiced when it pleased God to convert her two sons, and when she came out from the world, and espoused the cause she loved so dearly, yet more complete was her joy when she pleased the Divine Father, to call her eldest son, J. M. Nelson, to preach the glorious gospel of Christ.

She died in the midst of her family, and all was done for her that loving hands could do to alleviate her suffering. Though she suffered so long and so greatly, still she bore it all without a murmur. "She hath entered into that rest which remaineth for the people of God." But how sweet it will be to her church will miss her, the camp meeting will miss her, her pastor will miss her, for in her he ever found a hearty co-worker, and above all, her family will miss her, for most truly, they have suffered a great loss; for the great central sun of their household has gone down; but may the Lord send them with the hope that they shall see her again. "We, the Saviors, said: 'I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.' Yes, she shall live again, and oh! how comforting the thought, that in the golden summer of another life children, mother and father will gather again in a sweet reunion where partings are unknown. May Grace Divine help her loved ones to bow in humble submission to the will of him who doth all things well."

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will be hard to fill, and many of the brethren in the ministry will (when they read this obituary) feel that they have lost a true friend. His house was a pleasant home to the toll-worn minister, and his hospitality, his cheerfulness, his willingness to help, his support of the gospel. Only a little more than a month before his death he was visited by the writer, and his liberality to the church was shown in the gift of two hundred dollars in the price of a beautiful and cozy house which we have now secured as a parsonage for Hebron circuit.

Bro. Windham was severely afflicted for a long time before his death. He sought relief by visiting Eureka Springs, Ark., but found it not. At Mobile, Ala., for two months, under treatment of Drs. Ketchum and Toxey, he sought relief in his honest and earnest efforts to relieve him, and on the day above written the angels came for him.

His funeral was preached in Hebron Church (of which he had been a member and steward for years), March 24, 1883. The house was filled to its utmost capacity by bereaved friends. At the close of the first lesson, Psalms x, the choir sang, "The Sweet Bye-and-Bye," and while this song was being sung, the friends were permitted to take a last look at all that was left of Bro. Windham. At the close of the sermon we laid his body quietly away in the churchyard to await the resurrection. His wife, children and bereaved relatives we tender our sympathy. May God bless and sanctify his dispensation to their good and bring them safely to join our brother "over there."

H. F. PHILLIPS, Pastor.

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## Christian Advocate.

THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1883.

## THE ANGELS.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

Are the angels never impatient  
That we are so weak and slow,  
So dull to their guiding touches,  
So deaf to their whispering low  
Will which entreats and urges,  
They follow us as we go?

Ah, no! the pious angels  
Are clearer of sight than we,  
And they note not only the thing that we are,  
But the thing that we *ought* to be—  
The hint of gold in the shimmering dress,  
Or fruit on the bare cold tree.

And I think that at times the angels  
Must smile as mothers smile  
At the peevish babes on their knees,  
Loving them all the while,  
And chiding the little ones of their pain,  
With sweet and motherly wile.

And if they are so patient the angels,  
How tenderer far than they  
Must the mighty Lord of the angels be,  
Whom the heavenly hosts obey,  
Who sends them forth on their errands,  
And cares for us more than they?

## In Memoriam.

REV. GEORGE C. ARMSTRONG.

Rev. George Clare Armstrong was the son of William Armstrong and Elizabeth Armstrong, nee Clare, and was born in Jefferson county, Miss., June 27, 1813, and died in the same county, March 31, 1883, aged nearly seventy years.

His parents were industrious and frugal, were good citizens, and had the respect and esteem of their neighbors, but were not professors of religion in early life. They, however, brought up their two children to read the Bible, revere religion and attend the public worship of God. George grew up a moral, thoughtful, intelligent youth with a fair English education, and was often deeply impressed with the danger of living in sin and the importance of personal piety. These holy impressions were furthered by private devotion until they resulted in a thorough conviction of sin and the necessity of a change of heart. Feeling that he needed all the help he could obtain by Christian association, he publicly united with our church as a seeker of salvation, September 11, 1838, and on October 4, following, he was converted while quietly sitting in an afternoon camp meeting prayer meeting. In his diary he gives this account of it: He was led to inquire why he could not believe that Jesus died for him as an individual sinner? Finally, without any special effort to believe, he saw by faith Jesus hanging on the cross and dying for him, and he simply accepted him as his present, filling and all-sufficient Saviour. As soon as he thus accepted Christ he awoke up to a consciousness that the heavy burden of sin and guilt was all gone, and that his soul was full of love and peace. He adds in his diary that having obtained mercy he resolved, by the help of God, to be a Christian indeed. In order to this he read his Bible with close and prayerful attention and every good book on the subject of holiness and the way to grow in grace that he could obtain. The result was he became a very happy Christian and was sometimes very demonstrative in the overflowing of his spiritual joy. We were near neighbors and were much together for more than a quarter of a century, and have been with him so often in his seasons of holy exultation that I seldom read of heard the exclamation, Hallelujah! without thinking of him. He had not been brought up at the family altar nor much in prayer meetings, and though he acknowledged the cross was very heavy at first, he yielded to the first calls of his brethren to lead in prayer meetings. In 1840, with his mother and sister, he united with my family, and a few others in forming what has since been known as Holbrook Church in Fayette Circuit. He was appointed class leader and Sunday-school superintendent and most faithfully and successfully did he discharge his duties in these offices. According to his ability he was as wholly devoted to all church interests as any man I ever knew. He did his full share in building churches, repairing churches, preparing for and supporting protracted meetings. He partook largely of the revival spirit and holding accorded better with his full heart than to shout hallelujah over new-born souls. After doing acceptably all the subordinate offices in the church he was licensed to preach October 30, 1840, was ordained deacon by Bishop Paine December 21, 1841, and elder by Bishop Early November 21, 1857. From early in 1861 to late in 1863 he was employed by the presiding elder in charge of a colored mission which was the only regular pastoral work he ever done. He suffered much from a chronic affliction which would not allow much exercise on horseback. He was, however, faithful as a local preacher. I will sum up all I would like to say about him by saying a verse emphatically applicable to him: "For he was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith." He was happily married to Miss Amanda S. Gules, April 23, 1843, in whom he found a safe counselor, a wife of deep piety, and a thorough Methodist of commanding talents, ever ready to help him in all domestic and church matters. They excelled in bringing up their children to be Methodist Christians from infancy. They had five children, four of whom are

already in Paradise. It will do good to speak a few words about them: William Jacob assumed his church vows at the age of ten and lived a consistent member of the church until he died about the age of sixteen. His conversion was well marked, his place never vacant in the church, and he was remarkably fond of singing the songs of Zion. The day before his death his mother heard him singing, when he did not know she was near him, one of his favorite hymns with the chorus:

We'll stand the storm, it won't be long;  
We'll anchor by and bye.

Mary Catherine was eight years old when she died. She was well instructed, thoughtful and womanly for her age. She got happy in class meeting about three months before her death, and from this time gave every desired evidence of being a spiritual child of God. Between her conversion and death the class leader passed her one day in his examination of the class without asking her the usual questions. She resorted to this with regret for several days, saying she felt so happy she was very anxious to tell her class leader how happy she felt the day before she went to Abraham's bosom. She took up the hymn book and sang with angelic sweetness: "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand," etc.

George Clare was only two years and a half old when the good Shepherd took him to glory. Their youngest daughter, Georgia Amanda Salome, assumed her baptismal vows at the age of seven, grew up in the church a thorough Methodist, professed an assurance of her acceptance in Christ, did not live more than a year or two after her marriage to Mr. Fleming and died in peace, leaving her babe to the care of her mother. Bro. Armstrong died from a complication of diseases, but his last illness was full of hope and assurance. He was an intelligent believer in the doctrine of a clean heart and a life wholly consecrated to God, and from a conversation I had with him last October, he said he had long lived in the enjoyment of this state of grace. Farewell for the present, Bro. George; we will meet again.

H. J. JONES.

## Sin of Omission.

In order to live Christians there are many things we must do, and there are others we must not do, because some things are right and are required, and others are wrong and are forbidden.

Christianity is not mere morality. I mean it does not consist in merely living above positive wickedness. It however implies this, but demands something more. Therefore, in order to live acceptable Christians we must, not only, not do certain things, but others we must do, i. e., we must discharge our duties as well as not commit sin.

The transgression of the law—the law of God—either by commission or omission is sin. It is a fact then, before which many may tremble that "to him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not to him it is sin." Sin is not merely a transgression of the law by commission, but by omission of duty.

Many professed Christians seem to think that all things are well when they are "doing no harm, and avoiding evil of every kind, especially that which is most generally practiced."

But Christianity is not a mere prohibition, but a demand also, which requires all those duties known to be right. Christians are therefore required to "do good, and as they have opportunity of every possible sort, and as far as possible to all men." Christianity further demands of its best we "attend upon all the ordinances of God." Such are: The public worship of God, the ministry of the word; either read or expounded, the supper of the Lord, family and private prayer, searching the Scriptures, fasting or abstinence. The omission of any of these or any other known duties—omitted in the face of light and knowledge—would be more heinous in the sight of God than the commission of sin without light or even partial light.

All the above and many other duties are demanded, and we can not be guiltless if we omit any of them. Because, if we did not already know our duty, we have determined minds and may determine what is duty. We have also the means of determining the right, and to satisfy ourselves, it requires but little time and effort: 1. We have the continual instructions of the ministry, calling our attention to duty. We have been listening to practical sermons through life and can not be ignorant of our duty; 2. We have the Bible inspired of God which is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness. That the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works; 3. We have many good books on practical subjects and much good literature, our church papers, etc., which throw rays of light and power into all our homes. Hence no man need be ignorant of duty; 4. In addition to the above we have a conscience as a silent monitor telling us of duty. With all these means in the reach of determining the right, you need not tell me that we are ignorant and know not our duty. We do know it. How fearful not to "do good" when we are fully enlightened. Every Christian knows it is his duty to attend the prayer meeting, and

every one knows what devolves upon the united efforts of the church. Every brother knows whether or not it is his duty to pray in public. Every Christian father knows whether or not it is his duty to pray in his family. The Scriptures say, "To him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin." And my brother sin unrepented of, though it be a sin of omission, may give you some trouble in the future.

H. J. JONES.

## Preaching vs. Teaching.

MR. EDITOR: In your issue of May 3, Honestus writes many good things, but has he not missed the mark by starting with the assumption that if a preacher teaches he, of necessity, neglects his duty as pastor and preacher? It may be true that some preachers do neglect their pastoral duties, but it is also true that some who do not teach, do neglect their pastoral duties.

All admit that to neglect any duty is wrong, and those of us who stand quietly before God, I doubt not, mourn with a Godly sorrow and heartily repent. The questions laid before us are: 1. As to the right of attempting to teach and preach at the same time; 2. If it is right, is it expedient?

As to the first point, from a careful reading of I Kings, iv, 38-42, I Timothy, iv, 13, I Peter, iii, 15, it will be seen that God expects his people to be wise, his ministers "to be thoroughly furnished unto every good word and work."

Against teaching and preaching there is not only no prohibition, but also an actual incentive, both to study and to teach, running all through the Scriptures. Honestus would soon tire of a preacher who did not instruct his mind as well as lead his soul to greater depths of love divine. Our requirement of a gospel minister is that he should be "able to teach." Honestus would strike at the root of this matter. Is it right for a Methodist preacher to be president of a Methodist college, or any other institution of learning? The words in italics are ours. We answer, it is right. Eliza was found instructing the sons of the prophets. Paul instructed and established, both by word of mouth and by letter, the young evangelists under his care. It is hard to find a better man for a college president than a thoroughly furnished preacher. Preachers, Methodist preachers, have no opportunity to fossilize. They must keep up with the times or go down.

Nothing does the young more good than to receive instruction from those who are above reproach; whose language is pure, fresh and heavenly. Who is better qualified for this work than a scholarly "man of God?" 2. Secondly, as to the expediency of teaching and preaching.

Honestus delicately mentions a man whom we all delight to honor. While he taught, who visited more, preached with greater acceptability, or had a finer missionary record? He is a prince among ministers. Were souls lost by his trying himself down to a college? Ask the ministers of the Louisiana and Mississippi Conferences. Look there for the names of the boys who came under his influence, were ministered with his spirit and went forth in the name of the Master.

When the crowds are given on high, I doubt not, but that those years of college labor will be found to contribute more stars to his "crown of rejoicing," than all the other years of his life.

Has the church lost by his presidency? It has gained a thousand-fold. Is he not an exception? I think not; our preacher-teachers, so far as I know, bring up excellent reports.

Paul worked that he might not be chargeable to any man. This was only an incident of his life. His great work was to preach Christ. All this we grant.

Dear Honestus, you, perhaps, have never been sent to a circuit with a wife and children, found the people pleasant and agreeable, but poor in purse. You have not felt what it is to receive favors, dealt out grudgingly. You have not realized what it meant to travel, support a family and also hospitality on \$300 a year, and do it too, when the people thought they were giving a large amount for the privilege of listening to a free gospel.

In other days some of our preachers located, others went heavily into debt and disgrace; now the practice is to "teach school," that they may be "chargeable to no man." Teaching and sustaining themselves an incident, they still preach Christ as "the work of their lives."

As to teaching and preaching, in general, I believe that the cause of Christ would be strengthened and extended if every missionary in the Mississippi Conference would teach as well as preach.

Many of our circuits would be greatly benefited if their pastors taught. We have missions and circuits to-day in the Mississippi Conference that are no nearer supporting a preacher than they were twenty years ago. Beyond all doubt, one reason for this state of things, is found in the fact that the public schools do not afford enough intellectual culture. What better employ for the preacher, if he must sustain himself, than to "train the young idea how to shoot?" Without more, and better teaching, these works will never become self-sustaining.

Dear Honestus, if a preacher teaches, he does it reluctantly through necessity or else from a sense of duty. Whether we agree or disagree about this matter, let us unite our prayers that God may give power to his ministers, even if they do teach.

JOHN W. CHAMBERS.  
LONDON, ENGL., May 6, 1883.

## Religious Intelligence.

## MISSIONARY.

People will hardly believe me when I tell them about our Chinese Christians (writes the Rev. John Butler). "I suppose they are rather slippery," one says. I answer No; they are fully equal in Christian character to church members in this country. They keep the Sabbath better. I could take numbers into the church if I would let them work on the Sabbath. But I tell them No; it is necessary to be very strict with our church members. When we get the gospel into a Chinaman, he is sure to be a noble Christian. Our Chinese preachers take their Bibles as literally true and authoritative. They believe what they read, and obey it. Hence, they give a tenth of all they earn to the Lord. The pastor's salary is \$100 a year, and he gives a tenth of it.—The Gospel in All Lands.

The Texas Christian Advocate says: "In planting the gospel in Mexico, our people are providing the gospel for their children. Railroads are not penetrating its grassy plains and fertile valleys, and our people are following their track, seeking homes and fortunes in the ranches and cities that will grow and flourish under the Southern Cross. We must send the gospel in advance of our sons and daughters who will live in Mexico when our dust is slumbering in some Texas graveyard. The missionary must be there with his Bible, his church, his Sunday-school, pointing them to the same Saviour to whom their parents trusted when they built their homes in this sunny State."

The mission work in the Indian Territory is illustrated by the reply of a civil engineer to the question, "What do you think of the Greeks and Cherokees?" "They are as nice a people as you can meet; those seem to be no vice or crime among them. I never knew a people so honest, or so careful in their observance of the Sabbath. They would not even take old clothes that were thrown away, and camp without first asking permission, although being very fond of pictures they valued those that were passed around the camp. The only explanation he could find for their good state of morals was that many or most of their chiefs were ministers."

It is not generally known that American missions have been quite successful in Persia. It appears from statistics just made public that there are four central stations, 1,307 communities and twenty-four native pastors. Through this agency a great native preacher has been developed, Abouls Bera, who after his conversion went to Switzerland and studied theology for a period of five years. Since his return, some three years ago, he has established a Lutheran Church, which already consists of about one hundred members. The American missionaries are proud of this offspring of their labors.

In Turkey, where a few years ago men asked their wives with oxen, the curriculum in some of the colleges for the education of females compares favorably with similar institutions in America. One of the girls who graduated from the Syrian Seminary is at present engaged upon making a concordance of the Bible in modern Armenian.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Within twenty-five years past, 215 translations of the Bible have been made into the various languages and dialects of mankind. There were 490 translations in whole or in part, before, and now the whole number is 405. Every year, 5,000,000 copies of the Bible, or parts of it, are distributed, besides the copies that are sold in the bookstores.

The Presbyterian Church of Scotland is taking hold of Sunday-school work with benedicting earnestness. There are now throughout Scotland 1,900 Sabbath-schools, with 17,000 teachers and 200,000 scholars, all in connection with the Church of Scotland. In Edinburgh Presbytery there are 300 Sabbath-schools with 12,571 scholars on the roll.

Moody and Sankey's visit at Manchester, England, was, as appears from the Young Men's Christian Association report, attended with unexampled success. The names of 1,833 persons have been given who have been baptized outside of church influence, but who wish to be prepared for church membership.

At the last meeting of the directors of the National Bible Society of Scotland in Glasgow, it was reported that 24,000 Korean Bibles, printed in Manchu script, had been sent by the society, had been forwarded to Japan in readiness for use in Korea, as soon as it is safe for an agent to enter that country.

Rev. Dr. S. L. Baldwin, long connected with the mission work of the Methodist Episcopal Church, owing to the partial restoration of Mrs. Baldwin's health, and a desire to educate their children will not return to China, but will take work at home.

The number of free and open churches in London have increased from 64 to 93 from 1871. The weekly offerings have been adopted by 61 churches during the same period; in all, 507 churches which now collect the offering weekly.

Rev. H. C. Dillmore, of the Southern Presbyterian Mission to Soochow, China, during his recent vacation of fifteen months in this country, visited 180 churches in thirteen States, delivered 350 sermons and lectures, and traveled 18,000 miles.

Buddhist priests have held a large convention at the temple of Kiyamun, Japan, for the purpose of removing some of the more irksome of the rules of their order, notably that preventing the clergy from marrying.

A new Waldensian Church is about to be opened in Rome, close to the spot where the Waldensian martyr Pascal was burned at the stake for believing the truth that is now freely preached.

The Sabbath morning collections in the First Presbyterian Church of Chicago, Rev. Dr. Barrows, pastor, for the last year, amounted to \$10,000 an average of \$318 for each Sabbath.

A female seminary after the plan of Vassar College is to be erected at a cost of about \$200,000 by the Presbytery of Los Angeles, Cal.

## Our Young People.

## THINGS THAT NEVER DIE.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,  
That stir our hearts in youth,  
The impulse of a wordless prayer,  
The dream of love and truth,  
The longings after something lost,  
The spirit's yearning cry,  
The striving after better hopes—  
These things shall never die.

The hand stretched forth to aid  
A brother in his need,  
The kindly word in grief's dark hour,  
That proves a friend indeed;  
The plea for mercy, softly breathed,  
When justice threatens nigh,  
The sorrows of a contrite heart—  
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every heart  
Must find some work to do;  
Ere we have a chance to waken love,  
Ere men and just and true;  
So shall a light that can not fade  
Beam on thee from on high,  
And angel voices say to thee,  
These things can never die.

—The Broadman.

MR. EDITOR: As I do not recollect of having seen anything from the young folks from this part of the country, I will attempt to write you a letter. I live in sight of Ebenezer Methodist Church, which is on the Winnfield circuit, and four miles from the town of Montgomery, at which place they have just finished repairing the Methodist Church, have purchased an organ for it, and have organized an interesting Sunday-school, with my uncle, Maj. H. V. McCain, as superintendent. Our pastor is A. W. Waller. I think he is such a nice Christian gentleman. My papa and mamma are members of the Methodist Church. My grandpapa and grandmamma are also members of the Methodist Church. My grandpapa died in 1870, and has gone to heaven. My grandpapa McCain has forty-six grandchildren, and the oldest is only seventeen years old. Can any of the young folks beat that? Good-by, kind editor.

L. L. L. N. N.

MONTGOMERY, LA., April 23, 1883.

MR. EDITOR: Enclosed please find three dollars sent by the Parker Magnolia, at Mansfield, to help in building Miss Hallahan's school house. We organized our little society on March 25, 1883. Our officers are as follows: Lulu Durliss, president; Angie Hicks, vice-president; Mattie McDonald, secretary; Mable Moss, treasurer. We began with fifteen members, and at our last meeting we had twenty-nine members. We have had only two meetings. We are trying to do a good work, and hope to increase in membership every time we meet. I hope my short letter will not find its destination in the waste basket. As ever I remain,

Your little friend,

LULA DURLISS.

MANSFIELD, LA., May 1, 1883.

MR. EDITOR: Enclosed you will please find one dollar we send to you for forward to Miss Hallahan for her school house. We hope to send some more this year for the missionary cause. May you and the dear old Advocate have success. Your little friends,

FREDDIE AND MATTIE PETTY.

CENTREVILLE, MISS., May 6, 1883.

## Catching the Fairy.

## CHAPTER I.

Lacy Lee is down on the rug, feet crossed under her Turkish fashion, gazing into the fire. Thinking "What a fairytale is carried into a white hall in her hair, and 'Mister Pop,' fat and brown as seed, is daddled up close to her on the rug. Both are winking and blinking at the fire, like their little mistress, and thinking too, no doubt.

"For there is a spell about the first fall fire in an open fireplace that is enough to set everybody a-thinking, even the little cats and dogs if they have any little ink in them."

Spring has danced in with her fair flowers and sweet song, and daddled out again. Summer has come with her sunny play-days and golden fruit, and gone too. And now, the chill autumn wind seems "whistling to keep his courage up," as he takes his homelike sweep round old Leeland House this cool September twilight.

The fire begins to burn Lacy's face, moving back she throws her head in her mother's lap, with a sudden—"O how I wish I had one!"

"O how I wish I had one!"

"A fairy, mother, just such a fairy as Urgan told me about last night. Didn't you ever hear about the little—little something I forgot what the name is, but the book, 'Fanny and her Fairy.' I think it is, or something like that. In that little brown book, used to belong to poor little Prley Grey—O you've heard it mamma?"

"Don't remember, love."

"Then I must get it to-morrow, and read it to you, mamma. If I can, will only loan it to me, but Gram keeps it like it was a gold book, cries over it sometimes, just because it belonged to Prley. Not one of these fly-about, foolish fables that you can't ever get up with, but every little common thing, mamma, now like this: if you 'wonder your life to burn, or your bread to rise, or your flowers to grow, this dear little darling would be sure to come in just at the very time, and show you how to do it. That is if you want to know, O, over so much, and tried your very, very best."

"And what was her name, pet?" interrupted her mother. "Wasn't it Patience, or Perseverance, or Energy, or something of that sort?"

"No, indeed! that it was not." And Lacy looked horrified at having her beautiful little fairytale called by such a plain, homely name. "I wish I had that story to read to you right now. All about her beautiful voice and silver wings—she had wings on her feet, mamma, what do you think of that?"

Mother laughed softly, and said: "Well, and can't my little Lacy be a beautiful house-lily if she wants to be, O, ever so much, and tries very, very hard?"

"Mamma, what a notion! How could I? What could I do? and where could I begin?"

Mrs. Lee caught the eager tone of this question with great delight, for her little Lacy was a headless child that usually gave very little thought to anything but fun and frolic. Charley's name for her was "Lacy Lee," and she

was the last one about the household that was ever asked to do anything that was wanted to be well done. Indeed, Lacy's carelessness added a heavy weight to her mother's burden of care. To see even a shadow of thought pass over that giddy little head was a rare pleasure to the loving heart.

She stroked the glowing cheeks, and rested her hand tenderly under the dimpled chin, and talked on in a low, luscious voice for sometime, even till Lacy came in and lighted the lamps. When this came for Lacy to be off to bed, she did not, as usual, bounce up to her mother, snatch an explosive kiss, and dart up stairs. She actually stood stock still for a moment, looked up with eyes full of meaning, as if she meant to say something, but only her eyes spoke; she pressed her lips to her mother's in a clinging "good night" and then walked slowly away.

Next morning, Lacy begged the book from grandmother, on condition that she would "sit with her back to the fire, use a thumb-paper, and not keep the book but just one half-hour by the clock."

In that half-hour Lacy read to her mother her two favorite stories, "Fanny and her Fairy," and "The Little Lady of the Watch."

## CHAPTER II.

It was about two months after this little twilight talk, that Charley asked one morning at table, what could have come over Gramma to make her so pleased now-a-days? "Vow, I'll never tell Gram cross again, long as I live!" said the small-cap boy, "it's good as I laugh to see her face these mornings."

When the dear old lady came in to breakfast, she laughed and chatted as gayly as a child, but said nothing particular until she was helping Mrs. Lee to wash up the tea things. Then she began—

"Hester, can you tell me who it is that's coming into my room every morning and every morning now for weeks past? Somebody's fixing my things in my hair, and I can't tell who it can be. I am either so fast in my morning nap, or the creature moves about so softly I can't hear her. Don't know how it is, but for the life of my I can't find out. There are all my things—eggs at hand, water poured out to basin, tooth-brush on cup, stockings turned out, and my clothes on a chair close by my side. Tell you, my dear, I have not been so waited on since old Andy's day. And then I've done with when I have dressed. All day long somebody's looking after me all the time. You know what a grating thing it is—never get straight since the war, as I always say. But now, don't you object how all my things have got into a jumble way of being right at hand when I want them? Neither in the way, nor out of the way; bless you, I've actually put aside two pairs of my shoes, you know, Hester, when I had three pairs going I never kept up with any of them, and I speak thumb-stall, scissors—everything went, right in my basket, and my basket never out of place."

"You may smile, Hester, but when you remember that remarkably way my things have had of losing themselves over since the war, and of never finding themselves till this blessed time, you must see that there is something down-right curious about it."

Hester smiled because she thought grandmother was having fun in the war what did not exactly belong to the war too much a fashion with us of the South, by the way. When she remembered the chronic state of wonder the dear old lady kept herself in, formerly, as to her missing goods and chattels, and the many times a day she that the whole household had to be put to find them, she couldn't help thinking that "remarkable way" had been in the world some fifty years or more before the secession war was ever heard of.

However, like the good mother, Mrs. Lee kept all these things and pondered them in her heart.

One morning, not long after this conversation, she thought she would investigate a thing a little for herself. Just after her first was made, while it was yet early, and her dressing gown still on, she slipped off noisily into grandmother's room, and in under a long chair that hung on the wall just behind the door.

After a few minutes she heard a heavy foot coming along the hall. She hustled herself into the room, knocked up an apology for a fire and hastened herself out, looking neither to right nor left, and not at all careful, apparently, to keep from "disturbing of miss." She had hardly disappeared when the door opened softly, and in walked Lacy with some kindlings in her hand.

In two minutes the hot iron fire was sparkling and crackling loud enough to wake grandmother's head and ear had not been turned up. Then Lacy gliding about on tiptoe, set everything in order, and was just moving toward the door when her mother slid from her hiding place and came toward her.

"Ah, here she is, grandmother! here's my fairy." As Lacy came just at that moment, her mother raised up slowly, and grabbed her, and in that way Lacy added to her mother's dream.

Grandmother's surprise and delight were so great she is positively almost ready to give her little granddaughter, Prley Grey's book—*don't say, no more!*

But Lacy is given to understand that something very wonderful is to come to her at Christmas. "Nods and winks and smiles hint to her of something splendid, but what it is she can't divine. Not till Christmas morning."

Lacy laughed when she saw what a big stocking was hanging over the fireplace instead of the smaller one she had put there. At the first crow of the cock she sprung out of bed, struck a light, seized the stocking and jumped back into bed. It was so cold.

Thinking after another she drew out. Prley things, stockings, nightgowns. Best of all, that long wished-for little book! There it lay. Yet it was not grandmother's. It had on another colored dress. And on the fly-leaf was written, "Mother."

Lacy was delighted beyond words. She dropped the stocking, thinking she had come to the end, and was busy looking through the pages to see if it was "zactly like Gram's," when she suddenly became aware of a little maternal sound, what could it be? Seizing the stocking, she found there was something else there. And what do you think it was? First, a pretty morocco case; when this was opened there lay a little square "big old watch," big enough to say, tick, tick, tick! It was fastened to the daintiest of gold chains, with a little bunch of charms hanging to it!

As soon as Lacy's wild rapture would let her take her eyes off these beauties for a minute, she spied a slip of paper in the morocco case. This she opened quickly, on it was written, in a neat, old-fashioned hand—

"Grandmother's fairy shall be 'The Little Lady of the Watch.'—Aunt Tarpley."



## Christian Advocate.

DEAR OF THE LOUISIANA, MISSISSIPPI AND NORTH MISSISSIPPI CONFERENCES OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

CHAS. B. GALLOWAY, D. D., Editor.

Corresponding Editors:  
REV. T. A. S. ADAMS, REV. J. T. SAWYER,  
REV. W. L. C. HONNIGT.

THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1883.

Dr. Guthrie's four reasons for being a total abstainer are unanswerable, and are worthy to be published from the house tops and written on the door posts of every heart:

1. My head is clearer.
2. My health is better.
3. My heart is lighter.
4. My purse is heavier.

We regret exceedingly that no Bishop will visit our China Mission this fall. It was thought best, we understand, to postpone the visitation for another year. The observations and letters from that field by one of our Superintendents would do much to kindle enthusiasm in the very dawn of Century Year. To delay twelve months will lose all that moral and mighty stimulus which the church felt when Bishop Marvin went to the East by the way of the West.

Dr. Fitzgerald, editor of the Nashville Advocate, at the solicitation of the family and many friends, has undertaken to write the life of Rev. Thomas O. Summers, D. D. He has a good subject, and no doubt will make a good biography. Chancellor Garland aptly says: "No one can write the history of Dr. Summers without going largely into the doctrinal discussions which have of late occupied the attention of the church. The welfare of Methodism requires on these vital themes no uncertain sound." We wish the author invigorated health for this labor of love. Dr. Summers was for many years a part of one denominational literature, and it is fitting that he should have a permanent memorial in our catalogue prepared by other hands than his own.

We preach a gospel of hope and progress to the Southern people. Everything indicates an advanced movement in material development. In these States there are now one hundred and ninety-one cotton factories in operation or in course of erection. This branch of industry was quite unknown in the South a decade ago, but now multiplied thousands are so invested, and paying handsome profits. Besides, remunerative employment is given to hundreds of worthy poor, who otherwise would be driven to great straits for a bare subsistence. Our people only need to trust God, work righteousness and be diligent in business to soon become prosperous and wealthy. The days of croaking and complaining have passed—this is a period of hope and enterprise.

The "Denominational Devil" is the title of an editorial article in the Churchman, at once inveighing against denominationalism, and urging churchmen to keep an eye on the movement for consolidating small churches in local communities. We repudiate the idea that denominations have "unchristianized" the churches. Division fences do not make enemies of neighbors, but often preserve harmony. Differences, theological, ecclesiastical and economical, exist, and will continue whether separate organizations are effected or not. No doubt the staid old Churchman would resent the suggestion of a "denominational devil" inside his household. He would not admit, for a moment, that the devil has ever had place or power in the church. The devil, therefore, was in the schism from the church, and, consequently, his satanic majesty is the father of all dissent. How do dissenters like that logic and characterization?

A circular addressed to "The Methodist Women of Georgia," and signed by Mrs. Morgan Callaway, Mrs. John D. Hammond and Miss Laura A. Haygood, urges the organization of a Woman's Home Missionary Society. It is an earnest, intelligent appeal that ought to find ready and grateful response. The aim of the society is to labor with destitute women and children without distinction of race. We commend the movement most heartily, and only regret that the women in our local communities had not attained unto such grace years ago. From Dr. Callaway we learned that the work has already been inaugurated at Oxford, Ga., and that a number of their most estimable ladies, including Mrs. Young J. Allen, are engaged in teaching colored Sabbath-schools. This will in no wise embarrass the woman's foreign mission work, but will rather prove helpful. We honor the Georgia sisters who have taken the initiative in this good work, and bid them God-speed.

## Councils and Not Courts.

The Churchman, of May 12, has an editorial with the above title, in connection with the now famous case of Rev. Heber Newton, which is rather a curiosity in the literature of ecclesiastical jurisprudence. According to the doctrine therein advanced no clergyman is under obligation to arraign offenders for heresy and defend the church against its blight and sin. If one chooses to make presentment against another, however notorious the offense, it is a purely voluntary act, and liable to the charge of officiousness if not impertinence. It is not a canonical duty, but an excess of zeal, and, in most cases, a zeal without knowledge. Indeed, the Churchman commends the discretion of the silent brethren, and boldly affirms that heresy trials are "always evils," and evils because "they are uncanonical." The following extract is certainly significant:

If three clergymen make a presentment of another they do not assert, nor do they even imply, that two hundred other clergy, under the same vows and canonical obligations, are guilty of dereliction. If two hundred clergy of this diocese have not done what three others have felt called upon to do, it is because they know that trials for heresy are *always evils*, and they are evils because, so to speak, they *dis-union-churchly*. They are uncanonical, because, practically though not theoretically, they involve this tremendous and momentous office of defining the faith upon a very small number of presbyters.

And in order to sustain this view the editor distinguishes between "councils" and "courts." According to his argument, "councils" have authority, both of legislation and execution, while a "court" has a mere name to live, without a single plea for its existence. On this point read again:

We suggest to these presbyters that it is that consideration which weighs heavily against a trial. The defining of the faith is the province of the church's councils and not of her courts. It is the work of the whole church, not of any diocese even, and still less of one-fortieth of the clergy of a diocese massed by the Bishop or the laity. It is to the church, in council assembled, that churchmen look for definitions of the faith, and not to any five clergymen, however eminent, sitting within the walls of an ecclesiastical court room, in judgment upon a fellow-presbyter.

In other words, a committee of trial have devolved upon them the "tremendous and momentous office of defining the faith," an office which belongs only to the church's councils. It logically follows, therefore, that a trial for heresy is an uncanonical and unchurchly performance, and, indeed, an impossibility. We had not supposed that the venerable church—the boasted mother of us all—was so hampered and handicapped by such judicial incongruities. That heresy could lurk and riot within her bosom without any one being charged with the duty of discovering and expelling the poison.

This is a matter of vital importance, and has an interest beyond Mr. Newton and his church. Just here lies the error that has occasioned wide discussion among us recently. The distinction made by the Churchman between councils and courts is more specious than correct. If by "defining the faith" he means interpreting the standards and canonical law, then his distinction is essentially erroneous. It is the province of an ecclesiastical court to interpret and execute law. For that it is constituted and commissioned. The Supreme Court of a State, or of the United States, interprets the laws passed by the State or national legislatures as to their intent, application and constitutionality. They do not legislate, but interpret and execute. So a church court does not establish standards of theology or enact ecclesiastical statutes, but it does interpret and apply the law to any given case.

It is a sickly sentiment in any church that endorses the non-action doctrine and policy of the Churchman. If a man disseminates erroneous and strange doctrines, every true minister is charged with the duty of seeing the offender arrested and the church's integrity defended. And if heresy stalks abroad unchallenged and unbuked, the church itself is justly chargeable with being heretical. There are always those who are ready to cry persecution, when a heretic is brought before an ecclesiastical tribunal for trial. But the cry is puerile to the last degree. And the offender who permits it, that he may win the coveted crown of martyrdom, evidences an unholy ambition and a gross insincerity. A man of lofty purpose and honest convictions, would honorably and promptly withdraw from a communion when he discovered that his views were at variance with its standards of doctrine. And that he would do, without quibbling over standards of interpretation or the technical functions of a church court.

## "Wesley's Designated Successor."

This is the striking title of a new volume by that great Methodist biographer, the Rev. Luke Tyerman. Standing alone, without other explanatory words, it is doubted if many, even of the best informed sons of Wesley, could guess the name. Who was he? What man in all that heroic band did the far-seeing, well-poised, statesman-like Wesley designate as the responsible leader of the Methodist movement when he should go hence? Possessing a wonderful discernment of character, we are curious to know whom he would trust and appoint—whom he would deem fitted for such high leadership. It will give interest, therefore, to the life and character of Rev. John William Fletcher, Vicar of Madely, Shropshire. We have not as yet received the volume, and only now mention this title for the purpose of calling attention to the man, his literary labors and worth to Methodism. No earnest spirit connected with that wonderful movement impressed himself more indelibly upon its character than the saintly Fletcher. Isaac Taylor said of him: "Fletcher was a saint, as unearthly a being as could tread the earth at all." Robert Hall thus esteemed him: "He is a seraph who burns with the ardor of Divine love." Robert Southey said: "No age or country has ever produced a man of more fervent piety or more perfect charity, no church ever possessed a more apostolic minister." Without doubt—even ranking John Wesley himself—he was Methodism's ablest defender. To him we are indebted for the luminous statement and irresistible defense of our theology. Mr. Wesley was an organizer and ecclesiastical statesman of peerless power. Though a voluminous and able writer—the author and editor of two hundred books—he had not the time for controversy, which the quiet vicarage of Madely offered to John Fletcher. And most ably did he employ his time and opportunities. His was a skillful and polished pen, and his writings are Methodism's grand thesaurus of theology. He bore a principal part in the great "Quinquennial Controversy," and for acuteness, precision and logical directness was more than a match for Toplady and every other with whom he shivered a lance. While Wesley pursued his itinerant work, the Vicar of Madely forged the weapons for the overthrow of heresy. He was the studious, philosophical Melancthon of the Wesleyan reformation.

His life was a beautiful, saintly consecration to God. Joseph Benson said, in describing Fletcher at Trevecca College: "The reader will pardon me if he thinks I exceed; my heart kindles while I write. Here it was that I saw, shall I say, an angel in human flesh? I should not far exceed the truth if I said so. But here I saw a descendent of fallen Adam so fully raised above the ruins of the fall, that though by the body he was tied down to earth, yet was his whole conversation in heaven; yet was his life from day to day hid with Christ in God." After taking orders he was first offered the living of Dunham, worth £400 a year, but rejected it because he said there was too much time and pay for so little labor. He served for a time as President of Trevecca College, the institution founded by Lady Huntingdon for educating young men for the ministry. It has been well said that "in his life the primitive excellence of apostolical Christianity was emulated and illustrated." As we are preparing for our centenary year—a year which should stimulate inquiry into the history and doctrines of our beloved church—we commend the character and career of John William Fletcher, the saintly Vicar of Madely, for study and emulation.

## Death of Bishop Peck.

Bishop Jesse T. Peck has long been one of the conspicuous figures in Northern Methodism. He belonged to a remarkable family, all of whom were Methodists of the finest type, and five of them itinerant preachers. They were a sturdy stock, vigorous in body and mind, and commissioned by nature and grace for mighty works in Church and State. He was three a Methodist—by inheritance, conviction and education. He loved every fact of her history, every syllable of her theology and every feature of her polity. At the time of his death, which occurred last week, at his home in Syracuse, N. Y., Bishop Peck was far advanced in the seventies, and for more than a half century had filled up the full measure of a faithful Methodist ministry. He was a man of intense convictions, and had the courage to advocate them in any and every presence. It will be remembered that he bore a conspicuous part in the great debate of 1844, which resulted in the separation of

Episcopal Methodism. His speeches on the floor of that General Conference evidenced breadth of culture, clearness of statement and a logical faculty of unusual acuteness and strength.

For many years he devoted himself to the building up of Syracuse University, and served for a while as its popular and able Chancellor. So wedded was he to that great educational enterprise that he gave to it his entire estate, only reserving a meager income for his widow.

In 1872, at the General Conference which met in Brooklyn, he was elected to the Episcopacy. To this office he consecrated all the energy and experience of years. He had good administrative ability, and was a superb presiding officer, which, united with a broad Methodist sympathy, pulpit power and great industry, made him a popular and useful Bishop. His wit and repartee often enlivened the monotony of Conference sessions. He traveled much through the connection, though cumbered with a load of flesh, and everywhere left a trail of good old Methodist fire.

Bishop Peck was generous in his sympathies. Though an uncompromising leader in the anti-slavery agitation, and ever ready to cross swords with any Southern antagonist, when war settled the issue he ceased to fight. An enemy to any peculiar institution, he was a friend to our people. In later years he has spoken kindly of us, and honored us for our works. He had the Christian's charity, and not the partisan's prejudice. Two years ago he preached a sweet gospel sermon in the Carondelet Street Church, this city, which is remembered with pleasure by our people.

He was a liberal man. His money was freely given to all good causes, so far as he was able, and in this respect he was an example worthy of imitation. It not infrequently occurs that ministers, whose duty it is to preach the grace of liberality, do not practice it, and are themselves penurious to a sad degree. Bishop Peck gave his all to the church, and died like Wesley, without an estate worth \$20.

He was the author of several excellent volumes that ran through many editions. He wrote readily and with great perspicuity. His last days were spent in spiritual meditation, and in this exercise bore suffering without a murmur, and met the last enemy without a tremor.

## Church Extension in New Orleans.

We attended a meeting at Carondelet Street Church on Monday night in the interest of city church extension. Rev. Dr. J. B. Walker, the presiding elder, occupied the chair. Pastors and representatives of all our city churches were present, and gave the occasion quite a congregational spirit. In his opening address Dr. Walker stated that all the churches were harmonious and prosperous, were served by acceptable and efficient pastors, and not a congregation was cumbered with a dollar of debt. It was therefore proper and necessary for them to unite in aggressive work—in lengthening the stakes of our Zion in the city. The movement was favorably inaugurated by considering a special case of immediate want. Rev. J. A. Parker, a venerable and faithful local preacher, had been conducting a successful mission Sunday-school for some years on the corner of Constance and Octavia streets, in a neglected district, far removed from any Protestant Church. Here he has secured lots, and has in bank about nine hundred dollars for the purpose of erecting a chapel thereon. Under the leadership of Rev. Felix R. Hill five hundred dollars was soon raised in the meeting—the amount required to commence the building at once. It was an inspiring moment when the congregation sang the old doxology. Then the subject of city church extension was earnestly considered—the discussion developing at once the needs and spirit of our Methodism here. A thorough organization will soon be effected, which, we doubt not, will mark a new era in our history. Presiding Elder Walker knows the city thoroughly—its wants and capabilities—and will call out all his reserved forces—his local preachers and helpers—to establish mission stations at strategic points. With the unity of spirit and action that meeting bequeathed, we feel assured that New Orleans Methodism has commenced a forward movement. A new chapel every year should be our motto.

## Under a Bushel.

It is astonishing how many think that it is an empty bushel. They seem to think that if a man should take it into his head to put the candle under the bushel he would not be so crazy as to have the bushel full. There is a half way tacit assent to the proposition that sanity is not im-

possible in the case of the first, but that it is so in the case of the second. There is this much ground for the distinction in the popular mind: The candle under the bushel prevents us from ascertaining whether or not the vessel is full, i. e., the means of ascertaining the facts prerequisite to correct judgment is withheld. The fact of withholding warrants the presumption of a deficiency of facts necessary to judgment. Thus Jesus adds: "Let your light so shine that men may see," etc. But further than this there is no warrant for supposing the bushel empty. It may be full. Yet even when we do men full justice in our random judgments we have no right to take any credit to ourselves. Morally a lucky guess is of the same complexion as an unlucky one. Neither is "excusable" where we may ascertain the truth, and if it be impossible to reach the proofs we can never know whether our conjecture is false or true. Hypothesis for experiment is right, but blind guessing haphazard is not authorized.

Under a bushel means a selfish concealment of knowledge. How far one may have an exclusive and proprietary right to his discoveries is too profound a question for one to settle *ex cathedra*. Kinds of knowledge might be mentioned which one might keep secret for years—perhaps bury the secret in his own grave. Questions of individual or social prudence, modifying circumstances of a hundred kinds, might be imagined—wherefore knowledge ought to be concealed either temporarily or eternally. It may be going too far to say that perhaps ninety-nine hundredths of all that transpires in the world is intended finally to be suppressed by the All-Knowing. It will avail nothing for mankind to know it, and God never had any use for it. But leaving tentative questions to be settled according to the reader's liking, it is safe to affirm that no man has the right to conceal any knowledge which will really enlighten, elevate or help mankind to better feeling or action. It is safe to affirm further that no man has the right to put in operation within a prescribed circle of favorites that which he could communicate to all mankind. Christ taught this kind of communism, viz.: That no nation, creed, or class had proprietary rights in any of the sublime truths of Christianity, whether of doctrine, precept or promise. "Publish it upon the house-tops." Let everything be known. This is the communism of the exactest order of creation, and not that of agrarian disorder.

There is a *per contra*: Much light is spent in the "perfecting of records." Church machinery is so arranged as to require much water to drive it, even though intended to run on dry land. Journals, registers, memoirs, memorabilia, wagon loads of old papers and anecdotes cry out for arrangement in the catalogue of the never-to-be forgotten. They are put into the laboratory of the embalmers, and when "the mighty work is wrought" along with the minutiae and hieroglyphics of the years before the flood they find their place among the fossils—imperishable souvenirs of life—tantalizing death. How much talent and labor are spent in this foolish work! There is no work which God wants to live that shall die. The affections of men do not go to ledgers, to discover the world's benefactors. Human instinct repudiates the falsehood of the purchase of its gratitude with gold or the challenge of its admiration with the tawdry display of the east off trumpery of the dead heroes. The world has ever been love-gilt with life, and life has ever been straining forward and upward after that which has not been rounded into statues or depicted in artists' colors or sung in poets' sweetest measures. Hope's starlight has gleamed through the seraphume and waste his energies there, but to teach him how to rear temples that should never be tenantless or polluted by the touch of the unclean.

Our light often goes under the bushel of religious enjoyment. Receivers of the grace of God we are obliged to be. Every good gift cometh down from the Father of lights. We can therefore have no light unless we first receive it. We can have no joy unless we obtain it through religion. Still we are so constituted and the divine gifts so adapted to our natures that no blessing communicated to others can remain a blessing to us. Religion is so unselfish that it can not be had to ourselves. Yet many seem to think that it was never meant that they should exercise the gift that was in them. They covet the best gifts, they ask again and again for the same blessing, and get it perhaps as often, and as long as Israel got the manna in the desert, and to as little purpose either to themselves or to the world. Much light is absorbed in the bushel of information. I know a

man who knows the time-table of nearly every railroad in the United States, together with all the information incidental and accidental thereto. But he never built a yard of road or did any work in managing trains or in posting accounts. But he keeps "read up" in railroads. I know men as well informed and as worthless in almost every other department of life. Man is not an *index rerum* nor a walking library. There is a time when he must quit learning and go to doing. He must be content to die ignorant of more things than there are water drops in the ocean. The bane of the present age is that there are do-nothings on every street corner who know so much more about your business than you do that you feel ashamed to do it, and you would quit if you knew what next.

There is the bushel of negative wisdom. A piece of decorated pottery, covered with the odds and ends of ten thousand fables that the world is now ashamed of, and would fain forget. But there are too many busy in reminding us that these things once existed and moved mankind. They deduce the lesson that things were tried once and failed, that men were trusted once and proved false, that men loved once and then hated. I once met an invalid, or rather a hypochondriac. He knew more medicines and doctors to be humbugs and quacks than I had ever heard of. He had, to hear him tell it, escaped a hundred deaths through his wariness and acute insight into men and things. He never got caught. Even when a boy at play he knew if he felt his base that some sneak would slip between him and the base and catch him. He went bathing with other boys, but he knew that mere working hands and feet would never keep head above water. There was a trick in it, and he was not to be fooled by other boys. He never learned to swim, but his life was worth more than the trick, for a bad boy, an enemy of his, would have been only too glad to have seen him drown. The same man said to me that it would not do to plant corn in the dark of the moon; it would root well, but not make corn. He said to a neighbor not to plant corn in the light of the moon; it would go all to shuck. Planting corn is hazardous in any case. Negative wisdom feels called upon to stop the world; it is either on a down grade or going to be there soon, and he must go to holding back in time. I once had a bit of experience teaching me my folly in this direction. I was standing on the platform of a train running down grade forty miles an hour. I saw another train at the station. It seemed we were driving into it. I threw myself upon the brake; there was terrific squeaking and a smell of sulphur or something. Had we struck? No; we glided past the other train on the switch, but the brake was almost red hot!

Let the light shine! If it shine at all it must shine soon. Is it dark and stormy weather? Then the more need to take it from under the bushel. Were there starlight, were there clouds and storms we might not be needed. But by no means let the lights go out amid the hurricane. Were the lights many and strong we might save ours; but in the gloom of unfaith and agnosticism, amid hurtling tempests and crushing earthquakes, in the moral world the feeblest glimmer may bring salvation to some bewildered soul—the glare of the midday sun could do no more.

T. A. S. A.

It has been published far and near that George Muller founded and has established the Ashley Down Orphan Houses at Bristol, England, by prayer, without having solicited from any one a dollar. We do not deprecate faith and prayer, but believe most entirely in the use of means. This institution has been better advertised than any other in the world. The following, which we find in the New York Observer, taken from a Bristol paper, indicates that a change of policy has been inaugurated:

Among all classes of Bristol, no matter of what religious belief, there will be regret when it is known that at the present time one of the marvels of the age, the orphan asylum at Ashley Down, founded by Mr. George Muller, and still conducted by him, although he has been frequently away from home lately, is in need of increased support. There has been religious work undertaken in connection with the asylum, and this has had to be greatly curtailed, while the strain of meeting the continual cost of maintaining the two thousand orphans has lately been severely, very severely, felt. It is an old boast of this institution that it is a charity that never begs, and its directors have never issued nor authorized any appeal. But the fact of funds being needed having been privately learned on good authority, it appears a public duty to make it widely known, and to leave it to the consideration of those who would regard it as a calamity, in more ways than one, for an institution with so wonderful a history to be crippled in its powers of usefulness.















## PRICES CURRENT.

REVISED AND CORRECTED WEEKLY.

ADVOCATE OFFICE.  
New Orleans, Monday, May 21, 1883.

Our readers should bear in mind that our quotations represent prices for round lots, and that in all small orders higher prices must be paid.

## SOUTHERN STAPLES.

Cotton, P. B.	To-day.	Set.
Low ordinary	7 1/2	7 1/2
Good ordinary	8 1/2	8 1/2
Low middling	9 1/2	9 1/2
Good middling	10 1/2	10 1/2
Middling fair	11 1/2	11 1/2
Receipts since our last	4,007 bales	
Receipts previously	1,612,857 bales	

## GRAIN.

Wheat, P. B.	To-day.	Set.
Full fair	7 1/2	7 1/2
Prime	8 1/2	8 1/2
Choice	9 1/2	9 1/2
Yellow clarified	10 1/2	10 1/2
White clarified	11 1/2	11 1/2
Powdered	12 1/2	12 1/2
Crushed	13 1/2	13 1/2

## MEATS.

Meats, P. B.	To-day.	Set.
Common	4 1/2	4 1/2
Fair	5 1/2	5 1/2
Prime	6 1/2	6 1/2
Choice	7 1/2	7 1/2

## CROCKERY.

Crockery, P. B.	To-day.	Set.
Western	31	31
New York	32	32

## CORN.

Corn, P. B.	To-day.	Set.
White	8 1/2	8 1/2
Yellow	9 1/2	9 1/2
Choice	10 1/2	10 1/2

## CORN MEAL.

Corn Meal, P. B.	To-day.	Set.
Choice	2 50	2 50

## FLOUR.

Flour, P. B.	To-day.	Set.
Superfine	11 1/2	11 1/2
XXX	12 1/2	12 1/2
Choice	13 1/2	13 1/2

## FLOUR.

Flour, P. B.	To-day.	Set.
Superfine	11 1/2	11 1/2
XXX	12 1/2	12 1/2
Choice	13 1/2	13 1/2

## FLOUR.

Flour, P. B.	To-day.	Set.
Superfine	11 1/2	11 1/2
XXX	12 1/2	12 1/2
Choice	13 1/2	13 1/2

## FLOUR.

Flour, P. B.	To-day.	Set.
Superfine	11 1/2	11 1/2
XXX	12 1/2	12 1/2
Choice	13 1/2	13 1/2

## FLOUR.

Flour, P. B.	To-day.	Set.
Superfine	11 1/2	11 1/2
XXX	12 1/2	12 1/2
Choice	13 1/2	13 1/2

## FLOUR.

Flour, P. B.	To-day.	Set.
Superfine	11 1/2	11 1/2
XXX	12 1/2	12 1/2
Choice	13 1/2	13 1/2

## FLOUR.

Flour, P. B.	To-day.	Set.
Superfine	11 1/2	11 1/2
XXX	12 1/2	12 1/2
Choice	13 1/2	13 1/2

## FLOUR.

Flour, P. B.	To-day.	Set.
Superfine	11 1/2	11 1/2
XXX	12 1/2	12 1/2
Choice	13 1/2	13 1/2

## FLOUR.

Flour, P. B.	To-day.	Set.
Superfine	11 1/2	11 1/2
XXX	12 1/2	12 1/2
Choice	13 1/2	13 1/2

## FLOUR.

Flour, P. B.	To-day.	Set.
Superfine	11 1/2	11 1/2
XXX	12 1/2	12 1/2
Choice	13 1/2	13 1/2

## FLOUR.

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Superfine	11 1/2	11 1/2
XXX	12 1/2	12 1/2
Choice	13 1/2	13 1/2

## FLOUR.

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Superfine	11 1/2	11 1/2
XXX	12 1/2	12 1/2
Choice	13 1/2	13 1/2

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Superfine	11 1/2	11 1/2
XXX	12 1/2	12 1/2
Choice	13 1/2	13 1/2

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Superfine	11 1/2	11 1/2
XXX	12 1/2	12 1/2
Choice	13 1/2	13 1/2

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Superfine	11 1/2	11 1/2
XXX	12 1/2	12 1/2
Choice	13 1/2	13 1/2

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Superfine	11 1/2	11 1/2
XXX	12 1/2	12 1/2
Choice	13 1/2	13 1/2

## FLOUR.

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Superfine	11 1/2	11 1/2
XXX	12 1/2	12 1/2
Choice	13 1/2	13 1/2

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Superfine	11 1/2	11 1/2
XXX	12 1/2	12 1/2
Choice	13 1/2	13 1/2

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XXX	12 1/2	12 1/2
Choice	13 1/2	13 1/2

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Choice	13 1/2	13 1/2

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Choice	13 1/2	13 1/2

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XXX	12 1/2	12 1/2
Choice	13 1/2	13 1/2

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Superfine	11 1/2	11 1/2
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XXX	12 1/2	12 1/2
Choice	13 1/2	13 1/2

## FLOUR.

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Superfine	11 1/2	11 1/2
XXX	12 1/2	12 1/2
Choice	13 1/2	13 1/2

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

## DOMESTIC.

WASHINGTON, May 16.—At the presidential day exercises of the National Post Office, to-day, a memorial bust of the late President Garfield was unveiled with appropriate ceremonies. The bust, which arrived here from Italy only six hours before its unveiling, was erected by subscriptions received from deaf-mutes throughout the country, and cost \$1500.

BUTTE, Montana, May 16.—A tornado passed over this county, eight miles south of this city, yesterday, leveling houses, trees and fences. Five hundred feet of the basin fluming, 30 feet above the town, was blown down. Six men, who were at work at the time, were seriously injured. One has since died from the effects of his injuries.

RAYVILLE, La., May 16.—The business portion of Alto, Richland parish, a small town about 12 miles below here, on the Red River, was destroyed this morning by fire, supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

CHICAGO, May 17.—The executive committee of the Cigar Makers' Union yesterday afternoon heard the testimony of six young girls on played by one B. Harman, on Kanzie street. It was shown they work from 6 in the morning to 9 at night, and three nights each week making cigars for cigars. A majority receive \$3 per week, and in order to make a profit of this scanty pittance, he charges them a cent a minute for lost time. When the health inspector visits the place the proprietors managed to secrete the children under age employed. Other tyrannical practices are alleged, and it is claimed that this place is only a type of others in the city.

DENISON, Tex., May 17.—A cyclone struck this city this morning about 9 o'clock. It came from the southwest and was terribly destructive in its character. About 20 buildings were blown down. The fruit crop may be said to have suffered to the verge of ruin. The Baptist church was blown down and a total wreck. The public school building is badly damaged. The general damage done will not be less than \$50,000.

At Mineral Wells there was a terrible wind storm. The wind was blowing a heavy gale from the south, when in the twinkling of an eye a dense storm came from the north and the two met with a fearful din.

At Pilot Point the appearance of a cyclone passed over the city during a heavy storm, coming from the southwest with great force and continuing over 10 minutes.

LEXINGTON, Ky., May 17.—The general assembly of the Southern Presbyterian church met here to-day at 11 o'clock, and was opened by a sermon from the moderator, Rev. Dr. R. K. Moore, of Texas. The assembly is a very large one, every Presbyterian having a commission present but one—Indian Presbyterian. Of 152 commissioners chosen, only eight are absent, and they are expected to morrow.

At the close of the sermon Rev. Dr. Theodore Pryor, of Virginia, was unanimously chosen moderator, and Rev. Dr. H. R. Raymond, of Alabama, temporary clerk.

PHILADELPHIA, May 17.—The meeting of the Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church of North America began here this morning. Delegates were present from all parts of the United States and Canada. An election of officers was held, and resulted as follows: Moderator, Rev. James F. Norton, of Cedarville, O.; Presbytery clerk, Rev. Dr. David Steele.

SARATOGA, May 17.—The ninety-fifth general assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States convened this morning.

The retiring moderator, Rev. Dr. Horlick Johnson, of Chicago, delivered the annual sermon.

Dr. Edwin F. Halford was elected moderator.

NASHVILLE, May 17.—The General Assembly of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church met in this city to-day. The opening sermon was preached by Rev. S. H. Buchanan, D. D., of Little Rock, the retiring moderator. There are at present 123 members, representing all parts of the church. Rev. A. J. McGillemphy, D. D., of Lincoln, Ill., was elected moderator.

HARTFORD, May 18.—A special from Goodsell's Landing says the steamer Granite State burned to the water's edge at 4 o'clock this morning. She had a large freight, and is a total loss. Site lies sunk on Lords Island, just above the landing. Five persons are missing.

RACINE, Wis., May 18.—The first cyclone in the history of this section struck Racine at 7 o'clock to-night, passing through the extreme northwestern portion of the city, demolishing 150 houses and barns, and causing loss of life—about 20—besides 100 more or less injured.

RACINE, Wis., May 18.—Investigation this morning only serves to swell the list of casualties, and makes more weeping the destruction occasioned by the cyclone last night. It is now estimated that fully twenty-five persons have been killed and one hundred injured, and one hundred and fifty houses demolished. Had the cyclone struck the business center, the damage would not easily have been calculated.

CHICAGO, May 20.—A headwood, Dakota, special says: A storm began here yesterday morning, with the highest water ever known. Whitewater stream runs through the heart of the city and a channel was cut 100 yards wide, and everything went before the flood. All towns up the gulch were badly damaged. Pennington is entirely gone. The valley was flooded and half of Spearfish was washed away.

CROCK CITY is nearly all gone. The water is now falling, though there is much snow in the mountains yet. The loss is roughly estimated at \$600,000. Rope and basket communication has been established between the two parts of the city.

NASHVILLE, May 20.—The national competitive military drill and musical carnival will be formally opened to-morrow. A heavy rain fell to-day, and a severe water main blew down many tents at the camp grounds and played havoc with the decorations.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., May 20.—A show storm of a minutes duration passed over the city this afternoon. The thermometer ranged very low all day.

ESCANABA, Mich., May 20.—Two inches of snow fell to-day 40 miles north of this place. Weather cold.

CHICAGO, May 21.—At a meeting of the third ward Land League in this city Saturday several speakers denounced the action of the Roman Pontiff. Patrick Mealey appearing to voice the sentiment of 400 persons present, to judge by the applause, said: "When the Pope becomes a politician he should be treated as such."

A storm of extraordinary violence

prevailed on Lake Michigan last night, and a number of sailing vessels bound to this port were wrecked, but the extent of the disaster is yet only partially known.

LITTLE ROCK, Johnson County, Ark., May 21.—Friday night a cyclone struck near the mouth of Horaceas Creek; Johnson County, Ark., and crossed the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad near Hartman Station. It followed the east fork of the creek a few miles out, and blew down over twenty buildings of various kinds, including a country church and school, killed one man and injured several others.

## FOREIGN.

Moscow, May 20.—The Czar and Czarina arrived this evening, and proceeded to the Plofasky Palace. The city is decorated in honor of the approaching coronation of the Czar. The streets are crowded with people. Great numbers are arriving daily. Perfect order prevails.

ROME, May 21.—The Papal Propaganda issued an supplemental circular to the Irish bishop enforcing the previous injunction and containing answers to many priests, who asked for advice on matters of conscience. The Propaganda will shortly issue a circular quoting Cardinal Cullen, to show that Rome has always opposed seditious associations.

## The Colvin Fund.

The secretary of each Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, will please forward to me without delay the number of the widows and orphan children in his Conference of deceased traveling preachers who have died in the work. This is necessary, that a proper distribution of the interest on the Colvin Fund may be made.

J. B. MERRIN, Book Agent.

Address all mail matter to New Orleans Christian Advocate, New Orleans.

CHEAPEST FASHION MAGAZINE in the world; 120 large pages, 4 pages new music, 1000 engravings each issue. 50 cents per year; single copies, 15 cents. STRAUBINGER & CLOTHIER, 8th and Market Sts., Philadelphia.

ENTERTAINING COMPANY.—I pity you, O excellent wife, not to number yourself and me together a rich donor for this fund, or this woman who has lighted at our gate, not a bad chamber made ready at too great a cost. These things, if they are curious in them, get for a dollar at the village. But let this stranger see, if he will, in your looks, in your recent and behavior, your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, what he cannot buy at any price at any village or city, and which he may well travel fifty miles and dine sparingly and sleep hard in order to behold. Certainly let the heart be spread and laid in the heart of the traveler, but let not the emphasis of hospitality be in these things. Honor to the house where they are simple to the verge of hardship, so that the intellect is awake, and love, honor and courtesy flow into all deeds.—Emerson.

SPIRITUAL CAMP MEETINGS.—The need of the times is spiritual work at our camp-meetings—exclusively spiritual work. We do not mean that all efforts should be confined to the advancement of holiness in believers, though that is a distinct attainment at the present moment should not be neglected; but we do mean that the religious and social aims should be excluded. We mean, also, that religious-scientific discussions, musical festivals, boxing and fishing sports, political and reformatory addresses, not excepting holiness debates and controversial criticisms, should be avoided. These may be proper and useful on ordinary occasions, but in connection with our camp-meeting they tend only to dissipate and detract.—Rev. A. Lowrey, D. D.

What are you doing for your children? You are feeding them, clothing them, educating them. You are ambitious for them. You want them to reach an honorable position. All this is well in its place. But what are you doing for their souls? Are you praying for them, and teaching them to pray? Are you using all diligence to instruct them in the word of the Lord? Are you leading such a life before them as will influence them to upright and religious lives?



# Christian Advocate.

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## MY WORK.

All members have not the same office.

Call not do the work the readers did.

And the golden sheaves that they felt

Could follow by my Master's side.

And when the harvest field I loved so well

Was full of golden sheaves, I loved so well

That I would gladly see him and

Do all I could to help him understand

The doctrines of the Lord Jesus.

He came week after week, and was

Delighted with our form of worship.

He was very seldom absent from our

Prayer meetings unless there was

Service at the same time in his own

Church, which was of the London

Mission. He was a button maker by

Trade, and used to go from city to city

on business, so that for several days at

a time he would be absent from

Shanghai. Something over a year

after he joined the church he rented a

house in Shanghai and attended

preaching with regularity. He would

often come to our church on Sabbath

and unite with us in worship. It

was then I became better acquainted

with him, and as I traveled a great

deal in boats through the country

intending, he often asked that he

might go with me.

He frequently went with me on

these preaching tours, and I found

him most sincere in his faith in

Christ, "in season and out of

season." He was ever earnest in

trying to make known to others the

blissed truths of the gospel which he

had learned. Many times, when

telling me of his wicked life, he would

say: "Now the light of the gospel

has shone into my heart, and God

has had great mercy on me who was

the greatest of sinners." Then he

would weep bitterly, and say that

his heart was full of joy and hope.

Often late at night, and long after I

had retired, I could hear his brother

exhorting men on the boat to repent,

or he would be on shore, with lan-

tern in hand, telling the people

about Jesus, and urging the claims of

the gospel upon them. He was not a

man of learning; but I believe he

felt the power of the gospel in his

own heart, and I believe he felt

"constrained by the love of Christ."

He was not an ordained preacher of

the gospel; but I believe he often felt,

"Woe is me! I preach not the gospel."

He did sometimes preach it

very effectively and with power.

Often while preaching to an audience

I have seen him weep, and I thank

God that the gospel of Christ could

make even a Chinaman weep for

joy, because his sins were pardoned

and he had a hope of salvation

through Jesus Christ.

I remember on one occasion this

brother was with me when I preached

in one of the cities of the interior.

It was in the city of Karsim, and I

had preached to the people about the

Prodigal Son. Before I had finished

preaching I saw Bro. Leezer was

weeping. When I had finished he

turned to me, and said: "You do not

know how my heart burns within

me. Every word in that parable

means me. You do not know how

wicked I have been all my life, and

God has had mercy on me. I lived

in this city many years and am

well known by every one, and they

know I was once the worst man in

the city. I had three hundred men

always ready to obey my command

to do any wicked act. I gambled

and drank wine to excess. I would

fight with anybody, and often I did

violence to many innocent people. I

did everything that was wicked.

Come now, Lan-Sen Sang, and go

with me to that part of the city

where I was once the terror of the

people. I want to tell them what

the grace of God has done for me,

and what it can do for them."

I will continue the history of this

brother in my next letter.

Yours in Christ,

J. W. LAMRUTH.

SHANGHAI, CHINA, April 2, 1883.

"By Their Fruits."

BY REV. W. H. ANDERSON, D. D.

Nobody likes to have his idols dis-

turbed, much less thrown down and

broken. Nobody likes to be waked

and called out of dreamland into the

world of reality, and brought into

contact with solid facts and stern

truths. This is as true in matters

connected with religious views and

practice as in any other interest of

man. There is nothing so good or so

pure that it may not be perverted

and injured. Yet Christ's standard

is plain, practical, easy of use, and

reliable: "By their fruits ye shall

know them." In nature the tree or

vine is known in the kind and excel-

lence of the fruit produced. So in

religion the same law applies.

The eloquent and earnest pen of

our senior Bishop, our honored

Pierce, is stirring the public mind

and the heart of the church on the

very vital subject of "Revivals of

Religion." We look with joy and

hope to the efforts put forth for

securing these desired blessings. Re-

vivals of religion point out God's

future ministers and officers of his

church, and develop a wealth of hid-

den church power. They are public

ordinations of ministers of the gospel

by the great Head of the church.

They give rich manifestations of the

divinity of our religion and the power

of the gospel. They convince the

church of their call, individually, to

be "the light of the world." They

impress the public mind of the truth

and divine nature of Christ's religion,

and awake proper respect for the

ministry and the church of Christ.

These revivals of religion have in

them the prominent thought, that,

while they employ, utilize and honor

human agencies, it is "the work of

the Lord." His Holy Spirit is the

agent, awakening clear, intense, and

scriptural conviction of sin and pro-

found godly sorrow, which premise

points to Christ, and the trust of the

soul is awakened and led to Jesus.

Moral agency has its true place and

office and reward; but a genuine

revival is "the work of the Lord." Souls

are converted; the work of

regeneration begins; wanderers are

reclaimed, and the graces of the

church quickened and strengthened

and enlarged. The wastes by de-

fection and through colonization

are added to the fold, and there is

increase of social and pecuniary, as well

as religious, influence.

But while the sermons are teachful

and eloquent and stirring, while the

music is heart-moving and full of the

poetry of the cross, while the excite-

ment and the crowds are large, and

many are received into the church,

let us apply Christ's rule: "By their

fruits." Has the spiritual tone of the

church been permanently improved,

and does it show itself visibly, prac-

tically, noticeably? Has the revival

left its footprints behind it? If the

revival has been a genuine work of

God, it will show its fruits, namel-

y, in the increased Bible study,

religious investigation in God's truth,

a deeper, higher interest in every

plan and effort of Christ's church,

and especially in a willing, ready

acceptance of personal responsibility in

carrying out the plans of heaven on

our earth.

The right of property of God in our

thoughts, plans, labors and posses-

sions will be acknowledged. A larger

more cheerful liberality in support of

every institution of the church will

be seen side by side with attendance

at worship, the family altar, the

exer. perusal of the church news-

papers, the intelligent, modest en-

terprise to find out something to do for

Jesus. The whole Christian life will

be renewed, revitalized, new beauty

and pleasure will invest our relations

to Christ. We are individual por-

tions of his great means for saving

the world. That improved or new

church; that comfortable parsonage;

that awakening to the wants and

comforts of preacher and family; the

presence of the church paper and

church periodicals; the careful study

of missionary geography; the pleas-

ure in Christian communion; the

new exertion of influence for religion

—these all show that the fruit is gen-

uine, has the hue and fragrance and

flavor of the Divine sunlight.

More members added to the church

roll, if they are not really born of

God, but embarrassed and often injure

it, especially persistent effort is not

made for their conversion. Mere ex-

citement, disconnected with correct

thought, solemn convictions and holy

purposes formed by the Holy Spirit

in its reaction, leaves the church un-

benefited. We gratefully readily to

former habits of indifference, and the

form of godliness is but the faint

shadow of the power of religion.

Revivals are the birthplace of the

church. Its sources of vitality,

strength, activity and success. May

God send them in showers! Only let

us see that they are revivals of the

work of God. Christ had his "har-

binger," so have genuine revivals.

The consequences must have the same

Divine impress as the antecedents.

It is pleasing to the ear of church

pride to call over her roll of members;

but it is a very humiliating to true

views of right and Divine honor to

find that the honest announcements

of revival fires and the triumph of

the Cross have really been but the

statement of momentary excitement,

and, after the reaction, the church is

as cold and indifferent as before the

excitement began. We should highly

prize instrumentalities of Divine ap-

pointment; but we must not "grieve

the Spirit," even in our revival

rejoicings, by failure to give God all

the glory.

Nicholsville, Kentucky.

## Resolutions by Board of Missions.

The following resolutions which passed the Board of Missions, in annual session at Nashville, May 2-4, are of interest to the whole church. Some of them our mission-aries in the field should consider and heed. With the enlargement of our missionary operations comes the necessity for more careful adminis-tration. The resolution notifying missionaries not to make appeals to the church without the sanction of the Board is timely. Confusion will result if this be longer encouraged.

## RESOLUTIONS.

Resolved, That the design of the Board, at its annual session in May, 1882, to inaugurate the establishment of an Anglo-Chinese University by the appropriation of \$16,000 for the purpose. And whereas, Something over \$5,000 of said amount has been employed in sending missionaries to that field.

Resolved, That the balance of said \$16,000 be held for the use of said University, and be employed in purchase of the ground for said Uni-versity.

Resolved, That it is the sense of the Board of Missions that the Anglo-Chinese University is a most im-portant feature of our mission work, and has our hearty endorsement; and that we commend it to the confidence of the church, bespeaking for it liberal contributions, particularly during our Centenary year.

Resolved, That the Board appro-priate enough money to send out four new missionaries, under the schedule of salaries and traveling expenses adopted by the Board; also enough to send a teacher for the Anglo-Chinese University.

Resolved, That the special appeal of Y. J. Allen, in behalf of the Anglo-Chinese University, be kept before the church until the sum of \$5,000 be obtained for that purpose.

Resolved, That the Board of Mis-sions, coming in the action of the College of Bishops, should they ap-point one of their number to visit China, and organize the work there into an Annual Conference, provided he should deem it best; and provided also that he be authorized to continue the office of Superintendent, if the visiting Bishop deem it best.

Resolved, That this Board, in view of the extent and complexity of its operations, and the absolute necessity of avoiding confusion in missionary accounts, insist upon a close and con-stant conformity to the Constitution of the Board, Articles VI and XV—the former indicating the methods by which the revenue of this Board shall be raised, the latter conferring the right upon persons and societies to send money directly to the support of missions or mission schools established by this Board—Articles not to be construed as authorizing the establishment of such missions or schools by others than this Board.

Resolved, That the attention of missionaries and others be called to Article III, of Section IV, of the Missionary Manual.



THE DESIRING HEAVEN

### LOCAL ITINERANTS.

"After the Storm a Calm."

... ..

A Beautiful Picture on Memory's Wall.

pleasant little summer house enjoying  
converse sweet. On a similar occasion,

... ..

**Omniscient.**

S. J. DAVIES.  
GRAND CHIEF, E. A. MAY 15 1884

---

From the Work.

They seemed to be thornbushes, as o'er them we walked  
And of their bright lilies and sweet odors we talked  
This pastor enters upon his work  
With high hopes and a grateful heart.  
H. F. WHITE.

✓AYRES—Died, at Lexington, Miss.  
April 9, 1880, ANN H. AYRES, wife of

greater portion of her life was passed

POOLE—Died, near Pickens, Miss., at 7:30 o'clock, on April 6, 1883. ROSWELL POOLE, son of Robert and Susan Poole, of Huntsville, Choctaw county, Miss., aged twenty-four years, four months and four days.

year of his age. He moved with his father to the State of Alabama when about five years of age, where he grew to manhood. Here he was married to Miss S. J. Norris, by whom he had seven children. He moved to the State

seven children. He then lost his second wife, and was again married, to Miss Sarah L. Akin, daughter of Rev. John

this man of God. He was at all times

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the records of the Woman's Missionary Society, and copies be furnished to the Raymond Gazette, and NEW ORLEANS CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE for publication.

MISS ANNIE H. HUBBS,  
For Society.

ARMSTRONG The following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted by the quarterly conference of Fayette circuit at Methodist church, Fayette, Mo., Sept. 18, 1902:

*Resolved*, That we bow in submission to the will of our Father, who doeth all things for the good of his creatures and for the special good of his people.

Resolved, That this Sunday-school tender their warmest sympathies to the

Advocate for publication.

*Reverend*, That we, as a Sunday school, both collectively and individually, sympathize with her bereaved parents, brothers, sisters and friends and pray for them, and suggest to the happy thought that their loss is a gain, and recommend them to the throne of God as a solace in their grief and to the abounding grace of Christ as hope of a happy reunion in the sky and by.

KINDRED—Mrs. MARY A. KINDRED, wife of Capt. E. L. Kindred, was born December 4, 1841, and died at her residence at her mother, Mrs. Voss

with his consistent life, furnishes  
with strong evidence that with him all  
is well. T. D. ALDRIGHT.

READ - Mrs. NERSEY ANN READ  
daughter of William and Mary READ  
805, was born February 19, 1811.

AS11--Mrs. ANN Ash died in Woodville, Miss., April 4, 1881. She was

...alators here, and a number of friends







## Christian Advocate.

## Parnell and the Pope.

ORIGIN OF THE LOUISIANA, MISSISSIPPI AND NORTH MISSISSIPPI CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

CHAS. B. GALLAGHER, D. D., Editor.

Corresponding Editors: REV. J. T. SANCY, REV. W. L. C. HENNING.

THURSDAY, MAY 31, 1883.

Bismarck and Pope Leo are still trying to patch up their old quarrel. At this writing they have made poor headway. The German Premier is shrewd and exacting, while His Holiness is suspicious and stubborn. It is too bad to see two old men quarrelling, especially as it is much ado about nothing. He is not satisfied with a tip of the Prince's hat, but wants him to kiss his toe.

Under the leadership of Sir John Macdonald the Canadian Parliament has offered the ballot to women. It is noticeable that the measure was passed without any petitions or demands from persistent and life-preserving female masculinity. We wonder that some of our American sisters have not been over on a missionary tour. Sir John Macdonald took the initiative, and urged the bill to an easy passage. The franchise is extended, however, only to unmarried women and widows, and to these with the same property qualification that attaches to men. Well, we can afford to wait a while and see our little neighbor try the experiment. If he succeeds, we may think about it at odd moments. But our women don't want the ballot. They tried it in Washington Territory, and became heavily tired of it. We want mothers more than voters. Christian homes will make the best ballots.

Dr. Gray, writing to the Christian Work from the Saratoga Presbyterian Assembly, says: "We are short about 800 ministers, and the number of candidates for the ministry is decreasing year by year. This is a very alarming statement. Churches are closing their doors, and the number of churches is decreasing. Why that disparity between demand and supply? Is it not because of their inflexible rule with reference to college training? We don't get that in an important consideration. The Methodists never lack for recruits, with all the changes and supposed deprivations of the itinerancy. Oftentimes applicants have to stand at the door for twelve months or more until they can be provided for. It can not be the question of support, for Methodists rarely get excessive pay—not more, at least, than their Presbyterian brethren. If that rule could be made a little more flexible doubtless a different result would soon be seen."

Bishop Isaac Lane, of the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church in America, who has been attending District Conferences in Louisiana and Mississippi, called on us last week, and made favorable report as to the progress of his work. Bishop Lane is a modest, practical, earnest man, devoted to the cause committed to his hands. The institution projected at Jackson, Tenn., where he resides, has just closed a prosperous term. It is understood that this school will meet the demands of the West as Paine Institute will for the Southeast. A building has already been erected, and every effort will be made to equip it fully for another session. Bishop Lane is also the manager of the Christian Index, the official organ of the church. He reports the paper as doing well, free from embarrassment and increasing in circulation. We feel a special concern for the welfare of this church, and mark with pleasure every step of their progress and prosperity.

During Dr. Callaway's recent visit to Aberdeen, Mrs. Bishop Paine made a handsome donation to Paine Institute of books from the Bishop's splendid library. That was a very graceful recognition of the institution and a just appreciation of its true line of work. There will be a charm in those volumes to the young student-preachers. The venerable man who thumbed them and grew to greatness was an earnest, ardent and unflinching friend of the colored people. And it was every way fitting that the school should bear his honored name. Mrs. Bishop Paine has set a good example in this appropriate contribution. Other libraries might make similar offerings, and thus render needed help to this connective enterprise. Young theologues need the companionship of books. The very presence of books, if only their titles and authors' names are read, have an elevating influence. We can not look upon such fruit of tireless labor without ourselves, in some measure, catching the inspiration of work. We hope other and many offerings will soon follow the gift of Mrs. Paine.

After long and significant silence his infallibility has spoken out on Irish affairs. In a circular address to the clergy he disapproves the Parnell fund, and commands them not to encourage subscriptions thereto. This was as unexpected as a dynamite explosion, and has caused scarcely less indignation. Indeed, old Ireland, foremost among the faithful sons of the church, is almost in open rebellion against the Vatican. No doubt after the first ebullition of passion and disappointment is over, the recalcitrant children will do penance and revolve the most abject obedience. But in the meantime it is a little interesting to note the disaffection and indignation of the faithful. Mr. Mayne, member of Parliament, from Tipperary, said that the Irish people should take theology and not politics from Rome. Michael Davitt says it is unjust and must evoke a strongly painful sentiment. Mr. Sexton says the movement will go on without the clergy. Mr. Austin McCarthy urges the success of the fund as an answer to the Vatican circular. Mr. Biggar expresses dislike of papal interference. Mr. Healy says: "Ireland will not take gratitude from Rome." Mr. O'Donnell declares that the Pope is "unjustly ignorant" of Irish affairs. An Irish paper on this side the sea pronounces His Holiness "intolerably impertinent," and urges the people to Boycott the Vatican. Such expressions from the land league leaders are bold and suggestive. They were not possible a few decades ago. But this is an age of progress. On a contemporary of this city, the Morning Star, takes a rather different view of the situation, and thinks a crisis is impending. Of course it sustains the papal manifesto, but is evidently much disconcerted at the surprising turn of affairs. It speaks of certain Catholics who "defy the Pope," "vilify him," and "boast him with billings-gate." So now dear Morning Star, you are ready to take back that homily you read in the "Methodist Fairness." The "dynamite bomb" didn't have a Protestant pedigree. Mark that. And further, this prohibition of the Pope, to be effective and worthy of respect, ought to have embraced laymen as well as clergy. He counsels the priesthood, but leaves the laity to their own plots and wickedness.

In the meantime Mr. Parnell—the head of the Irish political church—is ominously silent. And for this the New York Herald reads him a lecture. He should suppress all open or threatened violence among his followers. But Mr. Parnell is a Protestant, and naturally feels some delicacy in interfering between the Pope and his subjects. "It is never safe to take part in a family quarrel, as the Irish agitator well knows."

## Building Levees.

We heard a distinguished speaker in a levee convention last week make this remark: "The work of building levees never ceases. The ways of the Mississippi river are past finding out. Its current may change, and in a little while cut away the stupendous work of years. So we have to fall back and rebuild upon another line." Those were true and candid words, earnestly spoken. And so the evangelizing work of the church never ceases. We are ever building dikes against the world, its currents and flood-tides. The prayerful, successful, mighty work of today will not suffice for tomorrow. One great revival in a church will not last a year, much less a decade or generations. So long as children are born and believers grow cold and backslidden the church's work will never cease. We sometimes lament that a local community has fallen away since a certain great revival, and marvel at the instability of Christians. But we forget that births, deaths, emigrations and immigrations have almost entirely changed that community. There is a new population that need conversion and revival. We must enlist for life and not for a single campaign. The needs of one generation are as great as the preceding. During the late war between the States, on the Confederate side, there was a division of "sixty-day troops." They were called out to meet an emergency, supposing their services would be no longer needed. But the enemy was stronger and more persistent than was supposed, and the troops themselves lacked discipline, spirit and pluck for efficient service. The time limit of enlistment dampened and deadened courageous patriotism. Only those who went forth "for the war"—who had counted the cost and were willing to sacrifice all for the cause—could be relied upon for dangerous and difficult service. Our Lord wants no "sixty-day troops." Spiritual courage is not tested and

erowned in a single battle. We must enlist for life, and expect neither furlough nor substitute. There is no going to war by proxy. Every man must bear his own arms and wield his own spiritual weapons under the Lord's command. Those who will wear the brightest crowns in the skies are not the heroes of a single battle, however signal and brilliant, but the chiefdoms of a generation who served with fidelity to the end. We can not rest upon our laurels after a single struggle any more than the delta people after building a line of levees. Our work will never cease until summoned to reward.

## Remarkable Revival in Berlin.

A correspondent of the New York Observer gives a graphic and gracious account of a great awakening in Berlin, the German capital. The movement was inaugurated and the meetings conducted by an American-German preacher from Texas, the Rev. F. Von Schleimbach. He was at one time the editor of a German infidel paper, and was prominent in organizing infidel clubs among his countrymen. But he was powerfully converted, and entered the Methodist ministry. Last summer he went to Germany for medical treatment, and was entirely cured of what he feared was a fatal malady. He then began evangelistic work in South Germany, and at length, on the invitation of Prof. Christlieb, and the court preacher, Dr. Stacker, he went to Berlin. There he remained in face of all difficulties, and won a victory for evangelical religion. At first his audiences were composed of the poorer classes, hithering for the word of God. But others bitterly opposed until the Emperor gave him countenance and encouragement. At length a large property was purchased in an eligible locality for a Christian Association Hall, in which to conduct evangelistic services. The building cost \$21,000, and to this amount the Emperor gave \$500, the Empress \$125 and the Crown Prince \$75. The influence of that act was significant and far-reaching. The humble American Methodist preacher was once recognized as the man whom the King deemed to honor. Rich and poor have been brought under his influence. Meetings are now held in six large halls, and attended by large crowds at every service. When Mr. Von Schleimbach left Berlin for work in northern cities a farewell meeting was held, attended by nearly two thousand persons. It was presided over by Count Bernstorff, and a number of clergymen of the State Church occupied seats on the platform. We bless God for this excellent work, and pray that a genuine Methodist revival may sweep over that empire of rationalism.

## Education as an Investment.

Education is an investment and has a money value. Its productive power is immense, showing the largest returns than any other possible outlay. This thought is worth consideration and emphasis. We are wont to estimate education as a simple charity—a kindly service you have rendered a needy neighbor. But when we consider its money value, it is worth an hundred-fold more than its cost. If so, then there is danger in making it too cheap. We no more mean in that sentence to inveigh against a free common school education. If need be, we would make it compulsory. For all the needs and claims of citizenship, we favor free education and a thorough school system. But anything beyond that, should be paid for. Our schools, sometimes cheaper themselves by urging their cheapness as an appeal for patronage. We have a suspicion of cheap schools as such. It takes money to sustain an institution creditably and the education there received is worth every dime expended upon it. Thorough work ought to receive adequate compensation. Schools of high grade and character can not be maintained by an appeal to penuriousness. Parents and guardians must feel that they are making a good, paying, business investment, in furnishing educational facilities to their children and wards. It can not fail. In a purely material sense it is good seed cast into ground. In connection with this subject we reproduce the following striking calculation by Mr. Dexton A. Hawkins, of New York City:

In 1870, the Commissioner of Education at Washington sent out a series of carefully drawn, comprehensive and searching questions, to the great centres of labor in all parts of the United States. These centres were so selected as to represent every kind of labor, from the rudest and simplest up to the most skilled. The object of the questions was to determine the relative productiveness of literate and illiterate labor. When the answers came back they were tabulated, reduced and generalized, so as to get at the average result over the whole country. This investigation

one of the most interesting ever made—brought clearly to light the following facts:

1. That an average free common school education, such as is provided in all the States where the free common school has become a permanent institution, adds fifty per cent. to the productive power of the laborer considered as a mere machine of production.
2. That the average academic education adds one hundred per cent.
3. That the average collegiate or university education adds from two to three hundred per cent. to his average annual productive capacity, to say nothing of the vast increase to his manliness—to his Godlikeness.

## Facts and Thoughts.

The present age is wonderfully fruitful in educational enterprises. Wise and thoughtful men are devising the largest schemes and cautious and benevolent men are putting the broadest plans in operation for the education of the masses. One prominent fact in these schemes and plans is that what is called "technical education" has come to the front. The governing idea seems to be that for a special life-work there must be a special training. Whether this is the correct notion to control in such matters or not, the tendencies are all in this direction. Already in many places the idea has gone into practical operation, and men and women are specially trained in view of the special work which they propose to do.

I have been thinking of this tendency in its relations and bearings and influences on the education of ministers of the gospel. The same tendency shows itself here, for there are theological schools all over the land for the training of men to preach the gospel and to administer the affairs of the church. I do not question the expediency or the wisdom of establishing such schools. On the contrary, I believe they have become a necessity to the church. I do greatly fear the results which will surely come if we push the idea of a "technical education" too far in the matter of training men for the sacred office. I think that one result of such a process will be to narrow the range of inquiry and to stop investigation in all directions except one, and to keep all those mental powers which can not be called into action in pursuing one object. From what I have observed I am inclined to the opinion that a technical training of the mind, too rigidly adhered to, will dwarf the mental faculties and, of course, contract the sphere of mental operations.

The history of the past reveals the fact that up to the present century, as a rule, the minister has been the best educated man, and not many centuries ago he was the only educated man. There is also this fact revealed by history: up to the present century the minister, as a rule, has been the man of most influence and authority in his community. His influence and authority came from two sources, viz.: his sacred office and his liberal education. In many communities these two things secured for the minister an influence and authority which were little less than supreme. The office of the minister was looked upon by the majority as a sacred office, ordained and established of God, and his commission to execute the duties of his office, as having the seal of the Divine authority and approbation. His education was looked upon as an requirement which added much to the dignity of his office, and which gave more weight to the authority of his teachings. In our day there is a change coming about in regard to these two things. Education is more thought of and holds a higher place in public estimation than ever before. On the other hand, the respect paid to the office of the minister has very much declined in the last few years. The rule in the Methodist Discipline in regard to "speaking evil of magistrates and ministers" seems to be as dead in this country as the "divine right of kings." This is an inquiring age; yes, it is a questioning age. Men are "seeking for knowledge as for hidden treasure," and the consequence is no authority goes unquestioned and no power is submitted to that can not vindicate its claim to recognition. It is being made plainer and plainer every day that the mere office of the minister gives him very little power in the estimation of the world. The world has begun to look upon the minister's calling simply as a profession. It won't do for us to shut our eyes to this fact; the minister, considered simply as a minister, does not have the respect and veneration that he once had.

Now, in view of this state of affairs, it does seem to me that the worst thing to do is to give the minister this "technical education" which just now is so popular. His office having, in a great measure, lost the respect which it once commanded, his authority and influence have thereby been weakened. Hence it

won't do, still further, to weaken his power and limit the range of his mind by training it to work in only one direction. The work of the Christian ministry is to lead the world to Christ. The day has gone by when ignorance led the multitudes. The leaders to-day can not be ignorant men. Knowledge is permeating the masses, and the men who lead the masses must be men of the broadest education. The authority of the minister's office being weakened because it is less venerated than formerly lays upon the church the responsibility of educating her ministers more liberally and more broadly than ever before. Teach them theology, of course, but don't confine them to that alone. Teach them everything. Train their minds to work easily upon every subject of inquiry, and to pursue every line of thought. Then they will be leaders of the multitudes.

Col. K. A. Cross, of Baton Rouge, La., will deliver the Alumni address at Centenary College.

Florence, Ala., has been enjoying a gracious revival. Forty-three have joined the Methodist Church.

The Monroe Democrat speaks in complimentary terms of the commencement sermon at Hiwassee College, by Rev. Luman W. Cooper.

There are 195,000 teachers and scholars in the evangelical Protestant Sunday-schools of Philadelphia. A good showing for the Quaker City.

We notice in the Texas Advocate that Prof. E. W. Tarrant, of Mississippi, has been elected President of Chappel Hill Female College.

Rev. George Howe, D. D., LL. D., for fifty-two years professor of biblical literature in Columbia Theological Seminary, is quoted to that institution his entire library, consisting of over 2,000 rare and valuable volumes.

Dr. L. M. Vernon, Superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal Missions in Italy, has received a gold medal from King Humbert as a recognition of his services in making a census of the Kingdom. Two of the preachers of the missions received silver medals.

The commencement exercises of Bellevue Female College, Collierville, Tenn., began next Sunday with a sermon by Rev. S. A. Steel. Address on commencement day by Rev. H. A. Jones, of Tennessee. Dr. James A. Heard is the accomplished President.

Col. Bennett H. Young, the new President of the Louisville, New Albany and Chicago Railroad, has ordered the stopping of all Sunday freight trains, excepting such as deliver perishable goods, and the night trains which must, under government contract, carry the mail.

Bro. Hough writes encouragingly of his meeting now in progress at Opelousas. Bro. Black set out a week with him preaching to immense congregations. The church at times was not large enough to accommodate the eager crowds. The pastor hopes for a large gathering.

Emory College catalogue last term 31 students, and of this number 15 maintained themselves in the "Helping Hands" at a cost of from \$7 to \$9 a month. President Haygood says he will need room for forty more next session, and asks for means to provide dormitory accommodation.

Dr. Buckley pertinently introduced this sentence in an appreciative memoir of Bishop Peck: "It is but simple justice to say that Bishop Peck saw as much of the people and the people saw as much of him during the eleven years of his episcopacy as of any Bishop since the days of Ashbury and McKendree."

Dean Bradley has made arrangements to place a bust of Longfellow in Westminster Abbey between the tombs of Chaucer and Dryden. That is a graceful recognition of genius and an appreciated compliment to America. Longfellow was worthy to have an honorable place in England's great mausoleum.

Our dear brother, the Rev. R. D. Norsworthy, of Meridian, Miss., has again suffered bereavement. His little daughter, Robertha, after an illness of eleven days, passed away on the eighteenth instant. She has gone to the better land, and heaven is made dearer to those parents, because enriched with their heir treasures.

Hiwassee College, at its recent commencement, conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity upon Rev. W. H. Leith, of the Holston Conference, and now stationed at Abingdon, Va. Dr. Leith was for many years a popular and able preacher in the Mississippi Conference. His old friends will be glad to hear of his honors and success.

Roanoke in our American Colleges has become monotonous and demoralizing. It may aid phy-

sical development, but at the expense of mental discipline. A Japanese student writing home to friends in Tokio, thus stinging satirizes it: "There are two boning associations, called Yale and Harvard. When it rains the members send books."

The Archbishop of Canterbury donned the Blue Ribbon at a Church of England temperance meeting recently in Lambeth Place, and made a stirring address. When the dignitaries are thus constrained to enlist in the good cause we may be sure it has taken deep and firm hold upon the nation. They are never much in advance of the people. The conservatism of office is a study.

Pope Pius the Ninth's personal effects have been sold in Rome. There was a miscellaneous collection of crucifixes, sacred pictures and images, portraits of crowned heads and celebrities, missals, etc., but the public was not eager to buy and many of them brought less than their intrinsic value. Rome was not always so. In other days those relics would have brought fabulous sums—the unstinted offerings of superstitious reverence. But this is the nineteenth century and Roman patriotism has heard the clarion voices of Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi.

The Marquis of Lunsdowne has been appointed Governor-General of Canada to succeed the Marquis of Lorne, Queen Victoria's son-in-law. The latter's administration, so far as we have studied Canadian affairs, has been quiet and uneventful. There has been no occasion for the display of marked executive ability and he has evidenced no ambition to create or encourage complications. He will leave a pleasant memory on this side the sea, but not the same and veneration of this distinguished professor, Lord Dufferin, one of England's greatest statesmen, and in the last Egyptian war played a masterly part worthy of his high rank.

The coronation of the Czar of the Russians at Moscow, occurred last Sunday with elaborate and gorgeous ceremony. The celebration was under the ritual of the Greek Church. The Emperor read prayers, repeated the Apostles Creed and performed many other religious services, while his hundred guns without thundered the national salute. After all that church dignity—the Metropolitan of Novgorod—appointed the Emperor's forehead, eyes, lips, nostrils, ears, breast and hands, at the same time exclaiming: "Behold the seal of the Holy Ghost! may it keep thee ever holy!" The Empress was mounted only on the foreleg.

At our New York exchanges of last week, discussed elaborately on the formal opening of the East River Bridge, which connects New York and Brooklyn. It was a stupendous enterprise, and its completion is a splendid triumph of engineering. It cost sixteen million dollars, but is built to endure for ages. One enthusiastic New Yorker says, "It will probably still be standing when Macaulay's New Zealand survey the ruins of London." It is not the longest bridge, but has the longest span of any bridge in the world. The Niagara suspension bridge has a span of 3,400 feet, the great Cincinnati of 1,657 feet, while the span of the Brooklyn Bridge is 1,595 feet, and its length from anchorage to anchorage 1,826 feet.

The elite had a sad duty to perform last week in attending the funeral of Mrs. Luman Williams. She died at Chattanooga, whither she had gone to spend the summer. Mrs. Williams was well known to many of the preachers of the Eastern and Mississippi Conferences, as a faithful and earnest Christian. Mrs. Williams was a sister of Mrs. Preston Cooper and aunt of Rev. Luman Cooper, of the Mississippi Conference. Bro. Cooper reached Chattanooga from Hiwassee College after her death, and brought her remains to Jackson for interment. After making a just distribution of her estate among relatives, rendering many of them very timely aid, she left to the Mississippi Conference Missions Society a legacy of \$100. She died the peaceful death of a Christian, and has gone up to her reward.

In the New York Independent of recent date an excellent article appears under the head of "Women as Healers." Many curious and instructive incidents are given of woman's work as a physician. The following is significant and a prophecy of great things: Miss Leonard Howard had charge of the hospital at Pekin belonging to the Methodist Episcopal mission. She was called to treat Lady Le, the wife of the Viceroy of China. A steam launch was sent by him one hundred and twenty miles to bear Miss Howard from Pekin to Tientsin. She was able to restore the Viceroy's wife,



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## EDUCATIONAL.

[illegible]







PRICES CURRENT.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

ADVOCATE OFFICE.  
New Orleans, Monday, May 28, 1883.

Our subscribers should bear in mind that our quotations represent prices for prompt delivery, and that in filling orders we reserve the right to sell at higher prices than those quoted.

SOUTHERN STAPLES.

	7-day	30-day
Cotton, P. B.		
Low ordinary	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good ordinary	11 1/2	11 1/2
Good middling	12 1/2	12 1/2
Middling	13 1/2	13 1/2
Good middling	14 1/2	14 1/2
Middling	15 1/2	15 1/2
Low to day	16 1/2	16 1/2
Receipts since our last	2,200 bales.	
Receipts previously	3,144 bales.	
1,621,974 bales.		

GRAIN AND FEED.

	7-day	30-day
Wheat, P. B.		
Low ordinary	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good ordinary	11 1/2	11 1/2
Good middling	12 1/2	12 1/2
Middling	13 1/2	13 1/2
Good middling	14 1/2	14 1/2
Middling	15 1/2	15 1/2
Low to day	16 1/2	16 1/2

PROVISIONS.

	7-day	30-day
Bacon, P. B.		
Low ordinary	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good ordinary	11 1/2	11 1/2
Good middling	12 1/2	12 1/2
Middling	13 1/2	13 1/2
Good middling	14 1/2	14 1/2
Middling	15 1/2	15 1/2
Low to day	16 1/2	16 1/2

ESSENTIALS.

	7-day	30-day
Potatoes, P. B.		
Low ordinary	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good ordinary	11 1/2	11 1/2
Good middling	12 1/2	12 1/2
Middling	13 1/2	13 1/2
Good middling	14 1/2	14 1/2
Middling	15 1/2	15 1/2
Low to day	16 1/2	16 1/2

ESSENTIALS.

	7-day	30-day
Onions, P. B.		
Low ordinary	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good ordinary	11 1/2	11 1/2
Good middling	12 1/2	12 1/2
Middling	13 1/2	13 1/2
Good middling	14 1/2	14 1/2
Middling	15 1/2	15 1/2
Low to day	16 1/2	16 1/2

ESSENTIALS.

	7-day	30-day
Carrots, P. B.		
Low ordinary	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good ordinary	11 1/2	11 1/2
Good middling	12 1/2	12 1/2
Middling	13 1/2	13 1/2
Good middling	14 1/2	14 1/2
Middling	15 1/2	15 1/2
Low to day	16 1/2	16 1/2

ESSENTIALS.

	7-day	30-day
Beets, P. B.		
Low ordinary	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good ordinary	11 1/2	11 1/2
Good middling	12 1/2	12 1/2
Middling	13 1/2	13 1/2
Good middling	14 1/2	14 1/2
Middling	15 1/2	15 1/2
Low to day	16 1/2	16 1/2

ESSENTIALS.

	7-day	30-day
Spinach, P. B.		
Low ordinary	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good ordinary	11 1/2	11 1/2
Good middling	12 1/2	12 1/2
Middling	13 1/2	13 1/2
Good middling	14 1/2	14 1/2
Middling	15 1/2	15 1/2
Low to day	16 1/2	16 1/2

ESSENTIALS.

	7-day	30-day
Peas, P. B.		
Low ordinary	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good ordinary	11 1/2	11 1/2
Good middling	12 1/2	12 1/2
Middling	13 1/2	13 1/2
Good middling	14 1/2	14 1/2
Middling	15 1/2	15 1/2
Low to day	16 1/2	16 1/2

ESSENTIALS.

	7-day	30-day
Lentils, P. B.		
Low ordinary	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good ordinary	11 1/2	11 1/2
Good middling	12 1/2	12 1/2
Middling	13 1/2	13 1/2
Good middling	14 1/2	14 1/2
Middling	15 1/2	15 1/2
Low to day	16 1/2	16 1/2

ESSENTIALS.

	7-day	30-day
Beans, P. B.		
Low ordinary	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good ordinary	11 1/2	11 1/2
Good middling	12 1/2	12 1/2
Middling	13 1/2	13 1/2
Good middling	14 1/2	14 1/2
Middling	15 1/2	15 1/2
Low to day	16 1/2	16 1/2

ESSENTIALS.

	7-day	30-day
Chickens, P. B.		
Low ordinary	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good ordinary	11 1/2	11 1/2
Good middling	12 1/2	12 1/2
Middling	13 1/2	13 1/2
Good middling	14 1/2	14 1/2
Middling	15 1/2	15 1/2
Low to day	16 1/2	16 1/2

ESSENTIALS.

	7-day	30-day
Ducks, P. B.		
Low ordinary	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good ordinary	11 1/2	11 1/2
Good middling	12 1/2	12 1/2
Middling	13 1/2	13 1/2
Good middling	14 1/2	14 1/2
Middling	15 1/2	15 1/2
Low to day	16 1/2	16 1/2

ESSENTIALS.

	7-day	30-day
Geese, P. B.		
Low ordinary	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good ordinary	11 1/2	11 1/2
Good middling	12 1/2	12 1/2
Middling	13 1/2	13 1/2
Good middling	14 1/2	14 1/2
Middling	15 1/2	15 1/2
Low to day	16 1/2	16 1/2

ESSENTIALS.

	7-day	30-day
Turkeys, P. B.		
Low ordinary	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good ordinary	11 1/2	11 1/2
Good middling	12 1/2	12 1/2
Middling	13 1/2	13 1/2
Good middling	14 1/2	14 1/2
Middling	15 1/2	15 1/2
Low to day	16 1/2	16 1/2

ESSENTIALS.

	7-day	30-day
Quail, P. B.		
Low ordinary	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good ordinary	11 1/2	11 1/2
Good middling	12 1/2	12 1/2
Middling	13 1/2	13 1/2
Good middling	14 1/2	14 1/2
Middling	15 1/2	15 1/2
Low to day	16 1/2	16 1/2

ESSENTIALS.

	7-day	30-day
Pheasants, P. B.		
Low ordinary	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good ordinary	11 1/2	11 1/2
Good middling	12 1/2	12 1/2
Middling	13 1/2	13 1/2
Good middling	14 1/2	14 1/2
Middling	15 1/2	15 1/2
Low to day	16 1/2	16 1/2

ESSENTIALS.

	7-day	30-day
Partridges, P. B.		
Low ordinary	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good ordinary	11 1/2	11 1/2
Good middling	12 1/2	12 1/2
Middling	13 1/2	13 1/2
Good middling	14 1/2	14 1/2
Middling	15 1/2	15 1/2
Low to day	16 1/2	16 1/2

ESSENTIALS.

	7-day	30-day
Squirrels, P. B.		
Low ordinary	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good ordinary	11 1/2	11 1/2
Good middling	12 1/2	12 1/2
Middling	13 1/2	13 1/2
Good middling	14 1/2	14 1/2
Middling	15 1/2	15 1/2
Low to day	16 1/2	16 1/2

ESSENTIALS.

	7-day	30-day
Chickens, P. B.		
Low ordinary	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good ordinary	11 1/2	11 1/2
Good middling	12 1/2	12 1/2
Middling	13 1/2	13 1/2
Good middling	14 1/2	14 1/2
Middling	15 1/2	15 1/2
Low to day	16 1/2	16 1/2

ESSENTIALS.

	7-day	30-day
Ducks, P. B.		
Low ordinary	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good ordinary	11 1/2	11 1/2
Good middling	12 1/2	12 1/2
Middling	13 1/2	13 1/2
Good middling	14 1/2	14 1/2
Middling	15 1/2	15 1/2
Low to day	16 1/2	16 1/2

ESSENTIALS.

	7-day	30-day
Geese, P. B.		
Low ordinary	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good ordinary	11 1/2	11 1/2
Good middling	12 1/2	12 1/2
Middling	13 1/2	13 1/2
Good middling	14 1/2	14 1/2
Middling	15 1/2	15 1/2
Low to day	16 1/2	16 1/2

NEW YORK, May 23.—The thirty-fourth anniversary of the Brooklyn Sunday-School Union was celebrated to-day by the annual parade of children. There were 52,000 pupils in the line of march. They paraded through the prominent streets of the city, and then returned to the various schools, where they were served with refreshments.

NORFOLK, Va., May 23.—The Lutheran Ministers resolved to instruct all conferences, pastoral associations and congregations in the ministry to make preparations for appropriately observing the 400th anniversary of the birth of Martin Luther.

LONDON, Ky., May 23.—In the General Assembly to-day it was determined by a vote of 113 to 23 that correspondence after next year with the Northern Assembly shall be by letter.

JACKSON, May 24.—The executive committee of the National Cotton Planters' Association met by special request at the State House here to-day. The business principally related to the World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition, to be held in New Orleans in 1884. The committee determined to ask the United States commission, whose names will be forwarded together with the seven selected by the City of New Orleans, to the President of the United States, for appointment as members of the United States Board of Management.

FOREIGN.

MOSCOW, May 22.—The weather this morning for the entry of the Czars into Moscow was splendid. The whole route from Potrofsky Palace to the Kremlin, four and a half miles, was crowded with people. At every point the imperial standard was displayed; balconies were hung with gaily-colored materials and Russian colors. The only foreign flags allowed to be displayed were those of the various embassies. Along the road which the procession traversed were 100 yepetars, from which banners are flying. All houses and squares of buildings in the city are decked with flags. Thousands of persons passed the night outdoors, so that they might secure a good place to witness the procession. Multitudes of others thronged the churches, praying for the safety of the Emperor.

MOSCOW, May 24.—Proclamation announcing the coronation for April 27, was made this morning by heralds-at-arms, attended by several dignitaries, from a chandelier platform before the Kremlin, which was used in ancient times for the proclamation of ukases and also for executions.

LONDON, May 23.—In the House of Commons Lord E. Fitzmaurice, Under Foreign Secretary, said that the government had never entertained a scheme to establish a British Resident at the Vatican. The Pope's circular to the Irish clergy, he said, had not been issued at the request of the British Government.

SHIP OWNERS favoring another canal across the Isthmus of Suez have raised \$20,000 for preliminary expenses, and will notify the government of the project.

BERLIN, May 23.—The Emperor has issued a decree ordering the 10th and 11th of November next to be observed as the 400th anniversary of the birth of Martin Luther. In his decree the Emperor says: "I pray God may listen to supplications in which I and all evangelists unite, that the celebration be productive of lasting benefit to our Evangelical Church."

PERIODICALS.

The Century Magazine, for June, has for a frontispiece a bust of Alfred Tennyson, engraved by J. H. E. Whistler. The leading article is on "Laying English Sculptors," from the pen of Edmund W. Gosse. Father Junipero and His Work is the second article on the foundation, prosperity and ruin of Franciscan Missions in California. "The Great South Gate," by George W. Cable, of this city, has the characteristic freshness and force. Everything from Mr. Cable's pen commands readers in the South. This is a sketch of New Orleans with illustrations of many places of interest. "A Woman's Reason," by W. D. Howells, has a sustained interest. "England and Ireland," is a thoughtful paper, and should be studied. The number is quite full of good things. The editor's department—Topics and Reviews—contains the ability and versatility that made it a special feature of the Magazine under Dr. Holland. The Century Company, No. 33 East Seventeenth street, New York.

The North American Review, for June, is equal to any preceding number in variety, freshness and ability. The editor displays rare tact, if not genius, in commanding the best pens on living issues. And it is this fact that gives prominence and power to the North American. "American Manufacturing Interests" are presented by Joseph Nimmo, Jr., a palatinate and statesman-like paper. President D. C. Gilman discusses the "Present Aspects of College Training" with a courage and clearness so characteristic of that distinguished educator. "The Abuse of Citizenship," by Edward Sell, "Herbert Spencer's Facts and Inferences," by Prof. Isaac L. Rice, "A Few Words about Public Singing," by Christine Nilsson, "Incidental Taxation," by Congressman Springer, and a symposium on "The Moral Influence of the Drama," works in a rare bill of fare. Single number, fifty cents. New York: No. 30 Lafayette Place.

Lippincott's Magazine, for June, is quite lavish in entertaining reading. We always read this excellent monthly, and to profit. The first story—"The Vacancies of Western Architecture"—is timely and instructive. The average citizen is grossly deficient in knowledge of architecture and any instruction imparted in popular style is to be hailed as a help to progress. This article will attract general and studious attention. "The London Season" is capably described by Norman Pearson. Other articles are as follows: Poor Jack, His Borrowers and His Joy; Roman Penology; Animals Extinct Within Human Memory; The American Sculptor Ezekiel; and a continuation of the serial story, "The Jewel and the Lotus." \$3.00 per annum. J. B. Lippincott & Co. Philadelphia: 715 and 717 Market St.

The Popular Science Monthly, for June, is out in good time. This is one of our most appreciated monthlies. Though its teachings are not always orthodox, the contributors are able specialists, and furnish the freshest discussions of the latest science. This number has a good table of contents. Medical Quacks and Quackeries, Recent

Magnetic Storms and Sun-Spots, The Remedies of Nature, A German View of the "Data of Ethics" On Science—Teaching in the Public Schools, The Chemistry of Cookery, Our Marriage and Divorce Laws, Darwin and Copernicus, etc., are some of the subjects discussed in this number. Yearly subscription \$5.00. Single numbers 50 cts. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1, 3, and 5 Bond St.

ELICTRA.—This is the name of a new candidate for public favor. It is a belle-lettre monthly for young people, published in Louisville, Ky., and edited by two ladies—Annie E. Wilson and Isabella M. Leyton. It is sixteen-four pages in size, has an attractive cover, and an appetizing bill of fare. This number has a handsome steel engraving of Washington Irving and his friends. Each number will be similarly illustrated. The aim of the magazine is praiseworthy, and if the initial number is a prophecy of the future, we shall expect for it great success. The terms are only \$2 a year. Isabella M. Leyton, proprietor, 734 Fourth Avenue, Louisville, Ky.

LITTLE'S LIVING AGE.—The numbers of The Living Age, for May 12 and 19, contains Nasmith's Autobiography, Quarterly; The True Character of the Pilgrim Fathers, British Quarterly; The Gospel according to Reinhardt, Contemporary; An Unsolved Historical Riddle, by J. A. Froude, Nineteenth Century; The Condition of Russia, Fortnightly; The Last Days of a Dynasty, Temple Bar; A Visit to Longfellow, Lohr's Hour; Boys, Cornhill; Study and Stimulants, Spectator. Little & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

The Sideral Messenger, for May, has a good table of contents. The subjects treated indicate the variety and interest of the number: "Two Problems in Sideral Astronomy," Foreign Notices of American Work, Foreign Observatories, Nebula of Orion, Formation of the Tails of Comets, Flammarion's Star Catalogue, etc. This interesting periodical is conducted by William W. Payne, Director of Carleton College, Observatory, Northfield, Minn. Subscription, \$2 per year.

The Pansy, for May, is as bright and cheery as the laughter of childhood. It is conducted by Mrs. G. R. Aldren, who has rare tact and taste in catering to the little ones. Stories, poetry, wise and witty sayings, and illustrations, are admirably selected and well edited. Monthly, twenty-five cents. Published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, Mass.

Vick's Illustrated Monthly Magazine, for May, has been received. This number has some readable articles on horticulture and vegetable farming. It is a good periodical of its kind. Published by James Vick, Rochester, N. Y.

That feeling of languor and debility that follows physical exertion, removed by using Brown's Iron Bitters.

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COMMENCEMENT OF WHITWORTH FEMALE COLLEGE, BLOOMINGDALE, MISS.

June 17, 1883. A. M.—Annual Sermon, by Rev. Felix Hill, of New Orleans. 8 P. M., Anniversary of Christian Association.

June 18, 10 A. M.—Essays and Recitations, Scholars. 2 P. M., Anniversary of Alumni Association. 8 P. M., Grand Concert.

June 19, 11 A. M.—Address, by Lieut. Governor G. D. Shields. 5 P. M., Laying the Corner Stone of the "Institute," by W. G. Paxton, D. D., of the Grand Lodge of Masons of Mississippi. 7 P. M., 10 to 10 P. M., Social.

Ministers who expect to be present will please notify me by card, and I will have homes provided for them. It is now expected that an excursion train will run from Canton to this place, Tuesday June 19, leaving Canton at about 7 o'clock A. M. H. P. JOHNSON.

CLOSING EXERCISES, MANSFIELD FEMALE COLLEGE, MANSFIELD, LA.

June 9.—Examinations.

Sunday, June 10.—Commencement Sermon, by Rev. C. P. Evans, D. D.

Monday, June 11.—Meeting of the Board of Managers. Concert.

Tuesday, June 12.—Alumni Society; Address by Rev. Frank Butler; Art and Music Levee at night.

Wednesday, June 13.—Graduating Exercises; Address by Hon. E. John Ellis. College Reception at night.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES, CENTENARY COLLEGE, JACKSON, LA.

Sunday, June 3.—Annual Sermon, by Rev. C. B. Galloway, D. D., of New Orleans.

Monday, June 4.—At nine A. M., meeting of the Board of Trustees. At half past seven P. M., exhibition of the Preparatory School.

Tuesday, June 5.—At nine A. M., meeting in the Society Hall; delivery of Pins and Diplomas, speeches of the graduates. At eleven A. M., meeting of the graduates; address by Hon. J. P. Carter, of Enoch, Miss.; poem by J. D. Wall, of Clinton. At half past seven P. M., exhibition of the Societies. Address by J. W. Dodd, L. L. D., of Vanderbilt University.

Wednesday, June 6.—Commencement day: Oration by the graduates; conferring degrees; baccalaureate address by the President.

Next session begins on the first Monday in September.

N. M. HUGH, President.

CAMP MEETINGS.

The Annual Camp Meeting of the Huntington Camp Ground, will begin Thursday August 10, present year.

J. W. M. NIXON, Secretary.

The Pensacola District Camp Meeting, on the Pensacola and Junction railroad, at Williams' Camp Ground, will commence on Thursday, June 28, 1883, and continue



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## SAVED AWAY.

BY GOLDEN FREEMAN.

"I have ships that sail away  
On a far-fetched, lumpy day,  
Sailing away on youth's glad sea,  
On the sparkling waves of life,  
And the sunny breezes blow,  
Gossamer soft and dainty,  
Till my ships forevermore  
Sailed away."  
Never came they back to me  
With their gold and silver,  
Though I looked with anxious eyes  
For the treasures that I had given;  
Often wondered why they stayed,  
Because I had murmured half aloud  
How they struck a shipwreck wreck,  
Tattered sail and mangled deck,  
Have they sunk?  
Yes, my ships have ever sailed,  
Up and down the life-long sea,  
For, when the sunshine kissed  
Gossamer shrouded with mist,  
Laid to rest their little feet,  
Beneath my hand they lay;  
When my proud ships sailed away  
I have cried:  
Yes, I have quite despaired,  
Some day, when the skies are fair,  
The sparkling day, may be,  
I may find them all;  
With a rough-built bark of mine,  
I have home by hand borne,  
Battering justly for me,  
Rain and gold and silver  
All for me.

## A Queen Grumbler.

MR. EDITOR: There are some things even in our preachers which I don't like, and I want to set myself right on the record in regard to them. One thing I do not like is this buying parsonages, and letting the preachers live in them for nothing. They live to us, and we pay them a heap more than their forefathers got, and they rented their own houses. And now we have to pay all this money. Think of it! Some preachers get three or four thousand dollars, and none of them (or very few) get less than one hundred and fifty dollars, and a heap of presents and a house to live in besides.

Think of it! I read in the Life of Bishop Capers where he rode 5,000 miles on horseback, and swam rivers, and slept out among wild beasts and wilder men, and preached better sermons than most of our preachers do nowadays, and got \$100 for his work. Think of it! I read of another preacher who traveled a circuit as big as our Conference, and carried his boat on his horse's back from one river to another, and he got less than one hundred and fifty dollars a year. Think of it! Preachers who do not preach any better than he did must have only one, or two, or three, or four, or five, or so on, appointments, and must have three or four hundred dollars and a house, and good, nice furniture, and wear seven dollar boots and twenty dollar coats, and you never meet one who has not got a watch stuck in his pocket, and lots of them have gold chains and gold specs and gold shirt buttons. I know the circuits have to have only one appointment for each Sunday, because the people will not go to church in the week; but the preachers have appointments, and now can not help themselves. I know, too, that \$150 was all the Discipline allowed the preachers to have; but the Discipline was changed by the preachers before lay delegates were admitted into the General Conference. Now, think of it! These same preachers who changed the law of our church, and allowed themselves all they can get, must now have that all and a house free.

Now, Mr. Editor, I say that if the preachers must have houses—in other words, if the people will buy parsonages and furnish them—and I have no objection to this if they do not be too extravagant in it—let them buy cheap houses, such as our poorest people live in. Putting the preacher in a finer house than the poor people live in has a tendency to make them distant-like toward the preacher, and there is a want of that well-balanced sympathy so essential to the success of the preacher. Think of it! I know a poor widow and orphans who

live in a little shanty that cost only \$175, and now they are talking of buying a parsonage to cost \$1,000. Now, why could not the preacher's wife and children live in an one hundred and seventy-five dollar house as well as that poor widow? That is what I would like to know. Now I say: "Gentlemen, buy a cheap house—an old house. If the wall is caved in, and the roof rotten, and the windows all out, and the fence all down, the preacher has got nothing else to do but fix it all up. I know he has, to read a little in the Bible, but he can do that after prayers."

Now, buy this cheap sort of a house, and pay no attention to the wife of the preacher. Why, she will want good cotton mattresses, and big feather bolsters, and big, full pillows, soft as swansdown, and silver spoons and silver knives and forks, and glasses and china, and armchairs and bureaus, and Heaven only knows what all. Now, why would it not be better to get good grass mattresses and pillows, and common knives and forks and iron spoons, and then let the preacher go and get some lumber from the mill and fix up all the conveniences? That is what I want to know? What on earth is the use to fix up a poor Methodist preacher like a rich man when he is not rich, and never will be, and everybody knows it. Rich people never go to stay all night with the preacher, and hardly ever even eat at his house. What is the use, then, to have all this extravagant fixing up? That is what I would like to know? Why they want diamonds and lace curtains. Just think of it! If my wife can get calico ones, I think she has done well.

Now, Mr. Editor, I say that any body can get along if they have two good rooms—one to live in, and one to cook and eat in—and one good crab grass mattress to every two in the family, and two good crab grass pillows to every mattress, then blankets—nothing is better to keep the sleepers warm. Then good, nice popular bedsteads to cost about three and a half or four dollars each—one for every mattress; and twelve good, nice hickory chairs; one good, nice pine table—have it long, so it will do if a big family is sent to the church; a good twenty dollar cook stove; a set of seventy-five cent knives and forks; one set of fifteen cent iron spoons—let them be nice ones; one set of sixty cent plates, and one eighty cent set of cups and saucers; one thirty cent pitcher to put milk or water on the table in; one gallon coffee pot, say for seventy-five cents. Then the other little things will hardly cost enough money to be worth mentioning.

I have seen lots of parsonages supplied this way, and I tell you, Mr. Editor, it looks mighty homelike. Think of it! Our Saviour never had half these nice things to go to, and why can't his servants be satisfied when they fare better than their Lord did? That is what I would like to know.

In the hands of Christian love, Yours very truly,

EVANS HOMO.

## "Inquirer No. 2" and His Questions.

MR. EDITOR: In the ADVOCATE of May 17 there is a letter from "Inquirer No. 2," discussing a question of importance, and one in which all Methodists, and especially all Methodist preachers, are interested. I have read about three communications on this subject, and it may be that the patience of you and your readers is about exhausted. Several things have been suggested; but it seems to me that the difficult problem that was rocking the brain of "Inquirer No. 2" has not been solved. I do not know that I shall be able to write anything profitable on the subject; and, if you think not, just send this communication to Botany Bay, and no harm will be done.

The question of "Inquirer No. 2," as well as I can remember, was: "What ought a preacher to do when he is sent to a work with no prospect of a support?" Well, I do not hesitate to say that he ought to testify there and serve the work until he reaches a point where he can work no longer. The God who caused the ravens to feed Elijah, and who multiplied the widow's oil, and who said to the man, "Let the dead bury their dead," rather than neglect preaching the gospel, will surely care for the man who takes him at his word and preaches without prospect of support.

When a man goes into the ministry, if he realizes what he is doing, he leaves his support with God. He takes it into the account that he will have a hard time, and pass through experiences where he must walk by faith rather than by sight. I heard Bishop McTear say that a man could stand any sort of an appointment for one year. I reckon it is true, for some of the best of men stand extremely hard appointments nearly all their lives, and do not quite starve out either. They have a hard time and deserve sympathy, and God will reward them for their self-sacrificing toil. Let the preacher in this condition preach to the people about their duty to give as well as their duty to do other things. He will provoke opposition if he does, and people will say that he is preach-

ing for money; but he is a teacher, and this is one place where he must teach by example how to take up the cross.

"Inquirer No. 2" asks some questions that he may wish answered. I shall only attempt to answer one of them at present. He asks: "If you have ever seen a church that had been faithfully served, according to our Discipline, that did not support the institutions of the church?" In answer I say, I think I have served such work, and I do not think that I am sour and disposed to croak. At this time I serve an appreciative people who study the interests of their preacher and take pleasure in supplying his wants. But I have been on the other side, and think I am better prepared to view the situation for having been there. I have no doubt that a preacher's faithfulness sometimes keeps his church from supporting him. I heard a thinking man say a short time since if Jesus Christ was in one of our Conferences, and unknown, he would be unpopular on his work if he preached and acted as he did when he was in the world. I suppose this is so, for he was not popular, and human nature is very much the same. Sometimes the preacher can not carry out all the disciplinary requirements owing to the condition of his work. When he is doing all he can, and the people do not sustain him in that, it is rather hard to tell him that he is not serving the work "faithfully, as taught in our Discipline." Let the preachers do their duty as far as they can, and let the people do the same, and I believe God will help them to bring up deficiencies.

J. M. ROBERTS,  
GREENVILLE, ALA., May 11, 1883.

## Dr. Winfield on Revivals.

In Dr. Winfield's "open letters" to Bishop Pierce a great many plain facts are stated; but the references he draws from these facts are not inevitable. If Luther and Wesley had reasoned the same way, they would not have undertaken, nor accomplished, anything in the way of evangelistic work. Things may not be altogether as bad as he supposes. A certain prophet, in a fit of the blues, rightly supposed himself the only worshiper of the true God in all the land of Israel, but, much to his surprise, he was informed there were seven thousand that "had not bowed the knee to Baal." Dr. Winfield goes upon the supposition that God can not revive an apostate or backslidden church without seeming to put his approval upon wickedness. It is true that a wicked man, persisting in sin, can not be made the subject of converting grace; but may not sinners in the church and out of it, be convicted of sin, and induced to forsake it, by the faithful preaching of the word? If not, we had as well close our churches and cease preaching. The case is not so sad and hopeless, even in Dr. Winfield's estimation, as to justify such a course. If, then, sinners, in and out of the church, may be, and are, converted by the instrumentality of a preached gospel, when this becomes general we will have a revival such as Bishop Pierce desires and expects. The promise of the Master is: "When two or three meet in my name, there will I be there." Surely we may hope there are two sincere, true Christians in almost any congregation where we may be called to preach, and, if so, the case is not hopeless.

If, as Dr. Winfield intimates, many ministers set for the defense of the truth, have apostatized and are preaching an emasculated gospel, we can not expect such preaching to result in true conversions, though it may succeed in bringing people into the church. But where are those ministers? In Arkansas it may be, but I know of none such in my own Conference. We have almost every variety of preachers except heretical ones. If Dr. Winfield knows so many of this class, that it hinders his faith in the possibility of a general revival, he must be unfortunately associated. I repeat, in all seriousness, I know of none such. But, if things are as bad as Dr. Winfield suspects, it only shows the more plainly the necessity of a revival—not its impracticability. And now that the light is already begun in some places along our extended lines, and signs of a general uprising of the hosts of our Israel are seen, it is unfortunate to have the hearts of our people discouraged by predictions of defeat from such a redoubtable champion as Dr. Winfield.

It may be necessary to state that Dr. Winfield's "open letters" to Bishop Pierce are published in the Nashville Advocate.

DEKALB, MISSISSIPPI. D. G. W. KELLS.

## An Invidious Distinction.

The New York Christian Advocate, of May 17, contains an editorial criticism of a letter of Mr. Joseph Cook, touching the subject of death-bed repentance, in which the editor travels some distance out of his regular way to make an unfriendly fling at the Southern States. There would not seem to be a very close proximity between death-bed repentance and "slave holding"—a sin under all circumstances; but the editor brings them together, not, however, as log-

ical or natural yoke-fellows, but using the latter as an illustration of the former.

Assuming "slave holding" to be "a sin under all circumstances," the editor supposes that many average cases in "the Southern States" would give force and illustration to his argument about death-bed repentance. And the point I make is as to the distinction made of slavery in the Southern States rather than in the Northern States, or any other particular section of the country.

It is slave holding, *per se*, that the editor alludes to, and not to any geographical or other particular instances of it. Slavery in this country is historical, but actual. There was a period when slave holding was found only in the Southern States; then it would be proper to so distinguish it with whatever of "sin under all circumstances" might attach to it, either in illustrating death-bed repentance or anything else. There was also a period when slavery existed in all the States generally. Then it would be spoken of as slavery in America, either in illustration, or otherwise. And there was also a period when slavery existed only in the Northern States. Then it would be alluded to, no matter for what purpose, as slave holding in the Northern States. But now slavery is historical, not actual, and is therefore predicable as well of New York or Massachusetts as of Virginia or Mississippi. Neither is proper.

I know of nothing to distinguish slave holding at the South from slave holding at the North except two things: First, slavery was instituted—if the term may be used at all—in and by the Northern States. It was essentially a Northern measure, and came into the South, not in pursuance of Southern legislation, for there never was any, but rather by way of inheritance. Secondly, no church in any of the Southern States was ever a slave holder, so far as I have heard. This can not be said of the North. The Methodist Episcopal Church set the example of slave holding. This was in the city of New York! Whether other churches followed the example I do not know; but this case was a regular, official buying, using and selling in the ordinary, old-fashioned commercial way.

It is to be regretted that the New York Christian Advocate could not discuss the subject of death-bed repentance without bringing in this very novel subject of slave holding—"a sin under all circumstances." But if the editor found such reference necessary or useful, the "sin," the subject and the "circumstances," could have been found nearer home than the Southern States.

R. AUBREY.  
YAZOO CITY, MISSISSIPPI.

## A Pastor's Folly.

We take the following excellent editorial from the Southern Christian Advocate. It is a lesson with a striking illustration:

The Nashville Christian Advocate says: "A Methodist newspaper complains that Peter Cooper, who was converted among the Methodists, and under their influence in the formative period of his life, afterward left them and went elsewhere. This is one of a vast number of cases in which Methodism has replenished other bodies." It has done, and is doing, a great work that falls off of the count of its own denominational statistics. It is leavening Christendom."

Thereby hangs a tale. In early life Peter Cooper was a member of the old Sand Street Methodist Church, along with the elder Harpers. In this church he had been soundly converted, and here he would doubtless have remained until his death, had it not been for the folly of a well-meaning, odd preacher. Young Cooper was of an inquiring turn of mind, and became involved in doubt upon certain questions of theology. The deep things disturbed him. He could not dismiss them if he would, and would not have done so if he could; for it was not his way to dismiss a doubt because it was difficult. Indeed, this gave at the greater clarity to him. So he went with his doubts and perplexities to his old pastor. After stating them frankly, the old man said: "This is none of your business." "But I have these doubts, and I want to be rid of them," said Cooper. "A layman has no business with doubts," said the old man, glibly, and dismissed the subject.

Shortly afterward William E. Channing, the great Unitarian preacher, came to New York, and Mr. Cooper went to hear him. Pleased with Mr. Channing's manner, Mr. Cooper ventured to state his doubts to him. As a wise man, Mr. Channing talked kindly to him, and tried to help him over his difficulties. He gave to the earnest inquirer what was next to a full explanation of his doubts, and in many respects better—his sympathy, and did not attempt to apply ecclesiastical gag-law to his inquiries. Cooper believed Channing to be fair, and that won him. He went to the Unitarian Church. He carried his Methodist fervor with him; and, it is said, frequently exalted, with tears, the people in their more private meetings. Thus this man's influence was lost.

to Methodism through the foolish policy of this mistaken pastor. Let all our pastors take heed. Deal tenderly with the honest doubters. Christ did so with Thomas. If you can not explain a mystery, treat kindly the one who asks for light. Be pastors of the people. Never exhibit impatience. Rebuke sin—and rebuke boldly, but all doubts are not sin. Honest inquiry is to be encouraged. A heartless subscription to a creed is not piety. There may be more genuine character in the man who doubts than the man who says he does not doubt, because he has never thought deeply enough to find a difficulty. We are not encouraging doubts, but we do encourage investigation. Let our young people think. Let them go to the root of matters, and if they find difficulties, help them over. It may help the pastor to a better understanding of the matter under investigation. Do not take it amiss if the young mind at first seems inclined to question fundamental doctrines. Give him light. He will make all the better Christian and member of the church when he has honestly cleared away his difficulties.

We exhort the pastors of our young people to look after them. We are feeding other churches, more than necessary. Those who go from us from proper motives, let them go. The man or woman who leaves one church and goes to another for policy's sake, because of a falling out, or for reasons of business or popularity, is no great loss, and is not worth mourning for. Some such followed the Master in the days of his flesh, and he said to them: "Ye seek me not because ye saw the miracles, but because ye would eat of the loaves and were filled." Let our seekers go where they will; but look after all who are in the church, and especially the young. Help them to think. It would be a good plan to announce from the pulpit on Sunday, books which the people might read to profit on certain subjects. What is needed among us is more thought. Aestheticism can only be met by a healthy, well-developed Christianity, which knows something.

Let our young people have first a real experience of pardon, and then let there be constant, solid growth in intelligent experience and knowledge of God through the various agencies opened up to them. Encourage the young people, and be a faithful pastor, giving to each food for contentment for him.

## Infidels Desponding.

The men who are laboring to destroy Christianity do not grow happy. There is a certain exhilaration while their bright, but injurious, books bring their eigtht, and while crowds of men are found willing, for reasons which bring no credit to their minds or their hearts, to pay a dollar each and contribute also their applause to a preacher of blasphemy; but as life wears on, and as there comes to such men a revelation of the probable effects of their teachings on the future of society, they grow very despondent.

Mr. Renan is reported to have said: "We are living on the perfume of an empty vase. Our children will have to live on the shadow of a shadow. Their children, I fear, will have to live on something less." It would be almost cruelty to ask this brilliant writer who they are that have emptied the vase, and who they are that have spent their strength in taking the substance out of all human life so that nothing but shadows should be left. But should he be so frank to question, unless he frankly repents and employ the remainder of his life in laboring to neutralize the poison he has so insidiously injected into society, and which now infects him and produces a deadly despondency?

We have, however, comfort for him and for all of his class. Their grandchildren will live in an age of increasing Christian activity—in an age when Christianity will be still more stripped of ecclesiasticalism than now, and the mind of the Spirit in the word of God will be better known, and there shall be an increase of that faith which rounds out reason and complements the barrenness of this life with the fruitfulness of the life to come. They will have something better than perfume and more substantial than shadows.

Now let all men pause and consider the pitifulness of this case. A few gifted men have been employing their powers in accumulating an estate for posterity, and the best of them thus makes statement of the assets of the estate: "In hand, 'the perfume of an empty vase,' for the next generation, 'the shadow of a shadow,' for the third generation, 'something less.' No wonder Mr. Renan is despondent. The more his descendants believe as he does, the less they will have."

The laborers on the Christian side have no such gloom. We may die, but the gospel will live. The more our descendants receive and believe and live this gospel we preach, the happier they will be. We grow cheerful as time goes on, and as our departure is at hand. Men may live and men may die, but Christianity goes on forever.—Charles F. Deems, D. D.

—Rev. Josiah Henson, known far and near as Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom," died recently at Dresden, Ontario, at the age of ninety-four.

—The Rev. Dr. Hoge, of Richmond, and Rev. Dr. Stratton, of Natchez, have been elected to bear fraternal greetings to the Northern Presbyterians next year.

—Bishop Pierce has canceled all engagements for preaching, and, under the advice of his physician, will lay by for a season of rest and recuperation. We may look for more thrilling letters from his sharpened pen.

—Major R. W. Millsaps, of St. Louis, long a leading merchant and influential citizen of Brooklyn, Miss., will sail from New York for Europe on Saturday. We have a parting promise from him to furnish notes of travel for the ADVOCATE. We wish him a pleasant trip and a prosperous return.

—The Southern Presbyterian Assembly at its recent session repealed the law prohibiting marriage with the sister of a deceased wife. It may be a little curious scrap of history to our Methodist readers that the great Wesleyan pulpit orator, Dr. William Morley Pusey, left England and spent seven years in Georgia because of a similar civil statute.

—We are obliged to Dr. Hendrix for an invitation to attend the commencement exercises of Central College, Fayette, Mo. The sermon will be preached next Sabbath by Rev. J. W. Lewis, D. D., of St. Louis. The annual address before the literary societies will be delivered by Hon. J. B. Strotter, of Marshall, Mo. Central College is enjoying great prosperity. The thirty-fifth term of its September session.

—Bishop Keble returned on Tuesday of last week from his wanderings to and fro preaching and holding District Conferences. On Friday he left for the Centenary College commencement, where he is always expected and needed. We notice that he has a fine line of work mapped out that will quite occupy the heated term. It is to be regretted that the Bishop can not rest long enough from field work to give his practiced pen more for the edification and inspiration of the church.

## Worse than Satan.

What that can be, it is sin. If it was not for sin Satan could not afflict us. To be delivered from Satan is a great boon; a greater boon it is to be delivered from sin, said Christians. Persons have been and are badly possessed, a great affliction, but a worse calamity it is to be sin-ridden, with Satan as groom. Sin is Satan's residence and workshop. It is well to fear Satan, but we should fear sin more. Without sin the sting of the bee can not hurt you, nor Satan without sin. Who fears the fire of hell fears not sin, but rather the torment of burning; but he fears to sin who fears sin more than the fire of hell, said St. Augustine. Detest Satan and abhor sin. It is sin which gives Satan dominion over him. Satan can not enter the heart if sin does not open the door from within. Not Satan, but sin, nailed Jesus to the cross. Against sin will Satan is often employed as God's shepherd dog, who renders me and all the sheep of the fold valuable service; but sin brings only ruin. Upon valiant resistance Satan will flee; but only the blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, can cleanse the sinner from sin. A.

The Sandwich Islands have a very stringent liquor law. Some provisions of which are as follows:

The manufacture of alcoholic liquors of any kind, save by the owners of sugar mills under certain circumstances, is prohibited under penalty of \$3,500 fine. Wholesale licenses to sell liquor cost \$250; retail licenses, covering quantities not less than one gallon, or one dozen bottles not three or four, \$1,000. Sales on Sunday or between eleven P. M. and five A. M. are forbidden. Those taking out a license to sell have to give bond, and two violations of law in any single year forfeit the license. Selling to a drunkard is punished by a heavy fine, and any one injured by a drunken man has a right of action against the rum-seller; selling without a license brings both fine and imprisonment.



Christian Advocate.

THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1883.

THE GATHERING PLACE.

I know not where, beneath above,  
The gathering place so wonderful,  
But all who fill our life with love  
Go forth to make it beautiful.  
Oh! weeding with all wealth of grace,  
Of noble heart, of fair sweet face,  
To that exalted meeting place!

Life changes all our thoughts of heaven,  
At first we think of streets of gold,  
Of walls as white as snow, wind-driven,  
Of lofty arches, grandly cold,  
Of golden pearls and dazzling light,  
Of shining wings and robes of white,  
And things all strange to mortal sight.

But in the afterworld of years  
Is a more familiar place;  
A home unbarred by sighs and tears,  
Where we'll meet many a well-known face,  
Where little children play and sing,  
And maidens and the old men bring  
Their tributes to the gracious King.

With passing months it comes more near,  
I grow more real day by day;  
Not strange or cold, but very dear,  
The glad home land not far away.  
Where no one is lonely, making moan,  
Where none are poor or sick or lone,  
The place where we shall all our own.

And as we think of all we knew  
Who there have met and parting mourn,  
Our longing hearts desire to see  
With all the strife and trouble o'er,  
So good the world now they have gone,  
We scarcely dare to think upon  
The year, before our rest is won.

And yet our Father knoweth best,  
The joy or sorrow that we need,  
The love which we may take our rest,  
And be at ease and every freed,  
So we will wait with patient grace,  
Till in that blessed gathering place  
We meet our friends, and see his face.

—London Christian Worker.

An Excursion to Natchez.

MR. EDITOR: Excursions, if not too frequent, are blessings to the man of average means. The colored brethren of Jackson gave one to Natchez and returned on the ninth instant. Inasmuch as accommodation was provided for the whites, and this writer had not had a day of recreation for business since the memorable year 1878, at which time we were forced to take a couple of months or more, we concluded to spend a pleasant day in seeing a portion of our country over which we had never before. Realizing the dangers of pleasure and travel, we did not forget to ask to be guided through that day by him who numbers even the hairs of our head. At half-past six o'clock A. M. we pushed off for Natchez. On our way we had much to admire in the beautiful country. The crops near Natchez are at least a month ahead of Hinds county.

More than once, as we were rolling along in our speed, a hat was seen to rise up and glide on to the wings of the morning as if it were, "a thing of life," just fairly getting up and away, seeming to increase the speed of its flight as it received the volley of shouts from all on board. The way the loser would look back on that hat was a caution to all others to hold on tight. With a broad grin on his face he would affect all the indifference possible, and then sit down, reminded of the truthfulness of the old adage, "Experience is our dearest teacher," for it would not have cost a cent to have secured that hat with a string, but it cost a fat to impress this on his mind. Opportunity neglected is often irreparable.

The stations along this road are too numerous and most of them too insignificant to mention; some future day they may be worthy of a place on the map. At thirty-five minutes past eleven we were at our destination, more miles away from our little family than we had ever been. Tired, dirty eyes, full of smoke and grit, and hatless (for we were one of the unfortunates, we doubted whether there was any pleasure in excursions or not, but after purchasing a new hat, and getting a wash and brush up at a barber shop, we felt much better. We were very fortunate in falling in with an old friend, who had lived in Natchez nearly thirty years ago; for he could tell us how Natchez was then, and we could see it as now. How plainly does old Time mark his changes on places as well as men.

We walked out on the bluff to look at "Natchez under the hill." I learn that thirty years ago it was quite a little village, as much as two streets under there, and, Oh! such a place, not an unrequited acquaintance to find the bodies of three or four men, where they had been murdered during the dark watches of the night past. Many an innocent victim has disappeared under that hill, never to be heard of again. Now there are only a few houses under there. The muddy waters of the Mississippi are rolling over the place where so much sin and shame once lived and hid itself. It seems as if God had wiped it out of existence because of its great wickedness. What a grand sight to stand on that bluff and look out on the scenery before you! Down the stream you can see for at least eight or ten miles, and up you can follow the "Father of Waters" around several bends, for you are high enough to cause the great trees below to look like miniature shrubbery. Just think of it! If you were to leap out into space you would fall one hundred and eighty feet and then light upon the top of a house. After leaving here we walked over the principal part of the city. I think Natchez is far ahead of Jackson in a business point of view. We find not only the factory and cotton seed oil mill, but both wool and cotton factories. At night her streets are lighted with gas, her police are watchful and efficient. We could not help but draw

a comparison between the two places. On such an occasion in Jackson everything would have been given over to the roughs, while in Natchez everything was subordinate to the peace and quiet of the city.

We called on the widow and daughter of our former pastor, the late Rev. W. H. Watkins. Sister Watkins and Miss Hattie look as natural as ever; was glad to find them so pleasantly situated. After leaving her house, although we had dined at a hotel, we found ourselves sitting down to a good dinner in the house of a young lady friend whom we had met in Jackson. The family were Catholic. At the request of our young friend we asked the blessing of God upon that dinner. I suppose the request was out of respect for our religious views; we appreciated the fact, and felt honored. The rain was now falling, so that we could not see more of the city. Fortunately for us we were included in an invitation given this family to an ice cream supper at the house of one of their friends, where we spent the evening very pleasantly indeed, listening to vocal and instrumental music. "How swift the pleasant hours pass by." We were soon out on the streets of Natchez alone at ten o'clock at night. Hearing the noise of a public meeting, and as it is several hours before time to start for home, we were very willingly drawn thither.

We found that one of the white companies had called a meeting to do honor to the whites who had accompanied the colored brethren to Natchez. We took a back seat to listen to speeches. By this time the crowd was pretty "mellow" and boisterous, for the larger flowed most freely—there being a keg on tap. We were pressed more than once to take a glass, but it was not hard to say no, as we had learned so to do eight or ten years ago. About this time some prominent negroes were introduced. One of them made a splendid little speech, short and to the point. The other one was introduced as the Rev. Mr. —. Having a high regard for the office which he fills, we were somewhat mortified to see him attempt to address such a meeting. Although we thought of the command, "Cast not your pearls before swine," yet we did hope that a few well chosen words of admonition and warning would constitute his speech. But, instead, why such another awkward attempt at pedantry. He commenced by saying that "the best of us now and then bow at the shrine of Bacchus." Then he would roar and run wildly off in his expressions like a mad bull, then in his eloquence rise and dwell among the planets, then with the poets, then referred to the sparkling glass, saying that he felt its delightful effects, said he had had the honor of addressing a speech to the Queen of England, had been here and there, but of all the places he had ever been no place had afforded him such pleasure as he had enjoyed that night. An enigma to us how one of his profession could find so much happiness in such a place. Not a word was said to check the spirit of dissipation. Everything to the contrary, for as he finished by asking, in a sacrilegious way, the blessing of God upon them some rushed forward with newly filled glasses. While he was helping to empty them we felt, disgusted, feeling that the spirit of our religion condemned him.

At half-past two o'clock our car started back for Jackson. When about fifteen miles this side of Natchez, and the train running at the rate of about twenty-five miles an hour, a young man, who was intoxicated, lost his balance, fell off, and was crushed to death in an instant. We were detained long enough to get his remains on board. Although there was a deep gloom cast over all, the old "iron horse" was soon rushing along as if nothing had happened. But we could trace that young man back to the room where he heard that speech, for we saw him there. Oh! if that man had known that he was talking to one who would be in the other world before the light of another morn how differently he surely would have spoken and acted. O! if we all could realize the responsibility of life.

"For are we not treading thither too as fast as time can move?" Who then can take time to "bow at the shrine of Bacchus?" Who then can afford to set a bad example? When we arrived home and looked out on the vast crowd which had gathered through curiosity to see the corpse, and standing there we saw the father of the deceased, waiting to receive the corpse of his dear boy, who had left home as well and hearty as any of us. How my heart went out in sympathy for him. We have thought that these words should have been written and held up before the gaze of that great crowd: "A victim of drink following the example of older men."

THOS. P. HARR.

The Young People.

MR. EDITOR: I am afraid that a recent contributed article in the Advocate may mislead some in regard to the singing in Hazlehurst Church. We have a right to be very zealous on that subject, and, lest another cause for reproach be added to the catalogue of disadvantages under which our church has labored for several years past, I overcome timidity and undertake to add a little compliment to the article.

I feel satisfied that the only personal allusion was in regard to the abridged hymn-book, and to his every sentiment in that direction the whole church will say amen. The other point discussed is not applicable, since we have no or-

ganized choir, but I believe it is an admitted fact, from frequent demonstration, that our organ is a necessity, whatever the fact may indicate. There is no monopoly; all are urged to sit near the organ, in the front of the church, and partake and enjoy the blessing of singing as a part of worship. We have an organist who, up to this time, has, in punctuality, resembled a well regulated clock, and some of the stewards appear as interested in the singing as any of the young people. The tunes in constant use could be enumerated in hardly more than an inch of space in this column. All ought to be familiar to the congregation by this time. The time when your correspondent was "ruled squarely out" is held in memory, and a little observation at the time added not to the comfort of one near the organ. The proper direction of complaint under that circumstance was to those who advocated and recommended the abridgement.

It is a custom among those who select the tunes to select two, at least, within the acquaintance of the congregation. The introduction of such tunes as are thought practicable is often effected by a frequent use as a middle tune. Voluntaries are not frequent, but in every event old tunes or a Sunday-school song. Up to this time our singing has not been a matter of contention nor hardly of remark. No pretensions to performance have ever been displayed, it may be from the fact that there is a lack of showy material.

In answer to a special appeal from our pastor, after the failure of his first prayer meeting, in consequence of nobody to raise the tunes, the young people attend regularly, and conduct the singing to the best of their ability. That they are not spiritually benefited thereby we are not licensed to judge, but they have the evidence of the pastor's thanks. But for this are we again called in question, and one and another laments, *O tempora, O mores*.

In all that is said and written the question of the present condition of the church turns on the "young people" or the "progressive age," and we may well ask what will the church do with her young people, and where has she a place for her children? If you will come to the Sunday-school you will see the children crowded there, and those who yet desire the "sincere milk of the word" are put in charge of classes that could engage the heart and mind of a doctor of divinity. Children, some of whom never hear a word of prayer or see a Bible opened at home. From the equipment for the great work of saving the children one could think that the church has never waked up to the fact that "with the aged is wisdom." All reverence to age, but we ask them, our elders, to come to the Sunday-school, the nursery of the church, and see if there is a cause for the deficiency of the young people. The call for Christians is there as well as in the choir, and it will reach from every department of the church. We who labor in the Sunday-school, after the apparent failure of prayer and study, turn us about for ways and means. Who can plead for precept, and where are the "fruits of the spirit" manifest? We who have labored hard for the boys of the church, what can we say when we see them smoking and chewing on the streets—by accident we see them—for when warning of approach is given they will affect innocence. Alas! have we not swept from the first seats of more than one church, more fruit of tobacco chewing, than all the "fruits of the spirit" demonstrated from those seats in a year.

Where does temperance come in, and what is the plea for filthy intemperance? Physical impossibility is its standing monument.

Let us plead for the young people as he who would plead for his brother. Don't send any more, don't make us feel the sharp edge of ridicule for every effort. We are not beyond reform, neither do we profess understanding. Let us receive encouragement from some quarter lest we really do prove a curse to the church.

Hazlehurst, Miss., April 27, 1883.

Pastoral Visiting.—No. 14.

"A RELIGIOUS HOME FOR MY FAMILY."

Years since we commenced preaching, once a month, on the Sabbath, in a community where there had been but a few sermons preached for the previous twenty years; nor had there been a school of any kind, though it was thickly settled with a white population, and though children abounded, giving ample evidence that the people were disposed, at least, to obey that first commandment found in the word of God: "Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth." Many of these children spent most of the Sabbath in strolling over the country, hunting rabbits or crawfish, or they went up and down a beautiful stream that meandered through the settlement, gathering grapes, muscadines or berries, or fishing for the finny inhabitants of the passing little river. Among the people there were a few pious persons, who held their membership in the churches located in the distant towns, east and west, many miles from this purely agricultural section of country.

The heart of a pious young lady, a member of our church, had been moved with compassion for this multitude of spiritually starving children, and she had started a Sabbath-school in a beech grove, not far from her father's residence, and had induced a pious young man from another neighborhood to

come over and help her and be superintendent. This school was doing a good work, and then a local preacher from another vicinity had come to preach to them, and when all had moved into a little unoccupied store, and good seed was being sown in the hearts of the ignorant young. We say ignorant, young, for many of them had to be taught to read. We also commenced preaching in this little store-room once a month, and then we took time to visit the people in their homes and to speak to them of their soul's salvation, urging them to defer the time of their embracing the religion of Jesus, our Saviour, no longer. In a few months seven or eight persons professed religion and joined the church, attaching their names to the church record of the nearest appointment on an adjoining circuit, and most of those professing religion were heads of families, some of whom brought their children and dedicated them to God in the ordinance of baptism. We continued the monthly preaching and the pastoral visiting, and in another year fifteen were added to the church, and then we built a church edifice, and now the people in that vicinity have preaching every Sabbath in their church, have a Sabbath-school and a public school on week days numbering twenty-eight or thirty. We found in this neighborhood a family numbering five, father, mother, daughter and two sons; none of them were in the church; but I soon found that they were all seriously disposed. The father and mother had been members of the Baptist Church, but their preachers had left them, others being hired in their places, and often they had no pastor at all. This family all became deeply interested in religious things, the father, sons and sister presenting themselves as seekers of salvation, and all professed conversion. One day the father said: "I and all of my family wish to join your church. I want a religious home for my family." The parents had been baptized. The children, though raised in the Baptist faith, were sprinkled, and all five were received into the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and are on the earth and in the church yet. This man furthermore said: "I know that the Methodists will always have a preacher and preaching." This with regard to his "religious home." The outside world sees it. The members of other churches see it—this feature in our economy that sends a preacher to every Methodist congregation every year. And a beautiful wonder it is that there is not an itinerant minister in the world without a flock; nor a Methodist flock without a pastor. Every congregation has a preacher, and every preacher has a congregation. Even in case of death or disgrace or flight there is the Bishop or his proxy, the presiding elder, who puts a man in his place, probably, before the next appointment. There are other features in our economy worthy of notice and comment and great admiration, but they may not come in the range of these articles.

LOCAL ITINERANT.

From the Work.

TRAVIS, MISS.

MR. EDITOR: I feel thankful to you and others for the sympathetic interest manifested in my welfare after the tornado of the twenty-second ultimo, in which I was badly hurt. I was taken out of the very clasp of death at the Georgetown Church, and carried by kind friends to the residence of Hon. J. H. Catchlugs, where my wounds were dressed, and where I received every attention one could conceive of until I was able to come home. I owe Bro. and Sister Catchlugs a debt of gratitude I shall never be able to pay for their kindness to me during the three weeks I was confined at their house. May God bless them and others who unselfishly and kindly and tenderly to me in my afflictions. My heart melts to tenderness and my eyes are suffused with tears while I think on these things.

I am now at home and doing well; came home on the twelfth instant. All my wounds are well except those on my head and arm. My skull was fractured above and a little back of my left ear, and my right cheek bone was crushed. My head and face are still quite sore from these hurts. My right arm was broken above my elbow. It is improving slowly. I am now able to write a little at a time with this hand. My general health is better than it has been for several years. This is, doubtless, owing, in part at least, to the rest that was forced upon me and to the good living I enjoyed in the hands of that elect lady in whose hospitable home I was so fortunate as to be placed after the storm. This good may come out of evil. With better health, and as I trust, a more thorough consecration to the work of the ministry, I may live longer, and be more useful, than I would had I not been well-nigh crushed to death by the falling timbers of the Georgetown Church. In the cyclone, "God moves, in a mysterious way." We may not be able to interpret all his designs, but there are some things that will be readily perceived by those whose faith fails not. With a feeling of awful helplessness there came, at that moment of terror, a firm trust in God, which merged into sweet resignation to the sufferings that followed, and culminated in a deeper devotion and a more perfect consecration than I had ever before experienced. Praise the Lord for his goodness, for he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee, for My strength is made perfect in weakness.

Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me.

H. P. LEWIS.

MAY 20, 1883.

TOCCOPOLA CIRCUIT, NORTH MISSISSIPPI CONFERENCE.

MR. EDITOR: We are moving up on the Toccopola circuit. We have seven churches, but few good houses. We have done about one hundred and five dollars worth of work on the parsonage, have raised and forwarded fifty-five dollars to the parent board of missions, quarterage about one-third up, have three Sunday-schools, two prayer meetings and one young men's prayer meeting. We are arranging to build two new churches this year. Prospects good for a revival; greatly desire it. Your excellent paper is highly appreciated by those who take it, but sorry to say that only about one-tenth of my people take it. Hope they will do better hereafter.

Bro. Thomas, our presiding elder, was with us last Sunday. He is a full grown praying elder.

Fraternally,

S. W. MILLER, P. C.

MAY 21, 1883.

Marriages.

NICKOLS-JURNEY.—At the residence of the bride's father, February 21, 1883, by Rev. J. L. Fittell, Mr. E. J. Nickols and Miss Mary Journey.

PRICE-WHITTINGTON.—At the residence of Mr. J. N. Nelson, in Jackson county, Miss., May 21, 1883, by Rev. J. M. Weeks, Rev. Thomas Price, of the Mississippi Conference, to Miss Laura M. Whittington, daughter of the late Rev. B. B. Whittington.

MIDDLETON-REYNOLDS.—At the Methodist Church, Summit, Miss., May 16, 1883, by Rev. William B. Hines, Mr. Charles Middleton and Miss Annie Reynolds.

SUTTON-TALL-EVANS.—At the residence of Mr. W. C. Butler, Tuesday, May 22, 1883, by Rev. S. Gibbs, Dr. W. C. Sutton and Miss Pearl Evans, all of Choctaw county, Ala.

Obituaries.

SCOTT.—MRS. AGUSTA ELIZABETH SCOTT, daughter of H. P. and M. A. Barnes, of Crystal Springs, Miss., was born in North Carolina, January 25, 1832, and died at her residence in Crystal Springs, Miss., March 12, 1883. The subject of this notice was religious from childhood. She became a member of the Baptist Church about 1848, and to the day of her death was consistent in her profession. Her spirit was cheerful, disposition, amiable temper, gentle nature and loving heart made her a favorite in every circle in which she moved; and, superadded to this, she developed a character bearing a resemblance to that of the good Samaritan. She was exceptionally good as a daughter, always studying the happiness of her parents, whom she delighted to honor; and they now love to think and speak of this shining trait in her character. To her may be applied the beautiful proverb of Solomon: "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

She was married to Mr. A. T. Scott, of Calhoun county, Miss., in 1851, and with one daughter, now married, her loss; but "not as those who have no hope." The consolation of that once happy home is measurably relieved by the memory of her many Christian virtues and the hope of a reunion in heaven.

There were some features of her religious life that deserve special mention. She was in no sense a social saint. Though a conscientious and consistent Baptist, her love went out for God's people of every name, unobstructed in its flow by the boundaries of church organization. She had the spirit of missions. Her heart was in full sympathy with all the great evangelizing enterprises of Christendom. She earnestly sought for purity of heart, and was fond of that literature that leads the mind to high and noble aims. She knew that the Christian's secret of a happy life, and rejoiced in full salvation.

Mrs. Scott was a sufferer nearly all her life, but she possessed her soul in patience. In sweet resignation to the will of God she realized the purifying results of bodily sufferings, according to the promises of the Scriptures. Her last illness was of short duration. She had made a short visit to her parents in Crystal Springs, and returned home to die. She was attacked with pneumonia the day after arriving at her home, and in ten days was in the better world. During this illness she told her family that she did not wish to get well. She knew her days were numbered, and she was ready. Death had no terrors for her. Perfect love had cast out all fear. And when the monster had done his worst work upon her physical frame a sweet smile. Did it indicate that in the moment of death there was a vision of heaven that thrilled her heart?

W. B. LEWIS.

DUNCAN.—W. N. DUNCAN died, of consumption, at his residence, six miles west of Coldwater, Tate county, Miss., April 12, 1883.

He was a consistent member of our church at Coldwater. We visited him in his final illness. His sufferings were intense, and he lingered ten weeks, or more, on the margin of the last river. He was faithful to cross, not that he was a lover of pleasure more than a lover of God, but that he loved every body and desired to associate with friends and his devoted companion a few years longer. While we worshipped on one occasion with him by reading God's word, by prayer and song, he shouted aloud in praise to his blessed Saviour, and he felt that Heaven was in the house. He was a patient for years, praying for a vivid conception of the witness of the Spirit which he had in 1853. Ever afterward he knew that he was a son of God, and he could cry, "Abba, Father." Our Lord will satisfy a persevering, contrite heart. He was an excellent, successful business man. He was attentive to his preachers; certainly real help to them. In his character were traits which were felt and seen while living, and that are worthy of mention in his manner; prudent in his expressions; gentle in his dealings; delicate in his disposition; and pleasant in his winning in his conversation. The sequence could not be otherwise than that we miss him.

We interred his remains in the Sardis Cemetery by the side of his only son, who was drowned in Florida nearly two years ago. Sister Duncan is yet on earth and abiding. Truly she is lonely; but surely we can say, she is evidenced manifested by Bro. Duncan, that her husband is in heaven, and that she can work for Jesus while and go to him. His life and death, wherein

they exhibited the powers and beauty of Christianity, should be additional incentives to many acquaintances and neighbors in endeavoring to win Coldwater, Miss., and Memphis, Tenn., to work righteousness, and in the end be called higher with all lovely characters.

J. M. WYATT.

STROUD.—Died, May 15, 1883, of cancer on the neck, near Union Camp Ground, Clark county, Miss. Bro. Jesse Stroud, aged seventy-five years and one month. Bro. Stroud was born in North Carolina, April 15, 1804. His parents died when he was quite a small boy, and he was bound to an ungodly man to learn a trade, who forbade him the privilege of attending service anywhere, and employed him on the Sabbath in looking after his business matters, collecting debts, etc. At the age of eighteen he stole away from his guardian and attended preaching, became convinced of the necessity of repentance and faith in the blessed Saviour, and sought it as he might under the circumstances until he found peace to his soul. He ever remembered the text he first heard preached from, "He joined the Methodist Church at the age of twenty-two, became a working member, and was known by the itinerant on his work as a zealous worker for the Master." He moved to Alabama, and from thence to the neighborhood of Pierce's Springs, Clark county, Miss., where he settled in 1852, and has resided ever since, till the Master said: "It is enough; come up higher."

He was class leader of the church and Sunday-school superintendent for many years. His house was ever open to the preachers, and his heart to the orphans. The writer was intimately acquainted with him for thirty years. He had learned to control his natural irascible temperament, and ripen for the change that has taken place. He suffered very much in the last few months of his life from his cancerous affection; yet he always spoke with seeming pleasure of his approaching end. When his suffering would cease, I talked and prayed with him, and he desired to depart just with Jesus. Many who may read this will remember Bro. Stroud. Truly a good man, a faithful worker, his children and relatives take courage and prepare to meet him where parting will be no more.

H. S. GUNN.

VATES.—MISS MARY ALICE VATES was born in Mississippi City, Harrison county, Miss., September 1, 1825, and died in New York, Miss., April 1, 1883. In 1872 she was converted, and the following year united in membership with the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Hers was a conversion that revealed and sealed the whole truth of religion, and that influenced her entire life. A short while before she died she stated that from the hour of her conversion she had possessed victory over death and the grave, and that her life to eternal life has never been clouded by a doubt.

Such an experience is the privilege of every Christian; yet we have known but few so blessed with such abundant entrance into the fullness of salvation. Nor is this rest in faith attributable to a satisfaction with her state in life. Very few have been required to pass through a life more deeply shadowed than hers.

At four years of age her mother died, and she was left to the care of an aunt, who died when she was only twelve years old. In addition to this, her whole life was one of intense physical and mental suffering. Yet her devotion to her home and the loved ones there could only be measured by the depth of her pure heart and consecrated life.

Since last October she had been confined to her room and bed with lung disease. But as her physical strength wasted away her spiritual strength increased, until, like the falling of a flower, she was a wreath of grace was taken from earth to rest in the bosom of the Father.

J. M. WELLS.

GREENE.—TOMLINSON F. GREENE was born in Columbus, Ga., August 21, 1825, and died at Hazlehurst, Miss., April 1, 1883, after a long and painful illness.

In the person of Bro. Greene death has borne away a shining man. He professed religion in early youth, from which time he has been a zealous and pious Christian. For several months previous to his death, being physically broken down, he made his Bible his constant companion, and would often tell his wife that he was not long of this world, and while he recognized the reality of his family still he lay happy in the saving grace of Jesus Christ and was only waiting for the Master's call.

Bro. Greene was one of the most devoted husbands and fathers; a warm, whole-souled man, he possessed many friends, and his influence was very great. Being a man characterized with so many attributes of nobleness and goodness, his daily walk in life was always a true illustration of the candle that is not set under a bushel, but a light and cheerful example seemed to emanate from his presence, and to know him was to love him. Words are inadequate to express his many noble qualities that Bro. Greene was endowed with; and while he leaves behind him a wife and nine little children to mourn their loss, they are not as those without hope, for they have the assurance that they can meet again in that bright mansion above prepared for Christ and his saints who are sickness, sorrow, pain and death are never again to know, but where all things are bright and happy in the realization of heaven.

MINNIE KNOWS.

BENTON.—God has seen fit, in his wise providence, to remove from earth to heaven the soul of LULA D. BENTON. She was born July 14, 1804; was "born again" in August, 1822. She was one of the victims of the terrible cyclone that demolished our town, April 23, 1883. She was the daughter of William H. and P. M. Benton, of Claiborne county, Miss. Lula was here (Hazlehurst) attending school.

What a treasure has death robbed us of! Oh, how our hearts are overwhelmed with grief that one so young, so promising, so true a model of young womanhood, trust, just when a life usefulness is dawning, be so suddenly cut off! This is life, life, only a few years do we journey here till we come to that bridge, death, which transports us to the other world. Yes, death reigns in all the portion of our time. That form but a short time since so full of life, with all of young life's bright promises, is now locked in death's cold embrace.

God's grace alone is sufficient to sustain the crushed spirits of the bereaved. They sorrow not as who have no hope. No; their Lula is heaven-bright as the redeemed host, abiding a holy light over your rugged path, guiding your feet onward toward her home in glory, and sending forth an alluring light to you, her younger brothers and sisters, illumining your pathway, which sorrow has so early shadowed. Sorrowing ones, while you can not call your precious Lula back, you may go to her.

IRA B. ROBERTSON.







## Christian Advocate.

ORIGIN OF THE LOUISIANA, MISSISSIPPI AND NORTH MISSISSIPPI CONFERENCES OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

CHAS. B. GALLOWAY, D. D., Editor.

Corresponding Editors:

REV. T. A. S. ADAMS, REV. J. T. SAWYER.

THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1883.

Next Sunday is Children's Day in Northern Methodism. With them it is the diamond of days in all the year. We hope such a day may soon be observed in our Methodism—a day when special tribute will be paid to child piety and service.

The German Universities, which but three decades ago were engulfed by rationalism have all, with the exception of one (Halle), re-embraced the faith of their fathers and founders. Without biblical orthodoxy and piety of life and conversation the State ecclesiastical *consistoria* will not promote a graduate in theology to a pastorate. At Halle the halls of the theological school are almost deserted.

The Mobile District Conference, held at Bladen Springs, was a delightful occasion. Bishop Keener presided, and inquired carefully into the work of the district at every point. One gratifying fact characterized the reports—the increased attendance upon the class and prayer meetings and the growth of family religion. On Sunday eager hundreds crowded to the public services. In the afternoon penitents were invited to the altar, and was soon filled with strong men seeking salvation. The Conference session closed in a spirit of revival. It is well for pastors and laymen to return with such a baptism. The churches at home will feel its power.

We see it stated in some of our exchanges that Bishop Hargrove will visit our China mission, during the coming year. By what authority this statement is made has not transpired. We understood before leaving Nashville that the College of Bishops had decided not to make appointment for such a visitation until their next annual meeting. If "during the coming year" means that Bishop Hargrove will proceed to China immediately after attending his Pacific Conference we are entirely satisfied. Bishop Hargrove is a man of faith and affairs. He would make careful inquiry into our mission affairs, and thrill the church at home with his reports. If such an arrangement can be made we are quite sure that it will gratify the connection and meet a present emergency.

## Stamping With the Foot.

Our fastidious pulpit declaimers and perfunctory sermon readers are, though indirectly, severely rebuked by the commission, which the Lord gave to Ezekiel—*vi. 11*. In view of the impending calamities which were to befall Israel, the unguessed outcome of sin, the prophet was to smite with his hand and to stamp with his foot. A better rendering of the original is: "Wring thy hands, turn thy head, and stamp with thy feet."

When we truly believe in the holy oracles of God, giving full credence to the threats and promises, proclaiming the message of salvation to a world dead in trespasses and sins; we can not fail to be filled with agony upon perceiving the vastness of Satan's empire. Who believeth our report? The hero of Goethe's "Faust" represents thousands of perishing sons of Adam:

"The message I hear,  
But, oh! believe I can not."

With all the triumphs of the cross the church of Immanuel is but "a cottage in a garden of encumbers." The large majority of men are the willing slaves of Satan. They are as sheep led to the slaughter. Already they are under sentence of death, for whosoever believeth not is damned already. Only a brief respite, and the fearful sentence will be executed. And do we believe this, and are we men of God, and are our hearts not rent? Terrified at the awful doom of the unconverted, overcome with unspeakable commiseration, we will not fail to wring our hands over our head.

We quake in view of the fearful doom of our unbelieving hearers, but the hearers are unmoved. With tremulous voice and voice sympathetic we exhort them to flee the wrath to come and to escape for their lives. But still they slumber and sleep. Is it strange that we, carried away with holy zeal, like that captain who was amazed at Jonah's dormancy, should stamp with our feet, and, like that brawny seaman, exclaim: "What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise; call upon thy God!" Oh! for earnestness, for fervency in our pulpit labors.

## Revival Difficulties.

The clarion call of Bishop Pierce for a general revival in Southern Methodism has stirred the church with a mighty impulse. Every mall brings joyful tidings from fields that have long suffered for a deep awakening. Quarterly meeting occasions have in many places displayed the old-time power and quickened into activity latent and misemployed forces. As yet the response is not general, but all the indications are favorable for a revival that will spread from pole to pole.

And now, while our senior Bishop has the ear of the church, and is sending forth his ringing appeals, we notice some ominous shaking of the head and difficulties suggested that portend disappointment. We believe in the faithful wounds of a friend—in candor and fidelity. The issues involved are too momentous to admit of flattery or sentimentality. But there is a fitness in things, and a time both to speak and keep silent. And just now is the occasion to magnify the grace we have, slug doxologies over victories granted, and push forward to certain and glorious triumph. We are not to call a halt until the column comes up—until the church, in ministry and membership, is everywhere ready—but rather shout to the battle, and thereby stimulate the faithless and timid to heroic endeavor. In urging the necessity for good conditions of a genuine revival, Bishop Pierce indicated with convincing clearness all the difficulties in the way. But there are some who fear the church will be exalted above measure, and therefore feel called upon to act the part of a Pauline thorn.

Quite unexpectedly to us we find our distinguished and zealous friend, Dr. Windell, of Arkansas, in company with the pessimists. He is publishing a series of open letters to Bishop Pierce in the Nashville Advocate, which certainly pitch our revival tune on a doleful minor key. His difficulties in the second letter are with the preachers, and the arrangement is as follows: 1. Failure to preach the doctrine of conversion; 2. Time-serving and place-seeking; 3. Transferring from Conference to Conference; 4. Failure to preach plainly and administer discipline; 5. The Bishops are held blame-worthily for not closing their cabinet doors, and for listening to influential laymen and floating preachers.

Now, if the doctrine, "like priest, like people," be true, and this picture be correct, our church is in a deplorable condition, and has scarcely enough righteous left to stay the scourge of Sodom. We must think our brother colors the picture too deeply. We have not so found Methodist preachers. The doctor says: "Many of our ministers look upon the whole matter of conversion as purely intellectual." Before any license is granted authority to preach in our church he is examined as to his religious experience, doctrinal views and call to the ministry. This is our safeguard against such a danger. If, therefore, any brethren hold such views as indicated above they are woefully backslidden, and sadly need laboring with. But we must believe that the doctor takes counsel of his fears when he says "many" preachers are so inoculated. There may be spiritual declension in the ministry without gross aberration from Methodist orthodoxy. We all need a morning and evening penitential experience, but we do not believe there is any doctrinal heresy in our pulpits.

What is said about transfers and place-seeking smacks of connectional orthodoxy. We do not question the motives of our superintendents in transferring men for certain appointments. If in their godly judgment these men have special fitness for the demands of those pastorates it is their duty so to employ them. To criticize such exercise of episcopal prerogative is to prejudice their administration, deconnectionalize the church and spread discontent among the preachers. Our connectional integrity must be preserved. In it is lodged the mighty power of the Methodist polity. To sectionalize and localize our system is to enfeeble and confine its marvelous capabilities.

But when, in support of his charge upon these "floating men," "ecclesiastical adventurers," "men for the great centers," the venerable doctor points triumphantly to the meager returns from their charges he is certainly wide of the mark. The reports which have thrilled the church for the past few months have come from these "great centers." Revivals of the old style "that shook and captured the town" have attended the word, and multitudes have rejoiced in a conversion by no means "purely intellectual." But, admitting the doctor's unimpaired arraignment to be true, the number of that class is too small to demoralize the connection. There is scarcely one to a half

dozen Conferences. Many of the Conferences are pleading for men, and give them cordial, grateful welcome.

We hope our brother will cheer up and lead the hosts with the characteristic hopefulness of other years. Whatever difficulties may be in the way can be removed by prayer and work rather than criticism and complaint. There is no time for pessimism. Let us catch the shout of victory which comes up from many quarters, and echo it over our broad connection. A man can look at difficulties until faith and courage will fail. We need to look to Calvary—the all-conquering Saviour—the hill from whence cometh strength and triumph.

## Methodism in Oxford, England.

Methodism was born in a University. Her first votaries were students in the colleges at Oxford. Wesley writes: "In November, 1729, four young gentlemen of Oxford—Mr. John Wesley, fellow of Lincoln College; Mr. Charles Wesley, student of Christ Church; Mr. Morgan, commoner of Christ Church; and Mr. Kirkeham, of Merton College—began to spend some evenings in a week together in reading, chiefly the Greek Testament." These were the first Oxford Methodists. Afterward the number largely increased, and their devotional study of the Bible and lives of singular moral strictness caused them to be sneered at as "Bible Moths," "Bible Bigots," "The Holy Club," "Methodists," etc. How marvelous have been the resulting influences of those little gatherings for Bible study. The small company—the butt of scholastic ridicule—has multiplied to millions. But though that mighty revival began in a University town, there it met fiercest opposition, and for years found fewest sympathizers. Even as late as 1768 Methodism had scarcely a name to live in the very place where it was cradled. Mr. Tyerman, in his "Life and Times of the Rev. John Wesley," writes: "The small chapel in Oxford was in New-Hall Lane, and the Oxford home of the two unmarried preachers, Joseph Entwistle and Richard Reece, was a garret in the house of a journeyman shoemaker, for which the society paid sixpence a week as rent, and which had to serve them as dining-room, sitting-room, bedroom and study, all in one." That surely was an unpromising prospect, thirty-nine years after the Oxford Methodists began. The London Watchman, of May 9, 1883, is before us, with an inspiring account of "Wesleyan Methodism in Oxford at the Present Time," from the pen of Hugh Price Hughes. We make the following liberal extract, that our readers may see the renewed vitality and aggressiveness of our cause in the place of its birth:

In March, 1881, this circuit returned 537 members, with 99 on trial and 27 in junior society classes. This year we report 910 members, with 99 on trial and 161 in junior society classes. Equally striking progress is exhibited in the Sunday-school schedule. In 1881 this circuit returned 782 Sunday-school scholars, with 99 teachers; we now report 1,221 scholars, with 143 teachers. Our friends will also be glad to hear that, whereas in 1881 there were 301 children in our hands of hope, that number has now grown to 554. But the most delightful fact of all is this: In 1881 the number of Sunday-school scholars who were members of Society or on trial was 87, but that precious category now contains 251 names. In brief, "Wesleyan Methodism in Oxford" was never so flourishing as "at the present moment."

The young men still continue to evangelize the surrounding villages "every Sunday, wet or fine, in bands of four each." Charlton, the village which had been dropped from the plan, is now worked regularly. Eynsham, with more than 2,000 inhabitants, the largest place in this district previously uncoupled by Wesleyan Methodism, we entered last summer, and we have been rewarded by special success. We have already a society with 3 leaders and about 50 members, and a Sunday-school of 80 scholars. These Methodists of yesterday have actually raised £90 among themselves toward the erection of a permanent chapel in place of the present "hired house." I greatly regret that our hands are so full at Oxford that we can do nothing to assist them at present. This is one of the most hopeful openings I have ever known. If some wealthy Methodist will only give us £150 we will erect a good chapel at once, and he will make himself a benefactor to that little town for many generations. At last we shall be ready to build a much-needed chapel as soon as Oxford is out of the way. The zealous working men at Headington Quarry have, without any suggestion from me or any help from Oxford, so effectively evangelized the neighboring village of Beckley that Beckley now takes its regular place on the circuit plan, and has a living society of 20 members.

And now to return to Oxford. The new chapel is nearly all built. At New Hinksey, an outlying suburb of 1,200 inhabitants, with no other sanctuary except a very ritualistic church, we have built a capital little chapel to seat 130 at a cost of £205. Amid relentless persecution from the ritualistic priest the work goes on.

At St. Clement's the old hired shed has been succeeded by a mission chapel to hold 300 and 3 vestries. As many of the working men who form this vigorous church gave time, labor and materials, this roomy building, the vestries and the ground, have all been obtained for £550. Both the New Hinksey and the St. Clement's Chapels have been consecrated by the conversion of souls.

On the seventeenth of this month we propose to lay the memorial stones of the third and largest chapel built during the last eighteen months. It stands on a splendid site secured from St. John's College, and will cost £3,000. It will be in the district in which are found the Oxford Roman Catholic Chapel and the two most famous ritualistic churches in this city, but in which there is no evangelical church and no Protestant Nonconformist Church. Our new chapel will be the only representative of evangelical and Protestant Christianity in the midst of the 8,000 artisans and villa residents in the most important suburb of Oxford. In meeting this great and urgent need our people deserve encouragement. I find an impression in some influential quarters that the Oxford people are too fond of appealing for outside help, and do not make sufficient efforts themselves. I desire once for all to say—and I beg every one who reads this to repeat it from the house-top—that, whatever may have been the case in the forgotten past, the Oxford Methodists of this generation are making greater and more self-sacrificing efforts than I have ever witnessed or heard of in any Methodist circuit in England. The great local efforts necessitated by the erection of the fine Wesley Memorial Chapel were brought to a close only a fortnight before I reached Oxford. Nevertheless, I immediately took up the extensive scheme which is now planting a Methodist Chapel in every quarter of this city. As I have already shown, three chapels have been built in Oxford during the last eighteen months, and now this circuit is providing an additional minister's house, and will take another married minister at Conference.

## Coronation.

The Czar of Russia has been crowned at the Kremlin—the Great in Moscow—on whose gilded dome Napoleon Bonaparte sacrilegiously remarked: "God might well be God in heaven; on earth, though, he would tolerate no rival." Soon after Moscow was reduced to ashes. Alexander III has been crowned. It was a grand affair, the ceremonies were elaborate and imposing; the festivities pompous and costly.

This leads me to think of the coronation of the Son of God. The soldiers platted a crown of thorns and put it upon his head, inflicting numerous and painful wounds. Thick drops of blood pearl over his van cheeks. The head which gave birth to thoughts and sentiments which make intellectual giants stagger, the head which on earth had no place of its own on which to rest, is crowned with ignominy.

Wonderful to be told. The defamations of Christ renders the sinner's elevation possible. The crown of thorns which Christ wore enables me to secure the crown of a spiritual king and priest. The crown of life is nothing more nor less than God's benign design in regard to the sinner carried out, saved from sin, born again.

Long since Christ has been exalted. He sitteth at the right hand of God. John portrays him decked with many crowns. Many crowns, many empires. Which are the empires over which he sways his scepter? Are not the hearts of men provinces, vast, fertile and important? What kingdom of many square miles can equal in value a human soul? What mines of precious metal, thoughts profound and comprehensive, may be successfully worked in the kingdom of a human soul? What fertile plains of cogitation, imagination and sentiment, producing an abundant harvest of felicity and celestial enjoyment?

Come, reader, us soldiers of the cross, engaged in the holy war, we will do valiantly and wrest the provinces from the grasp of Satan; we will win souls for Christ. A human soul won secures for Christ another crown.

St. John, in his beatific vision on lone Patmos, beheld the Saviour at another throne as crowned with a rainbow. Expressive emblem! The rainbow apparently unites earth to heaven, forms a bridge, a way from this world of sin and misery to the city of God. Christ is, indeed, the way. The rainbow appears only after the dark clouds have discharged their floods. Nor is Christ seen, recognized, appreciated, accepted until true repentance has filled the soul with agony because of sin.

## An Eloquent Extract.

At the recent commencement of Garrett Biblical Institute, Dr. H. B. Ridgway preached his installation sermon as professor of historical theology. It was a masterly discourse, and if space allowed we would reproduce it entire. Dr. Ridgway will be remembered as the fraternal messenger of the Meth-

odist Episcopal Church to our last General Conference at Nashville.

At the altar of Moravianism Wesleyan Methodism received its distinctive life. At Oxford John Wesley became a Methodist but he got no further than a legal Christianity. To and from America he was still a legalist. It was not until that memorable night in Aldgate Street, when, as he listened to Peter Boehler reading Luther's preface to his epistle to the Romans, and he felt his heart strangely warmed; that his fetters were broken and his soul took wings. Then, to my mind, evangelical Methodism was born. Then the germ of spiritual freedom burst forth, and the old husk of work-righteousness fell away. Man is not made a child of God by working; he is made a child of God by the Spirit of God, and then he serves, and serves with all his might. This is the case of Methodism, as it is Moravianism, and the Reformation, and primitive Christianity.

Protestantism has had its stages, progress and reactions. Originally the recoil of individual freedom from the despotism of a vast centralized hierarchical power, it undoubtedly ran to some extremes. Personal liberty became license for the wildest religious and social vagaries. All reverence for antiquity and for internal authority was endangered. Numberless sects and divisions, groundless save in the heated imaginations of men ignorant of all precedents, sprang up. But at length a time of healing has come, a time of gathering the stones together; a time in which the inquiry through all the ranks of evangelical Protestantism is passing, but wherein do we differ, but wherein do we agree, and upon what ground may we stand and act together? A magnificent objective Christianity has grown up, not simply in the consensus of doctrine and practical missionary zeal, but in the organization of the evangelical alliance of Europe and America, the successive conferences of which have attested the grand faith and common fellowship of a united Protestantism. The doctrinal basis adopted first by the evangelical alliance at its formation in London, 1846, approved by the several European organizations and by the American organization, 1867, may be regarded substantially as the declaration of the faith of the evangelical Protestant Church. This is the glorious inheritance transmitted to us, the work of the fathers into which we their children have entered. Shall we prove worthy of our possessions?

A few points in closing: 1. It should be recollected that the doctrinal statements which have come down to us were not settled in the way of unmeaning concessions and compromises, but by a thorough analysis, a clear discrimination of conceptions, and an exact use of them. 2. I wish to say, too, that the very wealth of Christianity for the intellect, the heart, and life has gathered about the great doctrines and truths bequeathed to us by the fathers. The saving, cleansing, conquering, and productive religion of every age has been the religion of the blood. One main reason why Athanasius stood immovably for the doctrine of the godhead of Christ, his equality with the Father, was that he regarded the doctrine of the supreme divinity of Jesus as radically affecting the doctrine of the atonement. If Christ was not God, then he could not have made a sufficient atonement; and without sufficient atonement neither he nor the world could be saved. Without shedding of blood was no remission of sin. And it is a singular fact that from his day to ours, wherever the godhead of Christ drops out of theology, it is followed by the dropping out of vicarious atonement and of the radical depravity and helplessness of human nature. Now, whatever of theology you have that has supernatural power and self-consistency; whatever of poetry that has inspiration for the faith of the believer; whatever of music that possesses any capacity for the exciting of the devotional feelings; the preaching which grips human consciences and brings trembling sinners to God; the prayers which besiege the throne of God and bring down his helping hands to enfeeble and struggling humanity, all, all were begotten of the blood. "The life is in the blood." Give us, then, the theology, the hymnology, the liturgy, the literature, the religion of the cross. The cross of Christ is at once the symbol and the substance of Christianity. 3. Nor may we overlook what the faith of the church has cost at what expenditure of life and treasure it has been handed down to us. 4. We must be struck in such a review as this with the stability of Christian doctrine and the Christian church as ground of hope and encouragement. The element of stability is a fundamental condition not only of happiness, but also of efficient work.

## Seashore Camp Ground.

The trustees of the camp ground, consisting of Price Williams, Wm. Otis, W. J. Hearin, Dan. Smith and J. H. Lakin, of the Mobile district; Dr. E. F. Griffin and Henry Ware, of the Seashore district; and W. H. Foster, J. H. Keller, B. O. L. Itayne, G. W. W. Goodwyn, John N. Pharr, T. J. Carver, J. H. Carpinian and E. P. Mackie, of the New Orleans district, met upon the grounds on Saturday, May 19, to make preparations for the approaching annual camp meeting, to commence on Wednesday, July 11 next, with thirteen out of the fifteen members present, together with preachers and other visitors.

The grounds are in fine condition, fresh, green and shady, more inviting and charming than ever. The new barbed wire fence enclosing the

grounds is an improvement long desired, and will add much to the comfort and enjoyment of the tenters and visitors. Other improvements have been made since the encampment of 1882, and progress and growth, though gradual, are seen every year. The tabernacle has received a new roof, brick foundations have been furnished the pillars, the seats have been reset with new foundations, and new and fresh sawdust is to replace the old, making a pleasant and agreeable carpet for the worshipping congregation.

The trustees have accomplished here a great work for the church. They have secured here a valuable property, which was improved and established as a permanent camp ground. They hold its trustees, just as other church properties are held, for the use and benefit of the New Orleans district, of the Louisiana Conference, the Mobile district, of the Alabama Conference, and the Seashore district, of the Mississippi Conference, for the use of the churches thereof for the holding of camp meetings, and for other religious, charitable and educational purposes.

Persons who have visited other camp grounds assure the trustees that Seashore will compare most favorably, in its surroundings and advantages, with any camp ground they have ever visited. Commencing by purchase of suitable location directly on the coast of the Gulf of Mexico, and proceeding to the erection of a commodious tabernacle of house of worship, a few small wooden cottages and other requisite improvements, they advertised their first encampment in the summer of 1882. The meeting was well attended, and proved a blessing to the church, and the people retired pleased and delighted with the new camp ground. Since that first year the progress of the enterprise has been constantly onward, and the trustees have been imperatively called upon from year to year to meet enlarged demands of the people visiting the encampment, which they have done, as good stewards of the church, as best they could with insufficient means to meet their annual outlays, and depending mainly upon public contributions at the camp meetings to raise the requisite amount, until public collections have become wearisome, and it is found, after all, that the larger portion of the burden fell upon the trustees themselves.

The encampment has not sufficient revenue to meet its annual expenses. Seashore is unlike any other camp ground in our Southern country. It is not a neighborhood camp ground. It is not encompassed by several scores of Methodist families, all able and desirous to contribute to its support and success. It has no back country of importance to support it, and it has many expenses not common to other encampments: the necessity of a keeper to protect and preserve the grounds and properties, and the luxury of sea bathing by furnishing piers and baths. These and many other advantages incident to the wisely selected location peculiar to and enjoyed at the "camp beside the sea" imperiously demand a regular revenue to the encampment. To aid in raising this regular annual revenue the trustees have instituted and fixed a small gate fee, for admittance at the gates, to-wit: for children from six to twelve years of age, ten cents; good for all admissions during the day, or for the same, six to twelve years, twenty-five cents for the term of the camp meeting; for persons over twelve years, twenty-five cents, good for the day, or fifty cents for the term of the camp meeting. A cart or other vehicle with driver will pay twenty-five cents each admission.

It is believed that this system, though new, will be found to work well, and, though it may not at first meet the expectations of the friends of the camp ground, nor prove sufficient source of revenue, it will eventually, it is to be hoped, with the small income from other sources, prove adequate to meet the demands of the annual expenses of the grounds. This system is in operation in many of the Methodist camp meetings of our country, and works well. The people soon get acquainted with its working and like it. It is but little to each; it divides the amount to be raised far more evenly and justly than is done by the public collection. An important consideration, too, is that the pleasant and profitable religious exercises at the stand on Sunday are no more to be disturbed hereafter by public collections for the camp ground expenses. Seashore Camp Meeting is not local in its objects and influences. "It is a connectional institution. The three States more intimately interested in maintaining the enterprise here enjoy annually a grand Christian reunion, itself worth the entire outlay of labor and means expended, while from States adjoining, and from far beyond, the Lord's people delight to











...W. COURTNEY IMMEDIATE DELIVERY



PRICES CURRENT.

REVISED AND CORRECTED WEEKLY.

ADVOCATE OFFICE.	
New Orleans, Monday, June 4, 1883.	
Our readers should bear in mind that our quotations represent prices for round lots, and that in all large quantities higher prices must be paid.	
SOUTHERN STAPLES.	
Cotton, P. B.	To-day.
Low ordinary	10 1/2
Good ordinary	11 1/2
Low middling	12 1/2
Middling	13 1/2
Good middling	14 1/2
Middling fair	15 1/2
Good middling fair	16 1/2
Receipts since our last	1,000 bales.
Receipts previously	1,000 bales.
SUGAR, P. B.	
Full	10 1/2
Prime	11 1/2
Choice	12 1/2
Yellow refined	13 1/2
White refined	14 1/2
Dark brown	15 1/2
Crushed	16 1/2
HOLICASS, in bulk, P. B.	
Common	10 1/2
Prime	11 1/2
Choice	12 1/2
RICE, Louisiana, P. B.	
Common	10 1/2
Prime	11 1/2
Choice	12 1/2
GROCERIES.	
Butter, P. B.	To-day.
Western	15 1/2
New York	16 1/2
COFFEE, P. B.	
Arabica	10 1/2
Robusta	11 1/2
CHOCOLATE, P. B.	
English	10 1/2
French	11 1/2
CANDLES, P. B.	
Best	10 1/2
CORN MEAL, P. B.	
Common	10 1/2
Prime	11 1/2
FLOUR, P. B.	
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Christian Advocate.

THURSDAY, JUNE 14, 1883.

For the New Orleans Christian Advocate.

THANKS-GIVING.

BY F. M. M.

"He took the cup and gave thanks."—Matthew 26:27.

Thou Son of God, and canst be  
These thanks of thine were given for me:  
The Key-note of the song of praise:  
That I should sing in future days

Didst thou my alleluia hear?  
Then leaping up and strong and clear  
Whence the exulting voice may give,  
Since thou hast died that I may live.

Forgive the doubts, forgive the fears,  
Pardon the weak, rebellious tears,  
So quick to come thy love to give,  
And let me now thy word believe.

That thou mayst keep in perfect peace  
And give comfort a full release  
So quick to come thy love to give,  
From sin and death and pre-emptive grave.

Give me the song the angels sing  
Of glory to the Saviour King,  
Who lived and died and rose again,  
To break Death's power and loose his chain.

So shall my song forever be,  
A song of praise, my King, to thee,  
My King whose beauty I shall see,  
Who loved and gave himself for me.

No waiting nor shall I the theme,  
More glorious than an angel's dream,  
Of mercy, wisdom, truth and love,  
Our highest thoughts and praise above.

The song the morning stars have sung,  
The song the morning spheres have sung,  
Yet infant thou canst form the dole  
As upward to the throne it flows.

The voice of many waters there,  
The voice of mingling praise and prayer,  
To him that sits upon the throne  
The living, lofty, holy One.

Jurisdiction of Temperance.

BY DR. J. W. HARMON.

In this great Republic of Republics, political power is said to be inherent in the people; that people form societies and societies form governments, and thus the doctrine of self-government is developed by the exercise of this power.

It is a doctrine set forth in political economy that a well organized government is to be administered solely for the protection, the safety, the happiness and the common good of all, by the chosen servants of the people, and that it becomes the imperative duty of every citizen always to comport himself so as to preserve the welfare of society and the prosperity of the commonwealth.

But underlying all societies and all governments and all political economy is the fundamental doctrine that mind, capacity and the right of self-government are divine creations and gifts, whether existing in the person, the society or the government.

Hence "the State," "the body politic" or "commonwealth" is recognized as a moral person, inasmuch as it possesses understanding and a will, of which it makes use in selecting servants or officers for the conduct of its affairs, and is capable of assuming obligations and rights.

Therefore we deem the argument conclusive that if any person or persons project any business or calling, or if the State, through her servants, should authorize any person or persons to pursue any business or calling that militates, in its results, against the peace, the welfare and the happiness of society by creating disorder, bloodshed and death, that they are sapping the foundations of good government and violating the very first principles of constitutional law.

If there be any truth in this then from whence did State Legislatures, City Councils and town authorities derive the illegitimate principle to license persons to manufacture and traffic in intoxicating beverages, endorsing an unmitigated evil, which has always waved against the good order, welfare and happiness of society.

No one man possesses the inherent natural right or power to project any business or calling or to so use his property that it will destroy the health, the happiness and the lives of individual members of society.

How then can any number of men, not possessing in themselves this inherent power, authorize others to use their property to the destruction of the peace of society, and inflicting flagrant wrongs upon individual persons and families of the commonwealth? Surely if there be any equity or righteousness in constitutional law it can not originate in State Constitutional Conventions, assembled as the sovereign representatives of all the people, who, in their individual persons, possess no natural or inherent right to set a going a principle or doctrine that will do damage to the morals of society and be destructive to the lives of men. Because the exercise of all rightful power under organized forms of society, and covered by the age of constitutional law, must of necessity be exercised as to protect the public weal and insure the physical, moral and religious safety of her citizens.

The fundamental maxims of all sound law declare that no person or persons shall be permitted to use their property to the damage of society or to the damage of persons in the commonwealth. How then did State Legislatures obtain the authority to turn loose upon society such an evil principle as the liquor license system, contravening the very spirit and intent of constitutional law and subversive of good government? Let the true answer to this question be understood now and forever, that office seekers and office holders and men in authority disregarding the true spirit of common, civil and constitutional

law, without any warrant from sound law, justice or equity, turned loose upon the commonwealth this monstrous iniquity, this "sum of all villainies." Let it be proclaimed in halls and Senate chambers, let it be proclaimed from the pulpit, that the delegates of State Constitutional Conventions, having no regard to the welfare of the citizens and no fear of God before them, seized upon the criminal power, authorizing Legislatures to license the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors in the several States. Ever since the unwarranted assumption of this criminal power by the delegates of State Constitutional Conventions, ever since the turning loose of this unmitigated evil among the States, it has worked untold damage to the commonwealth, entailing a heritage of wrong upon thousands of innocent families. When the delegates seized upon this illegal, illegitimate power, and invested State Legislatures with this criminal principle of legislation, they made, then and there, a direct attack upon the peace, the health, the prosperity, the religion and the safety of the citizens of all the commonwealths. They violated every principle of exact justice, and prostituted to the basest purposes the principles of true political and financial economy. There can be no moral or legal right which is repugnant to constitutional law. Such a base, unwarranted assumption of power for purposes of legislation stands out in all its gloomy isolation, bloody with wrong and burdened with the damnation of its own fearful criminality. This gigantic wrong perpetrated against all the interests of humanity must be disposed from its stronghold, and this heinous, illegitimate, criminal principle must no longer be held as either legal or constitutional in any sense of true law, because it is crime-producing. The principal danger, therefore, which besets the interests of humanity and the government, springs from the politicians, the lawyers and men high in authority disregarding the true spirit of constitutional law.

This whole liquor license system is repugnant to the constitution of these United States, and may be utterly abolished in all these States, and has been so declared by the highest judicial tribunal known to these States, and that without a dissenting voice. Such is the jurisprudence of temperance, which ought to be heeded by all professors of Christianity.

From the Work.

PAISONIA AND INDIAN BAYOU.

MR. EDITOR: Our second quarterly meeting has been held, thus closing up the second chapter of the Conference year for 1883. The attempt to magnify these occasions goes for so little, while there is so much water in the country layous, without any public means of crossing, intercepting the traveler every few miles; a broad sheet of water stretching out beyond view in front of church and parsonage. The presiding elder, Rev. J. W. Price, was with us, beloved, able preacher, just like all the rest who have been written about, so I need not write any more of him. As he was a new man among us I was anxious for him to see our congregation in its best turn out; but Sunday morning broke dark and gloomy, with thunder talking in the distance, and occasional showers of rain. The congregation was not what I hoped for, but was quite respectable under the circumstances. The dug-out, the only available means of travel by which many could reach the church at all, was in use, and men, women and children landed from them within a few yards of the church door. The preacher gave us the Christian race and its witnesses. A result of the quarter's work was one baptism and one reception into full communion.

Monday morning the presiding elder, from inclination and engagement, must return homeward. No very reliable pilot could be obtained just at the time. These routes on water through the woods are hard to learn. I had passed over the one we wished to pursue on this occasion twice, once alone, and thought I could guide them safely through. We had secured the services of a gentleman who had seen service on these crafts for travel on water, through the woods in times of overflow. They agreed to risk themselves under my direction. So about nine o'clock we embarked, our boat the trunk of an ash tree hollowed out on top and shaped underneath for floating on the water, and started down the main channel of the Southwester. With two paddles and the force of the current we traveled at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour; but we must leave this and make our way into a bayou, the mouth of which, where we were to enter it, is about two miles wide, with woods so thick to see one hundred yards through there is doing well. I had mentioned that when I passed there a week before, where some cranes were feeding was the point at which to turn out. The cranes had slightly changed position; and by a few hundred feet we missed the channel aimed at, and soon I announced myself in a strange woods, but we kept by bearing to the right we can regain the course we missed. Travel is immensely difficult. The undergrowth, tangled and bound together with vines, impede us. We must force our way into it. The bushes are too thick for us to use our paddles. We must necessarily pull ourselves along, having to break or cut limbs and vines, occasionally pierced by a thorn, then a rough brush drags across the

neck or face, just where we did not want it to. At length land appears on both sides of us. We were evidently in some bayou, but it was all strange to me. I have seen preachers trying to act smart before their presiding elders and failed; now I know how they felt. I acknowledged myself lost. As we had been in a close, cramped position for hours it was proposed to land and rest awhile, and I would walk along the edge of the water and inspect. I returned to my companions, unwilling to be responsible for following up the course of this stream any further. The prospect of spending the night in a dense cane-break in this damp, muddy swamp was not at all cheering. We were without lunch, without bedding of any kind and without means of fire. I did not wish my presiding elder's locks wet with the dews of the night, especially when I was with him. He had a good set of lungs, as all presiding elders ought to have. He tried them to their utmost; this elicited no response, except dismal echoes from the gloomy woods. Should we turn back and seek the river in order to escape from our trouble? The good brother with us insisted that the growth around us was similar to that along the bayou we were seeking for, and asked if in my walk above I had seen an elevated bank. I had observed that peculiarity. He stated that he had been through this part of the swamp a time or two when there was no water, had observed those banks, and thought he could find some signs of a wagon road; if so the bayou we were in would lead us to the one we were seeking. This afforded us something to go by. We soon reached the elevated banks, which were more marked than I had described, and there was the wagon road. This was encouraging. Our paddles were now made to do an active part. Another body of water is reached. Some familiar landmarks for which I had been looking hours before are observed. A party, going up the river along the route we intended coming, is met; they further assure us. No question in any of our minds now as to our whereabouts. We soon reach a point where the woods are open out to the public road. Here we leave our boat, as walking is more agreeable than riding after so much of it after the sort we had had. Perhaps we had little idea of the dangers and perils we had passed. None can know this in strange waters except one familiar with this mode of travel. A log just under the surface may suddenly swamp your boat, a hidden stump or cypress knee may suddenly capsize so frail a craft, while other difficulties have contributed to the drowning of unfortunate victims. Here we pass a spot which forcibly reminds us of the gratitude we owe to God for our preservation. It is where a colored presiding elder was drowned, and just there is his grave. He was on his way to his appointment, much as our presiding elder was, only he was alone. He seemed to have been on foot, apparently wading, got beyond his depth, and went down. He was missed, and could not be heard from. The water was falling, and his friends began to look along the bayous. After eight days his body was found. He seemed to have gone down without a struggle, and lay quietly upon the bottom with his face to the ground, his saddle-bags across his shoulder, just as I have seen preachers carry them on foot, and his hand still clasping and holding them to their place. Putrefaction had gone too far to admit of a decent burial. A hole was dug beside the stream where he was found, and he was dropped in. The grass has not yet grown over his grave. At the foot of a huge gum tree, the monarch of centuries, he quietly sleeps until the trump of God shall awake him from his rude house.

A Negative Consolation.

(Extract from last night's discourse.)

To a faithful minister, though apparently unsuccessful, or a true parent, with wayward, unpromising children, or an earnest layman in the church of God, who sees no signs of his usefulness among his irreligious neighbors, it is at least a negative consolation that the best man in the antislavery world (his Master being Judge) preached righteousness, and showed his faith by his works a hundred years, and who no soul that we are informed of. And it is a positive consolation that the Lord held back the flood until the ark was prepared. I conclude, therefore, that when a man begins to build his ark of refuge from the floods or storms of wrath to come, according to Divine direction, as Noah did, and continues all the time, however slow (and many of us are slow), that the good Lord will forbear until our ark or character is made, or finish it for us by a shorter process. But it is not a consolation to the wicked that the wild, savage beasts, beasts of prey that devour and feed on one another, and men as well, were moved by the Spirit to seek shelter with the good man from the coming wrath and ruin. I say it is not encouraging nor consoling that ravenous beasts are more impressive than civilized, reasoning men, made in the Divine image, with a sovereign will, with godlike capabilities. But it is not only a consolation; but a joy, that there is a power that could bring them, all into sweetest harmony and fellowship in the ark, as Isaiah, the prophet, so minutely and beautifully describes the scene actually occurring, and fore-shadowing in the material world the indescribable blessedness and beauty of the spiritual world, where sin shall

be no more. Oh! hasten the glad day, when the lamb and the lion shall lie down together, and when a little child shall lead them, and may put his hand on the cockatrice's den, and play upon the hole of the asp without hurt. O Lord, send us speedy salvation, we pray thee. Bless our dear old Advocate and editor. He pleases us well.

J. W. JORDAN.

Marriages.

MARSHALL-BAGGETT.—At the residence of the bride's father, Judge William Baggett, in Brookhaven, Miss., May 31, 1883, by Rev. H. F. Johnson, D. D., Mr. John I. Marshall to Miss Maggie Baggett.

DIVINE-MCDOWELL.—At the residence of the bride's father, Mr. John Dancy, Canton, Miss., May 2, 1883, by Rev. W. L. C. Hummell, Mr. R. K. Divine and Miss Ella McDowell.

BAKER-BLEDSCOE.—At the residence of Mr. Cornelius O'Leary, Sharon, Miss., May 23, 1883, by Rev. W. L. C. Hummell, Mr. James Baker and Miss Ellen Bledscoe.

Obituaries.

BRAME—WILLIAM M. BRAME was born in Marengo county, Ala., February 7, 1830, and departed this life in Paulding, Miss., May 18, 1883, aged forty-seven years, three months and eleven days. He was married to Miss Vicy A. Morgan, of Claiborne, Miss., October 14, 1857, and in 1858 he moved to Jasper county, Miss., and settled near Claiborne. In December, 1865, he moved to Paulding, Miss., and engaged in the mercantile business, and lived in or near this place till his death.

In 1871 he was elected sheriff of Jasper county, and was re-elected each term of office until he had been sheriff ten years, in succession, and then voluntarily retired from becoming a candidate. I reckon no man who had been in public life so long had lower energies. He was a favorite with most of the citizens of this county. The estimate put upon him by this community was manifested in part, at least, by the crowds of people—men, women and children of all colors and churches—who kept pouring in all day Saturday, and who looked with sad countenances at his usually, but illness from, one would say, "There lies my friend," another, "He was the best man I ever knew," and a poor Indian, looking at him, said, "He good man. Me know him."

I have seldom heard so many eulogiums pronounced upon any one man as these: "He was an honest man," "He was so charitable," "He was impartial in office," "He would accommodate himself to oblige a friend." Hundreds of people attended his funeral services Saturday evening, at four o'clock.

In 1859 he joined the Congregational Church at Oak Blowers, in this county, as a seeker of religion. After he moved to Paulding, there being no Congregational Church here—he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Not long after this, on going home one night from a Baptist protracted meeting held by Rev. Mr. Nelson, he was happily converted and praised God with his family. He continued an active, useful and consistent member till his death. The church here and on the whole circuit has lost one of its main props, so far as human support is concerned. When the church in Paulding was burnt down some years ago, and a new one had to be built, he headed the list with an subscription of one hundred dollars. Some say he was liberal to a fault. His purse, his heart, his house were all open to the preachers, and their families, as the brethren who have traveled this circuit for years past can testify. Since his death one of our best men, who knew him well, writes me thus: "I say, unhesitatingly, he was one of the most noble, hospitable, generous-hearted men I ever knew. When approached for the needy, I never knew or heard of his turning one away empty. I loved him as a brother."

On the last Sabbath, after preaching on the parable of the Good Samaritan, I heard him say, if he had ever wronged a single man in his long career, or if a nickel he was owed he wanted it. His understanding the circumstances connected with his death are exceedingly distressing; yet, up to the beginning of that melancholy scene, I do not think he entertained any animosity toward any human being on earth. He wanted to be friendly with every body. He was a man of kind, benevolent, noble impulses. The children loved him; the poor loved him; the colored people, the Indians loved him. He was an agreeable companion, social and cheerful in his disposition, a devoted husband and father, and an obliging neighbor and friend. His death is a public calamity, and is universally lamented by the good people of this county of all parties and colors.

He was in town on May 18 to make arrangements to go to the Quarterly Conference next day at Hilder's, twelve miles south of Paulding. He and I had arranged to go together, and were to meet next morning at my house, or in town, to start at seven o'clock. He told me he would be in town most of the day to collect quarters. He was one of my old friends, and recording steward. He was going home to die with me. My little daughter, Mary, was walking at his side, clapping her hands, and saying, "I love you, papa." He was on the opposite side of the street, to get a hat when the awful tragedy began which resulted in his death.

This melancholy event has covered the whole community with sadness and gloom. Several families and many hearts are in deep trouble. May an All-wise God interpose in our behalf, and so move upon the minds and hearts of all men as to prevent the recurrence of such scenes everywhere.

Our brother loved a wife and nine children to mourn their irreparable loss. May our kind and merciful heavenly Father, be very high to console and bless and aid her in meeting the heavy responsibilities now incumbent upon her. And may the Lord bless the dear children, and bring them up to take the place of their good father in the church and in society.

G. HAWKINS.

PARKER.—The subject of this obituary, Mrs. MARY JANE PARKER, was born May 21, 1801, and died March 31, 1883. Sister Parker was the wife of John G. Parker, and granddaughter of the late venerable James Davis, of Port Bayou, Miss., whose spirit passed into the better land a short time since.

The "circumstances attending her death were sad in the extreme. For several years past she had been subject to falling fits, and on the morning of March 20, two days previous to her death, while adjusting her household affairs, she was seized with a fit and fell so near that her dress caught fire from the hot embers that were in the fire-place, burning her clothes off her while in a state of unconsciousness

—her husband at the time being away from home on business. Sister Parker was a member of the Missionary Baptist Church, and, I am told, lived an exemplary life. The writer visited her in her last affliction and prayed with her; she, at the same time, offering up fervent petitions to a throne of mercy in behalf of her immortal soul. Sister Parker was constant in her private devotions, never neglecting them under any circumstances. She loved the church and the people of God. She was kind and affectionate to all around her. She was endowed with a gentle disposition, and was patient even under sore affliction. It was not until a short time before the last struggle came. On being asked if she was afraid to die, she said: "No. My time is short; but I am willing to go."

"How blest the righteous when they die!" She leaves an infant three weeks old, who will never know its precious mother till it meets her on the happy shores of the heavenly Canaan. She also leaves a fond husband, a brother, and two sisters to mourn her loss, and May God comfort them in their bereavement!

G. H. ELIAS.

JONES.—Departed this life, on the morning of December 21, 1882, our little friend, JENNIE JONES, daughter of Dr. W. E. and Sarah A. Jones. She was born March 25, 1871, in Perry county, Miss., and died in Lawrence county, Miss., with typhoid fever of a nervous nature.

Her illness lasted for six or eight weeks—three of which she was unable to speak even one word to her kind parents in the way of making her anxious wants known. Her suffering seemed to be intense until the close, which was almost without a struggle. Jennie was quite a sweet little girl with all who knew her. She was so very kind, tender and obedient to her parents and teachers, until altogether made for a perfect sunshine of beauty. Her affection was strong and ardent, and her manners were chaste, peaceful and winning. Her words were as the notes of the cheerful morning songster, ever giving delight. She was particularly fond of her books and studies. Really, she was an exception. There are but few of her age that areas well read as she was, and as for her Sunday-school and Bible lessons, they were always perfect and true.

She leaves an elder sister and three little brothers who can never give up the kind assistance she has given them in regard to their lessons. She was a very good Latin scholar, and received many nice presents in reward of merit—among them a beautiful little Testament that she valued most highly. By this sad death the house has been made desolate, an aching void has been created. May the Lord help the parents to realize the promise that in the sweet by-and-by they shall meet again, and clasp to their breasts their now absent darling, Jennie, lying in the graveyard at Mt. Moriah, Silver Creek, Miss.

A FRIEND.

BLACKSHER—MRS. MARTHA J. BLACKSHER, wife of David Blacksher, and daughter of Maj. Benjamin and Martha Blacksher, was born in Wilkes county, Ga., March 12, 1819. Her father moved to Alabama when she was small. In Tuscaloosa, about the year 1827, under the ministry of Dr. R. J. Kenyon, she joined the Methodist Episcopal Church. From thence she moved to Demopolis in the year 1835, and was one of the few that constituted the church there, of which Bro. Ramsey wrote as all having passed over except one lady. It was not popular to be a Methodist in Demopolis then; yet she maintained her Christian integrity, and was at her post when the great revival of 1843 swept over that town. In 1841 she married David Blacksher. This was a most happy union for seventeen years, when she was left a widow.

Since that time she made her home with her sister in Louisiana. She was a very conscientious Christian, and was kind and considerate to the poor. In the latter part of her life she was much afflicted, which she bore with Christian fortitude. She often thought the hour had come for her to cross the stream, and always expressed herself as being willing to go. She lingered along the bank of the stream for some time, anxious to be freed from suffering and enter the rest prepared for the faithful. Her last moments of consciousness were spent in praising God, saying: "I feel like I could sing if I had the strength." "Heaven, sweet heaven; oh! when shall I get there?" "Yes, I am, Ramsey, if I am the last of that best kind," she said, and then she died, on the morning of May 20, 1883, she passed over to the golden city, and is at rest.

FERRILL.—The following are the proceedings of the Wesleyan Society, of Shubuta, Miss., on the death of Mrs. ANNA C. FERRILL: "Resolved, That we have lost our heavenly Father to take from our hearts a beloved member, Mrs. Anna C. Ferrill, who obeyed the summons from earth to heaven on Wednesday, May 2, 1883; and whereas, her death has cast a gloom not only over our society, but over the entire community; therefore, be it

Resolved, That while our hearts are deeply grieved at our loss, we feel that what God wills is only for the best, and we ask him to give us grace to pass through this trying ordeal without murmuring.

Resolved, That the Wesleyan Society has lost one of its most zealous and earnest members, and one who, while in health, was always ready to do what she could for the advancement of its cause.

Resolved, That the memories of her beautiful Christian life may ever be before us as an example worthy of our imitation; and may each one of us so live that when we come to die we can say as she did: "I am going home to Jesus."

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the society, and that copies of the same be sent to the Mississippi Messenger and Christian Advocate for publication; also copies sent to the bereaved husband and family.

MRS. W. L. WEEMS, for Committee.

JOHNSON—MELIE VERMEER JOHNSON, infant daughter and only child of David M. and Ida M. Johnson, was born at Winchester, Miss., September 27, 1881, and departed this life in Paulding, Miss., April 23, 1883, aged one year and seven months.

After a brief but severe illness, lasting only a few hours, this sweet little child passed away; and its pure spirit was borne on angel wings to the blooming grove in her immortal beauty divine. As I stood beside the bed of this little suffering child and saw it pant for breath, and then breathe no more, and when I stood by its grave and saw the bereaved parents weeping over their departed treasure, I thought how consoling the fact that the stone-

ment of Christ reaches and saves our children who die in infancy. Through faith in the blessed gospel, and hope inspired by faith, we look beyond the dark valley—the line separating the visible from the invisible and spiritual world—and among the glorified ones we behold our precious children, who have crossed the line, clothed in white, and with all the saints singing the songs of the redeemed. Little Melie is with them there to-day, forever free from the trials and sorrows of earth.

Oh, how these heavenly-lit eyes blind our hearts to Christ and draw us on to glory! May the God of all grace comfort the hearts of the bereaved parents, and sanctify the death of sweet little Melie to their eternal good!

G. HAWKINS.

NOISWORTHY—ROBERTA SWAYZE NOISWORTHY has blossomed into heaven. Such was the announcement that greeted the friends and acquaintances of our pastor's family in reference to the little, undeveloped human being who so soon closed its brief earthly existence. When the old we look at it it were a fitting sequel to life's strange and checkered history. But when we look at a young life is nipped; then, indeed, all our sympathies are awakened and our tears flow without let or hindrance. We can not fathom these bewildering providences, although confident that they are directed by the loving hand of the Father. It is true he is gathering treasures for us in the heavenly state where our hearts and hopes may be fixed with the loved ones in advance.

Our pastor and wife are growing wealthy in the accumulation of rich treasure in the better world—Roberta making the fifth of the family group represented in heaven. Five centuries, separated by many intervening miles, hold in reserve their lifeless forms. What a blessing has the Father conferred, because they are the parents of crowned angels in heaven. What an honor to father, mother, brothers and sisters that they can claim relationship to angels in the brighter and better world; for death has not broken up this wealth of affection, this immortality of love, but has only extended them to a wider range in the city of God, which will finally lift them all up to the bright home never to know grief or separation.

L. F. H.

MEMPHIS, Miss., May 17, 1883.

HOLLOWAY—MRS. JOSEPHINE W. HOLLOWAY, wife of John P. Holloway, died at his residence, in Mt. Carmel, Miss., May 18, 1883. Her illness was protracted through several weeks and attended by great suffering. She was the daughter of Col. T. D. and Mrs. C. M. Magee, and was born June 21, 1815. From childhood she was unusually intelligent and quick to learn. Her proficiency in study rewarded the pains and had the commendation of her teachers. When eighteen years old she joined the Presbyterian Church at Dry Creek, and ever maintained a religious character consistent with the gospel which she professed. In her later years of married life, dating from April 18, 1848, she approved herself the faithful, loving wife, presiding with grace and dignity over a well-ordered household and dispensing a generous hospitality. Four lovely children were growing up in a delightful home, and giving promise of filling places honorable and useful in the future. Energetic in character, very attractive in person, cultivated and refined in manners, she sought for others more than for herself, and ever ready with a sympathizing word or act in their distress, a wide circle of relatives and friends will long hold her in loving remembrance.

May God comfort the stricken heart and on whom this great sorrow has fallen, and shield from all evil the dear children she has left. Her work here is done—faithfully and well done—and she has gone to receive her reward in glory imperishable, in a better world.

JONES—MARTHA JONES died at her residence, in Cameron parish, La., April 16, 1883. The deceased was born near Harrodsburg, Ky. Her father's family emigrated to Louisiana while she was a child.

She was a member of the Methodist Church, and noted for her acts of benevolence and charity. Her loss is deplored and keenly felt by a large circle of relatives and friends. The home of this estimable lady was always an abiding place for the stranger as well as the friend. She was a close Bible student, and was well versed in its sacred truths. Well did she practice the apostle's precept: "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers." God knows best. She has taken her rest until her last hour. Her husband, who has been a devoted life beyond this, and expressed a desire to meet loved ones there. May all the little circle remember her teachings. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

A. J. DAVIES.

STUART—MISS CLARA A. C. STUART was born July 21, 1835, and died at her father's residence, near Port Adams, Miss., February 22, 1883. She was the only daughter of the late family of R. C. Stuart and M. C. Mayes.

By the death of this amiable young lady the family has lost its idol, the church, a faithful member; the community, an ornament; and all are grieved at the uncertainty of life. Robust in health, uncommonly cheerful in spirit, she would have been among the last in the community to be considered a victim. Verily, the last season for three one, O death! in the strength of young womanhood God has called her to the angels. Stricken parents, bereaved brothers, at the beautiful grave she is "waiting and watching" for you.

THOS. W. HOWES.

LANGFORD—J. CLARK LANGFORD, infant son of Rev. D. C. Langford, aged nine months and fifteen days, died in Lauderdale, Miss., May 21, 1883.

The dear little baby's mother passed away February 13, and now, in three months, little Clark has joined his sainted mother.

CHILLES—On the same day, and of the same disease, little JOHN W. CHILLES, infant son of Henry and Della Chilless, of Lauderdale, Miss., passed to the home of the blessed, aged nine months.

These two little ones died on the same day, and were buried in the same cemetery at the hour of the day. May God comfort the bereaved parents!

A. N. NONWORTHY.

RHODES—Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Rhodes, of Mt. Lebanon, Ia., have a bright little angel in heaven in the person of their little daughter, EVA RHODES, who died May 15, 1883, aged five years, two months and twenty-seven days.

The little flower, though nipped in the bud, has doubtless blossomed in glory. The heavenly Father is greatly regretting the loss of this little darling; but there is another accession to the redeemed host.

HER GRANDFATHER.



J. A. A. PROCTOR.

ADDRESS BY DR. E. R. HENDRIX.

The secret of good health is in having healthy parents to be born of. With a deep sense of obligation to their mother and their own vigor, it is fitting that we should now mention them with all honor. We may glory in an ancestry which flourished in the gospel. In their ~~perfect~~ <sup>perfect</sup> was the leading of their power. They had grasped at the life of Jesus, because they had grasped at the great great fundamental doctrines of our religion. One of those doctrines was that Christ died for all. Uninspired by any false views of a limited atonement, they believed that every man could be saved by the grace of God. In their view, no man lived as if Christ has made human life worthless after the fall by making the fall the provision for the salvation of all. This confidence gave them nerves of steel and they dared to be everywhere with the life of God. None were so degraded that the gospel could not purify, none so wild that the gospel could not tame. Moths were subdued and saved by their ministry, and the prodigal was everywhere welcomed back to his Father's house. They believed, moreover, that when a man's sins were pardoned he knew it by the witness of the Spirit. It became a matter of assurance, and this assurance was not only as he felt again his sin, or neglected his religious duties. Thus, they witnessed to an assurance of pardon, and all were urged to stop short of it. They hesitated, too, on the full consecration of the whole life to God, and that all should strive after personal holiness. The ideal of a Christian life was perfect love—to love God, to love thy God with all thy heart, mind, and strength. This love, if attained, would show itself in greater love for the souls of men, and in more counting labors for the salvation of the world. These were the men of power. The laws of a conversion was, as in Paul's case, the best sermon, and was often retold.

But there was another side to their

He had not lived three days when he met with Peter Bohler, and in a few months after, Mr. Wesley and his brother Charles were converted, the one on the twenty-fourth, the other on the twenty-first of May, 1738. The great doctrines of the reformation, which for nine years they had been laboring to receive, were, by the prevailing of God, the teaching of the Methodist, and the direct impression of the Holy Ghost upon their minds, cleared up, and the event conformed to an epoch in the vitality of Methodism.

It is here well to note how near one

olument, costing perhaps all her savings, and anointed his feet. His odor pervaded the room, the atmosphere, and it has been spreading ever since down through the ages, until we can catch its sweetness to-day. "There were the kisses, the tears, the radiant face, the golden tresses of this pardoned sinner, but there was also the three hundred denarii in that one precious box—a value not less than seventy-five dollars—an offering to her Lord. Of it Gregory the Great said: "As oft as I think upon this event I am more dis-

- The capital of the Book Concern of the Methodist Church is \$1,100,000, and the profits for 1882 were \$19,064 65.
- A revival in the Methodist Church at Carthage, Missouri, has resulted in over 500 accessions to the church.
- India has only two native Churches which are more than fifty years old, and both of them are self-supporting.

him while the gentleman examined the injured leg. It was badly swollen, and hurt him very much to have it examined; but the dog knew it was meant to do him good, and therefore

After speaking these words Kate walked away. No child of a pious mother will be likely to take a sinful course if Kate's reply is taken for a



## Christian Advocate.

ORIGIN OF THE LUISIANA, MISSISSIPPI AND NORTH MISSISSIPPI CONFERENCES OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

CHAS. B. GALLOWAY, D.D., Editor.

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REV. T. A. S. ADAMS. REV. J. T. SAWYER.

REV. W. L. O. HENRICHT.

THURSDAY, JUNE 14, 1883.

License fixed at \$10,000 is practical prohibition. That was done recently in a Georgia town.

Infant baptism increased in the Southern Methodist Church from 14,739, in 1860, to 27,207, in 1882.

Our congregation at Jackson, Miss., worshipped in the lecture-room of the new church for the first time, Sunday, June 3. The presiding elder, Rev. W. L. C. Hammett, preached morning and evening. Last Sunday the pastor occupied the pulpit, and had three applications for church-membership. When completed, that will be about the handsomest church edifice in the State.

"The new theology," about which so much is now written, is appropriately represented by Rev. W. F. Crafts as teaching:

First, that the Bible contains the word of God, adulterated with myths and mistakes; second, that the atonement of Christ was nothing more than moral suasion to win man's heart to God; third, that we are to talk about and write about an after-death probation, instead of leaving that secret thing which belongs unto God where he leaves it—under the self-answering question, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

Church extension is making rapid progress in London Methodism. In 1861 the Metropolitan Chapel Building Fund was established by the noble gift of \$250,000 by Sir Francis Lytett. A like sum was collected throughout the provinces. With this fund in hand, during the past twenty-one years, no less than sixty-four new Methodist chapels have been built in London, each to hold at least 1,000 persons. It is thought that the next ten years will show yet greater progress. We hope, during our Centenary year, some Southern Methodist Sir Francis Lytett will rise up and enrich the loan fund of our Board of Church Extension with a quarter of a million. To this great work we must lend our best energies.

Secretary Morton says that five thousand dollars paid into the treasury within sixty days will enable him to aid points in the West that must receive assistance speedily or suffer. This sum paid by the Board of Church Extension would secure from the people a like or larger sum for building purposes at once. If all our preachers would take the church extension collections now and remit one-half of same to the secretary at 520 West Chestnut street, Louisville, Ky., this sum could be easily realized and a great work accomplished. We hope the appeal will be heeded, and an amount largely in excess of present demands sent forward. The staying power of the church depends upon church extension. If we are slow to build, our growth will be sluggish. In many extensive districts our success has been hindered by congregations contenting themselves in private residences and schoolhouses.

The Northwestern Christian Advocate proposes to change the General Conference year. The argument, and the only one adduced, in favor of the change, is that the General Conference meets just before the presidential nominating conventions. Bro. Edwards refers to the fact that many of their lay delegates at Cincinnati, in 1880, forsook the Conference to attend the Republican Convention at Chicago. Why not prevail with the party "wire-pullers" to postpone the convention until the brethren get through with the Lord's work? Caesar ought to wait on Christ. Besides it might be well for some of the delegates to spend a season in prayer at the Conference, before going down to the wrangles and bargains of a party convention. And again, the Conference may allow the politically disposed to consult and caucus. We very well remember that an enterprising Cincinnati daily, during the last Conference, published one morning the preferred Republican presidential candidate of each member from senior Bishop to colored laymen. Gen. Grant was the favorite by all odds. We have no idea that the Northwestern's proposition will meet with serious consideration. Church work can not accommodate itself to party politics. In our country of many conventions and frequent elections we could scarcely escape some all-important occasion. Let the changing come from the other side.

## A Connectional Matter.

The last number of the Richmond Christian Advocate contains an article nearly three columns in length, entitled "Ecclesiastical Tyranny in Nashville." It is a full statement and settling of matters in controversy between Dr. Lafferty, publisher and editor of the Richmond Christian Advocate, and Dr. J. B. McFerrin, Agent. The facts about which there is no dispute are these: Some time last year, after the adjournment of the General Conference, Dr. Lafferty forwarded an advertisement of his paper for insertion in the Nashville Advocate. This advertisement was rejected by Dr. McFerrin. Feeling aggrieved at this action, Dr. Lafferty brought the matter before the Book Committee in session a few weeks ago. In a short communication to the committee Dr. McFerrin assigned as his reason for rejecting the advertisement the fact "that Mr. Lafferty had made in his columns repeated assaults upon the Publishing House and upon the Agent, and that I could not afford to lend our columns to one who had shown so much hostility to the establishment." The Book Committee adopted a paper which left the whole matter in *statis quo*.

The committee refrain from passing judgment upon the merits of the question, but take the ground that what is done is done, and, as the Agent has concurrent authority, they have no power to alter his acts.

Dr. Lafferty denies having made assaults upon the House, so on that point a square issue of fact is joined.

We have refrained from any reference to this controversy, and purposed to wait until some statement from Dr. McFerrin was made public. Now that he has spoken we feel at liberty to express an opinion upon the principle involved. With matters *personal* between these two gentlemen we have nothing to do. But with the official conduct of a connectional officer we have the interest of every active, loyal Methodist. Even here, however, serious and prayerful caution is needed. We should hesitate to publicly criticize the administration of an officer, and be sure that no capricious ambitions or uncharitable spirit directs or affects our utterances. An unwise speech may weaken the influence of a great connectional enterprise. We have endeavored to pursue this course as a journalist. Our desire is to hold up the hands of those called to high places by the voice of the church, and render all possible assistance in their work. But, under the limitations noted, every Methodist has a right to comment upon, either approvingly or disapprovingly, the acts of connectional officers.

In this controversy we fail to appreciate the decision of the Agent, and for the following reasons:

1. The personal piques of an individual must not control his official conduct. The Agent's personal enemies, if such he has, have as many and just claims upon his *connectional* courtesy and fidelity as his warmest, most enthusiastic friends.

2. A criticism is not an "assault." To criticize, within certain limits, is not only a right, but a duty. We do not say that Dr. Lafferty's criticisms have always been wise, but his utterances could hardly be called an "assault." An administration may be annulled upon without assaulting the institution.

3. The editor of the Nashville Advocate frequently quotes from the Richmond paper. Every such extract is an advertisement of the assaulting paper—a more prominent and approving one than a few lines in the advertising columns proper. Now, it occurs to us that the Agent should have commenced judgment in his own household. He should have first read the riot act to his own editor, and prohibited his quoting and advertising a man whose columns were employed in venting his hostility to the Publishing House and its Agent. To exclude a few lines from a certain column for such reason, and then allow numerous and copious extracts from his paper elsewhere, seemed a little incongruous.

We honor and admire the heroic zeal of our venerable Agent. He has rendered long and valuable service to the church. But in this official act, in which is involved a connectional principle, we must believe that he took counsel of feeling instead of judgment.

The doctrine announced by the Book Committee as the basis of their action is not good, disciplinary law. The committee have not concurred; but supreme authority in all such matters.

## Centenary Commencement.

We were unable to make any report from Centenary College last week. Leaving the city by the Texas and Pacific, on the afternoon

of the first, in company with Bishop Keener and Dr. J. B. Walker, we spent the night in Baton Rouge, arriving there about nine o'clock. The Grand Capital Hotel is grand only in name. There was the appearance of crudeness about the entire edifice of the establishment—raw hands, willing enough, but verdant. At length we (Dr. Walker and the writer) were assigned an upper room, and passed the night quite comfortably. The next morning, without breakfast, and in the usual temper of such abstinence, we took passage on the little steamer Daisy, for Port Hickey, a mail boat plying between Baton Rouge and Bayou Sara. There was no bar on the boat, a fact so well understood that some passengers provided against "dryness" by carrying a supply for the trip. How insatiate the thirst of that demon! When a man reaches the point that he dreads an emergency—that he carries his liquor with him lest he should fail of a supply—his case is almost hopeless. He has fully and finally surrendered to the mighty monster, without hope or desire for emancipation. So long as drinking is a social indulgence deliverance is possible; but when the thirst becomes chronic and constant, hope is all gone. We have never known a confirmed inebriate to entirely and forever forsake his cups. So much for our temperance lecture on the way to Centenary.

About eleven o'clock we rounded to at Port Hickey, to find that the mail back to Jackson could not carry another passenger. After dinner at the hotel, which for elegance, variety and thoroughness humbled the pride of the Grand Capital, and would be relished at the St. Charles, we boarded a hand-car on the Clinton railroad for Robin Station, about six miles distant from Jackson. There were eleven persons on the hand-car—two presiding elders, two "other clergy," and seven without ecclesiastical designation. From Robin Station to Jackson is an hour's ride, ordinarily behind nice Creole trotters. Other incidents of the trip, including a race with a storm cloud, refuge in a negro cabin, and a dip in the torrents of Asylum creek, are they not written in the book of the Chronicles of an editor's travels? Dr. Walker is the prince of traveling companions.

With President Rush and family we found a pleasant home, and only regretted our early departure. Quite a number of ministers from a distance were present, including, ex-President Dr. C. G. Andrews. His welcome everywhere was an ovation. At eleven o'clock on Sunday, in the spacious college chapel, the writer preached the annual sermon to a good congregation. At night, in the church, Dr. J. B. Walker expounded with characteristic fervor and freshness. In the pulpit his well-known force is unabated and his eloquent eye undimmed.

We attended a session of the Board of Trustees on Monday morning, and heard reports from the president of the college. The number of matriculates did not quite equal the previous term; but the average sessional attendance was about the same. The scholarship of the students is an exceptional feature of the college: Its wholesome religious atmosphere is worthy of all consideration—a matter of infinite moment to every true parent. The honored old institution is doing a good work, and when the Mississippi Valley railroad is completed, as is expected in the near future, Jackson will be readily accessible, and the patronage will largely increase. The college will be in four and a half miles of a trunk line of railway.

Other duties compelled our leaving on the early morning of Tuesday, but a full report of the exercises is expected from another pen.

## The Revival Call.

Bishop Pierce's call to the church to seek for revival is timely. Such a call could scarcely be untimely; yet there may be and doubtless are many reasons why such a call should be heard with special interest and heed with special earnestness just now. The fact that we are approaching the completion of the first century of organized Methodism in America is calculated to give great popular effect to any movement of general interest. Our people everywhere are more ready to move simultaneously under a common impulse in promotion of the universal good. The Bishop's appeal is of the right sort, challenging his brethren, not to contention and strife, in which some in high places and in low are too apt to indulge, but to love and to good works, provoking the preachers to make full proof of their ministry, and the laity to rally to the cross and prove God's grace and power by using the appointed means. Surely it is time to call upon God, that our sins, national, ecclesiastical, social and personal, may be seen, realized, confessed, re-

pent of and forgiven lest God in anger should blot out our nation, and take the candlestick from our church, giving the kingdom to those who will bring forth the fruits thereof.

This, too, is a favorable time for men in every place to seek the Lord. When great electrical storms are prevailing the magnetic needle is apt to be more or less affected everywhere. In many places special and repeated services have been held with the happiest results. The Holy Ghost has applied the word, has entered men's hearts and dispossessed the devil, casting him out, and men delivered from the power of Satan are reconciled to God, having peace with him through our Lord Jesus Christ. This we know. A general revival of experimental religion is, indeed, not only the most effectual, but by far the easiest way of meeting successfully the skepticism and infidelity of this day. There are two things against which no valid arguments can be brought: the simple doctrines of Divine revelation and their genuine fruits in the life of a man. No man has sufficient capacity to frame an intelligent argument against the one, and no one has sufficient brutality to oppose the other. Thus wisdom will ever be effectually justified of her children. The revival spirit is in the air. A general revival may be confidently expected because so many are desiring it and looking for it. God is always ready to revive his people. The revival comes when men seek it. Let the churches seek and expect revivals everywhere.

But perhaps some, especially young preachers, are fearing that they will have no revival on their works because they can not get sufficient ministerial help. There is great danger that we shall rely too much on human help. The ordinary means of grace diligently and persistently used will produce a revival in every place and in every heart. Given, a congregation earnestly seeking God in prayer and praise under exhortations from his word, and a revival may be guaranteed. It is only a question of time. The difficulty lies in getting men's minds earnestly directed to the things of God. Earnest, affectionate exhortation persistently and repeatedly applied, together with suitable songs, sung by those who feel their sentiments, are far more necessary than great sermons. The power of God and the necessities of men ensure the results. All men need and in a sense desire just what the gospel offers them. When men see eternal life in its proper light they will certainly desire it. Let us hold it up before them.

W. L. C. H.

## Our Daily Bread.

This beautiful petition is perhaps repeated millions of times daily, and that, too, without realizing its marvelous richness of meaning. We pass our lives repeating it without going down into its depths of delightful inspiration and strength. As one lets down a vessel into a deep well and brings up so much pure water as it will hold, but never looks below the surface to see what diamonds or golden sands may sparkle there; so we go daily repeating and receiving the answer to the same prayer, but never dream of its matchless beauty or infinite variety of wealth.

1. It is direct. No medium intervenes to separate the children from the all Father. No priesthood to take it and give it served in the style prescribed by them. "Give us." The nurse says: "You don't know how to eat nicely. You soil your clothes with your soiled hands. You let crumbs fall upon the floor." Yet what child ever enjoyed eating according to the nurse's directions as it does out of its own hand in its own way? It is so much more endearing to the child to know that the parent prepares and gives the food.

2. The idea of service is left out. At no age has it been common for the servile or mercantile idea to enter between father and son. It has ever been regarded as unnatural. The hard and forbidding character of the elder brother in the parable of the Prodigal Son is largely, if not wholly, due to the predominance of the notion that filial virtue was a marketable commodity for which the father must pay the market price. On the other hand, the father shows how man cheats himself in thus setting a price upon his virtues. "Son, all that I have is thine!" You are not a hireling. Such a term is degrading. Your service is exacted only as a tribute that you may be able to manage the estate. So here the petition does not claim it as something due for service or purchased with currency, but asks that it be given. Nor yet is it the whining plea of the mendicant. I have always hated the beggar idea. Jesus never insulted humanity, degraded as it was and is, by representing the race as Lazarus. He would not let the prodigal act the role of beggar, or even servant, upon his return. The

father would hear no self-vilification from the returning son—son yet, in all his rags and after all his crimes. So it is in the prayer the child asks for the gift, and not the beggar starving and glad to get the scraps.

3. It implies the preparation of the bread as not unforeseen and accidental, but in the regular order of things. There is an exchange of care on the part of the divine Father, and of confidence on the part of the human child. To morrow's burdens and needs are left to be supplied by the Father. The true Christian never tries to supply these. The presumption of the rich man consisted in the fact that he thought he had anticipated Providence. "Thou hast goods laid up for many days." He arrogated to himself the prescience that infallibly knew the soul's needs in the far future. It implies that there are no *dies non* in the calendar of Providence. Natural order or mere momentum propelling us across bridgeless chasms in the divine order is a philosophical myth. The divine ubiquity is not spasmodic. The all-fatherly care is not intermittent. The universe is not going to collapse by reason of inattention to future needs. Eternity's remotest cycle rests as surely on the divine care as this present moment. But eternity is God's—the present moment is ours by his grace. Yet it *is ours*. God made it for us, and, though we have it by his grace, it is none the less, on that account, but more truly, ours. It is not of caprice or accident, but of gracious purpose and fitness. There are interrogatories from without and within. "What are we doing here?" There is an answer in the presence of the daily bread: "Here are supplies furnished us—a mission lies near those supplies."

Duties are not always clear. Elijah even must lie in concealment and be fed by ravens, or under the juniper tree must awake and eat at the hand of an angel. Yet in the eating the message comes, and marching orders come with marching strength. The adverse side of this die reads beautifully: "When duties are apparent, know that supplies, though unseen, are not far." Is it a stone in the way? Lift it out and the gold is found beneath; or break the stone and the glittering ore betrays where God has hidden the wealth of the dutiful. The hard nut has a sweet kernel. What consolation to know that duty and daily bread imply each the other! No force is wasted. The divine Arm never beats the air. Tossing worlds or scattering snow-bakes, tearing asunder mountains or buoying the floating gossamer, God's power is all scrupulously husbanded. The puny arm of infancy, whether vainly essaying to grasp the sun-beam or to catch the shadow of its own hand, touches somewhere the almighty Hand, and humanity, with its grand electric circuit closed, moves apparently at random, but really "concentric" with life's highest reason and purpose. So, too, our humiliations, like ancient Egypt, have a Joseph in disguise. As we tearfully and self-reproachfully dole out our inheritance of talents, honor and independence for bread we go away feeling that we are growing poorer as we grow older. But we stop to open our sacks; our money is there too. Moral famine seizes the earthly Canaan—the church. We go down to Egypt—to the human. There we learn a lesson we could never learn in the midst of the sanctuary. Temples and lands are too small to contain all of God. Even in exile and servitude divine strength is nourished for the church.

It is bread. The rich and intoxicating parts of a feast are not asked. What vanity in that child that asks always to be dressed or dressed! What greed to ask always to be feasting! Who longs for something extraordinary either in gifts or graces? Let him pray: "Give me daily bread." If you are a born Wesley grow on daily bread, and when you come to Wesley's age you will be one. The fables of the ancients made the nurture of the demigods to be of strange food and treatment. But Christianity rears men. The highest conception of created beauty is man. I had almost said the highest ideal in the divine mind was man. Food for manhood is better than manna. Angels may eat and he the same, but man who eats grows.

It is for this life. We pray too much to be prepared for death and heaven, and too little for life and earth. The test of sainthood is not to be unutterably full of rapture when we get to heaven, but to meet without blanching the dangers and unnumbingly bear the burdens of this life. The good do not die young. The faint, sentimental, negative good often die because they have not the courage and grit to live. But he that eats of the heavenly bread dares the world to kill him.

It is constant. Days are variable in their aspects. Many of life's phases of grandeur or humiliation, glory or gloom grow out of its variable

circumstances, but the character is nourished by a food which comes from the high source of life's most exalted ambitions. Spiritual associations alone ennoble. The intellectual is the hermaphrodite of living essences. It is neither spiritual nor sensual, but lends its service to either, ready to flatter either as best suits its whim or interest. It owns neither God nor devil. It bases no calculation upon the moral relations, but, studying the physical, would from the visible infer what was the invisible, and from the few glimpses of the shadows lifting past it here people a world as monstrous as this globe was in the Jurassic age. Routine may wear ruts, but it also cuts the name in the rock. Drudgery may wear down, but it also drills the tunnel through the mountain or under the ocean. The constant quality day by day ensures the only immortality which man can hope. The glare of the meteor and the blaze of the comet pass, but when these are forgotten the sun and stars shine on the same. God's constancy to our constant needs and our constant longing are the certain pledge that while eternity shall find us ever growing it shall never find us changed in our identity nor in our relations to him who will still feed his children with food convenient.

T. A. S. A.

From Trenton, La.

Mr. Editor: Yesterday, accompanied by a large delegation of ladies and gentlemen of the Trenton Woman's Christian Temperance Union, I went down the river some fourteen miles to Faulk's Chapel, just above Logtown. In a short while after our arrival dinner on the grass under the large trees was served. As in the colony country, so here, the dinner was a most sumptuous one. About two o'clock all assembled in the church, and the following programme was carried out:

1. Singing of a hymn.
2. Reading of the Scriptures.
3. Prayer by Rev. Robert T. Williams, of Logtown.
4. Singing of a hymn.
5. Reading of a selection from the Union Signal—"The Best Fellow in the World"—by Miss Lula Drago.
6. Singing of a hymn.
7. Reading of a selection from Dr. Haygood's "Close the Saloons," by Miss Sallie Standifer.
8. Talk by Mr. Cellos, of Trenton.
9. Talk by Rev. John T. Sawyer.
10. Singing of pledge and organization.
11. Singing of a hymn and benediction.

The following are the officers of the Logtown and Cuba Woman's Christian Temperance Union: President, Mrs. E. C. Smith, Baptist; general vice-president, Mrs. Susan M. Faulk, Methodist; first vice-president, Mrs. Russ Faust, Baptist; second vice-president, Mrs. Lem. F. Faulk, Methodist; third vice-president, Mrs. John Faulk, Roman Catholic; recording secretary, Miss Ora Bres, Roman Catholic; corresponding secretary, Mrs. L. A. A. Davis, Baptist; treasurer, Miss Narcissa Williams, Methodist; solicitor of subscriptions for the Union Signal, Miss Loo Williams, Methodist.

The Rev. R. F. White, of Monroe, was chosen to deliver a temperance address at eleven A. M. Tuesday, June 13, at the Cuba Baptist Church, some five miles below Faulk's Chapel. The day most delightfully passed, and we trust some good work done, the temperance band were soon on the splendid river road wheeling their way back to Trenton. May God abundantly bless the labors of this new organization.

TRENTON, LA., June 8, 1883.

Constant telephonic connection is kept up between New York and Cleveland. By a new invention fifteen hundred words can be transmitted in a minute. One ardent, but not unreasonable, enthusiast says it will not be long before "the attenuated wires will enable a listener at the Pacific to hear the surf-beats on our Atlantic coast."

The following scrap of history is of curious interest and is worth reproduction. Royalty in England seems not unfavorable to longevity:

The age attained by Queen Victoria the other day—64—has been exceeded by only eleven of the sovereigns of England, dating from the Norman conquest, viz: Henry I, who lived to the age of 67 years; Henry III, 65 years; Edward I, 67 years; Edward III, 65 years; Queen Elizabeth, 69 years; James II, 68 years; George I, 67 years; George II, 77 years; George III, 82; George IV, 68 years, and William IV, 72 years. On June 20, next, her majesty will have reigned over the United Kingdom for 46 years—a length of reign which has been exceeded by three of the kings of England only, viz: Henry III, whose reign extended to 56 years; Edward III, whose reign lasted 50 years; and George III, whose reign extended to the long period of nearly 60 years. The queen has now been a widow for nearly 22 years—the Prince Consort having died on December 14, 1861.



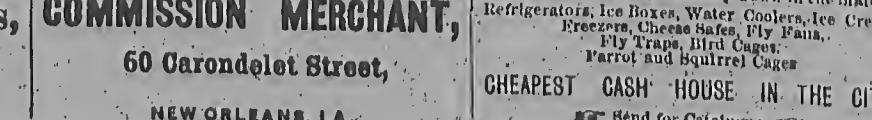




## MISCELLANEOUS

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Christian Advocate.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LEMONS VS. MEDICINE.

INDIA IN HOT WEATHER.—I will briefly indicate the thermometer fort-  
nightly at a central position like  
the sun, in January the indoor  
temperature will reach its minimum,  
perhaps standing at 64 degrees. The  
day is very gradual, and gets into the  
"light" toward the middle of March;  
when steady at 85 degrees pinkness  
becomes necessary. Above 90 degrees  
the heat is oppressive, and at 95 de-  
grees horribly so. In exceptional years  
greenhouse pillows and sheets to  
household, hot, requiring sprink-  
ling with water; and I have similarly  
redressed in drenched night-clothes.  
But the hot weather is mercifully in-  
terrupted by two remarkable meteorolo-  
gical phenomena. First, at its com-  
mencement we have almost always  
violent hill-storms, which beneficially  
cool the air, and then at its close we  
have those very remarkable electrical  
quasi-storms which impress fresh life  
and vigor all around. Let me describe  
one. Nature is subdued under the  
great heat, and is in absolute repose.  
Not the faintest movement in the  
coast, the silence prevails, for even the  
gurgling crows can't caw because  
their beaks are wide open to assist  
respiration. Suddenly the welcome  
cry is heard, a storm coming! and the  
house servants rush in to close all  
doors. Anxious to witness the mag-  
nificence of the approaching storm you  
remain out to brave it, and soon feel  
its approaching breath on your cheek.  
Looking to the skyward you see a black  
cloud approaching, and before it leaves  
and streaks, kites and crows circling in  
wild confusion. You now hear its  
roar, and while rapt in admiration,  
you are enveloped in its grimy mantle,  
and have to look to your footing in  
reeling its fury; and this is no joke,  
for eyes, nostrils, and ears are clouded  
with dust. As the blast approaches  
you may see a flash of lightning and  
hear its clap of thunder, and then feel  
the heavy cold rain-drops which spar-  
sely fall around. Darkness, black as  
Erebus, surrounds you, darkness  
which literally may be felt, for clouds  
of dust occasion it; and if you are  
within doors night prevails, requiring  
the lighting of lamps. The storm  
passes, light returns, and you find  
everything begrimed with dust. Every-  
thing is now thrown open to admit the  
cool, bracing, ozone-charged air, which  
you eagerly inhale with dilated nos-  
trils, and feel that you have secured a  
fresh lease of existence.—Chambers  
Journal.

LOVE IN THE HOUSEHOLD.—Weat-  
her else beside, whatever losses may  
come or separations intervene, let noth-  
ing prevent the perfect confidence and  
mutual love that should exist between  
the heads of the household. Let each  
one feel, believe, and know that storms  
may rage without, but can not come be-  
tween them; that other friends may be  
dear and cherished, but no friend can  
separate them; that fortune may fall  
suddenly, but can not shake the impres-  
cible fortress of their love. In order  
to preserve this state of affection, there  
must be entire confidence in each other;  
nothing must come between them;  
they can not always feel and think  
alike; this is as impossible as it is un-  
necessary, and it is better so. The in-  
dividuals they ask for themselves they  
can really accord, and should delight  
to do so. Instead of considering what  
they have given, they should remember  
what they have received, and estimate  
as gifts and services rendered, have  
been full of gratitude for the evidences  
of affection that gold can not buy. We  
can not compel love. It is a tender  
plant that requires the most gentle  
cultivation.

A word, a look, has crushed to earth  
Full many a budding flower,  
Which, had a smile to warm its truth,  
Would bless life's latest hour.

A household without love would be  
like the earth without the sun; a desert  
want of a living spring to wake it  
from slumber; a night without day, a  
heaven without stars. Cherish love in  
the household as you would cherish life;  
it is its life and glory, and the  
wealth of the Indies can atone for its  
loss. With it, our homes are the  
nearest approach to heaven on earth.  
A household united in the  
service of God is a picture of heaven.  
—The Domestic Journal.

From "The Times."

Editor of Times.—In reading the last  
number of your paper, I noticed you  
asked all who had been benefited by  
the letter published in your valuable  
paper about a year ago, to write you  
for its publication. The letter from  
Mr. Bates created a great amount  
of interest in this vicinity, as he is  
well and favorably known by every-  
body here. His reputation as a man  
and as a physician gave everybody the  
strongest confidence in all his statements,  
and this of course soon made the name  
"Kendall's Spavin Cure" not only  
familiar but very popular. In reply to  
your request, I will say: about nine  
years ago I slipped on the ice and  
sprained my right limb at the knee.  
I was very lame and suffered  
tremendous pain much of the time  
after, and some of the time thought I  
should be a cripple for life. Dr. Bates'  
letter printed in your paper gave me so  
much confidence in the virtues of Ken-  
dall's Spavin Cure that I tried it for my-  
self and less than one bottle com-  
pletely cured me so that I have had no return  
of pain or lameness, for which, of course,  
I am not less than thankful. Since my  
recovery I have visited friends in the  
West and found that the following par-  
ties have used it with the greatest re-  
sults in that part of the country: The  
Rev. John Rice, Hematite, Mo., used it  
on his own person for an injury of 35  
years standing and performed one of the  
most wonderful cures I ever heard of.  
J. L. McClure of Strong City, Kansas,  
suffered a badly lacerated and poisoned  
hand, from a hog bite and also a severe  
sprain of the hip joint, which had be-  
come large and troublesome. He also  
used it for pleurisy and found that it  
relieved him at once. To my surprise  
I found that this wonderful remedy was  
well known in the West that it was  
in the East, and I found that they  
were using it here for animals as well  
as for human beings with the very best  
results, and I find so many cases where  
I go to confirm the favorable opinion  
I had already formed of it that I am  
glad of an opportunity of telling the  
readers of your valuable paper what I  
have learned in regard to it. Hoping  
to hear from others upon this very im-  
portant subject, especially important  
to those who have suffered for years  
like myself, I remain,  
Yours etc.,  
J. A. ROYCE.

Elmira, N. Y., Sept. 17, 1881.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LEMONS VS. MEDICINE.

They regulate the Liver, Stomach, Bowels, Kid-  
neys and Blood, as prepared by Dr. H. Moxley in his  
Lemon Elixir, a pleasant Lemon Drink.  
ATLANTA, GA., May 12, 1882.  
Dr. H. Moxley.—Dear Sir: After ten years of  
great suffering from indigestion, dyspepsia, with  
great nervous prostration and listlessness, disor-  
dered all known remedies, and at great expense ex-  
hausted the skill of many eminent physicians, and  
bottles of your Lemon Elixir, and am now perma-  
nently relieved of a most severe case of "Bile"  
of many years' standing. I am, &c., &c.,  
Jas. C. Jones,  
No. 28 Tabular street, Atlanta, Ga.

To those who are interested I can inform them  
that the only physician I have had in my family in  
three years is Lemon Elixir, and I have seen in my  
family. Lemon Elixir has relieved me of a severe  
case of Chronic Catarrh.  
Jas. C. Jones,  
No. 13 E. Hunter street.

Dr. Moxley.—I have tried your Lemon Elixir.  
Only taken three bottles and am now not take five  
hundred dollars for what it has done for me. I was  
suffering for three months with Fever, Biliousness,  
severe cold with congestion, pain in the chest, with  
constipation, I tried the best physicians in the city  
and got no relief until I tried your Lemon Elixir.  
R. F. Teator,  
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The most successful Remedy ever dis-  
covered for Spavin, is Kendall's Spavin Cure, and  
it is sold by all Druggists.

Saved Him 1,800 Dollars

ABRAMS, N. Y., Jan. 7, 1882.

Dr. H. J. Kendall & Co., Gentles: Having used  
a good deal of your Kendall's Spavin Cure with great  
success, I thought I would let you know what it has  
done for me. Two years ago I had a spavin on my  
right leg, which was very large and painful, and I  
was unable to walk. I tried many remedies, but  
none did me any good. I then saw an advertisement  
for your Kendall's Spavin Cure, and I bought a  
bottle. I used it according to the directions, and  
in a few days the spavin began to shrink. In  
about two weeks it was completely gone, and I  
was able to walk again. I am now perfectly  
cured, and I feel that I have saved myself a great  
deal of money and suffering. I am very grateful  
to you for the discovery of this wonderful remedy.  
Very respectfully,  
ABRAMS, N. Y.

From the Akron Commercial, Ohio, or  
Nov. 25th, 1882.

Readers of the Commercial can not well forget that  
a few years ago for years I have taken up by Ken-  
dall's Spavin Cure, especially of a certain spavin  
Cure. We have had dealings with Dr. Kendall for  
many years, and we know of some large business  
houses in this city, who have also dealt with  
him for many years, and the truth is fully and fully  
proved, for only that he is a good and honest man,  
and that his celebrated Spavin Cure is not only a  
fact that is recommended to be, but that the English  
language is not capable of recommending it to  
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Kendall's Spavin Cure

Fort Worth, Tex., March 12, 1883.

Messrs. B. J. Kendall & Co., Agents: About eight  
months ago there was a valuable animal brought to  
me, a horse named Henry, who had been treated for  
a long time for a spavin, which was one year's growth and of  
enormous size, and having found that the  
Kendall's Spavin Cure was valuable, I commenced using it  
on the animal, and after a few weeks using and hav-  
ing the leg perfectly smooth.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE  
ON HUMAN FLESH.

Very Ind., Aug. 12, 1881.

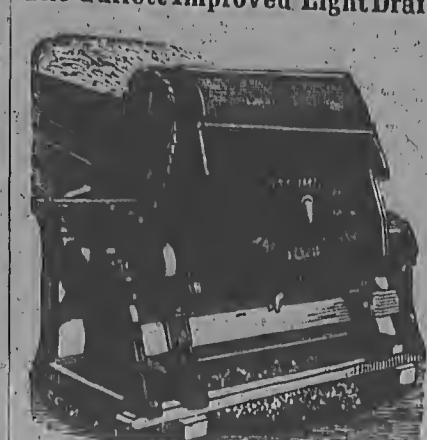
Dr. B. J. Kendall & Co., Gentles: I have been  
travelling for some time, and I have seen many  
cases of spavin, and I have found that the Ken-  
dall's Spavin Cure is a valuable remedy, and I  
am glad to see that it is so well known. I am  
glad to see that it is so well known, and I am  
glad to see that it is so well known.

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portable engines, and we are the lowest in the market, and we  
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portable engines. We also have an immense stock of

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From 6 to 75 Horse-Power.

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GLASSES have no equal, and can, in some cases, restore the sight, if used in time, but in no case can they  
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1. The chemicals soften the light in the eye, completely adapting it with that to some sensation that is  
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no distressing or tiring sensation, which no other glasses can give.

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and will completely change the blood in the system in three months. Any person who will take ONE PILL  
will notice a great improvement in the system. It is a powerful purgative, and it is a powerful blood  
purifier. It is a powerful blood purifier. It is a powerful blood purifier. It is a powerful blood purifier.

Send for pamphlet. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.



**DISTRICT CONFERENCE.**

The Seashore District Conference will be held at

The Seashore District Conference will be held at Covington, La., July 5-8. Opening sermon, by Rev. J. T. Heard, Wednesday, July 4, at eight P. M. Recording stewards will please not fail to have their Quarterly Conference journals present.

The Holly Springs District Conference will open at Pleasant Grove, Friday, July 27, at nine A. M. T. W. Dye will preach the opening sermon at eleven A. M. Friday. Recording stewards, remember to have your records with you.

W. F. DARTON, P. E.

The Woodville District Conference will be held at Liberty, Amite county, Miss., beginning on Thursday, July 6, 1883, at ten o'clock A. M. Recording stewards will have their books present for inspection.

D. A. LITTLE, P. E.

The preachers of the Brandon district will please send me the names of delegates for the District Conference, to be held at Newton, beginning June 28.

GEO. HANCOCK.

The District Conference, for the Grenada District

will be held at Abbeville, commencing on Thursday, June 28, 1883, at 9 A. M. Opening sermon by Rev. W. T. Sullivan, D. D. The Editor of the NEW ORLEANS ADVOCATE is expected to be present.

S. M. THAMES, P. E.

The District Conference, Brandon District, Mississippi Conference, will be held at Newton Station, Mississippi, on the 28th and 29th inst.

Vicksburg and Meridian R. R., commencing Monday June 23, continuing to July 1. I will be with the brethren on the District at their quarterly meetings, when my health will allow; it is quite feeble at this time. I hope the pastors will bring up the full assessment for the support of the Bishops at the District Conference.

JAS. M. GANN, P. E.

The Delta District Conference will convene

pastors, July 23; service on night before, that Tuesday. The pastors will please see that the Quarterly Conference records are brought. Collect available information of the subject coming before the Conference.

ROBERT HANDLE, P. E.

**CAMP MEETINGS.**

The China Grove Camp Meeting will begin Friday before the Old Sunday in September. Ministers are invited and will be provided for.

W. W. SIMMONS, P. C.

Beach Springs Camp Meeting will commence Tuesday before the second Sunday in September.

The camp meeting at Bell Curney Springs will begin on Tuesday, July 14, 1883.

The Annual Camp Meeting of the Holbrook Camp Ground, will begin Thursday August present year. J. W. WELLS, Secretary.

The Poudre District Camp Meeting, on the Poudre and Junction railroad, at Williams Camp Ground, will commence on Thursday, June 28, and continue until Wednesday following. Minors are invited. J. S. TRAZER, Secy.

The Tazewell Camp Meeting, ten miles east

The annual camp meeting for 1889, on Sea-  
Camp Ground, will commence on the second Ve-  
nesday (11th) of July next, and continue from  
ten days.

THOMAS HALLAM,                  W. H. FOSTER,  
Pastor.                                  Pastor.

Providence Camp Meeting will begin on Friday, July 27, and will continue until Thursday, morning following. Ministers generally are invited and provided for. The camp ground is situated fourteen miles east of Hazelton, a few, is beautifully located and well watered. H. P. LEWIS, Secy.

Friday before the ninth Sunday in July. It will  
be the self-satisfying plan. I. L. FREED

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*MISCELLANEOUS.*

---

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plaints, will find it without an equal

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88.	10
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# Christian Advocate.

VOL. 29.-NO. 25.

NEW ORLEANS, THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 1883.

WHOLE NO. 1403.

PUBLISHED FOR THE LOUISIANA, MISSISSIPPI AND NORTH MISSISSIPPI CONFERENCES, METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

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## TWO LOVERS.

BY GEORGE ELIOT.

Two lovers by a moss-grown spring—  
They leaned their cheeks together there,  
Mingled the dark and sunny hair,  
And heard the wooing thrushes sing.  
Oh, budding time!  
Oh, love's best prime!  
Two wedded from the portal step—  
The bells made happy carollings,  
The air was soft as fanning wings,  
While petals on the pathway slept.  
Oh, pure-eyed bride!  
Oh, tender pride!  
Two faces over a cradle leant—  
Two hands above the head were locked,  
Those pressed each other while they rocked,  
Those watched a life that love had sent.  
Oh, solemn hour!  
Oh, hidden power!  
Two parents by the evening fire—  
The red light fell about their knees,  
On heads that rose by slow degrees,  
Like buds upon the lily side.  
Oh, patient life!  
Oh, tender strife!  
The two still sat together there,  
The light shone about their knees,  
But all the heads, by slow degrees,  
Had gone and left that lonely pair.  
Oh, voiceless fate!  
Oh, vanished pair!  
The red light shone upon the floor,  
And made the space between them wider;  
They drew their chairs up side by side,  
Their pale cheeks joined, and said, "Once more."  
Oh, memories!  
Oh, past that is!

## China and Her People.

BY REV. J. W. LAMBETH.

(Twenty-sixth Letter.)

My Dear Young Friends: I will continue in this letter an account of the education and religious belief of the learned men of China. Buddhism and Taoism hold that men are originally good by nature. As I have already stated, the first line or lesson in the Three Character Classic, which every boy must learn, begins thus: "At man's beginning the original of his nature is good." Also, "By nature we are near to the good; by cultivation we go off from it." Mencius taught that man is inclined toward the good, as surely as water is inclined to seek its own level; and that it requires force to divert man from virtue, just as water must be driven upward. Buddha taught that "within thyself deliverance must be found." But we find Confucius teaching a very different doctrine from that of Mencius. He says: "I have not seen one who loves virtue as he loves beauty." The national proverb, which among many others teaches the same doctrine as Confucius: "There are two good people; one dead, the other not yet born." Confucius said: "Within the four seas all are brethren." Mencius said: "If I can not keep the two together, I will let life go and choose righteousness." The great materialistic philosopher said: "Heaven or God is law, and as law can not see or hear, it may be argued that there is one above who actually sees and hears, and is the Ruler of all." Notwithstanding all the good in the teaching of Confucius, there is much to detract from this good. He countenanced polygamy in order to secure male offspring to continue the ancestral rites. He advocated revenge under certain circumstances. He did not recognize or encourage any relation of man to a living God. He says nothing about a future judgment, and does not speak of any retribution hereafter. The doctrine of Confucius knows of no mediator. He taught that for transgressions reformation will suffice, and for gross sins there is no place for prayer. He so exalts and exaggerates filial piety that the people belied their parents and ancestors. Filial piety among the Chinese may be said to be the key-note and basis of all their morality. The five great duties and relationships of man are said to be: 1. The minister to his sovereign; 2. The son to his father; 3. The wife to her husband; 4. Brother to brother; 5. Friend to friend. The one great and most important duty of man to his Creator and God is entirely overlooked by the great sage of China. Chinese believe in the existence of the soul after death; that is, the great mass of them do. They believe that when the "three inch breath" breaks at death, the soul left loose

## Bishop Keener on Sudden Conversions.

BY REV. J. J. HILLMANLEY.

In the excellent address of Bishop Keener, delivered in Nashville, May 6, many good things are said with reference to the providence of God as manifested in the beginning and continuation of Methodism in the world; both as regards its doctrines and its organization. I wish to call attention to one feature of the former in this article. I have reference to sudden conversions.

The Bishop shows how Mr. Wesley labored and worked on in the fog for nine years without understanding those formal and great doctrines of religion, especially as they were related to the individual; and he also shows how, under the hand of God, they were made known to him and started into life again. With Mr. Wesley "the turning point was in the definition of faith." 2. "The next point in importance with Mr. Wesley was, that God justifies the ungodly" through this faith. 3. "A yet further truth that goes to make up the mighty forging of this missile of God—Methodist doctrine—is the suddenness of relief which faith brings to a repenting, guilty man."

It seems from the connection of these three points, as stated by the Bishop, that he, as well as Mr. Wesley, regards this doctrine of sudden conversions as of equal importance with the other two mentioned—that it occupies as prominent a place in the make up and "mighty forging of this missile of God—Methodist doctrine—as either one of them. That is, any church of Christ, expecting to be used of God as a missile, hurled against the ramparts of the devil and depravity of human nature, must give as much prominence to the doctrine that conversion is an instantaneous affair as that God justifies the repenting sinner on the condition of simple faith. And, further, it is of as much importance that the sinner should understand that conversion with him is to be a sudden transition from darkness to light as that he should know the conditions on which this mighty change is to take place, viz: repentance and faith. Hence the Bishop says: "When Mr. Wesley grasped the idea that faith is the gift of God, and that God justifies the ungodly, Methodism leaped into life." So it did; but life was not thorough equipment for it if it should accomplish its mighty mission. Something else was needed. What was it? He tells us: "These truths, and the one that the Holy Spirit directly witnesses to man—the fact of his justification—are the doctrines with which he turned the world upside down. And no wonder. Here is a miserable sinner, discouraged by the very tediousness of the process through which he is to pass before he is pardoned. What a relief it brings to be assured, on the contrary, that the process is short, decisive, simple!" Hence I say, it is just as necessary for a church to teach, and the sinner to understand, that the conversion of a sinner is an instantaneous matter.

It is the suddenness of relief which faith brings to a repenting, guilty man—that God always justifies the ungodly on the condition of faith. It is this doctrine, in connection with the other two above mentioned, that is to turn the world upside down, and it is as important as either of them in the conversion of individual sinners. So says the Bishop, and so I believe, and have for years.

But now arises the point of controversy in this all-important matter of conversion, viz: "Is conversion always an instantaneous matter? Does it ever take place gradually. For my part, I answer: I believe that whenever a soul is converted to God, it is an instantaneous work done in a moment of time, and never takes place gradually. This I am thoroughly convinced of after giving the whole matter a powerful and, I trust, a sincere examination. I do not believe that God ever converted a soul other wise than by the short, decisive, simple and sudden process, as set forth in the above extracts from Bishop Keener's address. I have heard all the objections, I suppose, that have been brought by opposers against this view of conversion, and, after a patient examination of them, I am still convinced that the work of the Holy Spirit in the conversion of a sinner is always an instantaneous one. I believe this just as much as I do that it is a complete work, not needing an after-work—a second work to qualify and fit it for heaven. I do not mean by the reference I have made to Bishop Keener's address, and the comments made on the same, to take the liberty of stating his real belief on this subject and drawing him across the line of controversy to the position which I occupy in reference to it. But his statement of the question is strongly condemnatory of the position I occupy. I think it would be an easy and justifiable inference on the part of any one to conclude, after reading what he has to say of the matter, that souls, if converted at all, were always converted suddenly. This inference is further confirmed by another statement of the Bishop when he says: "The rest of a holy life is simply the unfolding of the faith and love of that instant when the soul first realizes that he loved me and gave himself for me."

We are not surprised, therefore, that his experience of religion should be in perfect harmony with this strongly illumined theory that conversion is always an instantaneous work of the Holy Ghost—"the suddenness of relief which faith brings to a repenting, guilty man." Speaking of the sunrise, the morning after his conversion, he says: "It was as if a veil had been suddenly torn from the face of the morning; a new glory lay upon flower and mead, upon stream and rocks."

(To be continued.)

## Greenville District, North Mississippi Conference.

According to appointment the Conference met at Concordia, Miss., June 1, presided over by Rev. J. W. Price, P. E. After religious services, conducted by Rev. J. D. Newsom, the regular business of the Conference was taken up. The usual committees being appointed, the spiritual state of the church was closely inquired into. While it was not flattering, yet there is a manifest improvement. Most of its pastors are hopeful of much spiritual success during the year. Several have held a series of services, resulting in a number of conversions and additions to the church. Sinners were made to feel deeply concerned about their salvation. The Sunday-school interest is very good. The greater part of the churches have some interesting schools. While some are small numerically, yet a great interest is manifested.

The financial state of the district is good, in view of having suffered so much from the dreadful overflow last year. A number of the churches have paid the salaries of their pastors and presiding elder to date. Conference collections have not all been taken, but will come up in full at the Annual Conference. The committee on Quarterly Conference records reported favorably. Churches and parsonages are in a fair condition.

A committee of the lay members of the Conference, of themselves, offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That it is the sense of the lay members of this District Conference that the pastors of this district be granted by their respective churches a four or six weeks' leave of absence during the sickly season of the year.

G. F. Maynard, Philip Hansen, W. C. Boyd, Dr. J. B. Pease were elected lay members of the Annual Conference, and G. E. Worthington, W. B. Thomas were chosen alternates. The next session of the Conference will be held at Chickadee, Miss.

S. C. BLANCHARD, Secretary.

BOLIVAR, MISS., June 6, 1883.

Letter from Arizona.

MR. EDITOR: The Advocate makes its weekly visits to me in this western frontier town. It is the source of much pleasure to me, and contains interesting news. It is more interesting to me from the fact that it was adopted by the North Mississippi Conference, from which I was transferred to the Los Angeles in November last. One knows how to appreciate a good religious paper from the East out in this frontier field. Professing Christians are, of course, largely in the minority in this country, and therefore the strength of public sentiment is on the opposing side, which puts the minister at a disadvantage. But the gospel is undoubtedly wielding a steadily increasing influence in this country. It is slowly, though surely, permeating the hearts and moulding the lives of this people. One thing I have noticed in the West—that more respectful and attentive audiences, though small, can not be found in any country, and nothing, I think, speaks better for a people than respect for the house of God and his worshipers. Our church at this place had been without a pastor for four years, with the exception of about three months, during which time it was served by my predecessor, Bro. Trull, from Kentucky. During the pastorate of Bro. Campbell, four or five years ago, our membership numbered something over twenty, but when I came I found only seven. The people had been disappointed and neglected until they had lost confidence in the success of our church, and consequently were indifferent to any attempt we might make; so we have to build up our congregation almost from the beginning and over the indifference begotten by past neglect. But we feel somewhat encouraged inasmuch as although at first we could not organize a Sunday school, we have now forty on the roll, and an attendance of thirty five last Sabbath. Our congregation has steadily grown until the last doubled the first. What we do must be done quickly, for they will not endure long services, and we have somewhat to yield to the desires of the people in these things in order to accomplish the greatest good with them.

Prescott is a beautiful mountain town, of considerable thrift, sur-

rounded by a rich mineral country. About one week ago a Mr. Govins discovered a mine of silver ore worth from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars per ton, while there are a number of valuable mines in operation within a radius of thirty miles around this place. Natural rock salt is found in some of the valleys, and sold and used in this market. This country is not much adapted to farming interest, chiefly from the lack of rain, which falls during the months of July and August, notwithstanding the finest Irish potatoes are raised in abundance in the valleys where irrigation is a success. This is also one of the finest stock countries in the world, and is one of its chief resources. They thrive and grow fat on this lifeless looking grass, which seems destitute of nutrition.

The Southern Pacific road is one hundred and fifty miles to the south and the Atlantic and Pacific sixty miles to the north of Prescott, and there are bright prospects of a branch road from the A. and P. to this place. The climate is very pleasant and exhilarating. Although the days in summer are quite warm, the nights are always cool enough for blankets.

Yours truly,

J. H. JOHNSON, P. E.

PRESCOTT, ARIZONA TERRITORY, May 28, 1883.

## Programme of Montague Sunday-School Assembly—1883.

R. B. Reppard, Esq., Savannah, Ga., President; Dr. T. S. Rubey, Lebanon, Tenn., Secretary; James Bowron, Esq., Nashville, Tenn., Treasurer.

## SUMMER SCHOOL.

Normal Institute—Prof. J. E. Seabey, Prof. G. W. McFee, Prof. A. D. Wharton, Prof. J. E. Bailey, Miss Florence Acres.

Special Departments.—1. English Language and Literature—A. B. Stark, L.L.D. 2. Hebrew and New Testament Greek—E. A. Foster, 3. Natural History and Geology—G. I. D. Hinds, Ph. D. 4. French and German—Prof. H. Chickson. 5. Elocution—Mrs. L. C. French. 6. Writing—Prof. Frank Goodman. 7. Vocal Music—J. E. Bailey. 8. Instrumental—Prof. W. F. Graham.

This school will open Monday, July 2, at three o'clock P. M., and close August 3. The opening address will be delivered by Prof. T. H. Payne, Nashville, Tenn. It is proposed to make the Normal a most practical institute, free to all the teachers in the public and private schools throughout all the States. In addition to the class instruction, a course of lectures will be delivered by the best educational talent in both the North and South on subjects of interest to teachers. A small fee will be charged for the special schools. This becomes necessary, as these teachers are dependent on their schools for their expenses, but this amount will be small. Those desiring further information about the Normal Institute will address Prof. J. E. Seabey, Murfreesboro, Tenn., Superintendent of that department. Those desiring further information about any of the special departments will address the professor of that department.

## MONTEAGUE SUNDAY-SCHOOL ASSEMBLY.

Below is given an epitomized outline of the programme of exercises: Tuesday, June 17, 1883, eight P. M., will be the grand opening—good music, speeches from speakers of the various States, fireworks, etc.

Wednesday and Thursday, July 18, 19, are Temperance Days. Rev. W. H. Strickland, Greenville, S. C., will speak on Temperance from a Moral and Religious Standpoint. Rev. Z. A. Parker, Gadsden, Ala., conducts a temperance conference. Judge N. W. McConnell, Hartselle, Tenn., "A Judge's Views on the Temperance Question." Rev. S. A. Steel, Memphis, Tenn., "The Curse of the Saloon."

Friday, July 21 Bishop H. W. Warren, Atlanta, Ga., subject to be selected. Dr. G. H. Wiley, Winston, N. C., "The Best Methods of Teaching Bible Classes." Dr. J. H. Vincent, New Haven, Conn., "Every Day School."

Saturday, July 21, Dr. J. H. Vincent, "Old and New Fashions in Sunday-School Work." S. M. Shelton, Esq., Vicksburg, Miss., "The Value of the Bible Class." Recognition of members of "C. L. S. C." by Dr. J. H. Vincent. Prof. R. V. Foster, Lebanon, Tenn., "The Original Languages of the Bible."

Sunday, July 22 Sermon by Dr. J. H. Vincent. R. B. Reppard, Esq., "Christian Work." C. L. S. C. vesper service. Dr. J. H. Vincent, presiding. Sermon by Dr. C. B. Galloway, of the NEW ORLEANS CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

Monday, July 23—Dr. C. B. Galloway, "Post Graduate Education." Judge Henry Craft, Memphis, Tenn., "Co-operative Christianity." Dr. J. H. Bryson, Huntsville, Ala., "Christianity the Only Race Religion."

Tuesday, July 24—Y. M. C. A. Day. Some of the best speakers of the land will be secured.

Wednesday, July 25—Elder A. N. Gilbert, Mayfield, Ky., "The Relation of the Sunday School to Skepticism." Public reading by Mrs. L. C. French, Knoxville, Tenn. A. S. B. Conference led by Sidney Root,

Esq., Atlanta, Ga., "The Sunday-School of the South." Dr. G. S. Rondebush, Brandon, Miss., "The Relation of the Bible to National Education."

Thursday, July 26—Dr. Edw. Rondthaler, Salem, N. C., "Catechisms of Rome." Col. A. S. Colyar, Nashville, Tenn., "Our Industrial Interests." Elder A. N. Gilbert, Mayfield, Ky., "The Work and the Reward of the Sunday-School Teacher."

Friday, July 27—Missionary Day. Rev. James Waters, Nashville, Tenn., "Philosophy of Missions." Rev. C. W. Hawley, Nashville, Tenn., "The Reflex Influence of Missions." Dr. R. A. Young, Nashville, Tenn., "Are Foreign Missions Successful?"

Saturday, July 28—Missionary Day. Hon. A. H. Colquitt, Ga., "Missions." Dr. Gungyngam, Nashville, Tenn., "The Sunday-School as a Missionary Agency." Mrs. Judge McHenry, Nashville, Tenn., conducts a missionary conference. Dr. J. L. Wilson, Baltimore, Md., "Africa."

Sunday, July 29—Sermons morning and evening. At three P. M., "A Layman's Sermon," by Hon. A. H. Colquitt. A missionary conference conducted by Dr. C. H. Bell, St. Louis, Mo., "Home Missions."

Monday, July 30—Dr. O. P. Fitzgerald, of the Nashville Christian Advocate, "The Press as an Educator." Three P. M., Children's Home, Public Reading by Mrs. L. C. French. At night, an "Exhibition of Oriental Life," by A. G. Van Lennep, a native of Turkey.

Tuesday, July 31—Dr. E. E. Winkler, Marion, Ala., "The Oration and His Art." Dr. T. J. Dodd, Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn., "Antiquities of Thought." Dr. A. G. Thomas, Atlanta, Ga., "The Sunday-School a Social Force and Moral Conservator."

Wednesday and Thursday, August 1, 2—Educational Days. Prof. S. Y. Caldwell, Superintendent of the city schools, Nashville, Tenn.; Dr. J. H. Carlisle, President, Spaulding, S. C.; Education of the Masses Apart from the Schools and Colleges. Dr. Hardie Brown, President of the Alabama State Normal School, Florence, Ala., "Moral Training in Education." Dr. A. G. Haygood, Oxford, Ga., "Education of the Colored Race."

Friday, August 3—Dr. W. P. Harrison, Nashville, Tenn., "The Pyramid of Egypt." Competitive Normal Examination of Sunday-School Teachers. Closing Exercises of the Montague School. Dr. T. Eaton, Louisville, Ky., "The Women."

Saturday, August 4—Dr. W. P. Harrison, second lecture on "The Pyramid of Egypt." Children's Normal Competitive Examination.

Monday, August 6, nine A. M., farewell meeting will be held. The hour of nine o'clock A. M. each day, Sunday excepted, will be given to Sunday School Normal Work. The same hour, but at a different place, a children's meeting will be conducted by the best persons to be found in this line of work.

Mr. A. G. Van Lennep, a native of Turkey, will be present during the entire Assembly, with his wonderful "Oriental and Biblical Museum." Prof. R. M. McIntosh, Oxford, Ga., will have charge of the Assembly music, and will give a number of musical concerts during the Assembly.

Special efforts will be made to entertain the children and young people. To do this there will be lawn tennis and croquet grounds, children's hours, evenings of the works, etc.

Montague is in Grundy county, Tenn., on the top of Cumberland Mountain, over 2,000 feet above the sea level, immediately on the line of railroad which connects with the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railway, 57 miles from Nashville, and 64 miles from Chattanooga, at Cowan, Montague being only 15 miles distant. The fare over the Louisville and Nashville Railway, with its entire system, will be 12 cents per mile each way. Efforts will be made to get other roads to give the same rates. Board at very reasonable rates. The Assembly will have a number of first class tents. Those who rent these tents can provide their own meals, or eat at a restaurant on the grounds. Tents can be rented with or without furniture. Those desiring further information about the Montague programme should address Rev. J. H. Warren, Murfreesboro, Tenn., Chairman Executive Committee.

—Let a man get but one glimpse of the King in his beauty, and then the forms and shapes of things here are but the types of an invisible loveliness—types which he is content should break and fade. Let but a man feel the truth, that goodness is greater, and then the degrading reverence, and then the fitted of this world how low beneath the feet of the world professing their familiarity with the love of the inward, ever-biding, real, the love that is of the Father, and unfolds the love of the world.—W. W. Robinson.

—To-morrow is the day on which lazy folks work and fools reform.







## Christian Advocate.

THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 1883.

## TWO PREACHERS.

The preacher stood in the pulpit, and spoke with large discourse of reason and revelation, Nature and cosmic force.

He talked of the reign of order, of scientific skill.

And knowledge as the only key to the heavenly will.

And I wondered at the doctrine, I deemed so strange and cold; And thought of saints that I had known, weary and poor and old.

For they had no new of science, praying on benedict knee, And from ancient superstitions, were not altogether free.

While I lost in the maze of wisdom About the false and true, There came to my eyes a vision, Near as the nearest new.

Twas a vision dear and tender, The sweet face of a child, As weary with all the talking, He lay asleep and stilled.

Nothing but care for the preacher, Who spoke of law above, But in his face was innocence And words of trusted love.

Thought of a certain teacher— The wise, the unselfish— Who saw the kingdom of heaven Within the heart of a child.

Tis good to be strong and learned, Good to be wise and bold, But the best of every thing that is, The preacher left unsold.

## Free Thinkers on a Rampage.

BY REV. J. W. HARRIS.

Is it true or is it not true, in this age of boasted progress and elevation of human character, that ridicule and censure, directed against virtue and piety and Christianity, has become the dominant thought and language of the world, outside the circle of the faithful and God-fearing men and those under their influence? Is it also true that free thinkers indulge in an ideal respect for virtue, but despise those who profess to hold this great prize and live by it? Do they not acknowledge the nothing, in all the wide range of thought, is more estimable and beautiful and lovely in this world, than pure virtue and sincere piety; but immediately make the charge that it is no where to be found among men? Do they not acknowledge that virtue, the pure white-winged dove of virtue exists, and then proceed in haste to divorce it from all men who would practice it? Do they not make a great show of always respecting the white phantom of virtue and the true sanctity and sacredness of real piety, that they may be better entitled to ridicule and censure all those who aspire to its possession? Is it not also true in regard to this rampant class of free thinkers, that where homeless, upright men, present so slight a target that the feathered arrow of ridicule will not even hold, but fall powerless and mischievous, that then these exalted spirits content themselves by snapping and gnawing the intentions and maligning the motives of such men? Is it not also true that the most virtuous and pious Christians, always held at a terrible discount in the estimation of free thinkers, because of the suspicious and fraudulent with which they always smirch and blacken their whitest and purest motives.

Now in all this the ignorant and foolish school, as well as the learned and polished school of free thinkers, betray themselves and display to the observant men three of the most dangerous principles that ever disgraced and belied humanity. And first of these may be mentioned, a careless indifference; and second, self-confessed corruption; and third, the strange paradox of self-stultification.

The shameless and heartless indifference of free thinkers is manifest in the fact that they assume to sit in judgment upon the intentions and purposes of the heart. Because the very mystery of inquiry itself, which worked in secret, can not be understood, much less revealed until God in judgment shall lift the veil from all hearts. Until that day, whatever passes in the imperishable depths of the human mind and heart is buried from the knowledge of men.

But this wise school of self-stultified indifference over the motives, the virtues and the religion of men, not only discharge their poisonous arrows of malice against the weakness of men, sometimes almost inseparable from frail humanity; but with malice aforethought, attack the probity and integrity of the heart; and make innocence itself and the sacredness of holy things that ought not to be touched by profane hands, or by spoken or by profane lips, subservient to their unholy views and depraved passions.

What a principle of heartless indifference and dangerous injustice for some men, and would be wise cohorts to charge that the very best men the world ever produced, and made so by Christianity, were public impostors, venturing with God and the sacred verities of eternity under the mask of a false virtue and the mockery of piety. This shameless indifference, this self-perpetrated libel upon themselves, has been carried so far by the poor dupes of the Ingersoll School, that they suspect even in a pious, holy and laborious life, given up solely to the good of our race, what they would not dare to suspect in the most scari-

dalous, convicted and hung criminal, for violating the laws of the land, let alone the law of God. Has it actually come to this, that the polished arrows of ridicule when twanged by the polished school of free thinkers, against God and his servants, would be charged as barbarous by them if they were hurled against men blackened and disgraced by the most heinous of all crimes.

This boasted, polished damascene blade of cutting censure and ridicule, is doubled edged, and cuts keenly both ways. For if we can put no confidence in the sincerity and virtue of the just, if their piety is only a mask, and the venerable testimonies of honored men in the church and the biographies of the sainted dead, whose holy characters have left the flavor of a sweet aroma all along down the social and public walks of life; I say, if all this is only a tradition of knavery, hypocrisy and deceit, then those free thinkers themselves, with all the world of sinners and worldly characters, are nothing but cheats and villains and self-confessed liars, of whom we must be on our guard and who ought to be treated as enemies.

The second dangerous principle with which the school of free thinkers have libeled and disgraced themselves, is their self-confessed corruption. For you may rest assured that that class of men who are over on the alert to detect and point out all the appearances of virtue, who behold nothing but criminal intentions in all the works of holiness and who ascribe nothing but base selfishness to all the deeds of true Christianity and benevolence, can only proceed from a heart charged with the pestiferous locusts of the carnal house of corruption. For none but men of profoundly corrupt thought and hearts, no matter how polished in their outward demeanor, could ever suppose such corruption to exist in all other hearts. The fact is they can not comprehend how honor, purity and integrity, with all other Christian graces, can possibly exist in the hearts of others, even the most exalted in character, because their own hearts are always utterly false, or else filled and destitute of such elements of character.

Many wives have been reckless to their marital vows, but does that prove that chastity and fidelity no longer exists under the sacred bonds of matrimony? Many magistrates, and men high in authority, have disgraced their function and blackened their characters; but does justice and integrity fled all human hearts? Did the perjury of Judas make all the other disciples traitors?

But the third hateful principle developed by free thinkers is their own self-stultification. Because their whole life is an assumed character, for in times of great perplexity and physical danger, when the moral foundations of society and government are shaken from centre to circumference, and when men's hearts are failing for fear, then their hearts, on every occasion, betrays the words of their lips. When conscience roars out and flies in their faces, when the fires of a keen remorse are kindled up by the divine Spirit of truth for the last time in this life; then they prove themselves to be the most ardent hypocrites and cowards the world ever gazed upon.

Then their stultification becomes complete. Then we make the discovery, that where they flattered, they loved out; where they were obsequious, they despised; and where they flung the sword of ridicule to the butt in the bosom of innocence, they would have given worlds themselves to have been innocent themselves.

They personate virtue and holiness, and therefore render it useless to themselves, an instability themselves by doing every avenue to their own safety. And while the just and righteous in this world are the living statues and representatives of the great King of kings; the only real images of a holy God that can be presented to the world for their example, and as they have by their ridicule and blasphemous jests, dishonored upon the grandest work of the great God and bespattered his images here with the vitriol of wicked hearts. He has pledged his word before all created intelligences that he will curse them forever.

## My Presiding Elders.

A Churchman.

Rev. G. A. R. was my next presiding elder. He was a tall, dignified man, always neat in his apparel, elastic in his speech, and wide awake to the interests he had in hand. He was a capital preacher. Few men in our Conference are his superiors in the pulpit, but he had one disagreeable trait, he was given to grumbling. This disposition found exercise always when the financial prospects were unfavorable. The Lord's treasury, however, was not filled by this method, and it is doubtful whether any good ever grows out of such a spirit. Men sometimes need to be reprimanded, but grumbled at never.

The next year Rev. L. M. N. was on the district. He was a portly, fine looking man, and was universally popular. He wrote his sermons out in full, and preached magnificently; but such was his skill that no unpleasant extemporaneous breaks occurred. He was the beauty of his discourses. He was always eloquent, and sometimes charmingly so. He was a splendid camp meeting preacher. He was gifted in song and worked faithfully in the altar. Long will I remember his

earnest prayers for penitent sinners. Socially, he was pleasant and entertaining. His visits were always looked forward to with great interest, especially by the young.

Rev. P. T. W. was my next presiding elder, a man for whom I have the highest regard. He was an elderly man, of ripe scholarship and fine preaching ability. His sermons were systematic in their arrangement, and his language was appropriate and forcible. So exact was he in the choice of words, and so grammatically correct were his sentences, that his sermons would have needed but little revising to prepare them for the press if they had been taken down as they were delivered. This was the result, not of studied effort at the time, but of habit. He had drilled himself, even in conversation, to be rigidly correct in his expressions. He was faithful in his office, and administered the affairs of the district with even-balanced efficiency.

Next comes Rev. G. R. E. He was one of the most prominent men in the Conference, and was deservedly so. He was a fine preacher and one of the most earnest men I ever saw, his evident earnestness gave him power with the masses. An earnest man always gains the ear of his audience, and when this is joined with sound sense, a power is wielded that is well nigh irresistible. Rev. G. R. E. was not much of a conversationalist, but was always pleasant and agreeable.

My next presiding elder was Rev. S. A. B. My acquaintance with him, before he came on the district, was very limited, and I knew but little about him. His dignified appearance, however, had not impressed me favorably. I expected him to be somewhat haughty to his demeanor, and harsh in his administration. But to my surprise and delight, I found him neither haughty nor harsh. I have never known a man with a more lovely Christian spirit. He had spent the early part of his manhood as a disciple of Bonaparte. He had left pleasant surroundings, and bright early prospects to preach the gospel of Christ. As a preacher he was instructive and charming. In the social circle he was the center of attraction. He was the best conversationalist I was ever my fortune to be associated with. He knew how to talk without monopolizing the conversation. As a student he was worthy of imitation. He found time, on a large district, to study with profit, and at the same time, attend to his official duties. He is now a riding man in our Conference. The Lord blesses his ministry, and if faithful to his trust, great usefulness awaits him.

The year, out of the three, Rev. S. A. B. was on his district, it was my lot to be under the presiding eldership of Rev. M. A. H. He was comparatively a young man, but administered the affairs of his district efficiently and satisfactorily. He struck me as being specially competent to comprehend and expound ecclesiastical law. This was due, I suppose, to some extent, to the fact that before he entered the ministry he had been a student of Blackstone. He was an excellent preacher, and never uttered the lame and halt as a sacrifice to God. He prepared his sermons with great care, and when he preached he sent forth no uncertain sound.

My last and present presiding elder is the Rev. G. F. L. He is a tall, handsome man, with an open countenance and a piercing eye. He has spent many years in the halls of learning, and the result is a "polished shaft." He is an able preacher, a wise counsellor and, best of all, a deeply pious man. His piety is, as it should be, his most prominent characteristic. With the members of our Conference he is the most popular man in it. In the election of delegates to the General Conference he always receives nearly every vote. He is worthy of the high esteem in which he is held. I consider myself happy in having a presiding elder of such intelligence and piety. I have already been profited by association with him, and hope to be more so as the year advances.

In conclusion let me say that I am thankful that in the providence of God, I have been privileged to associate with such men as my presiding elders. By their influence I have been stimulated to seek knowledge, to advance in spirituality and to labor for the salvation of sinners. The remembrance of each one is a benediction to my soul. May the future be as the past, in harmony and pleasantness of association.

A PRAISEMAN.

## Sketch of the Life and Ministry of Rev. Geo. Shaeffer.

(Continued.)

I sent this article to the Southwestern Christian Advocate, Nashville. It was copied into the Christian Advocate and Journal, New York, and I trust may have done some good. I subsequently extended the article to other branches of ministerial duty. This article shows my own plan of procedure which I have generally carried out and with undeviating success; though my views may appear rather ultra to the present advanced state of the church. Although the Lord had led me to the mount of faith and blessed me with such a ravishing scene of his love as is related in the preceding pages. I had sometimes very humbling views of self and passed through great sorrows of heart. I did not always live on the mount of transfiguration, as will be

seen in the relation of my subsequent experience. In July, 1837, I find the following record of my feelings: "I feel that I have a proud, deceitful heart, which is constantly leading me away from Christ, and into the indulgence of unholy tempers and unmet desires. I am conscious that I have lost ground in religion; I have not such power over sin, so much of the spirit of holiness, nor such deadness to the world as I have had. Neither do I find so much power in preaching the word, my views have become darkened and circumscribed and I find myself left to feel on the old manna instead of gathering it fresh every day."

In prayer I have no clear views of Christ, no humbling views of myself, my soul is not fed. In meditation my mind is gravelling. I can not rise, my thought take hold on earth and earthly objects. I have a huge man-fearing and man-pleasing spirit, and I am led sometimes lest this retrograde should continue till I am entirely deprived of strength and given up to the power of Satan. O Lord Jesus help me, save me, I beseech thee and impart to me new measures of thy grace and of that spiritual life which flows from a living faith in thee."

The following recollections on fasting I find recorded September 21, 1837: "The duty of fasting is too much neglected by our church; I am convinced that more than one-half of our members neglect fasting entirely and it may be owing to the neglect of the preachers who do not sufficiently urge it upon them by precept and example. It is the duty of every traveling preacher to fast at least on Fridays in the year, but is not this duty neglected by many of them? and can we expect to see any great advancement in holiness among our people while living in the neglect of a known duty, and one too so eminently promotive of holiness? The preachers should see that the people of their charge attend punctually to this duty, particularly on the days designated in our discipline, the Friday preceding each quarterly meeting, on which occasion it would be well to appoint prayer meetings in all the societies where there are a sufficient number of members who pray in public. And the suggestion of a correspondent of the Advocate to enter into a covenant with the members of each society to fast twice a week for four weeks and pray for a revival would, I have no doubt, be attended with happy results. Fasting is an admirable remedy to humble the sinner and to bring the Christian to a sense of his sinfulness and short comings, and is never attended to without profit, and in many cases to a great advancement in holiness which was not in the habit of fasting. When the health of the body would render entire fasting injurious, abstinence might be practiced beneficially."

In October I attended a camp meeting near Fayetteville, Ala., on my circuit, which was very profitable to my soul. The presence of the Lord was manifested in the conversion of thirty-one persons; several backsliders were reclaimed and the people of God much strengthened and blessed. I was happy throughout the meeting. The parting scene on Wednesday morning at the stand was peculiarly interesting. The words of love were drawn so close that it was with difficulty we could separate, and nothing but the lively hope of soon meeting in heaven reconciled into the parting."

A few days after I made the following record of my spiritual state: "Since the meeting I have preached but once. I then had some liberty and felt comfortable. I feel my mind is stayed upon God, this morning, he is my trust and my shield. I am my Lord's and he is mine. I only live to serve him; nothing on earth I call my own. I am a steward of the manifold grace of God. Jesus is my Redeemer, the captain of my salvation, my rock, my strong tower, my teacher, my guide, my example, my sun of righteousness, my everlasting all."

(To be continued.)

Take care of the children. After the sermon yesterday I turned to the choir to see what I could sing so sweetly, and found it full of happy children. Remember the theory of the church, that children are redeemed by the blood of Christ; that God has entered into covenant relations with man, wherein he has included children as partakers of his gracious benediction; that being such as is the kingdom of heaven, they are baptized and received on probation in the church. Take care that they are brought into maturity of Christian experience and into full membership in the church, for these are the sheep of Christ which he bought with his death, and for whom he shed his blood. The Church which you must serve is his spouse and his body. And if it shall happen that any Church or any member thereof do take any hurt or hindrance by reason of your negligence, you know the greatness of the fault, and also the too full punishment that will ensue.—Bishop Warren.

Best of All.—The biographers in the Bible are more simple and natural than any others. The history in the Bible is more reliable, as well as more important than any other. The poetry of Job, Isaiah, David and others in the Bible is unquestionably superior in eloquence, sweetness and sublimity, as in purity of spirit, to all other poetry. The prayers in the Bible are adaptable models. The sermons in the Bible are masterpieces in the fullest sense of the term. The parables of the Scriptures are more pithy and profitable than specimens of any other source. But the crowning glory of it all is the Scriptures are able to make one wise unto salvation, as containing the only inspired revelation of the will, word, and grace of God our Saviour.—Southwestern Methodist.

## Our Young People.

For the New Orleans Christian Advocate.

WORK.

BY JOHN H. MARTIN.

When life's spring-time sun is shining,  
When with youthful vigor I live,  
Girl yourself, and cease ceasing,  
Work! for evening benediction.

When the mid-day sun is gleaming,  
Work with all of manhood's power,  
Baffle on the time-consuming,  
Soon will come the twilight hour.

When life's sun is slowly sinking  
In the peaceful, radiant west,  
Work as if you shall soon be drinking  
From the fount of "eternal rest."

Then, whatever your condition,  
Work! the harvest fields are white;  
"Hope shall cleave to give fruition,"  
Darkness shall be changed to light."

LEXINGTON, Mississippi.

From "Ettie" to "Invalid."

(Continued.)

DEAR INVALID: One night—the following January—I was deeply convinced that, while I rejected my minister, I was really rejecting Christ who sent him. This led me to try to pray for myself. I fell on my knees, weeping bitterly over my broken vows, my sinful ingratitude to my God, for my rudeness and disrespect to my minister, my ingratitude to my loved ones and friends. In fact, all my sins of omission, as well as commission, which I could remember, I deeply deplored. I told Bro. Billingsly just how I felt, asked his forgiveness, and he seemed to be more encouraged. There was "an aching void" in my heart; I wanted something, I knew not what, and he said that I needed Christ. He tried to make me understand about "the witness of the Spirit" in his own conversion. He then made me a proposition: "From to-night, about nine o'clock, for a whole week, I am going to pray most earnestly for your conversion; but, in the meantime, you must pray for yourself."

From that night I began to pray, truly repenting of all the wrong I had committed and committed since becoming a member of the church. God was using severe means to bring me nearer to him—my health growing worse every day. Bro. Billingsly called a few days after, and I could not receive his visits gladly, and talk about religion with more interest—greater freedom. I told him that I felt that my sins were forgiven, for I had truly repented, but I had not yet received "the witness of the Spirit" as clearly as I wished for my own experience.

On the ever memorable Friday night, February 8, 1875, between the hours of nine and ten o'clock, on my knees alone before God, I was most happily converted—or, rather, received a full assurance of the pardon of all my sins. I had been praying long and earnestly for the witness of the Spirit yet hitherto I had received no answer. "The heavens seemed as brass." "Sit down so close—as if a human being was near—trying to hold me back." "What reason have you to justify you in the belief that your sins have been pardoned, or that you are going to receive the witness of the Spirit? You have been praying a long time, and yet you have not received an answer." Many other suggestions—all so plausible, while I was so inexperienced. Instead of looking to Christ, I began to reason with myself. "Good old Corvossio truly says: 'When we reason with ourselves, we deliberately throw ourselves into the arms of Satan.' I throw myself deliberately down on my couch, thinking it was useless to pray any longer, when the blessed Spirit came to my aid with the words: 'Arise, pray, trust, and only believe.'"

The influence was so powerful that I could not resist. I asked for bodily strength, and, falling on my knees, prayed with my whole soul more earnestly than ever in all my life. While praying for faith to believe, the very same passage of Scripture, which had been presented to me while languishing on a bed of affliction in New Orleans, was again given: "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." I knew it was Christ inviting me to come to him. I felt now long, and cried: "Lord, help me now to believe; give me stronger faith to plea this; I renounce." Again the words came: "Pray, trust, only believe!"

"Lord, I come to thee now, and thou hast said that thou wilt not cast me out. Help me this moment to claim thy promise; I want to believe. Show me how." The more I tried to plead, the nearer Satan seemed to be. God only knows how deep and fierce the conflict was when the words came to me with wonderful power: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." I was now fully convinced that all my prayers, waiting and hoping were not in vain, and I could now boldly say to Satan: "Thou thou I have said."

The moment I exercised faith and accepted God's word this passage of Scripture was given me: "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee!"—followed by a deep peace, and I felt that I could prostrate myself to the very earth; felt like there was nothing of me—going out of self entirely. I can not describe the feeling in more suitable language. I felt that I loved God as never before, and every human being on the earth—like I could have embraced the whole human family in my arms.

All I could say, while on benedict knees and with clasped hands, was: "God is love." My God does love me, and has pardoned all my sins. "O, my God, how I thank thee!" Tears rained down my cheeks; but they were no

longer tears of sorrow, but of deep, heartfelt gladness. A deep and holy calm pervaded and filled my inmost being. Language is inadequate to describe the happy feeling. Now, save those who have been truly converted, will understand my feelings. What rejoicing there must have been in heaven that night! Now "my peace flowed like a river." I could now hold deep, close, uninterrupted communion with God, for my prayers were answered—some even while praying. I could pray sitting or lying down, or even surrounded with gay, thoughtless company, without a wandering or disturbed thought.

I have never for a moment doubted my conversion. It was so clear and satisfactory; and to day I can say, with a heart full of love and gratitude to my heavenly Father, I thank him for having brought me to him in the way he thought best, although the way was thickly strewn with thorns and crosses. I can now see his loving hand in so many things I formerly thought but a curse. Thank God for pardoning a poor, weak worm of the dust—a wicked, guilty sinner!

You will see from these pages what a wicked sinner Ettie has been. God has done so much for me, I wish I could serve him better. And since he has done so much for me, will he not be as willing to do for others? Let us earnestly pray, trust and wait. Somehow I feel that our prayers for others will not be in vain, and if I thought this—an account of my conversion—would be the means of bringing some, even one such as I was, to Christ, I would not mind its being published, as I have been advised to do so. I send it to you, as it is, with all its errors and imperfections. With much love and sympathy. Your invalid sister,

ETTY.

## The Little Flower.

BY ENCLE JOHN.

As I approached the church to-day, a man took me aside to inquire about a mutual friend. He got out of the hot sunshine we reached in the shade made by the church edifice. There, springing from the ground by the wall, was a tiny plant with a pink-colored flower with its two pretty petals. Its name was unknown to me, having never noticed such a plant before. It was perfect after its kind. One of the most beautiful objects I had ever seen in the little realm of nature. My friend seemed as much struck with its beauty as myself. He said:

"Full in my flower, what a beautiful sight!" Truly the earth "so red and full" is full of the glory of God.

My friend then gave a glowing account of a stretch growing in his lawn that blooms with a gorgeous array for a day and then sheds its glories for a year, and of another that maintains its beautiful magnificence for many weeks. He mentioned and various other works of God! In wisdom had he made them all!

Thus we talked of flowers much, and of our mutual friend but little. (On going into the church we found the preacher had failed to put in an appearance. The congregation was dismissed without a sermon. If my friend and I had had a sermon preached from a little dower no larger than a dew-drop, as a closing hymn we only needed a translation of Psalm xlviii. "For a foundation we might have had the Saviour's saying: 'I will so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cut down, even shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?'"

Great and marvelous are the works of God here; greater and more marvelous works shall we soon hereafter.

DEAR PRINCE: In Cayton there are thousands of people who worship Satan and demons. When a little boy is very sick, his friends go immediately for one of the demon priests who brings the most hideous images and puts them about the child, and see them all the time. He holds an altar not far from the house, where the priest puts incense, rice, eggs, flowers, opium and meat. Then the priest dresses himself to look as much like a demon as possible; wears a horrible mask, and then goes through various ceremonies. All night long he shouts and sings and dances, and in the morning he says the demon is satisfied, and the boy will get well. Gospel in All Lands.

If we examine the feeling of self-doubt, which we are accustomed to call modesty, we shall find that it is but modesty all through. The outer coating of the Atlantic cable is made of gutta serena, but the core is composed of triple strands of twisted wire. So the modest looking rope, which winds its coils round dumb Christians, self and selfishness it seems without, has iron inside—three wicked wires, forged in the furnace of the pit—envy, ambition, pride, covet, that some surpass you? ambition, that wishes to surpass all; pride, which tells you to be nothing if you can not be best. Dr. G. B. Ho.

Happy is the man whom God correcteth, for he maketh sore and bindeth up.

Happy is that people whose God is the Lord.

Happy is he who hath the God of Jacob for his help.

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding.

Happy is the man that feareth always.

Happy is he that condemneth not himself in that thing which he doeth.

Happy is he that hath mercy on the poor.

Happy is he who trusteth in the Lord.

Happy is he that keepeth the law.

If ye suffer for righteousness—happy are ye.

If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye.



Christian Advocate.

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CHAS. B. GALLOWAY, D. D., Editor.

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THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 1933.

Revival fires are burning, and our Zion is renewing her strength. The old power is attending the gospel. Conversions are multiplying, and many are added to the household of faith.

The interesting letters from "Ella to Invalid," concluded this week, have been read with pleasure and profit. We pray that our young readers may learn from the story of her conversion the way to Christ and the same joyful experience.

It seems to cost something for a man to reach the throne of Canterbury. The report is published, and in a church newspaper, that the new Archbishop, Dr. Benson, spent \$150,000 in fees and other expenses before his "enthronization," and the process took three months. He has only a salary of \$75,000 and two archiepiscopal palaces in which to reside. These facts we gather from the London correspondence of the North-western.

Newspaper articles and type words do not improve in value as they grow in length. At an examination of a class in composition this theme was submitted for treatment: "Description of the sentiments which animate the pedestrian while ascending a mountain." Many elaborate treatises were presented, covering many pages of paper. With these a small card, duly signed, was handed in, containing but three words: "I am on top." With much hilarity the professors awarded to the author of this model composition the usual prize—a gold medal.

Mr. Editor: Will you please let all the people know that our young people are making a missionary, conventional quilt, a quilt of costly cloth, neat handwork and latest style. Upon the squares will be the names of prominent Methodists of all the broad connection, living or dead. When finished the quilt will be sold at the Louisville Exposition, and all we make will be given to the foreign missionary cause. Let every reader help by sending any name and ten cents, which amount will secure a place for the name of their choice, and aid the good cause. Send all money and names to Mrs. Ann Webster Canton, Madison county, Miss.

H. R. SINGLETON, Pastor.

Irish fanaticism has reached its climax in the kind leaguers denunciations of the Vatican circular. That the most turbulent yet most conspicuously servile children of the church should so demonstrate to the world their wrath against the Holy Father is significant. There is a transition going on in Irish church loyalty. Our excellent confere, the Irish Christian Advocate, who is on the ground, and carefully observing current movements, says: "We do not recollect such outspokenness by Irish Roman Catholics in opposition to the authority of the Pope in this land as there has been since the issue of this now famous circular. What the permanent results of the whole will be, politically, socially and religiously, time alone can develop."

The case of Harvard College and Gov. Butler has been quite generally discussed in the papers, secular and religious. It has been long an established habit at Harvard to confer the honorary degree of "Doctor of Laws" upon the Governor of Massachusetts, whoever he might be. In compliance with this usage, twenty-seven successive Governors have received the degree. But for purely personal and political reasons an exception has been made by the college overseers, in the case of Gov. Benjamin F. Butler. After an adjournment for a week to meditate upon the grave question, and then a heated four hours' discussion, they decided, by a vote of fifteen to eleven, to deny Massachusetts' present Governor the empty honor. In point of ability and attainments possibly they have not bestowed it upon his superior, and surely in some instances upon men far inferior. We agree with the New York Independent that the action of the authorities under the circumstances was "injudicious, childish, undignified and spleenish." In the meantime Gov. Butler is attending college commencements and delivering addresses to immense audiences.

Homicide in the South.

The very striking title of Hon. Henry Watterson's address before the Vanderbilt University was "The Homestead Side of Southern Life." The orator is the fresh and versatile editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal, and a man of vast influence in national politics. There are passages in his address of rare elegance and real eloquence, but, as a philosophical treatment of the timely subject, it fails to reach high expectation. A correct diagnosis suggests the proper remedy. To find the cure, we must know the cause of disease.

Much time was spent in comparing and analyzing the homicidal records of the North and South. From the facts gathered, the orator demonstrated that crime was no more frequent in this than a higher latitude. We are sorry that sectional lines were suggested and wish that our entire national life had been included. True, it has been the fashion of some little pocket-edition partisans of the North to read homilies on Southern savagery as compared with their saltness. But their piling platitudes should not awaken sectional response or justify us in condoning wrong. It is a fact—a sad, humiliating, alarming fact—that human life is too cheap among us. For too trivial a provocation, wounded honor is avenged by the fatal trigger. Boys are taught to place a premium upon brute courage, and he is discounted in popularity who is suspected of any lack at that point. Many a young man seeks to win his spurs in a physical encounter. He promenades the streets, a walking arsenal, and goes to and from his place of business a hip-pocket defender against all imaginary enemies and evils. The facts are admitted and no section is free from their shame and stain.

We suggest a few things by way of remedying these evils:

1. Let home training be more careful and Christian. No doubt many a boy is made a criminal by being told at home not to allow himself "to be imposed upon." We have never heard those words of false and fatal counsel from parental lips without a shudder. They are a license to wrong-doing.

2. Let the pulpit become a throne of thunder on the subject. At the Centenary Commencement Dr. J. B. Walker preached on the text "Thou shalt not kill." It was a faithful arraignment of the murderous spirit, and an earnest plea for the respect and protection of human life. There should be no uncertain sound.

3. Each patriotic citizen should see that the law is impartially executed. The law fails in the hands of its administrators. Judges and commonwealth attorneys are in large measure responsible for crime. A judge sometimes assumes the mock-heroic and delivers a flaming philippic to a grand jury, but when indictments are presented he allows them not *pro se* for various and vague reasons. We need to *vertebrate the judiciary*. We should be cautious in securing the pardon of criminals. There is a morbid sentimentality in communities on this subject. Any man can get a petition for executive clemency however unprovoked and heinous his offense. Every such petition, unless based upon some exceptional facts, weakens and degrades law and discounts human life. This editor is the chaplain of a State Prison and has opportunity for observing this matter, and is firmly convinced that society is wronged by such a course. There are a few special cases when executive pardon is righteous and praiseworthy.

4. We should urge the legal prohibition of the pistol. Pistols were only made for human destruction. They are not serviceable to the huntsman. He would starve for game if he relied upon a "Smith & Wesson," a "Lightning Colt" or a "self-cocking Tranter." These are made to kill men, and for that bloody work alone are they used. We have no need for such weapons and therefore should prohibit their sale in the State.

The following beautiful words of exhortation from Mr. Watterson to the young men, may fittingly close this article:

"My dear young friends, put behind you the false promise that honor requires that brutal blows shall be answered by brutal blows. Seek to construct a society where he is outlawed who first forgets that he is a gentleman. Seek to establish and maintain a code of manhood which shall honor him who saves, not who takes, a life. Seek in moments of provocation and hot blood self-forgetfulness, which is the highest and purest self-composure, the very heart and soul of real courage; for that it has not been written, and truly so, that

"The brave are the tenderest,  
The loving are the daring."

and what shall it profit him who has gained the world, if, in one rash moment, he has wrecked a home? Enough of you will fall in labor's battle. Enough of you will fall in learning's cause. But no man's life is lost who

has made a single human being happier for his coming, and of whom, however obscure and poor his lot, it may be said 'he is a gentleman.' Be sure of this; be sure that life's real successes are triumphs won by the fireside. Travel the wide world over in quest of fame and fortune and you shall not learn so much as a wise and good man may pick up in his migrations between the blue bed and the brown. All public virtue, all public honor and progress, must be based upon domestic peace and love, home culture and heart culture, the father and the mother of brain culture.

Church Dedication at Natchez.

We spent last Sunday in Natchez, the beautiful bluff city of Mississippi. The occasion of our going was to deliver a lecture on Friday night in the interest of the Library Association, and to dedicate the beautiful little chapel, just erected, on Sabbath. Our second trip over the "Little J." was, like the first—attended with an accident necessitating a transfer of passengers and baggage at Cole's creek. This is a famous stream—its history of incidents and accidents dating back to the early Southwest. Many a horse and his rider have gone down beneath its quicksands and swelling floods. It was near the mouth of Cole's creek that Aaron Burr, the suspected arch-conspirator and traitor, was arrested and carried forth to trial.

Along the way the crops were a luxuriant freshness, and seemed to prophesy an abundant harvest. There is an unusual acreage of corn and small grain, with every prospect of a phenomenal yield. Generous rains made the fields smile with gladness, and leafy woodlands to put on robes of deepest, richest green.

Batling a slight detention, we arrived safely in Natchez, and found Bro. Meilen waiting to take us to his hospitable and delightful home. We brought away the sweetest memories of that charming household. That is the typical hospitality which makes a guest enjoy the abandon and freedom of the home feeling. In a little while Bro. Black, the gifted pastor, came in, and all went merrily as Methodist preachers off duty.

The lecture night in the Library Association Hall was attentively and kindly received by an appreciative audience. The hall is nicely furnished and neatly kept; there is a lady librarian. The library numbers about fifteen hundred volumes, and additions are being constantly made by purchase and donations. We consider that a pleasant and hopeful feature of that goodly city. It is kept open every afternoon and evening from five to ten o'clock.

On Sunday, at eleven o'clock, the new church was dedicated in the presence of a congregation that filled the house. The building is quite a gem of architectural taste and finish. It is 30x50 feet in size, of Gothic style of architecture, with arched ceiling, oriel windows in front and recess in rear of pulpit. The Gothic idea prevails everywhere, and is most grateful to the eye. It is eligibly located, on Cemetery Road, and right in the midst of the homes of the factory operatives, for whose accommodation it was chiefly built. The entire cost, including furniture and a neat fence, is \$1,540. Of this amount, at the hour of dedication, only \$95 was lacking. To the credit of our heroic and liberal congregation in Natchez, he said, that every dollar of this sum has been raised at home. They have asked no foreign aid, and have received none. This they have done while making strenuous efforts to complete their spacious and handsome first church. The mission enterprise, which has flowered out so rapidly in the erection of this beautiful little chapel, was inaugurated two years ago by Rev. W. C. Black, who has given freely to it of his time and means. A Sunday-school has been in successful operation for some months, and now has an enrolled membership of eighty-three. The house was baptized with the name of our great founder, and will be called Wesley Chapel. There were two accessions the first service, and many more will speedily follow. Bro. Meilen commenced at once a protracted meeting, and is confident of a large gathering. His heart is fully in the work, and we pray the Master's blessing upon his unwearying labors.

Two lessons from that dedication might be emphasized: 1. The importance of securing a neat architectural plan. Bro. Meilen, for the small sum of five dollars, procured the plan of a model church. How many hundreds of dollars are lost on unsightly, misshapen, disproportioned piles for want of an architect's pencil. 2. The wisdom of at once enclosing the church lot. This is the first church we remember to have seen dedicated within a new and neat enclosure. It had an appearance of permanency and care that impressed us favorably. A church on the commons, unprotected and unprotected from beasts and boys, wears an expression of indifference, even to slovenliness.

A Dreadful Tragedy.

We were never more overwhelmed with sorrow and amazement than when the dispatches announced the slaying of Rev. J. Lane Borden at Mansfield, La., last Saturday, by the Rev. B. F. Jenkins. It seems a hideous nightmare we can not throw off. So shocking and so shrouded in mystery we can not think of it, and yet can not forget it. Like an awful phantom it lingers, to haunt and horrify day and night. The city pastors came into our office to-day with solemn step and sorrowful countenances. Each one said: "O! how dreadful! How can it be!" Alas! It has been a sad meeting—one of their brethren dead and the other's hands stained with his blood.

At this writing (Monday) we have none other than the telegraphic account published in the Sunday morning papers. Both the parties were members of the Louisiana Conference, Rev. J. Lane Borden being President of Mansfield Female College and Rev. B. F. Jenkins a member on trial, admitted at the last Conference. Mr. Borden has occupied a high position in his Conference as a preacher and educator. Mansfield College has enjoyed large prosperity under his administration, so much that at the last Conference measures were discussed for erecting an additional building. Mr. Jenkins was raised in Mansfield, is well connected, was converted under the ministry of Mr. Borden, and has sustained the reputation of a pure and consecrated young minister.

The reason assigned for the homicide was improper conduct on the part of Mr. Borden toward a young lady in the college to whom Jenkins was engaged. Borden declared his innocence with his dying breath. Jenkins fired four shots, three taking effect, the last lodging in his brain.

We refrain from comment until further particulars are received. We waited until a late hour before making this brief statement, hoping to hear something from brethren at Mansfield.

The Infidel's Work.

The infidel whose sympathies have been with the opponents of Christ as he has read the history of the past, and whose soul is in full accord with the efforts which are made to-day to stay the progress of religion, would do well to take a survey of the present aspects of the whole case. After nearly two thousand years of terecent struggle to stop the aggressive movement which the last words of Jesus projected into the forces at work in the world, how does that movement appear to-day? The movement began in a simple command of Jesus to his disciples, and what is the present phase of it? The infidel looks to-day at his success in stopping the spread of the Redeemer's name, and he sees that that name is known to more people and praised by more tongues and enthroned in more hearts than any other name. He looks toward the east, and he sees that the first beams of the morning gladden hearts that are devoted to Christ. His eye follows the sun in his sweep through the heavens, and he sees that every moment that sun is shining upon the disciples of the Lord. He turns his face westward, and when the sun sinks behind the golden clouds of evening, he sees his last rays playing upon the brows of the children of God. He looks to the north, and the eternal snows are tracked by men who know the name of Jesus. He looks to the south, and the lands that swelter in a torrid zone know something of Christ. If his vision is calm and clear he sees that this name is continually going forth, borne along on every breeze, and carrying with it and in it salvation to lost souls, and awakening in men wherever it goes the conception of the only civilization which can develop the wonderful resources which lie hidden in the human soul, the only civilization that can entice from nature the secret of her mysterious processes and persuade her to yield up her garnered treasures of the past. He sees that men, women and children, of all classes and grades of society, are helping to spread this name further and further. He hears the press speaking it out in all the known languages of earth. He beholds the swift ships traversing all seas, bearing the messengers and the message of God. He sees the swift-footed dromedaries, hastening over the burning sands of the tropics, bearing to the sunburnt inhabitants the glad tidings. He reads the message which not long ago flashed its way around the world—"four of the churches in the United States are each building three houses of worship a day." He sees that the cause of Christ is going out in all directions. Oh! infidel, tell us candidly what is the result of your work to stop the cause of Christ? Measured

by the undeniable facts of history and the present aspects of the case, what victories have you won?

If the infidel has won, up to this time, only a few, insignificant victories what can he hope for in the future? His avowed aim and purpose is to stop the progress of the cause of Christ, and blot out the remembrance of his name. In order to do this he will have to erase from the memory of men a great part of the history of the past, for much of that history derives its significance from the name of the Redeemer of men. The best lore of the ages, gathered by immense toil by the servants of Christ and guarded with ceaseless vigilance in the archives of the church, all of which is redolent with the odor of the precious name; this he must cast into a limbo of everlasting forgetfulness. He will have to destroy every Bible and every Christian book and every infidel book, for they are all full of the name of Christ. He will have to destroy every Christian organization, for Christ is its bond of union, and burn down every church on the globe, for Christ has put his name upon the corner-stone of every house erected to his worship. He will have to turn the ages of the world and fold them up as a garment, and lay them away in a place hidden from every eye, for Christ's life has been a constant factor in all the ages past. He will have to wrench the earth from her orbit, and fling her beyond the established harmonies of the universe to wander in perplexing mazes, unguided by thought and ungoverned by law, for an incarnate Christ pressed the soil of earth with his blessed feet, and thereby sanctified every physical law and modified every physical fact. Since that day the earth is not what it was before and never can be again. Is there anybody who believes that the infidels can do all this? Oh! Christian, be of good courage and do your duty. The great Captain has planned the campaign with infinite wisdom, and he is handling his forces with infinite skill and exhaustless patience, and you may look confidently for victory all along the line. Just as our Lord's human body rose from earth to ascend to heaven he uttered the divine paradox: "Lo! I am with you always, even to the end." Those words secure all the future.

Kosciusko Institute Commencement.

We had the pleasure of spending a day at Kosciusko during the commencement exercises of the Institute located in that goodly town, and presided over by Rev. T. A. S. Adams. The commencement sermon was preached, June 10, by Rev. Dr. W. T. J. Sullivan, and was spoken of as a very able discourse. We were glad to see the doctor looking so vigorous, and so filled with the spirit of pastoral labor. His long confinement in the school room seems to have given him a keen relish for field work.

The Board of Trustees met on Monday, and considered carefully the growing demands of the school. The last has been by far the most prosperous term of its history. Indeed, it has quite outgrown present accommodations, and must go forward. President Adams reported nearly an hundred pupils in attendance. The morale of the institution had never been so good nor its outlook so cheering. After a lengthy discussion and conference the Board resolved to raise, if possible, \$10,000 for the purpose of erecting another and more substantial building. Three young ladies graduated, and with honor.

At night there was a public debate by selected representatives of the literary society. This attracted an immense audience, and, as the discussion drew to a close, the excitement became rather intense. After these most enjoyable exercises the editor of the Advocate spoke briefly on "The Use and Abuse of Lettered Attainment." Having to leave the next morning we failed to witness the best part of the elaborate programme.

Rev. S. C. Stone, the popular pastor, was present, and added much to the pleasure of our visit. He has recently had a fine revival in his church, resulting in the addition of twenty or more to its membership. A pastor prevails with his people when, in addition to communion with God, he has favor in their eyes. We invoke a blessing upon the earnest preacher who occupies the pulpit from whence came the first appeal that touched our young heart. Rev. G. W. Bachman, whose work is contiguous, also resides here, and was an interested attendant upon the commencement festivities. He is one of the best and most active friends the Advocate claims in any Conference. We grasped the hand of many childhood friends, and lived over in memory the sweet experiences of those radiant days.

Kind Words from Dr. C. K. Marshall.

We are in receipt of a capital letter from our distinguished and genial Vicksburg friend, from which we make a liberal extract. What the doctor suggests about anonymous newspaper writers is timely and important. We rule now and forever that our columns are not for the use of anonymous abuse:

Mr. Editor: I have a few hours since reached home, after making a little tour of Oxford, Holly Springs, Columbus and Meridian, speaking to the people and looking at the face of the country, and into the faces of many dear old friends. Weary and hungry for news, your ADVOCATE of the fourteenth, dated to-day, was put into my hands. It has been a rare treat—"a feast of fat things, a feast of wines on the lees, of fat things full of marrow and well refined"—notably Bro. J. A. Parker's review of Dr. Winfield, Angus Dowling's hidden wealth, Bro. J. G. Jones' historical tribute, Dr. Lowry on Thomas Paine, which ought to be in tract form and scattered broadcast. Dr. Harmon on the Jurisprudence of Rum—one of his best. Then the Centenary addresses of Dr. Hendricks and Bishop Keener—both superb. Also Centenary College notices—fine: T. A. S. A.—first-rate. He lately tried his hand on mud pies he knows what Divine bread is, how it is made, where it is baked and the life it gives. Hear this: "He that eats the heavenly bread dares the world to kill him." The short articles are all good. I want to thank you for your own outspoken editorial on the Lafferty-McFerrin controversy.

I want to ask the editorial fraternity of our church papers if it is just, fair and Christian to permit a true and proper name to be attacked in any form or mode by a mere *nom de plume*? I hold it to be a grievous wrong. Very likely I may be in error. But I have had a sense of its injustice burnt into me by our editors, who have often permitted articles of mine, properly signed, to be overhauled most rudely. It seems to me, if I am correct, there should be a standing notice in every Advocate that no anonymous writer should be permitted to enter the columns of the paper against a proper name. Sometimes it is perilous for two unknown parties to carry on a controversy. I have known a father and son to get too warm in such a case, and become violent in their ugly zeal. We need to know the rules.

Revival at Aberdeen.

Bro. R. P. Mitchell, our active and successful pastor at Aberdeen, Miss., sends the following cheering note:

ABERDEEN, MISS., JUNE 1, 1933.

Mr. Editor: We closed last night a meeting of great power and success after a continuance of four weeks. As near as I can count there have been about seventy-five conversions, sixty-six accessions to the church, and several more will join. I can not begin to describe the benefit it has been to the church. We feel that a new era has dawned upon us, and that we are now ready to move forward to yet grander success. Of the accessions to the church forty-four were grown men and women, twenty-two of whom are heads of families. I have never seen a meeting of greater power in all my life. Bro. J. A. Bowen, of Corinth station, this Conference, was with us three weeks, and labored with great zeal, earnestness and success. Aberdeen will long remember him. We are also indebted to Revs. E. L. Spragins, R. G. Porter and A. D. McVoy for valuable assistance rendered. We thank God and take courage.

Rev. Q. A. Oats, of West station, North Mississippi Conference, sends the following note, to which the attention of all concerned is called: "Please state through the Advocate that parties attending the Winona District Conference, at this place, coming by private conveyance, will call at the store of Bro. L. A. Powers, to be assigned to their homes. All coming by railroad will be met at the trains. Ample provision will be made to take care of hearers. We expect the editor and publishers of the Advocate."

In addition to a report of the Greenville District Conference, published elsewhere, Rev. J. W. Hannon, of Greenville, sends the following pleasant note: "All the pastors were present except one. Reports show our district to be on a rising ground. We had no Bishop present, but our presiding elder presided and preached to the satisfaction of all. The effect of his sermon on Sunday was wonderful; the power of the Spirit was manifest, and it was a time of rejoicing. Several presented themselves for church membership."



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PRICES CURRENT.

REVISED AND CORRECTED WEEKLY.

ADVOCATE OFFICE.  
New Orleans, Monday, June 19, 1883.

Our readers should bear in mind that our quotations represent prices for round lots, and that in all small orders higher prices must be paid.

SOUTHERN STAPLES.

Commodity	To-day	Yesterday
Cotton, P. B.	10 1/2	10 1/2
Low ordinary	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good ordinary	10 1/2	10 1/2
Low middling	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good middling	10 1/2	10 1/2
High middling	10 1/2	10 1/2
Low extra	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good extra	10 1/2	10 1/2
High extra	10 1/2	10 1/2
Low super	10 1/2	10 1/2
Good super	10 1/2	10 1/2
High super	10 1/2	10 1/2

GRAIN AND FEED.

Commodity	To-day	Yesterday
Wheat, No. 1	1 1/2	1 1/2
Wheat, No. 2	1 1/2	1 1/2
Wheat, No. 3	1 1/2	1 1/2
Wheat, No. 4	1 1/2	1 1/2
Wheat, No. 5	1 1/2	1 1/2
Wheat, No. 6	1 1/2	1 1/2
Wheat, No. 7	1 1/2	1 1/2
Wheat, No. 8	1 1/2	1 1/2
Wheat, No. 9	1 1/2	1 1/2
Wheat, No. 10	1 1/2	1 1/2

PROVISIONS.

Commodity	To-day	Yesterday
Beef, No. 1	10 1/2	10 1/2
Beef, No. 2	10 1/2	10 1/2
Beef, No. 3	10 1/2	10 1/2
Beef, No. 4	10 1/2	10 1/2
Beef, No. 5	10 1/2	10 1/2
Beef, No. 6	10 1/2	10 1/2
Beef, No. 7	10 1/2	10 1/2
Beef, No. 8	10 1/2	10 1/2
Beef, No. 9	10 1/2	10 1/2
Beef, No. 10	10 1/2	10 1/2

ESSENTIALS.

Commodity	To-day	Yesterday
Wheat, No. 1	1 1/2	1 1/2
Wheat, No. 2	1 1/2	1 1/2
Wheat, No. 3	1 1/2	1 1/2
Wheat, No. 4	1 1/2	1 1/2
Wheat, No. 5	1 1/2	1 1/2
Wheat, No. 6	1 1/2	1 1/2
Wheat, No. 7	1 1/2	1 1/2
Wheat, No. 8	1 1/2	1 1/2
Wheat, No. 9	1 1/2	1 1/2
Wheat, No. 10	1 1/2	1 1/2

SEMI-DRILLS.

Commodity	To-day	Yesterday
Wheat, No. 1	1 1/2	1 1/2
Wheat, No. 2	1 1/2	1 1/2
Wheat, No. 3	1 1/2	1 1/2
Wheat, No. 4	1 1/2	1 1/2
Wheat, No. 5	1 1/2	1 1/2
Wheat, No. 6	1 1/2	1 1/2
Wheat, No. 7	1 1/2	1 1/2
Wheat, No. 8	1 1/2	1 1/2
Wheat, No. 9	1 1/2	1 1/2
Wheat, No. 10	1 1/2	1 1/2

GRAIN AND FEED.

Commodity	To-day	Yesterday
Wheat, No. 1	1 1/2	1 1/2
Wheat, No. 2	1 1/2	1 1/2
Wheat, No. 3	1 1/2	1 1/2
Wheat, No. 4	1 1/2	1 1/2
Wheat, No. 5	1 1/2	1 1/2
Wheat, No. 6	1 1/2	1 1/2
Wheat, No. 7	1 1/2	1 1/2
Wheat, No. 8	1 1/2	1 1/2
Wheat, No. 9	1 1/2	1 1/2
Wheat, No. 10	1 1/2	1 1/2

PROVISIONS.

Commodity	To-day	Yesterday
Beef, No. 1	10 1/2	10 1/2
Beef, No. 2	10 1/2	10 1/2
Beef, No. 3	10 1/2	10 1/2
Beef, No. 4	10 1/2	10 1/2
Beef, No. 5	10 1/2	10 1/2
Beef, No. 6	10 1/2	10 1/2
Beef, No. 7	10 1/2	10 1/2
Beef, No. 8	10 1/2	10 1/2
Beef, No. 9	10 1/2	10 1/2
Beef, No. 10	10 1/2	10 1/2

ESSENTIALS.

Commodity	To-day	Yesterday
Wheat, No. 1	1 1/2	1 1/2
Wheat, No. 2	1 1/2	1 1/2
Wheat, No. 3	1 1/2	1 1/2
Wheat, No. 4	1 1/2	1 1/2
Wheat, No. 5	1 1/2	1 1/2
Wheat, No. 6	1 1/2	1 1/2
Wheat, No. 7	1 1/2	1 1/2
Wheat, No. 8	1 1/2	1 1/2
Wheat, No. 9	1 1/2	1 1/2
Wheat, No. 10	1 1/2	1 1/2

SEMI-DRILLS.

Commodity	To-day	Yesterday
Wheat, No. 1	1 1/2	1 1/2
Wheat, No. 2	1 1/2	1 1/2
Wheat, No. 3	1 1/2	1 1/2
Wheat, No. 4	1 1/2	1 1/2
Wheat, No. 5	1 1/2	1 1/2
Wheat, No. 6	1 1/2	1 1/2
Wheat, No. 7	1 1/2	1 1/2
Wheat, No. 8	1 1/2	1 1/2
Wheat, No. 9	1 1/2	1 1/2
Wheat, No. 10	1 1/2	1 1/2

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

TUCSON, A. T., June 12.—A courier arrived at Tombstone last night from Crook's headquarters at Silver Creek, Arizona, bringing the first official information of Crook's expedition. It left American soil on the 3d of May, marching 200 miles southeast from San Bernardino, following the trail of the hostiles. At a point about 200 miles south of the line the command crossed the Sierra Madre range, advanced 50 miles over an indescribably rough trail, eight miles being killed by falling over precipices. The command were rendered nearly barefoot by the sharp rocks. After 14 days' hard marching, night and day, the Indian camp was discovered in the heart of the Sierra Madre, in an almost impenetrable position.

The Apaches were principally out on a raid, only 37 bucks being in camp with the women and children. The San Carlos scouts, surrounded the camp before the hostiles were aware of their proximity. A number succeeded in escaping, though nearly all surrendered. Everything in the camp was turned over or carried off by the scouts. Among the property captured were 100 ponies and mules, 40 being loaded with plunder, saddles, girdles, cloths, gold and silver watches and several thousand dollars in gold, silver and greenbacks, showing they had been very successful in their raids. Altogether, 383 prisoners were taken.

New York, June 13.—There is much excitement at Vassar College over the fact that 300 Vassar girls have rebelled against the system of making awards in vogue in the college. They would not allow Miss Swift to deliver the valedictory address. Miss Swift addressed a communication to the faculty, condemning the system, and saying that the motives of study induced by it are unworthy ones.

A. Herald special from Hempstead, L. I., says a terrible cyclone passed over several miles of that township this afternoon. It was the most severe storm that ever visited Long Island, scores of houses and barns being damaged or destroyed.

CHILLICOTHE, Ohio, June 13.—A tornado visited this vicinity, doing considerable damage. The high school bell tower, Millhanks' engine room and a S. S. never built were unroofed. Hon. Wolfkill's residence, five miles southeast from here, was demolished. The family was carried through the air about 500 feet, and Mrs. Wolfkill badly hurt. At Union, near here, the brick Baptist Church was demolished, and at Summit City, 18 miles southwest, 11 buildings were destroyed. Thousands of trees were uprooted, and three-fourths of the apple crop around here is destroyed.

WASHINGTON, June 14.—You can ask the jury whether they have any communication to make to the court," said Judge Wylie to the jury, when the Criminal Court hearing the Star route case assembled this morning. Chief Donaldson soon returned with a message that the jury desired to communicate with the court. They filed into the court-room apparently none the worse for their confinement. When they were seated Judge Wylie said: "Gentlemen of the jury, the court has sent for you for the purpose of communicating to you the decision of the court."

KANSAS CITY, Mo., June 11.—The first annual session of the Women's Christian Temperance Union of the State of Missouri opened to-day, with about 50 delegates present. Mrs. Clara Hollman, president of the State Association, in the chair; Miss Frances Wilford, of Chicago, present. The usual committees were appointed. The object of the convention is outlining plans for the coming year. It is not considered likely that any action will be taken on the question of prohibition. The membership of the W. C. T. U. in the State is 300, and the number of Unions 70.

WASHINGTON, June 16.—The finding of another indictment against James T. Brady to-day, for Star route case, gives rise to the impression that the government intends to continue the Star route prosecution.

MANSFIELD, La., June 16.—Rev. Ben Jenkins, Jr., this morning led Rev. J. Lane Borden, president of the Mansfield Presbytery, to the place of the shooting in front of Mr. B. F. Jenkins' store. Mr. Jenkins used a revolver and fired five or six shots. One shot took effect in Mr. Borden's leg, another pierced his heart, and another struck him in the forehead just between the eyes. He lived about two hours, but never spoke after the shooting.

LITTLE ROCK, June 16.—The owners of 1500 head of very fine Merino sheep, were astonished on going into the corral, to find the dead body of a large-sized dog. On examination of the dog, it was found that 500 of them had been bitten about the head, face and nose. It required only a week to show what that would be, by the sheep exhibiting every evidence of hydrophobia, and in three days 300 of these bitten were dead from that disease, and the owners expected the others that were bitten to die immediately.

FOREIGN.

PANAMA, June 14.—There was an earthquake in Ecuador on May 19, which created great alarm at Quito. People camped in the streets, fearing a calamity. In Lahuanga the shock was very severe, overthrowing several houses. These rejoicing threatened to fall. Villages in the vicinity were almost destroyed. On a dike on the river for Lahuanga the houses were taken out and the water pulled through the streets by men, for fear the trembling would shake down the houses.

COMPEZ is active in eruption, and the people in the vicinity are terrified and fear a repetition of the catastrophe of March, 1867.

ST. JOHN, N. B., June 14.—A boy named Bedlin was killed and eaten by a bear in the woods at Annagance yesterday.

PARIS, June 14.—A dispatch from Shanghai says: 13,000 Chinese soldiers came under the command of the French Minister that China has no intention of declaring war against France.

The French Minister replied that the Chinese soldiers captured in Tonkin should then be considered as prisoners, and summarily shot.

LONDON, June 16.—A terrible calamity involving the death of 178 children occurred in Sunderland, County Durham, this evening. From the details received it appears that entertainments given at Victoria Hall by a conjuror are attended almost altogether by children, several thousand being in attendance when the accident occurred at the close of a performance. The body of the hall had been entirely cleared of occupants when some 1200 of the little ones came rushing down stairs from the gallery. At the top of a flight of stairs was a door which opened only 20 inches, and thus but one child was permitted to pass through at a time. At this point, while the mass of children were pushing forward one of them fell, and was unable to rise, owing to the others crowding. The result was that a great number were pushed down, trampled on and suffocated. The scene was terrible. No effort could stop the mad rush of the frightened children. They came on, pell-mell, though strangely, without much shouting, and soon 178 were knocked down and suffocated to death by the others trampling on them. The ages of the 178 children known to have been killed ranged from 4 to 14 years.

It was a good counsel which Paul gave through Timothy with regard to providing for aged relatives that people should "show piety at home." In a great many ways this is the true duty, and by the proper fulfillment large good may be wrought.

Many homes are not happy homes because, whatever piety its members may show in the church and society, they manifest so little of it within their own dwellings. Many seem to act as if without they wore a mask which they were at liberty to throw off at home, yet nowhere ought there to be more consideration of the feelings of others, more exact justice, or forbearance, than among those who are bound to each other by the ties of human relationship. A great deal of injustice is frequently done by want of proper thought. Even children are misunderstood and their words and actions misrepresentational, while their explanations are not received with the proper courtesy and faith they should command. Some persons are grossly and habitually unjust, and manifest most unworthy pride. In the discussion in households an argument frequently leads to a war of words which results only in anger and tears. Far too often it is to be feared that a hasty and ill considered word is defended or excused when its injustice should be frankly acknowledged. Many a parent, in a moment of anger, makes an unjust allegation against a child, which is a life-long memory of wrong, because he has not Christian grace enough to confess his own fault. To strive to make others happy is one of the best ways in which we can show piety at home. It may call for self-denial, but it has a rich reward. It is well when the memory is used to retain the story which will bring a smile around the table, when praise is given without stint where it is deserved, when a word of kindly appreciation heard outside the family, of any one of its members, is mentioned with pleasure. In many homes the mutual holiness given do much to cement affection, and if there were throughout the year more of this kindly feeling, how good would it be!—Southern Christian.

MISCELLANEOUS.

No Whiskey!

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is one of the very few tonic medicines that are not composed mostly of alcohol or whiskey, thus becoming a fruitful source of intemperance by promoting a desire for rum.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is guaranteed to be a non-intoxicating stimulant, and it will, in nearly every case, take the place of all liquor, and at the same time absolutely kill the desire for whiskey and other intoxicating beverages.

Rev. G. W. Rice, editor of the American Christian Review, says of Brown's Iron Bitters:

"Chc., O., Nov. 16, 1881.  
Gents:—The foolish waiting of vital force in business, pleasure, and vicious indulgence of our people, makes your preparation a necessity, and if applied, will save hundreds who resort to salacious and temporary recuperation."

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS has been thoroughly tested for dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness, weakness, debility, overwork, rheumatism, neuralgia, consumption, liver complaints, kidney troubles, &c., and it never fails to render speedy and permanent relief.

BODLEY BROTHERS,

OFFICE OF

Wagon Repository, of Carondelet street, Factory at

St. Louis, Mo.

Manufacturers of

Wagons, Carts, Buggy, &c.

Wagon, Small Cart, Log Wagon, all with

Black Leather, and all with

Black Leather, and all with

Black Leather, and all with

Black Leather, and all with

Black Leather, and all with

Black Leather, and all with

Black Leather, and all with

Black Leather, and all with

Black Leather, and all with

Black Leather, and all with

Annual Conferences.

CONFERENCE.	PLACE.	DATE.
Denver	Indian	July 25
Montana	Willow Creek	Aug. 15
Idaho	Idaho	Sept. 15
Wyoming	Willetto	Sept. 15
Kentucky	Cynthiana	Sept. 15
Nebraska	Waverly	Sept. 15
Missouri	Wheeler Falls	Sept. 20
Illinois	Houville	Sept. 26
Indiana	Indianapolis	Sept. 26
Ohio	Hopkinsville	Sept. 26
Michigan	Columbus	Oct. 10
Wisconsin	Virgil	Oct. 10
Minnesota	Chattanooga	Oct. 10
Iowa	San Marcus	Oct. 17
Arkansas	Shelbyville	Oct. 17
Louisiana	Angela	Oct. 24
Alabama	Parker Bluff	Oct. 24
Georgia	Georgetown	Nov. 14
Florida	McKliney	Nov. 14
South Carolina	Clarksville	Nov. 14
North Carolina	Georgetown	Nov. 14
Tennessee	Birmingham	Nov. 14
Kentucky	Tyler	Nov. 23
West Virginia	Georgetown	Nov. 23
Virginia	Dalton	Nov. 23
North Carolina	Hasterville	Nov. 23
South Carolina	Oxford	Nov. 23
Tennessee	Grassville	Dec. 5
Kentucky	Sumner C. H.	Dec. 5
West Virginia	Georgetown	Dec. 5
Virginia	Newport	Dec. 12
Alabama	Euclid	Dec. 12
Georgia	Georgetown	Dec. 12
Florida	Macou	Dec. 12
South Carolina	Kencer	Dec. 12
North Carolina	Union City	Dec. 12
Tennessee	Georgetown	Dec. 12
Kentucky	Wheeler	Jan. 8
West Virginia	Madison	Jan. 8
Virginia	Baltimore	Mat.



WHOLE NO. 1404.

A talent is perfected in solitude;  
turner in the stream of the  
Jd. Goethe.



## Christian Advocate.

THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1883.

For the New Orleans Christian Advocate.  
THIS TOO MUST HAVE AN END.

"This too must have an end."  
So said the wise man to his friend  
As he lay on his deathbed,  
And made his spirit pass away  
And when the roughness of life was past,  
The gift of his roughness would make clear,  
If he repented for his friend  
The simple words, "This too shall end."

"If smiles and compliments allure  
To deeds of peace and pleasure;  
If pleasure's cup seems running o'er,  
And all the road is bright before,  
Think of the gift, the words, the rest,  
And away, though heaven's sweet,  
I may not on their long deep end,  
For ere I know they too shall end."

"These too shall end," the burning tears  
May stain the cheek in coming years,  
The night be dark for the day,  
So calm and bright now past away,  
Yet joy to think that time will speed,  
His flying, his laughing, his laughing steel,  
And from the sky the angel send  
The message which his tears shall end."

And life, with its delectable  
Its angel skin of ill and good,  
Its ups and downs, its songs and sighs,  
Its longest, fondest melodies,  
Soon to the melody just will fly,  
Mid dust and ashes by-and-by,  
Then mortal may thy soul ascend,  
Where life and joy shall never end.

From Phoenix, Miss.

MR. EDITOR: In a recent issue of your paper we saw an article written by T. W. A., of Dover, Miss. In this somewhat interesting yet strange letter he touches upon some very vital interests of our country. In reading this letter we were at first pleased, then amused, then surprised, and then we could but exclaim:

"O, for some power the gift to give,  
To our country as others do!"

And these beautiful lines of Emerson  
ran through our mind:

"The man who has the gift to give,  
Has not a friend to spare."  
But he who has a gift,  
Will give it to the poor."

Bro. T. W. A., if we mistake not, is from Madison county, and, if we do not misjudge him, his appointments in Yazoo have never "set well." To say the least, he certainly does not express the feelings of many of us who live in Yazoo, nor do the inferences to be drawn from some of his statements attest the facts. As Bro. T. W. A. has made Madison county the "city of refuge" for Yazoo's "unfortunates," the "healing spring" to which the malarial stricken inhabitants of Yazoo's swamps and hollows may journey to evade the "unrelenting monster disease" that "stalks over the hills and down the valleys of our land," invading our households "with mournful frequency," we propose to give a comparative showing of the death-rate in our church in Yazoo and Madison, as well as other reasons. It should be remembered that 1882 was our year of overflows, and, of course, this caused much sickness. It is a mystery to us to know how Bro. T. W. A., with such limited acquaintance in this large county, could form any thing like a correct judgment of things and matters. He does not know all the people of Yazoo, nor the one-fifth part of them, and what occurs in his immediate surroundings may not occur elsewhere. It is not safe for a man to measure other people's corn by his own half bushel in their absence. There is another strange feature in this letter, and that is: Why did not Bro. T. W. A. refer to the minutes of 1882 instead of 1881, and why did he simply refer to the Dover work and not the others? 1882 was his first year among us. He says Dover circuit lost, in 1881, by death, 11 out of a membership of 171. We see in the minutes of 1882 that Dover circuit lost 2 out of 174, and Trancquil, the very work that Bro. T. W. A. served last year, only reports a loss of one out of 240. If we mistake not, Madison county has three circuits and one station, and Yazoo county has five circuits and one station. There are in Madison 690 Methodists and in Yazoo 1,431. We lost in 1882 44 members in Madison and 34 in Yazoo, as reported by the preachers at Conference. About six and a half per cent. died in Madison and about three and a half per cent. died in Yazoo. Or one in 15 died in Madison and one in 30 died in Yazoo, and yet Bro. T. W. A., in "extreme feebleness," leaves Trancquil circuit, where he only lost one member, and resorts to Madison, over about Sharen circuit, where Bro. Caldwell lost 12 out of a membership of 202. We die over here just like people do everywhere else, and yet we are not depopulated. Let us look at the figures again. In 1879 Madison had 20,915 inhabitants and Yazoo had 17,688. In 1880 Madison had 25,806 and Yazoo had 22,616 inhabitants. In the ten years Madison increased a little over twenty-five per cent. and Yazoo increased in the same time nearly one hundred per cent. Ten years ago Madison was about eighteen per cent. ahead and now Yazoo is about thirty per cent. ahead, or Madison has gained 11,811 in numbers. And yet Bro. T. W. A. would make us infer that the merchants of this county sold very little else than coffin trimmings, and that the wall of the widow and the cry of the orphan could be heard on every hill. We have our share of all life's evils, and yet we have many blessings for which we are afraid. Bro. T. W. A. is not thankful. There are men and women in this county who have lived here for more than fifty years. Within less than ten miles of where we pen this letter there lives an

old lady who has reached the age of ninety-five. We can count on our fingers eight old ladies whose combined ages make 500 years, the eldest being nearly ninety. We know five old gentlemen in this section whose ages aggregate 398 years.

In the last three years three persons have died in our neighborhood whose aggregated ages make 249 years. All of these have spent the major part of their lives here. An old man in stone's throw of where we write was a large boy when Lafayette visited America in 1825, and remembers well the placing of the monument over the grave of Gen. DeKalb. But this is enough. These instances are given to show that Bro. T. W. A. is mistaken in intimating that Yazoo county is a graveyard, and her people, day by day, in a solemn funeral march to the grave. Bro. T. W. A. overdraws the truth. He says: "I am now living in a village composed of thirteen families, and there are but four of these in which there has been no death of wife nor husband; three are widows, two are widowers, three men are living with second wives and one lady is married to the second husband." We do not doubt this as to the fact, but we do doubt it as to the purpose for which he uses it. Why did not Bro. T. W. A. state whether or not these three widows and two widowers, three men living with second wives and one lady with second husband lost their husbands and wives in Yazoo county, and whether or not they all died in Dover, and whether or not they all died in one year? Such a statement as that is not a strange one, for all of these parties may have lost their loved ones somewhere else, as we are told some of them did. Must Yazoo county and Dover be blamed for it?

Bro. T. W. A. says: "There is no adhesion here in social life. Between the classes a gulf, deep and wide, is fixed, over which no one may cross. The classes are formed, not by mental and moral qualities, but by property possessions. Mental and moral wealth go for little—the *sine qua non* is money." Bro. T. W. A. is certainly laboring under a mental delusion. We are bound to say that he is mistaken. The idea of a man's money being his only license to enter high society is simply ridiculous. We claim as much mental and moral and social refinement and intelligence as any people. We could mention many kind acts of the rich to the poor and *vice versa*. We have lived here for thirty years, and we have lived at Dover a part of that time, and we know a few rich and many poor people, and we can not see things as Bro. T. W. A. does. He ought to have told us how many classes we have, and how much money it takes to graduate a man from one class and enter him to another.

We do not know how we stand, and we want a loss with whom to associate. Who is our neighbor? Here, as everywhere else, money is looked upon as valuable property. It is an idol to which a few are joined, and a hidden thing for which many are seeking. But to say that it is the only thing that recommends a person to our social life is simply erroneous. We have hopes of beauty, intelligence, refinement and virtue among rich and poor, and the impure, unholy and immoral have no admittance there. We are not blessed with riches nor are we subjected to abject poverty, and we have never been denied admittance to the social circles of the rich nor have we been denied the social pleasures of the poor. If a man is worthy and true in his character he will find it no trouble to get many kind invitations to the homes of the rich and poor. "Pretty is as pretty does."

Bro. T. W. A. says: "The state of religion is disaffection and demoralization. We can scarcely distinguish between the church and the world. A very large proportion of the members of our church live in such a way as to heap reproach upon our beloved Methodistism. About nine-tenths of our people never hear a sermon; they go anywhere rather than to preaching." Will any other preacher in Yazoo county corroborate the assertion that "the state of religion is disaffection and demoralization"? Is it true that a "very large proportion" of our members are so slack as to be scarcely distinguishable from sinners? There are some who do not walk as Christians should. Too many violate not only the vows they have taken, but even the moral law. They do wrong, we have no excuses for them. But are there no consistent Christians in all this large county? Can not enough good men be found to save Sodom? Must it be that the phial of Almighty wrath will be poured out upon us? "Nine-tenths of the people never hear a sermon!" So says Bro. T. W. A. Yes; 30,456 people in Yazoo county never hear a sermon. Only one tenth ever hear a sermon. Let us see. We have no statistics, but, basing our estimate upon our knowledge and judgment, there are not less than 2,500 white people in Yazoo county who are members of the church. As near as we can tell, there are about 17,000 whites in Yazoo. So about one-seventh are members of the church. At least half of the blacks are members of the church. Really more than half the population are members of the church. Allow for argument's sake that half of these never hear a sermon, and it leaves us about one-fourth of the entire population who do attend church. As to the people of the world who go to church it is safe to say that as many attend as church members do. They love to go to church. So really about one-half of all the people do go

to church. Our private opinion is that nine-tenths of our people do go to church. Of course all do not attend regularly, because most of our churches are in the country and very many of the people are poor. Excepting invalids and the infirm, we can not in all our acquaintance now think of a single person who never hears a sermon. One-tenth of our population is 3,384, and we do not believe that you can find 1,000 people in Yazoo county who never hear a sermon. We heard a gentleman from Tennessee say, a few days ago, that he never saw people turn out to church like they do here, and that gentleman has lived in Yazoo about eighteen months, and says he never enjoyed better health in his life. We have a membership at Wesley Chapel of about one hundred, and many times have we seen three hundred, and on some occasions more than four hundred people at church. Only a few nights since we heard our pastor preach to a congregation of at least one hundred and fifty people at a country church. Does this indicate that we are dead and do not appreciate our privileges? It is true we need converting power here. We need more grace and less complaint. If the preachers will visit the people and preach the gospel in its purity there will be no trouble about the people coming to church.

A YAZOO NOT.

## Pastoral Visiting.—No. 16.

## THE SICK NEED YOU.

The sick need your advice, your direction, your sympathy, your prayers. Some of them will recover, and, if so, they should go forth into the world better men and better women, and the assistance you may give them spiritually may make them better. Some of them may never go forth into the world again. They will go into eternity, on that long journey, never to return. It is your last opportunity to point them to Christ, to direct the dying to heaven. If you fail to do it they may go the wrong road. O! God, be to the lost and for them to be lost because I neglected my duty. Paré I suffer it to be so? Will it? They go to the great Assize as witnesses for or against me, their spiritual guide. I shall see them no more till I meet them at the bar of God. Will they perish, and their blood be required at my hands?

Mostly the sick will be glad to receive you. They look for you to come. They long for your presence, your advising, singing, reading and praying; but sometimes they wish none of your visits. This opposition may arise from various causes, ignorance, prejudice, opposition to God and the ministry, etc., but be their feelings what they may, it is our duty to give them an opportunity to have our services. We sometimes are not wanted as pastors, though most welcome as neighbors.

A few years since the physician assured us that one of our neighbors was in a decline, and that there was no prospect of his recovery, and that he was unprepared to die. Unprepared we know, because he had spent his life in retelling the fire waters of death and in imbibing himself; until he was slowly burnt out. He was an Englishman, reared in the Church of England, and seemed to have the impression that the forms and ceremonies, baptism, confirmation, etc., would save him. We called to see him, and for an hour we had a most pleasant visit as neighbors, for we had been mutually friendly neighbors for thirty years. True, we had often expostulated with him for his liquor belling, but he had received it kindly, and so he now did my visit, but not as a preacher or pastor. Whenever I turned the conversation to religious subjects he adroitly turned it to something else. He was well educated, and had been in Australia had a brother there, and around the world, and I enjoyed the visit much. Twice, in answer to my direct religious appeals, he said: "Mr. I am not as bad a man as you think I am." To this I replied: "I do not think you the worst of men by any means, but I wish you to live more interested in spiritual things. Finally I proposed prayer. "No," said he, "I am not going to die, but in three weeks I will start on a sea voyage for my health, and I will go to see my brother in Australia. I am much obliged to you for your visit, but when I think that I need a spiritual adviser I will send for one." After a little more conversation I went to his bedside to bid him good-by. Saying I was going, he said to me, "You think you are a good work?" To this he answered: "No, sir." Do you think the keeping off your forehead and card-table for so long a time in our midst a good recommendation to the infinite future? "No, sir," said he: "It is this sitting up nights for my gambles that has broken me down, and not, as you think, whiskey." I asked him one more question: Is your good opinion of yourself, as stated to me, founded on the fact that you think you are so good? Or is it vanity with a desire to ward me off? To this he replied: "Honestly, Mr. —, the latter." With this we bade him good-by, and went our way, wondering how many depend for salvation on forms only, for he had assured us that he had been baptized and confirmed in the Church of England. At the end of the three weeks, when he was to start for Australia, we followed him to his place in the graveyard. He had grown suddenly worse; out of his head he had never sent for a "spiritual adviser." He had gone on his journey, but in a very dif-

ferent direction from the one he intended. In this case we saw no good fruit from our visit, but it is not always thus.

## LOCAL INTERESTS.

## Holiness.

MR. EDITOR: My main object in this communication is to request the publication of an extract on the subject of "Holiness" from the pastoral address of our Bishops to the General Conference of 1883, signed by Bishops William McKendree, Joshua Soule and Elijah Hedding—Bishop Roberts not having arrived when it was signed and read. You are aware of the fact that some of the correspondents of our church periodicals array themselves against our standard doctrine of entire sanctification as an actual attainment at a given time. They look on sanctification simply as a growth, and not as an instantaneous attainment by an act of faith in the all-cleansing blood of Christ, and, in order to sustain their adopted theory, they array great names as being favorable to it.

I have had in my possession some years a pamphlet published in St. Louis, entitled "A Brief Discussion of the Doctrine of Sanctification," in which the author—a noted Methodist, J. D.—endeavors by various arguments to disparage and set aside our standard doctrine of the sensible and instantaneous attainment of a clean heart by an act of faith in the all-cleansing blood, and, among other things said to disparage this phase of Christian experience, he tells us, on page 8, that neither John Wesley, Bishops Asbury or Hedding, or any of our chief shepherds from 1784, except Bishop Hauline, ever professed it. He must have read their writings on this subject rather one-sided. I have numerous extracts from the journals of Wesley and Asbury to show, not only that they believed in and preached the enjoyment of a present salvation from all sin, both outward and inward, but professed the enjoyment of "perfect love," which is synonymous with a profession of whole sanctification. The author of the pamphlet, however, neglects to tell us that among our early leading preachers, Bishop White, Freeborn Garrettson, and sundry others of our best and greatest men, did believe in, preach and profess the enjoyment of "a heart in every thought renewed and full of love divine," and in the succeeding generation—that such men as Dr. Nathan Bangs, Willard Bliss, Stephen Allen, Lovick Pierce, and many others, were noted for their advocacy of the doctrine and their personal experience of the blessing.

But I started to give what the Bishops say on the subject of "Holiness" in their pastoral address to the General Conference of 1882: "1. Holiness. When we speak of holiness, we mean that state in which God is loved with all the heart and mind, and with all the power. This, as Methodists, we have said is the privilege of the Christian in this life, and we have further said that this privilege may be secured *instantaneously* by an act of faith, as justification was. Why, then, have we so few witnesses that 'the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin?' Let us beware lest we satisfy ourselves with the correctness of our creed while we neglect the momentous practical effects which that creed was intended to have upon us. Among primitive Methodists the experience of this high attainment in religion may justly be said to have been common; now a profession of it is rarely to be met with among us. Is it not true for us, in this matter at least, to return to first principles? Is it not true that we throw off the reproach of inconsistency with which we are charged in regard to this matter? Only let all who have been born of the Spirit, and have tasted of the good word of God, seek, with the same ardor, to be made perfect in love as they sought for the pardon of their sins, and soon will our class meetings and love feasts be cheered by the relation of experiences of this higher character, as they now are with those which tell of justification and the new birth. And, when this shall come to be the case, we may expect a corresponding increase in the amount of our Christian enjoyments and in the force of the religious influence we exert over others."

In their pastoral address at the General Conference of 1883, signed by Bishops Roberts, Soule, Hedding and Andrew, we find these additional sentences on the subject of "Holiness": "1. A recognition to first principles; a firm adherence to and a faithful development and application of those doctrines of the gospel by which we, as a church, have ever been characterized, particularly the doctrine of holiness as preached and enjoined by him who, under God, laid the foundation of our spiritual edifice. His maxim was: 'When the work of sanctification goes on among believers, the work of God will prosper in all its branches.' It becomes, therefore, the imperative duty of all ministers of Jesus Christ to explain and enforce the nature and necessity of this work in the hearts of all their hearers, and it is equally the duty of these to strive after it in the way of God's appointment, and to regulate their lives accordingly. We would, therefore, remind ourselves, as well as those we now address, of the great necessity of making this subject a cardinal point in all our ministrations and in all our public and private duties."

The honest and sincere holiness people in our church are in the best company. Let them think God and take courage.

HAZLEHURST, Miss., June 10, 1883.

## From the Work.

## LIVINGSTON MISSION.

MR. EDITOR: We have just held, at Springview, the annual conference for this work. Our worthy presiding elder, Bro. D. A. Little, was prevented from being with us; which was a source of regret to all. The reports from the preachers in charge, while not as we would like to have seen them, were far from discouraging, and I believe God will work great good among us before the year closes. Our preacher in charge, Bro. J. D. Jackson, had the experienced assistance of Bro. Boyce, a local elder, who also attended to the sacramental services, after which an opportunity was given to those who desired to enroll themselves with God's people, and three came forward and, by their acts, publicly announced that others might do as they wished, but as for themselves they were determined to turn their backs on the pleasures of this world and seek the pleasures that are to be found only in heaven. May God bless and assist them in their duties as members of his earthly family, and fit them for their coronation as angels around his throne. When the writer left the meeting was still going on, with prospects of more souls being saved. Brother, this work needs the prayers of all of God's people, and we ask of them an especial interest in their prayers. Pray for us, and for our noble young preacher in charge, that he may be strengthened to combat with Satan in all the forms in which he exists among us, and also that his labors may be blessed according to his faithfulness and untiring energy, and that he may be enabled to reap a bountiful harvest from the fields of "sin."

J. E. S. S.

Children grow up—nothing on earth so fast as children. It was but yesterday, and that had was playing with tops, a boy and boy. He is a man and gone now! There is no more childhood for him or for us. Life has claimed him. When a beginning is made it is like a raveling a stocking; stitch by stitch gives away till all is gone. The house has not a child in it—there is no more noise in the hall—boys rushing pell-mell; it is very orderly now. The e are no more skates or sticks, bats, balls or strings left scattered about. Things are quiet enough now. There is no delay for sleepy folks; there is no longer any task, before you lie down, of looking after anybody and tucking up the bed clothes. There are no disputes to settle, nobody to get off to school, no complaints, no importunities for impossible things, no rips to mend, no fingers to tie up, no faces to be washed, or collars to be arranged. There was never such peace in the house. It would sound like music to have some foot to clatter down the front stairs; oh, for some children's noise! What used to all us, that we were hushing their loud knock, checking their noisy frolic and reproving their stamping and banging the doors?

We wish our neighbors would only land us an unchord or two to make a little noise in these premises. A home without children! It is like a lantern and no candle, a garden and no flowers, a brook and no water gurgling and gushing in its channel. We want to be tried, to be vexed, to be run over, to hear children at work with all its varieties. During the secular days this is enough marked. But it is the Sabbath that puts our homes to the proof. This is the Christian family day. The intervals of public worship are spaces of peace. The family seems made up that day. The children are at home. You can lay your hands upon their heads. They seem to recognize the greater and lesser love—God and to friends. The house is peaceful and bright. There is a low and melodious thrill of children in it. But the Sabbath comes too still now. There is a silence that seeps in the ear. There is too much room at the table, too much room at the hearth. The bedrooms are a world too orderly. There is too much leisure, and too little care. Alas! what means these things? Is somebody growing old? Are these signs and tokens? Is life wearing?—H. W. Beecher.

## Obituaries.

ARMSTRONG.—The entire community was made to mourn on Friday, March 16, 1883, in consequence of the death of Rev. W. H. Armstrong, who died of long and with patience to the end. He was born in the State of Alabama about 1827; but as to the time of his conversion and uniting with the church I am not informed.

Bro. Armstrong spent about twenty-one years in the ministry, filling some of the most important appointments in the Conference of which he was a member the most of his ministerial life. He transferred from the North Alabama Conference to the North Mississippi Conference about four years ago, and was appointed to the Tuka station, and then to the Trawford circuit, where he spent the last two years of his life. Bro. Armstrong was loved and respected throughout the whole community where he closed his life, as was manifested by the very large concourse of people who attended his funeral and followed him to the grave. Nearly all the houses of business in the town were closed, and many turned out to honor and pay tribute to the memory of our departed brother. Being a member of the Knights of Honor, he was buried with the honors of that order. Notwithstanding his supposed errors and mistakes, he commanded the confidence of all the people without a single exception. All loved, honored and respected him.

Bro. Armstrong's health had been such ever since he had lived in this community as to call forth expressions of sympathy from saint and sinner. He had been a subject of extreme infirmity for many years, suffering intensely at times, and owing to his physical and mental frailty, he was liable to mistakes. But, notwithstanding his imperfections and errors, he was as simple and innocent as a child. He was a life of toil, hardship and pain; but his work and suffering and love for his brethren, who were removed from the church and from the world and gone to him who understands the motives of his heart. Doubtless, our dear brother to complain or murmur at his lot, but was submissive to the end.

Bro. Armstrong was of an industrious turn of mind, and was not willing to be idle; but was anxious to be employed that he might at least assist in the

support of his family. He was highly cultured, and hence, when in health, was well qualified, mentally, for preaching the gospel. He was a good preacher; his sermons were full of thought, and well arranged. He has left a wife and four children to weep. May the God of all grace comfort them!

HASLER R. THOMAS.

STEVENS.—Died, at the residence of Benjamin Stevens, in Angusta, Miss., on March 20, 1883, by cholera, CHAUNCEY H. STEVENS, aged ninety years and one month. Bro. Stevens was born in Berkshire county, Mass., on February 27, 1793. He left Massachusetts, where he was educated, and came to Jackson county, Miss., when he was twenty-eight years of age, where he held the position of sheriff for several years. He was twice married. By his first wife he had but one child—a son—who was either killed or, as is supposed, died a natural death in the Mexican war. On March 20, 1825, he was married to Lucy Farris, by whom he had nine children—five boys and four girls—six of whom are still living. Bro. Stevens attached himself to the Methodist Episcopal Church about fifty years ago, and lived a consistent member thereof until his death. He loved his own communion and the religion which he possessed. My profession he was a teacher, and as such, as well as other spheres in life, he was reliable and faithful. There are many persons in Mississippi and other sections of the country who remember him affectionately as their teacher in youth. With some of these the writer has conversed, and was gratified to hear them speak with enthusiasm of his many virtues. In his family he was an affectionate husband and father, and by his precept and example raised up one of the best families of children in the country, who reflect great credit upon his memory. Many of our preachers, who always found a hearty welcome and a home at Bro. Stevens' house, will be grieved to hear of his death.

His sight and hearing was so impaired some time before his death that it was difficult to communicate with him, and was satisfied from the limited intercourse we had with him that his faith in Christ was strong and that his prospects for a blessed immortality were very bright. A good man, full of years and a father in Israel, has left us.

B. S. M.

The New York Christian Advocate will please copy.

MARLAR.—Died, on May 25, 1883, of pneumonia, after an illness of five days, at the residence of her husband, John J. Marlar, in Onacha parish, La., in the fifty-third year of her age, Mrs. MARY JANE MARLAR. She was born in the State of Georgia, and at an early age removed with her parents to Alabama, and from that State she removed to Onacha parish, La., in 1841, where she resided until her death.

She had been for many years previous to her decease a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and had lived up to the full measure of a Christian woman in all the relations of life as wife, mother, relative, friend and neighbor. She was a shining light in the church to which she had attached herself, in the family circle and in the neighborhood where she had so long lived and where she died.

She died calmly and peacefully, with an undivided vision of her home in glory. Her death, no doubt, has been a great loss to her family. Her last moments were happy. She was a devoted wife, a devoted mother, a devoted friend, and a devoted neighbor. She was a shining light in the church to which she had attached herself, in the family circle and in the neighborhood where she had so long lived and where she died.

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## Christian Advocate.

ORIGIN OF THE LOUISIANA, MISSISSIPPI AND NORTH MISSISSIPPI CONFERENCES OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

CHAS. E. GALLOWAY, D. D., Editor.

Corresponding Editors:

REV. T. A. ADAMS. REV. J. T. SAWYER.  
REV. W. L. C. HUNNICUTT.

THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1883.

Bishop Foss, in his eloquent fraternal address to our General Conference at Atlanta (which we see was repeated a few days ago at Minneapolis), facetiously characterized the difference between current disbelief and Methodism in these words:

## RELIGIOUS.

If you seek it you won't find it.  
If you find it you won't keep it.  
If you know it you haven't got it.  
If you have it you can lose it.  
If you lose it you never had it.

Methodism turned these expressions around, and said of religion:

If you seek it you will find it.  
If you find it you may know it.  
If you know it you have got it.  
If you have it you may lose it.  
If you lose it you may have had it.

Dr. H. F. Johnson made an alarming statement on commencement day at Whitworth College. In explanation of the fact that the names and residences of his pupils were omitted from the catalogue, he said it was to protect them from observation. His catalogues had been used for the spreading of that moral pestilence so he regarded it best to omit names. In face of such a fact who can doubt the importance, year necessity, of Mr. Constook's work and organization. How dreadful that the names of our children are alone sufficient to make them the objects of deadly attack! Those engaged in this vile business must be utterly lost to every impulse of common humanity. He who would poison the purity and innocence of a girl's thoughts, with the hope of making merchandise of her, is an enemy to society, who deserves the speediest and direst punishment.

Chaplain McCabe, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, says he thinks "it would be a good plan for all those who are trying to furnish the 'shews of Zion's war' to stop and give a whole year to the work of getting every Methodist family in the whole denomination to take a church paper." That is strong testimony in favor of our Advocates. As the field secretary of the Board of Church Extension, he finds a difference instantly in a community where the papers are taken and read. There he has least difficulty in lifting large collections for his connection. Let pastors think on that suggestion from one so competent to speak. All interests of the church are intelligently and liberally conserved as the Advocates are carefully read. And again our people are made the easy prey of prisms because they do not read of the church's achievements and catch its mighty inspiration. So we plead for an Advocate in every family.

A presiding elder's convention, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has been in recent session at Minneapolis. This is the second meeting of the presiding elders in the Northwest. They discussed many practical and important matters that will doubtless result in more intelligent and successful work. But the convention will be memorable for passing a resolution favoring a removal of the time limit of pastoral service. The rule now in operation restricts the pastoral term to three years. After an earnest debate the convention adopted the following resolution by a vote of 25 to 14:

"Resolved, That we request the General Conference, which meets in Philadelphia in May, 1884, to remove the time limit in the annual appointments made by the Bishops."

The resolution was passed by a surprising majority. Presiding elders are supposed to be the most conservative of Methodist ministers, and to be best informed as to the thought and pulse of the church. This vote, therefore, is significant, and justifies the prediction we made some weeks ago that the General Conference will probably extend the limit or remove it altogether. It was urged that the present restrictive rule had fettered the progress of Methodism in the large cities, and a change was demanded by the great body of the church. One presiding elder went so far as to say that "If the question were submitted to the Annual Conference it would pass, and would also pass if voted upon by the Quarterly Conference or the people." We may expect a lively controversy on the subject between this and next May. In anticipation the Northwestern announces that he will "keep open house" for all contributors, provided their articles are crisp and condensed.

## Retailing Reproach.

One of the striking features in that divine picture of charity drawn by the apostle is that it "thinketh no evil." The Psalmist counts it a distinguishing characteristic of a citizen of Zion that he taketh not up "reproach against a neighbor." Yet at no point are we oftener tempted to offend. It seems to be an infirmity of many minds to eagerly catch up every suspicion or rumored reproach against another and give it credence and currency. They would rather retail suspected evil than reported good. If the imagined wrong is connected with a minister of the gospel it becomes a sweet morsel under their tongues. Their ominous heads are nodded and ancient platitudes indulged about sinful saints.

This disposition of mind and this large class have been brought into view by the recent horrible homicide at Mansfield. The slain and slayer were both ministers, and of the same church. The first sensational report charged one with a foul crime, which inflamed the other to take his life. Without waiting for further development of facts many newspapers accepted the first telegraphic statement, with all its glaring improbabilities, as true, and with displayed headlines seemed to gloat in the shame of a ruined name. The horrible story was served up as "an interesting item." The theory of the dead man's possible or probable innocence was never entertained, for that would have destroyed the usual bonfire on "Rev. hypocrites" and whitened sepulchres. They rather rejoiced in supposed iniquity, and revelled in its imaginary details. Now that overwhelming testimony has vindicated the honor of a stainless name, and will garland with flowers an otherwise shunned and neglected grave, this readiness to take up reproach finds a stern and needed rebuke. How bitter the regret that we have eagerly caught up a shameful rumor and given it currency when investigation proves its utter falsity and cruelty! But in that way many have suffered in reputation. It is an old and true proverb that "a lie will go round the world while truth is pulling his boots on," and all because scandal-mongers are more industrious than truth-lovers.

Taking up reproach is a spiritual infirmity that calls for watching unto prayer. It indicates a disposition the very opposite of Christian charity. There must be something within us to respond to and appropriate reproach which allows us so eagerly to accept it. A pure mind, whose thoughts have been cleansed by the power of truth, will instinctively resent evil report, and give it credence only after satisfactory evidence. The eye that intensely scans the criminal records of the day, and intently looks for every wicked occurrence, is prompted thereby to an impure heart. We do not plead for a sickly sentimentality that condones wrong, but for a Christly spirit and judgment, that never makes haste to condemn. Retailing reproach is equally wicked with condoning offense.

Every Christian should be in principle what a wise jurist is by habit. Avoid hasty conclusions, and never pronounce judgment until all the facts are ascertained. To prejudice is often worse than to falsely judge. In the eagerness of enterprise many false accusations are published against men for political or sensational effect. The average "campaign paper" is little less than a social scavenger cart. We can not look at it without detecting the odor of garbage. That it is patronized is evidence of an unwholesome moral sentiment. Papers must have readers.

We are intimately interested in our brother's good name. If reproach is taken up against him we must suffer. There have been failures and fallings—Isaiah and Ananias—and, while the cause moves onward, the body must feel pain. They do not help, but hinder. If guilty all such should be exposed and excommunicated. But mere rumor is not moral wrong, and we should be slow of speech in giving it currency.

How dreadful is this evil in some local communities. There are some who feed on reproach, and whose business is to peddle it. They will catch a faint intimation, enlarge upon it in their own morbid imaginations, and soon make it the common property of a neighborhood. Such people are an affliction, grievously to be borne. Let us see to it that our lips are sealed against retailing reproach.

## A Conference in China.

We are glad to see in the Nashville Advocate that Bishop Hargrove, by appointment of the College of Bishops, will proceed to China after attending the Pacific Conference on an official visit to

our mission. After thirty years labor in that field, but one Episcopal visitation has been allowed. This we believe was false economy. The intelligent interest and liberality awakened at home by the reports of Bishop Marvin only indicate what might have been had one of the Bishops gone out earlier. Then the effect upon the mission itself was marked and gratifying. The missionaries felt an inspiration and hope that had never gladdened their hearts before. The church at home was brought into nearer relation and warmer sympathy. Novitates were ordained and fitted for the higher responsibilities of the gospel ministry. Some have been lost to us—had gone to other churches—because we denied them ordination. Our brethren of the Methodist Episcopal Church, send a Bishop to each foreign mission, except Africa, every year. They preside over the annual meetings of missionaries as regularly as over the Conferences at home. Our single mission in the East may not as yet justify annual visits, but we should at least require a Bishop to visit China quadrennially.

The selection of Bishop Hargrove for this important service will give eminent satisfaction. He is painstaking, observant, conservative and prudent—a discriminating judge of men, measures and affairs. He will report facts rather than fancies and without an excess of adjectives. Just at this juncture we need his presence there and we hope he will take ample time for the visitation. The organization of an Annual Conference in China is left wholly to his large discretion. By resolution of the Board of Missions the Bishop presiding is to perfect the Conference autonomy advisable. Then the projected Anglo-Chinese University, which has already called forth considerable enthusiasm and has been recommended to the church's liberality during centenary year, needs his thorough examination. Many have not been able to laud it as "the most wonderful missionary movement of the age," though ready to encourage it as an expedient and experiment. We trust it may prove an evangelical agency far more efficient than its most ardent friends have claimed. Bishop Hargrove's opinion thereon will satisfy and gratify the church everywhere.

## The Works of John Wesley.

We do not remember to have read anything more interesting and timely than an article in the London Watchman on this subject. It was suggested by a discussion in the recent Second London District Meeting. The Conference directed that the following extract from the Minutes of 1815 should be reprinted: "Those preachers on trial who do not already possess Mr. Wesley's Works are required to procure them during the period of their probation; and shall be allowed to pay for them to our Book Steward by such installments, if they desire it, as may best suit their convenience." That resolution indicated the high esteem in which Wesley's Works were held in the early days, and its republication the unflinching appreciation of to-day. As a scholar and writer Mr. Wesley is less known than as a great revivalist and ecclesiastical statesman. But his scholarship was of the highest type. It is notable that the more important and best received changes made by the New Testament revisers were anticipated by Mr. Wesley more than an hundred years. On this subject we extract the following from the Watchman editorial, and heartily commend its excellent suggestions:

During late years the influence of John Wesley's Works has been increasingly felt in a circle outside the church which he founded. Those who have a chance of seeing the libraries of intelligent clergymen will often notice the well-known volumes ranged in a place of honor on the shelves. The praises of the journals, the sermons and the letters are frequently sung by men whose well-trained and refined minds thoroughly appreciate the simple elegance and sententious force of Wesley's prose. The influence of his writings is spreading like a breath of spring over the hearts of men who are wearied with the arid cynicism of skeptical dreamers. In other churches the works of John Wesley have a great career before them; what will be their fate in our own?

We believe that it is the impression of some young Methodist ministers that John Wesley's style is antiquated, and that his books are dreary. Perhaps this impression has been deepened, if not created, by the fact that portions of his works have been taken for examination, and have been read with that resentment of mind which the wisest sometimes feel when they are the victims of compulsory education. The hard-pressed probationer has scarcely time to go into raptures over the vivid beauty of the volume he is studying; with pen in hand he slowly compiles his analysis, and reduces the living book to a skeleton. We are afraid that it is impossible for us to kindle a fire under the ribs of death, but we may at any rate commend the wisdom of the Conference, which has secured that when the years of trial

are over the volumes which we love so well shall be found on the young minister's shelves challenging his attention with a look that has lost all its rigor. Then how pleasant will be the companionship of John Wesley! When the cares of circuit work have worn down the mind, and association with dull-witted men has blunted the sharpness of the intellect, and the pernicious rhetoric of nineteenth century books has disgusted the taste, the heart will be drawn into fellowship with one of the brightest, keenest, healthiest writers that ever held a pen. On a Saturday evening, when the sermons have been prepared for the next day, and the brain requires a gentle stimulus, we know of few books which administer it so successfully as the Journals. How mirth-provoking they are! We wonder that no one has yet issued a volume containing specimens of the wit and humor of John Wesley. The man who shall give that book to the world will increase the gaiety of nations. Then what delightful sketches there are of manorial halls, with their trimly-kept gardens and spreading park land! We have often admired the wisdom of the great evangelist in finding time, in the midst of his most exciting campaigns, to visit these spots of interest. He has painted pictures of last century scenery on his canvases which will be increasingly valued as the railway engines carry destruction through the country. The Journals not only abound in landscape sketches and studies of still life, but also in pictures of crowds and individuals which are marvelously executed. The bright eyes of John Wesley detected grotesque and striking figures in his out-of-doors congregations, and with a few words he delineates them, and makes them a joy forever. It is difficult to exaggerate the kindly genius which shines in the Journals or their tranquillizing effect on a weary man.

Pleasant as it is to read the Journals on a Saturday evening, it must be remembered that the works of John Wesley furnish abundant material for thinking when the mind is in its most vigorous condition. Whoever wishes to acquire an irresistible controversial style had better give his days and nights to their study. In them facts are marshalled most skillfully, and every fact has a drawn sword in its hand. With perfect self-possession on the part of the executioner, the traditions of Methodism are stretched on the rack, and a light touch of the lever completes their destruction. There is no fuss; they are simply broken in pieces. We shall be glad to see the day when the controversial works of Wesley will be taken as models. Their personal invigoration a man whose mind has been lowered by indulging too freely in High Church literature. But finally, we wish to say that as specimens of English prose the works of John Wesley deserve the utmost attention from all young ministers who are forming their style. We know the tendency of young orators to despise a style the first characteristic of which is extreme simplicity. We do not recklessly denounce this tendency. If a man has imagination he must cultivate it, not destroy it. When we hear a man sneer at youthful exuberance we instantly think that if he had his way with omnibus he would reduce them all to equot laws. There are some who can not bear to hear any man speak as if he had been influenced by the majesty of the sea, the terror of the precipice and the beauty of the sky. But while we do not wish to join in the hue and cry against rhetoric we do say that for young ministers no finer discipline exists than that which is furnished by a scientific study of the prose of John Wesley. To write out his sentences, to break them up and detect the secret of their construction, to form a vocabulary of his words, what can be better than this? If the most effective speaker is the man who says what he wants to say in the fewest words that will express his meaning clearly, those words being the plainest, most common and best understood by the greatest number of persons, then the patient disciple of John Wesley is likely to attain to this perfection of speech. Nor need the young orator fear. It is better to speak out clearly that which concerns the salvation of men than to lay the hand upon the bosom and sigh: "As for me, I shall live and die unheard, having a most voiceless thought, smothering it as a word!" Very few are called to this extraordinary experience. Most of us can express our meaning fairly well. We ought to aim at complete facility of expression; and if we're in search of a teacher who will show us how to state profound truths in plain words we may at once find him in John Wesley.

## Whitworth College Commencement.

We spent Tuesday of last week at Brookhaven, attending the closing exercises of Whitworth Female College. The commencement sermon on Sunday, by Rev. Felix R. Hill, of this city, was everywhere spoken of in high praise. The theme was most appropriate and the discussion able and felicitous. His visit was much enjoyed, and we feel quite sure he brought away profitable observations and pleasant impressions of our queen of successful Southern female colleges. The exercises on Monday and the grand concert on Monday night were reported as possibly better than any previous commencement entertainment. That was high praise; for a genius has usually presided over the programme. We overheard a conversation not in the least calculated to inflate this editor's vanity. Two very elegant cultivated ladies were comparing the exercises of this and last year, both pronouncing this a vast improvement. We were a part of last year's programme,

but acknowledged the correctness of the criticism.

Tuesday was commencement day, and an immense audience uncomfortably crowded the spacious chapel, while hundreds remained outside. We have rarely looked upon a more brilliant assembly. A special train from Canton, arriving about ten o'clock, swelled the number of those eager to witness the exercises of the great day of commencement week. When the graduating class of sixteen fair young women, tastefully attired, appeared upon the platform, led by the President, Rev. Dr. H. F. Johnson, the audience could not suppress its thrill of admiration. Graduating day is one of the epochs in young life. Leaving the place of training for the wide, wide world, for which they have been trained, is a supreme hour. From their lofty eminence, receiving the adulations and congratulations of admiring friends, the future seems all rosy and bright. We can but wonder, as we read the lines of character and beauty, whether they meet successfully the darker hours of disappointment and responsibility. They find the world vastly different from their radiant dreams. There is indifference where they expected an eager hand-grasp, discouragement where they looked for words of appreciation and the smile of hope. After an invocation, by Rev. Dr. C. G. Andrews, the salutatory was delivered, by Miss Annie Comer, of Louisiana. Miss Cora McRee, of Hinds county, Miss, recited an original poem and read a touching valedictory.

The annual address, by Lieut. Gov. Shands, was in all respects worthy of the occasion and this honored son of Mississippi. Gov. Shands is an alumnus of Wofford College, S. C., and reflects credit upon his alma mater. His fine personnel and graceful delivery gave additional favor and flavor to his finished oration. While ornate and classical, it was practical and suggestive. Some passages had exceptional freshness and beauty. He exhorted the motherhood of woman, and in so doing discussed a homely but timely subject.

The corner-stone of the new college building was laid in the afternoon with Masonic ceremonies, our special and honored friends, Bro. W. G. Paxton and Judge Speed, of Vicksburg, officiating. Judge Speed delivered an elaborate and appropriate address, with the voice and manner of a Methodist preacher. The judge has a good Methodist ancestry.

A delightful feature of the occasion was the sumptuous entertainment extended by the accomplished Mrs. Kidd to the clergy, trustees, press and other guests. There were numerous toasts and responses by a number of gentlemen, among others Judge Chalmers, Lieut. Gov. Shands, Maj. Barksdale and Col. Weston.

The new college building will be pushed rapidly forward to completion. It will be imposing and commodious, excellent in all its appointments for college work. Dr. Johnson has the prestige of phenomenal success, and in this enterprise will know neither failure nor delay. We are indebted to his hospitable family for kind attentions.

## Seashore Camp Ground.

## THE GATE FEES.

There seems to be some dissatisfaction with the action of the trustees of the Seashore Camp Ground in putting a wire fence around the grounds and proposing to charge each person a small entrance fee. Camp meetings all over our part of the country are sustained so differently from this plan that many people are surprised, some are dissatisfied and some quite indignant at the action of the trustees. It seems to a disinterested spectator that if the matter was properly understood this surprise and dissatisfaction and indignation would give way to a hearty approval of the plan and an earnest co-operation to make it a success.

1. A camp meeting at the sea shore can not be sustained in the way in which camp meetings in the country are sustained. Country camp grounds are surrounded by thrifty farmers, living in easy reach. These farmers have well-filled store-houses and smoke-houses, plenty of pigs and poultry, wagons and teams at their own command, and a hospitality simply glorious. They can sustain a grand meeting for days with a very small outlay of ready money. Such a camp meeting at the sea shore is an impossible thing. The thrifty farmers, with their fat oxen and pigs and chickens, are not there. Those who go there on railroads and pay cash for their tickets. They transport all their goods, beds, baggage and freight bills are cash. Provisions of every sort have to be purchased, and ready money is required. Any one can see from this statement that a camp meeting at the sea shore can not be sustained in the way that one is sustained in the country.

2. The circumstances being as they

are, the tenters are forced either to leave their furniture, etc., on the grounds or else incur the expense of transportation back and forth every season. This latter alternative would break up the camp ground in a very short time. The former has been adopted, and to meet it there is required an additional outlay of cash. There must be some one to look after the tents and take care of the furniture, and the trustees employ a keeper for this purpose. To help pay the salary of this keeper the tenters are assessed an annual rental of \$10 upon each tent. But there is more to do than simply taking care of tents and their contents. The grounds are continually needing work, bath-houses and the wharves which lead to them must be kept in order, the tabernacle and its furniture must be attended to, lights must be supplied and attended to. These matters last spoken of are for the good of the general public. To do all this well, in such a manner as to satisfy reasonable demands, requires all the time of an industrious man, and the time and labor of such a man can not be had for a trifle.

3. To meet these reasonable expenses, besides the annual rent laid upon the tenters, the trustees have heretofore taken a yearly collection from the congregations. This has been objected to from the beginning. Any one familiar with public collections knows that in those collections but few persons give anything, and those few have to give every time. So it has turned out that those few have been bearing the burdens and the general public have been reaping the benefits. So the trustees have abandoned the plan of public collections and substituted for it a small entrance fee, levied upon each person who comes upon the ground. Any one can see that this is simply a plan to distribute and equalize the burden that a few have been carrying for years among the general public, who are the special beneficiaries of the services of the camp meeting. The plan will make this distribution and equalization so equitable that the burden will be left by no one.

4. It is objected that people ought not to be charged for going to hear the gospel preached. Our saviour said something about the children of this world being wiser than the children of light. Who ever heard of a man going to a circus or a theater or a fair or a race-course or a lecture-room or a museum without paying an entrance fee? Is the money value of the gospel, such a gospel as is preached at the sea shore, worth less? When people are at home they pay all the reasonable current expenses of their churches. They *have* to do it or stop the machinery. This gate fee is simply a call upon every one who attends the meeting to help bear the expenses of the meeting. Surely no reasonable man will refuse to aid in bearing the expenses of that which goes for his own good and pleasure. The small sum of fifty cents, added to the traveling expenses when a man leaves home, will meet all the demands at the gate.

5. The trustees have not solicited this article from me. Not one of them knows who the writer of this is. I have written this to try to explain and show reasonable what seems to be unreasonable to persons who are accustomed to sustain camp meetings in the country places. I trust that what I have said will show that the trustees have been guided by prudence and wisdom, and an earnest desire to promote the success of the camp meeting and the blessing of every one who shall attend. Being neither a trustee nor a tent-holder I simply sign myself an occasional visitor.

"Go ye." Christ stood on the mount of ascension, in the midst of his bewildered disciples, and with clear vision he looked through all the ages of the future. He saw every difficulty. He knew the power of every opposing principle. He put a proper estimate upon every obstacle. He took into account the resources of every foe. He was perfectly cognizant of the weakness of his disciples. He had learned by the experiences of his earthly life the obstinate hardness of the human heart. And in face of all this, he spoke to those disciples, "go ye." Here is a manifestation of confidence which is, indeed, marvelous. It is simply this. The last thing Jesus did on earth was to exhibit a perfect faith in the honesty and faithfulness of his disciples by committing into their hands his own honor and the perpetuity of his cause. This faith on the part of Christ begets faith in the souls of his followers, and faith in Christ works by love, and the cause of God is marching through the world.

In determining where your children are to be sent to school next season have a single eye to their trust and highest spiritual culture. Religion in colleges is more than a mere sentiment.



Missionary contributions are decreasing in the Protestant Episcopal Church as compared with last year.

Bro. Long reports to our Nashville conference a gracious revival at Okolona, Miss.,—twenty-eight conversions and twenty-five accessions to the church.

Rev. J. L. Kennedy will sail from New York on Tuesday on his return trip to the Brazil Mission. Bro. Tarboux and family, of South Carolina, will accompany him.

Rev. J. D. Barbee, of the Tennessee Conference, as we learn from the Nashville Advocate, has received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Emory and Henry College.

Rev. Hardie Brown, D. D., has been elected President of the Southern University at Greensboro, Ala. We remember Dr. Brown as a popular pastor in the Mississippi Conference some years ago.

The Rev. Dr. J. B. McFerrin is expected to attend the Seashore Camp Meeting. He will find a generous welcome and abundant opportunity to preach the word. We are glad of his coming.

After a summer's rest, Moody and Sankey will return to England and spend the entire winter in London. The Wesleyan ministers of the great metropolis propose to co-operate with them in revival work.

A copy of the New Testament can now be bought for five cents—the price of a morning paper. In the thirteenth century it is said Philip the Hardy, the Duke of Burgundy, paid 300,000 francs for a copy of the Bible.

The Chicago Inter-Ocean estimates that the total cost of liquor drunk in Illinois exceeds \$60,000,000 per annum. Suppose that prohibition could prevail and that fabulous sum could be wisely expended. Why the Prairie State would bloom like an oriental garden.

We regret to learn that Rev. W. E. Ballard, our excellent pastor at Port Gibson, is in feeble health. During much of this year he has been incapacitated for active work. Our recent advice for him by no means reassuring, but we hope our brother will soon regain his wanted vigor.

When the Rev. Charles Garrett entered upon his presidency of the Wesleyan Conference last year, he announced as his watchword "a revival in every circuit." This seems to have been realized. The district returns just reported show an increase of more than 25,000 members and a revival in every district in the entire connection with a single exception. We rejoice with our brethren across the sea and pray the years to come may be more remarkable in spiritual power and progress.

The appeal which Bro. Forsythe made last week for the church at Beauregard, has exceptional claims upon our consideration and liberality. With almost the whole town, our church building was destroyed by the cyclone, leaving the congregation without shelter and poorly able to provide another. That was a well organized and prosperous church. Last year they had a notable revival resulting in the conversion of nearly an hundred souls. They are a valiant band, but are now in sore distress. Help them, and that right early.

We had the pleasure of attending last Thursday the closing exercises of the Mississippi Deaf and Dumb Institute. The occasion was one of real interest and profit. In this institution articulation and voice culture are now taught. This is something new in the profession. It has been taught for only about seven years. It is indeed most wonderful that congenital mutes can be made to speak. One young lady graduated and delivered her valedictory in sign language, while Prof. Dobyns read the manuscript. A number of short speeches were made by gentlemen present and interpreted to the pupils by signs, who seemed to be highly entertained. The new chapel, with enlarged and beautified grounds, makes the institution one of the most attractive places at the capital.

In nothing has the progress of the church been more manifest than the development of Sunday-schools and the religious culture of children. Though Methodists can justly, historically claim the honor of having originated the Sunday-school idea and first put it into practice, years ago it was looked upon with indifference, even to disfavor. Bishop Foss relates an incident which strikingly illustrates the sad fact. Many years ago in the old mother church in Brooklyn, a member of the Board of Trustees was asked to grant permission for the organization of a Sunday-school in the church. The old Methodist saint said to the young man: "No, I believe the proposi-

tion comes from the devil. There must be no Sunday-school in this church." Now it is one of our grandest evangelical agencies. It has been a mighty stimulus to Bible study and has been the training-school where most of the best men and women of the church have been furnished and equipped for the Lord's service.

#### Aberdeen Female College.

The closing exercises of the Aberdeen Female College were held June 14 and 15. The commencement sermon was preached the Sunday previous. Rev. J. S. Oakley, of Starkville, preached to a large and appreciative audience in the capacious auditorium of the Methodist Church. Bro. Oakley won golden opinions for himself in this community by his sermon. It was well timed, appropriate, abounding in beautiful thoughts and full of gospel truth. Owing to the just reputation this school has won for itself, furnishing entertainment of a rare order at its public exhibitions, we were not surprised at the immense audience that greeted the young ladies and misses of the junior class as they made their appearance on the stage. The first night of the exhibition and the good order maintained, through the entire evening and the sounds of applause which followed each recitation and other parts of the programme, evinced the appreciation felt, and also the thorough manner in which the pupils had been instructed. "The universal verdict was 'well done.'"

The universal verdict was "well done." Thursday evening, June 14, came the graduating exercises which consisted of reading of essays by four young ladies who had passed through the prescribed curriculum of study in the institution, and hence were entitled to diplomas. The conferring of degrees, awarding of medals and the baccalaureate address by the president, all these exercises were conducted in a manner to reflect great credit upon the school and especially upon the young ladies graduating. Their essays were all good and indeed far above the average on occasions of like character, each young lady was happy in the selection of her subject, and their thoughts were beautiful in conception, clear in presentation, and practical in their application. If these compositions are indices to their mental and moral training, their alma mater will never have cause to blush for her four children.

President McNoy, always successful on such occasions, surpassed himself in his baccalaureate address. It was a perfect gem of rich thought, impassioned eloquence, and classic allusions delivered in his own impressive manner. It did great credit to his brain and heart. The exercises both evenings were interspersed with charming music—both instrumental and vocal. This department being under the efficient management of Mrs. J. H. Struggs, which is sufficient guarantee of its success. This is the third year of this school's existence in its present relation as the property of the North Mississippi Conference, and under the presidency of the Rev. A. D. McNoy, A. M. It has increased in patronage every year, and is steadily growing in favor in this community and wherever well known. The prosperity of our city, the large increase of population expected in the near future, our increasing railroad facilities which will soon remove the difficulty of inaccessibility, the growing interest of the Conference in her own institution, as well as the solid merit of the school, causes us to hope for it a bright and brilliant future. We most cheerfully recommend the institution to our people, and especially in our own Conference. The next session will open on September 17, 1883, with the same president and a full corps of competent teachers in every department.

B. F. MITCHELL.

Defiance.  
I defy you, Satan, for I am a Christian. Christ is mine and I am Christ's. You have no rightful claim on me; not a drop of my blood, not a hair of mine is thine. *Nihil jure in Christiana habes* said St. Martin when on his death-bed he was sorely attacked by the enemy of souls—you have no rightful claim on me. O! world, you, too, I defy. I am a Christian! What could you bestow which in Christ I do not already possess superabundantly? What could you take which in Christ would not continue to be my portion? You can not wrest me out of Christ's hand nor him out of my heart. Sin, thou effluence of hell, I defy you. Thou art the seed of destruction; the Thou art the sting of death. But the blood of Christ has crucified, removed you out of my heart. There is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus. He is the propitiation for my

sins. You are a double-faced monster; first you smiled and now you frown. Christ frowned while you smiled, but he smiles while now you frown. Suffering I defy. *Christiana sum* exclaimed Blandina in agonies unspeakable, and she subsequently confessed whenever she had given expression to the name of Christ she had felt no pain.

Dread prisons will palaces prove  
If Jesus dwells with me therein.

His indwelling renders impervious to pain and pangs. In weakness he is my strength; in darkness he is my light; in tears and sorrow he is my joy and consolation. Poverty I defy. I am a Christian. All things are mine. My Lord at one time had not where to lay his head. Now he is exalted, and sitteth at the right hand of God. I'm a joint heir with Christ. I'm potent in Indignance. The Lord is my portion. A.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL NOTICE.—Brethren will please send me answers to the questions in the circulars mailed to them in the early part of the year, at once, as our secretary wants the information to enable him to prepare his annual report. Please do not delay longer.

J. M. WREMS, S. S. H.

#### Table Talk.

Every lady who presides at a table is interested to know how she can depend upon having things come upon the table as she would like them. How often are remarks like this made: "This is just my fate, when I especially want a nice thing, something or other, it turns out poor!"

A lady expects company for tea. She orders, for instance, biscuits, and they are brought to the table, heavy and indigestible. How many housekeepers can testify to mortification, as well as disappointment, under such circumstances! It may not, however, have occurred to them that it is not always the "cook's" fault. Your biscuits, cakes, puddings, etc., etc., can not be ruined with care or worthless substitutes, and it becomes your own fault when you permit any Baking Powder to come into your kitchen about which you know absolutely nothing as to its purity or healthfulness.

The market is flooded with "low-priced" Baking Powders, gotten up to make an unjust profit by unscrupulous manufacturers and dealers, and it is worthy the attention of all housekeepers to note that there is at least one brand of Baking Powder distinctly sold upon its merits, and which can be relied upon for uniform strength and purity. The Royal Baking Powder, now known almost the world over as a standard article, has stood the test of nearly a quarter of a century, and its friends among the ladies are legion.

#### Publisher's Department.

No fraudulent advertisements will knowingly be allowed in the ADVOCATE. If one ever appears it will be by accident. In ordering from those whose advertisements appear in our columns please state that you have seen the same in the ADVOCATE.

CARVER & JAMIESON,  
Publishers.

Here lies a man whose earthly race is run,  
He raised the banner of his fowling gun,  
And blew into the muzzle just because  
He wished to know if it was loaded—and it was.

THE DANIEL PRATT GIN.—This gin has been before the public for almost a half-century, and has had continuous sales over all the continents for all that time, thus proving in great popularity. The revolving head patented in 1874, gives it great additional value. Prices have been reduced. The many advantages of this gin are fully set forth in another column. For descriptive circulars address, Messrs. J. B. Wolfe & Co., general agents, to Carondelet street, New Orleans.

It is the little cat that catches the early bird.

A POTATO DIGGER.—The Mopach Lightning Potato Digger has been in use for the past five years, and we have been reliably informed that so great is the demand for this important farm implement that the factory is taxed to its utmost capacity. The Mopach Manufacturing Co., Chicago, are the sole manufacturers and they report the sales for 1882 were 457 Diggers. Read their advertisement in another column.

"Oh, pa," said a young lady, "why don't you get a fir tree? It would be so economical to raise our own furs, and then we could raise a better kind of wool."

Mental depression, weakness of the muscular system, general ill-health, benefited by using Brown's Iron Bitters.

It's that season of the year when the small boy, who can't lift a spade of dirt in the garden, will turn up a ten-acre lot hunting for fish-bait.

I had severe attacks of gravel and kidney trouble, was unable to get a medicine or doctor to cure me until I used Top Bitters, and they cured me in about time.—A. H. HARRISON, LAWYER OF WARREN, N. Y.

A man's rascal (bringing up) will show itself in de dark.

Eruptions and malignant fevers are conquered and cured by Samaritan Service, \$1.50. "Dr. Richmond's Samaritan Service" permanently cured me of syphilis. J. S. Sale, Midland, Florida. Get at your Druggists.

There are many people in the Church like the little boy—who is very agreeable if allowed to have his own way.

If you need anything in the music line apply at the mammoth music house of P. Weitzel, 135 Canal and 15 Bourbon streets, New Orleans, where satisfaction is guaranteed. Mr. Weitzel will ship you a piano or organ at the place you name, on thirty days trial, to be returned at that time, freight both ways at expense unless you approve of his selection. Prices: Pianos, from \$100 to \$600; organs, \$25 to \$150.

Sun trouble slow 'cross de new-ground.

M. E. B.—They all say so that have tried them; "Champion Monitor" cooking stove—Most Even Bakers.

De public road aint free for de rattle-snake.

For pimples, use GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP.  
HILL'S HAIR AND WHISKER DYE, 50 cts.  
PICK'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in one minute.

De plow-p'int is close kin to de meal-bag.

W. C. Shepard & Co., sell full Dinner, Tea and Breakfast sets, 150 pieces, for \$14.00.

Nigger sleep warm of his head kivered up.

The weak, worn, and dyspeptic should take COLDEN'S LIGHT BEER TONIC. *Coldden's* is like no other.

A Chicago man recommends the fumes of sulphur for a severe cold and when his wife gets out of temper she tells him he will have no colds in the other world.

TEACHER WANTED.—See Rev. T. C. Bradford's notice, of a teacher wanted. This a desirable position for a good teacher.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.—All new subscribers sending two dollars in full—in cash—are entitled to one year's subscription to the American Farmer free, and old subscribers—renewing—will receive a copy of Kendall's Treatise on the Horse free.

Send twenty-five cents in stamps for one copy of Kendall's Treatise on the Horse.

Ask your neighbors to subscribe for the ADVOCATE.

To those of our subscribers, not convenient to a money order office, we would say: Please inform us by postal card whether to continue the ADVOCATE or no.

We would again call the attention of subscribers and agents that, in making remittances, to make them payable to the NEW ORLEANS CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE please keep this in remembrance.

We have a few more copies of the Mississippi Minutes left. Please send fifteen cents in stamps.

Notice to subscribers who order their address changed. Please give full address of last Postoffice, otherwise change cannot be made.

THE GREAT JACKSON ROUTE.—Is the favorite to all summer resorts. It has been rebuilt with steel rails, has adopted the standard gauge, with a well ballasted track, and increased speed. They offer the advantages of fast time, through cars, sure connections, and accommodating officers.

#### Business Notices.

##### QUERU'S COD LIVER OIL JELLY.

Approved by the Academy of Medicine of New York for coughs, colds, bronchitis and pulmonary consumption, scrofula and general debility. The most mild, bland and nutritious form in which Cod Liver Oil can be used, and with more benefit secured than by taking a single teaspoonful of the Jelly. It is fully equal to the best medicine for consumption, Asthma, Diphtheria, and all diseases of the throat and Lungs. Manufactured only by A. B. WILLIAMS, Chemist, Boston. Sold by all Druggists.

##### NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

##### SEASHORE CAMP GROUND.

The undersigned respectfully notifies his many patrons of the camp ground, that he with this year, as heretofore, be daily on the grounds to receive orders.

JOHN E. MORRISON.

BEAUMONT, June 28, 1883.

##### BLMYER MFG CO BELLS.

Church, School, Fire-alarm, Fire-works, Fire-works, etc. Catalogue with 1500 testimonials, prices, etc., sent by Blymyer Manufacturing Co., Cincinnati, O.

##### HEADQUARTERS

##### Sunday-School Supplies.

Consisting in part of GOSPEL HYMNS: single and combined, with and without music.

Bibles and Testaments, (cheap edition) Teachers' Bibles, Oxford Pocket Bibles, (with clasps) Bible Dictionaries, etc.

Union Primers, First and Second Reading Books, Union Spelling Books, Union Question Books, Catechisms; Reward Cards, Scripture Text Cards, Tickets, etc. Also a large assortment of books suitable for Sunday-School Libraries, or presents to children. Pulpit and Family Bibles, from \$2.50 to \$15. Liberal discount to ministers, churches and Sunday-schools. Catalogues sent on application.

W. D. SKILLMAN.

Business Manager.

91 Camp Street, New Orleans.

##### FOR SALE

A two-story house, partly furnished very little additional needed for housekeeping, will be sold low down for cash.

Apply at this office.

##### THOS. J. CARVER,

##### Cotton Factor

##### COMMISSION MERCHANT,

60 Carondelet Street,

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

##### FOR RENT.

At Seashore Camp Ground.

A tent, furnished, next to Bishop Keener's tent, facing the Tabernacle.

Enquire at 152 Julia street, New Orleans.

MRS. M. C. D. LEHDE.

##### BASE BALLS and BATS

CROQUET, HAMMOCKS, LUNCH and PICK-NIC BASKETS, WATER-COOLERS, FREEZERS, BATH TUBS, FISH-HOOKS and LINES, ETC.

AT THE—  
Wooden and Willow Ware Emporium  
—OF—  
J. G. MORRIS,  
40, 42 and 44 Tchoupitoulas Street.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

### BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

Destroys Stone in the Bladder by Means of Solution and Disintegration.

#### BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

Restores the Bedridden from Rheumatic Gout, and is Highly Efficacious in Bright's Disease of the Kidneys.

STONE IN THE BLADDER.

Case of Mr. B. J. WESTLING, Middletown, Pa., stated by himself: "Experience in its use in Stone of the Bladder in my own person enabled me to attest the wonderful efficacy of the Buffalo Lithia Water in this condition. After having been long subjected to suffering, the intensity of which can not be described, I have under the influence of this water, passed all pain and leaving me in a condition of comparative ease and comfort. I am now passing only occasionally small stones, and they are not attended by the intense suffering which their passage has heretofore occasioned."

STONE IN THE BLADDER.

Case of Mr. C. WOLFE, of Point Caney parish, Louisiana, stated by himself and published by a well known druggist of New Orleans: "I think that I can not do better than to state that I was afflicted with a stone in my bladder, which was so large that it caused me to suffer with a severe pain in my back, and I was unable to walk. I was followed by violent attacks, averaging about two or three times a week, and the water seems to have been frequently relieved by the discharge of stone. I have from four to six grains in weight; at other times, by the passage of small stones, and sometimes by small calculi in considerable quantities."

SPRINGS OPEN, JUNE 1st.

Water in cases of one dozen half gallon bottles, 50 per case at the Springs. May be had of H. L. LYONS, Agent 42 Camp Street, New Orleans, at 25 cts.

SPRINGS pamphlet sent to any address.

THOS. F. GOODE, Proprietor,  
Buffalo Lithia Springs, Pa.

### BAKER, SLOO & CO.,

Successors to  
George Horner and Hunsell & Co.  
Manufacturers of

### SADDLERY, HARNESS AND COLLARS,

Agents for RUBBER BELTING AND PACKING,  
AND  
LEATHER BELTING.

Numbers 6 Magazine and 54 Canal Streets,  
NEW ORLEANS

### NEW JOB OFFICE

CARVER & JAMIESON,  
112 Camp Street,  
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

LETTER, NOTE and BILL HEADS,  
VISITING CARDS,  
BLANKS!

Blank for Clerks of Court, blanks for Masonic Lodges, blanks for Granges, etc., blanks for Co-operative Stores.

All Kinds of Job Work.

Executed in the best style and prices as low as any city in the North or West.

Send your order to  
CARVER & JAMIESON,  
112 Camp Street.

### JOS. B. WOLFE & CO.,

Cotton Factors,  
59 Carondelet Street, New Orleans,  
And General Agents for

### DANIEL PRATT IMPROVED

Revolving Head Cotton Gin  
PATENTED JULY 15, 1872,  
—AND—  
Eclipse Hulling Cotton Gin,  
WITH REVOLVING HEAD.  
PRICES REDUCED.

THE REVOLVING HEAD COTTON GIN has been in use for the past ten seasons, and several improvements have been added. It divides all fruit at the ends of the cotton; box, prevents the roll from breaking, and gives a larger yield of lint from the same quantity of seed cotton than any other gin in use. The revolving head lightens the draft and causes the gin to run faster with less driving power, thus doing a great deal more work with the same time, while economizing steam or animal power, than any other gin. The seed being cleaned very fine, the length of the staple is increased, producing cotton, on this account, of a greater market value. This improved value, given by length of staple, with the production of lint, added in increased amount of work done, more than covers the cost of the gin in every 100 bales ginned. Testimonials sent by mail on application.

ALL FIBERERS and CONDENSERS with latest improvements made by the Daniel Pratt Cotton Company to work with these Gins. Send for descriptive circulars. JOS. B. WOLFE & CO.,  
New Orleans, La.

FOR SALE.

One six horse power engine—"Economist"—complete, except stack. Guaranteed in good order and condition.

Also 16 feet of shafting with hangers. One 16 inch and one 18 inch pulley.

Apply,  
NEW ORLEANS CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE,  
or to H. DUDLEY COLEMAN & BRO.,  
New Orleans, La.

### Watches.

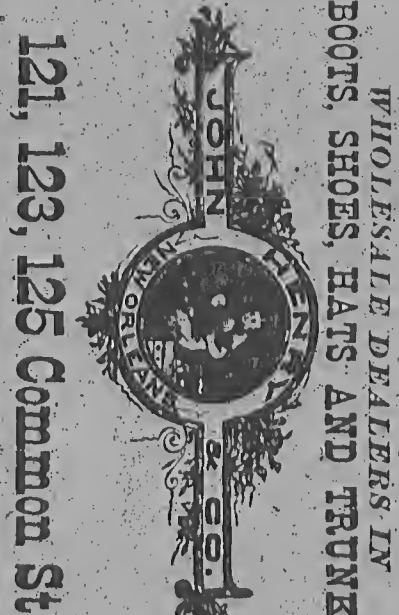
We are selling the watches of the American Watch Company, Waltham, Mass., as low as they are sold anywhere.

Key-winding Silver Watches at \$12.  
Stem-winding Silver Watches at \$15 to \$25.  
Stem-winding Gold Watches at \$15 and upwards.  
All fully guaranteed. Send for a catalogue.

A. B. GRIFFIN & CO.,  
119 Canal Street, New Orleans.

### WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS AND TRUNKS.













## PRICES CURRENT.

REVISED AND CORRECTED WEEKLY.

ADVOCATE OFFICE.

New Orleans, Monday, June 25, 1883.

Our readers should bear in mind that our quotations represent prices for round lots, and that in small orders higher prices must be paid.

## SOUTHERN STAPLES.

Cotton, P. B.	To 400	To 500
Low ordinary	12 1/2	13 1/2
Good ordinary	13 1/2	14 1/2
Medium	14 1/2	15 1/2
Good middling	15 1/2	16 1/2
Middling	16 1/2	17 1/2
High middling	17 1/2	18 1/2
Best day	18 1/2	19 1/2
Receipts since our last	121,540 bales	
Receipts previously	1,647,540 bales	

Sugar, P. B.	To 400	To 500
Full	12 1/2	13 1/2
Fuller	13 1/2	14 1/2
Primes	14 1/2	15 1/2
Yellow clarified	15 1/2	16 1/2
White clarified	16 1/2	17 1/2
White refined	17 1/2	18 1/2
White refined	18 1/2	19 1/2
White refined	19 1/2	20 1/2
White refined	20 1/2	21 1/2
White refined	21 1/2	22 1/2
White refined	22 1/2	23 1/2
White refined	23 1/2	24 1/2
White refined	24 1/2	25 1/2
White refined	25 1/2	26 1/2
White refined	26 1/2	27 1/2
White refined	27 1/2	28 1/2
White refined	28 1/2	29 1/2
White refined	29 1/2	30 1/2
White refined	30 1/2	31 1/2
White refined	31 1/2	32 1/2
White refined	32 1/2	33 1/2
White refined	33 1/2	34 1/2
White refined	34 1/2	35 1/2
White refined	35 1/2	36 1/2
White refined	36 1/2	37 1/2
White refined	37 1/2	38 1/2
White refined	38 1/2	39 1/2
White refined	39 1/2	40 1/2
White refined	40 1/2	41 1/2
White refined	41 1/2	42 1/2
White refined	42 1/2	43 1/2
White refined	43 1/2	44 1/2
White refined	44 1/2	45 1/2
White refined	45 1/2	46 1/2
White refined	46 1/2	47 1/2
White refined	47 1/2	48 1/2
White refined	48 1/2	49 1/2
White refined	49 1/2	50 1/2
White refined	50 1/2	51 1/2
White refined	51 1/2	52 1/2
White refined	52 1/2	53 1/2
White refined	53 1/2	54 1/2
White refined	54 1/2	55 1/2
White refined	55 1/2	56 1/2
White refined	56 1/2	57 1/2
White refined	57 1/2	58 1/2
White refined	58 1/2	59 1/2
White refined	59 1/2	60 1/2
White refined	60 1/2	61 1/2
White refined	61 1/2	62 1/2
White refined	62 1/2	63 1/2
White refined	63 1/2	64 1/2
White refined	64 1/2	65 1/2
White refined	65 1/2	66 1/2
White refined	66 1/2	67 1/2
White refined	67 1/2	68 1/2
White refined	68 1/2	69 1/2
White refined	69 1/2	70 1/2
White refined	70 1/2	71 1/2
White refined	71 1/2	72 1/2
White refined	72 1/2	73 1/2
White refined	73 1/2	74 1/2
White refined	74 1/2	75 1/2
White refined	75 1/2	76 1/2
White refined	76 1/2	77 1/2
White refined	77 1/2	78 1/2
White refined	78 1/2	79 1/2
White refined	79 1/2	80 1/2
White refined	80 1/2	81 1/2
White refined	81 1/2	82 1/2
White refined	82 1/2	83 1/2
White refined	83 1/2	84 1/2
White refined	84 1/2	85 1/2
White refined	85 1/2	86 1/2
White refined	86 1/2	87 1/2
White refined	87 1/2	88 1/2
White refined	88 1/2	89 1/2
White refined	89 1/2	90 1/2
White refined	90 1/2	91 1/2
White refined	91 1/2	92 1/2
White refined	92 1/2	93 1/2
White refined	93 1/2	94 1/2
White refined	94 1/2	95 1/2
White refined	95 1/2	96 1/2
White refined	96 1/2	97 1/2
White refined	97 1/2	98 1/2
White refined	98 1/2	99 1/2
White refined	99 1/2	100 1/2

Wheat, P. B.	To 400	To 500
Low	12 1/2	13 1/2
Good	13 1/2	14 1/2
Medium	14 1/2	15 1/2
High	15 1/2	16 1/2
Best	16 1/2	17 1/2
Receipts since our last	121,540 bales	
Receipts previously	1,647,540 bales	

Barley, P. B.	To 400	To 500
Low	12 1/2	13 1/2
Good	13 1/2	14 1/2
Medium	14 1/2	15 1/2
High	15 1/2	16 1/2
Best	16 1/2	17 1/2
Receipts since our last	121,540 bales	
Receipts previously	1,647,540 bales	

Oats, P. B.	To 400	To 500
Low	12 1/2	13 1/2
Good	13 1/2	14 1/2
Medium	14 1/2	15 1/2
High	15 1/2	16 1/2
Best	16 1/2	17 1/2
Receipts since our last	121,540 bales	
Receipts previously	1,647,540 bales	

Peas, P. B.	To 400	To 500
Low	12 1/2	13 1/2
Good	13 1/2	14 1/2
Medium	14 1/2	15 1/2
High	15 1/2	16 1/2
Best	16 1/2	17 1/2
Receipts since our last	121,540 bales	
Receipts previously	1,647,540 bales	

Beans, P. B.	To 400	To 500
Low	12 1/2	13 1/2
Good	13 1/2	14 1/2
Medium	14 1/2	15 1/2
High	15 1/2	16 1/2
Best	16 1/2	17 1/2
Receipts since our last	121,540 bales	
Receipts previously	1,647,540 bales	

Lentils, P. B.	To 400	To 500
Low	12 1/2	13 1/2
Good	13 1/2	14 1/2
Medium	14 1/2	15 1/2
High	15 1/2	16 1/2
Best	16 1/2	17 1/2
Receipts since our last	121,540 bales	
Receipts previously	1,647,540 bales	

Flour, P. B.	To 400	To 500
Low	12 1/2	13 1/2
Good	13 1/2	14 1/2
Medium	14 1/2	15 1/2
High	15 1/2	16 1/2
Best	16 1/2	17 1/2
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## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

## DOMESTIC.

St. Louis, June 20.—A Fayette, Mo., special says: O. L. Stewart, the aeronaut, made an ascension Monday in an old and dilapidated hot-air balloon, which burst when it had attained a height of about 2000 feet. The balloon and aeronaut came down with a rush. Both plunged into Bonne Femme creek and at once disappeared. Stewart's body was recovered at 10 P. M.

Monroe, June 20.—Through trains on the Vicksburg, Shreveport and Pacific Railroad will be discontinued after tomorrow. The track is under water for a distance of about three miles, with an average depth of about 20 inches.

Trenton, N. J., June 21.—Particulars from Penn's Manor, Pa., shows a loss of \$25,000 by the tornado last Tuesday, which, it is stated, was as violent as many of the Western cyclones. No lives were lost, but several persons were carried through the air and injured. Many out-buildings were overturned, and the country was generally shaken up for a radius of a half mile. The storm lasted 20 minutes. Farm roads are blocked with debris.

Kansas City, Mo., June 21.—The Times Chillicothe, Mo., special says: A tornado struck the south part of this county about 15 miles southwest of here last night, in what is known as "the low gap" country, and swept away 25 to 30 farm houses, spreading havoc in its track. Two men were killed, and 15 or 20 were hurt.

The river has fallen about 3 inches in the past 24 hours, and to-night is nearly stationary. Reports from above generally denote a slight fall, and from this it is hoped the June rise has not yet appeared.

Chicago, June 21.—The InterOcean's Anna, Ill., special says the Mississippi River is rising fast. In the valley farms much damage has been done, and farmers are despondent.

Washington, June 22.—At a meeting of the National Board of Health today George E. Waring, Jr., was elected secretary. Mr. Waring will receive \$10 a day whenever engaged in looking after the board's finances. He is the first secretary to receive a salary. The board has \$10,000 to pay the per diem of members. It has nothing to do but to prepare for the campaign next winter, when a vigorous effort is to be made to regain its lost position. Mr. Waring will have the management of matters, and will enter the lists against Dr. Hamilton, of the Marine Hospital Service, for control of the epidemic fund.

St. Louis, June 23.—The loss by the destruction of farm houses and barns by the tornado which ravaged the country near Chillicothe, Mo., Wednesday night, so far as now known, amounts to \$20,000. This does not include crops destroyed. Twenty-one houses are known to have been totally wrecked, and several others were very badly damaged.

Memphis, Tenn., June 23.—The Sunday law is to be rigidly enforced here, commencing to-morrow, an order having been issued to the police to close all the bars, as well as the front doors of saloons.

Washington, June 23.—The Post will publish to-morrow a long article presenting the question of opening on Sundays the National Museum, the Smithsonian Institution, the Congressional Library and similar institutions at the capital. Librarian Spofford, Prof. Baird, Col. Robert G. Ingersoll and Rev. Robert Collyer, of New York, favor the movement, while of the numerous ministers here but two approve the proposition.

St. Louis, June 24.—The river is still rising at this point, but more slowly than heretofore. The exact measurement can not be given at this writing, the official report not having been made yet. The flooded district in the northern part of the city presents about the same appearance it has for several days past.

Mansfield, Ia., June 25.—On the morning of this evening, at 4 o'clock, all the attorneys were present to proceed with the preliminary examination of the Jenkins brothers.

J. E. Williams testified that he followed Borden and Jenkins into the little alley and into the large alley, where he saw Ned Jenkins fire the fatal shot into Borden's head, he being the only witness shot. The State's counsel said only a dozen or so words and rebutted the case. Judge Logan, in a few words, held the defendants, B. F. and C. E. Jenkins, to answer the charge of murder without the right to bail.

New York, June 25.—Every seat and every foot of standing room in Brooklyn Academy of Music was filled this evening by friends and admirers of Henry Ward Beecher, assembled to celebrate his 70th birthday.

Atlanta, Ga., June 25.—A special dispatch to the Constitution from E. L. Berton, says: A cyclone passed over this place Sunday evening, killing Hymen Bell, colored, and blowing down 16 buildings, including three churches.

Vicksburg, June 25.—The water continues to rise on the line of the Vicksburg, Shreveport and Pacific Railroad, and it is feared that trains will not resume their trips until August, owing to the rise in the river above.

Kansas City, June 25.—The river this evening at 7 o'clock was 23 feet 1 inch by the Signal Service gauge, and rising steadily. It has risen 6 inches since last midnight. The inhabitants of West Kansas City are preparing to leave, one or two families having changed quarters to-day. There is much apprehension regarding the houses and other property along the river in that vicinity. The water is now considerably higher than any time since 1881.

Campbell, Ford, Ont., June 21.—A young woman named Kessler, returning with her husband from the ministers, where they had just been married, was plucked out of the buggy by the horses running away, and instantly killed.

London, June 25.—Intelligence of a frightful calamity at a place of amusement in Jersey, on the shore of Lake Geneva, has just been received. While a performance was in progress at a puppet theatre, the structure took fire and was entirely destroyed. Forty-seven persons lost their lives and 12 others were injured.

Constipation, liver and kidney diseases are cured by Brown's Iron Bitters, which enriches the blood, and strengthens the whole system.

## Books and Periodicals.

The Homiletical Magazine, for June, is out in good time and tune. This excellent periodical is published simultaneously in London and New York, but the contributors are almost entirely ministers beyond the sea. This is a special attraction to the American clergyman. He wants to study the style and trend of thought of ministers abroad. We read this periodical always with profit. The several departments are better arranged than any similar publication that comes to this office. We notice in this number contributions from Rev. Stanley Leathes, D. D., Rev. W. B. Pope, D. D., the great Wesleyan theologian, and others of international fame. The leading sermon is on "The Widow's Mite; or, the 'Unreserved Gift.'" by Rev. E. Bersier, D. D., New York: A. D. Randolph & Co., 900 Broadway. Price thirty cents per copy.

The Southern Pulpit, for June, leads off with a characteristic sermon on "Christian Womanhood in the Forty Days," by Dr. A. L. Lipscomb. There are sermons also by Rev. H. M. Jackson, rector of Grace Church, Richmond, and Rev. A. G. Wardlaw, Rector of the Episcopal Church, Richmond, Va. \$1.50 per annum.

## CAMP MEETINGS.

Combs Academy Camp Meeting commences on August 31. Davis Springs Camp Meeting commences on October 5. Ministers are not only invited, but urged to come as my health continues feeble and I shall have to depend on my brethren to help me.

G. M. LIVERMAN.

There will be a camp meeting at the Flaggon Camp Ground, commencing on Wednesday night, August 15. The meeting will be conducted strictly on the self-sustaining plan. There will be a boarding tent on the ground. All are invited and all expected to take care of themselves. We propose to begin the meeting on Wednesday night and close it on Sunday night.

E. H. GALLOWAY, P. C.

SEASHORE CAMP MEETING.—The annual camp meeting, for 1883, on Seashore Camp Ground, will commence on Wednesday, July 11, and continue from eight to ten days. The camp ground is pleasantly situated directly upon the Gulf of Mexico, midway between New Orleans and Mobile, and but a few rods from the Louisville and Nashville railroad. Provisions will be made for the entertainment and accommodation of all visitors and visitors.

Considerable deduction has been made in the price of tents, food, boarding, etc. Board will be furnished at the restaurant at one dollar per day, three meals, breakfast and supper each, fifty cents; dinner, seventy-five cents.

Comfortable tents can be rented either furnished or unfurnished. Reduced fares have been arranged with the railroads.

The fare from New Orleans to camp ground, round trip, is fixed at \$3, and from Mobile, round trip, \$2.50, and tickets will be on sale at the respective depots, July 10, inclusive, and he good to return until the twenty-fourth.

Tickets will be furnished at the way-stations at proportionate rates per mile. Get four tickets at stations before going into the cars.

The price of freight to and from the camp ground, and all stations on the road, will be one-half the regular card rates each way, commencing ten days before, and continuing to ten days after the camp meeting.

The Mobile and Ohio railroad will furnish tickets at all points between Ocean Springs, Miss., and Mobile, persons desiring to attend the camp meeting at three cents per mile, on sale from July 1 and continuing good to return to the twenty-fourth.

The following are the round trip rates to Seashore Camp Grounds and return from points on the line of the Illinois Central railroad: Holly Springs, \$17.50; Oxford, \$16.00; Water Valley, \$15.00; Coffeeville, \$13.50; Grenada, \$14.75; Wiggins, \$13.50; Durant, \$12.50; Kankakee, \$12.50; Vandalia, \$11.50; Canton, \$11.25; Jackson, Miss., \$10.50; Grand Springs, \$9.50; Hattiesburg, \$8.50; Brookhaven, \$7.50; Summit, \$7.25; McDonough City, \$7.00; Magnolia, \$6.50; Bay, \$6.25; Amite, \$5.75.

Tickets good from July 1 to July 23. The arrangements with other roads will be included as we receive replies.

Public collections have been abandoned. Tented current yearly expenses a small fee will be charged. The following has been fixed by the Board of Trustees, to wit: